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Robert Stainbank

Anna Palmer Draper
Fund
to the memory of
her father
Courtlandt Palmer, Sr.

*DA
Tomahawk

Tomahawk

*DE

LONDON:
OFFICE OF THE TOMAHAWK, 199 STRAND, W.C.

1869.

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PREFACE.

FLOATING WITH THE TIDE!

Yes. Floating with the Tide of Right and Virtue, TOMAHAWK pursues his course towards the Great Deep Sea of Truth. Afar off, afar off, perhaps never to be achieved, never to be arrived at, still the Canoe shall travel on towards the happy waters as it has for Summers twice-told, as it has for Winter twice seen.

Floating with the Tide, beside the dark dread banks of falsehood, the sharp strong rocks of slander, for ever moving, for ever conquering, the Canoe and its steerer float past the shores and shoals—shores full of danger and shoals yet more deceitful.

Floating with the Tide o'er the rapids of opinion, down along the Stream of Time. Light as the feather of a dove, strong as the eagle's claw. Onwards, onwards, for ever onwards. Firm and fragile, with power and pleasure, sweet and mighty. Ever ready, ever wrathful with the wicked, the proud, and scornful. Strong and loving with the weak, and poor, and helpless.

Floating with the Tide away from sun and pleasant sunshine to the lands of mighty princes—princes great and very haughty. Away, away. Yes, far away from home.

Floating with the Tide beside the Neva's best-loved city. By the palace of the Pope-King—Alexander the Czar—Czar of all the Russias—Mighty Sovereign full of weakness—worldly priestling nursing error!

Floating with the Tide beside the Frenchman's barracks—to the land of many riots. To the town of swords and war songs, to the place of much dissension. Beside the Despot's throne with its base so often shaken; beside the soldier's gun, so often used for bloodshed; beside the patriot's grave, so often filled with "bunkum." Near Napoleon, the agéd, Napoleon the master, holding his sword of lath, and making friends of plaster!

Floating with the Tide to the land where much is humbug—humbug so soon retracted—retracted and forgotten. To the place where lies—lies so sweet are told,—where thieves are only wise and rogues the only masters. To the States we call United, because they hate each other!

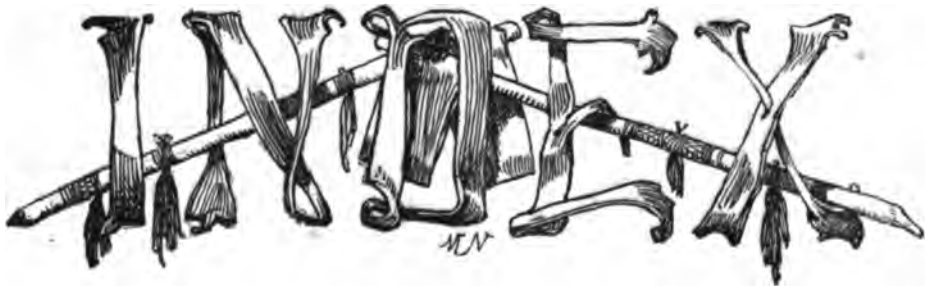
Floating with the Tide to the land of Spain and Treason, where men who'd rule the world, love wine, and scoff at Reason! Where men are mad, and women sad, and laws are bad. Where they think their king's a bore, and their queen's a something more!

Floating with the Tide to the land of Sand and Sphynxes. Where the lord is not the king, where the king is not the lord. Where Egypt loves to lurk, feasting princes, and scoffing at the Turk!

Floating with the Tide to the land of Rome and olives. Where Victor is the King, and yet is not the Victor. Where the South loves not the North, and Garibaldi wildly fumes away and fiercely twaddles—"froth!"

Floating with the Tide to Ireland, the much oppressed. Where wrong is called right, until wrong is asked to fight. Where men are either fools, the slaves of Orange rules, or knaves, with wretches for their tools!

Floating with the Tide to the land of his birth, TOMAHAWK leaves off writing rhythm, and getteth back to work!



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THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 87.] *LONDON, JANUARY 2, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

A SERMON TO STONES; or, AN APPEAL TO HEARTS.

CHARITY is the subject proper to the season, so, even at the risk of monotony, a few more words about it. A few words, not to the great mass of English heathens who have never in their lives given so much as a sixpence to help the suffering poor, but to the really charitable, so called, who figure on the lists, and do, from time to time, contribute something. "Well, what have you got to say to *us*, I wonder?" I hear one remark. Simply this, then—that nine-tenths of your charity is a miserable sham. Many of you give because you cannot help yourselves. Many, perhaps, out of some sort of sympathetic motive. But how many of you give after the fashion of true charity; that is, in such a manner that you feel your gift? A hundred of you? A dozen of you? I doubt it.

You don't know what I mean. I dare say not. Let us look at the list, then, and see if I can make it clear. Ah, Lady Jinksby, your name is down the first. Suppose we begin with you. Here you are, I see, assisting the East-end poor, an orphan asylum or two, a couple of hospitals, needy curates generally, various church necessities, and some half-dozen religious societies, and all these very respectably. I dare say it costs you quite a hundred a-year. Do not deny it; you pass for a finished saint in your own set, and like it. But now I am going to ask you a very disagreeable question. Has this exuberant almsgiving ever necessitated the smallest approach to a sacrifice on your part? In short, do you *feel* the outlay? No, confess it, you do not. You have your seventeen dresses in the season, your opera boxes, dinners, false hair, at homes, concerts, *rouge*, and kettledrums still. There is not a single item cut off your dressmaker's account; not a name less on your visiting list. Were your £100 spent in Chinese fireworks you would be just as happy, provided, of course, Chinese fireworks were the fashion; and your useful and beautiful life would run on just as smoothly as ever. My dear Lady Jinksby, I am therefore forced to tell you you have no charity at all. You have as much *blanc de perle* on your dressing table as, converted into specie, would feed a starving family; and when you are taking your drive in the Mile one feels instinctively that there are many a night's lodging for the shelterless frittered away in the trickeries of your bonnet. I do not ask you to show the world absolutely the very self-same face that nature has given you, or live in a style totally inconsistent with your means; but I do expect you, who have much at your command, to do much, and deny yourself something proportionate in some degree to your wants. The Marquis of Axminster deserves a similar rebuke, though perhaps his case is far worse than yours. He could live like a prince for a whole year on the amount of his income for one single month, and do such wonders with the balance among the poor and suffering, that Mr. Peabody's admirable gift would be thrown fairly into the shade. But even if my Lord Marquis did not rush into such Utopian philanthropy as this, he might effect ten times the good he does. He gives his thousands, it is true, but then he draws his millions. As I have observed before, and the plain fact cannot be too often stated, conscientious Robinson, of the Adhesive Envelope Office, who, out of his paltry salary of £350 a-year manages to set aside his £3 10s. for charity, is ten times the Christian my Lord Marquis is, and, for the matter of that, so is little Master Tommy, who puts one penny out of his six into a beggar's hat. This is nonsense, or socialism, or cant, I hear some orthodox Christian cry out. Just so—and as such will it be denounced to the end of the chapter. Still, the fact remains. Our rich do comparatively nothing for our poor, and it is on the immensely rich that the burthen of assisting them should really fall. There is some excuse to be made for the niggardliness of the hard-working man of the middle class, who, work as he will, can only just clothe, educate, and feed his family; but there is none for the self-pampering millionaire, who, did he write an annual cheque for £100,000, would not miss so much as a grain of salt from his breakfast table. One may well despair of better times when the intense misery of the lowest classes and the sensuous luxury of the highest are contrasted one with the other. The theme is old, but it is not too stale for those who make it their business to preach the truth; and at this season, when a long winter, with all its bitter hardships, is about to set in, it should be handled by everyone who knows anything of the depths of English misery and of the frightful shortcomings of English charity. Having said thus much, for the moment, then, I lay down my pen, only, I trust, to take it up in this same cause again. "Unpractical," you call it, Mr. Greenback, and "dangerous twaddle." Precisely, for what else could you call it? Are not Greenback and Co. making £20,000 by their City house alone, and have not you given "liberally," according to your sense, to this fund and to that? Nobody questions it, but bear one thing in mind. Dives subscribed largely to the public charities of the day, and yet, depend upon it, all he ever spared of his abundance had not one millionth part the value of a widow's mite.

A REFORMED WAY OF TREATING A GUEST.

We imagined that, as far as the Reform League was concerned, the force of folly could no further go. But when men have a special talent for making themselves ridiculous, and take care to cultivate it on every possible occasion, it is never safe to set limits to their powers of development in that line. Mr. Edmond Beales and his disciples have just surpassed themselves. Considering, as a matter of course, that the royal, official, and social reception extended to Mr. Reverdy Johnson, however warm and wide, was quite insufficient unless he was entertained likewise by the Reform League, some of its members asked him to dinner—tickets, 4s. 6d.; and Mr. Edmond Beales, M.A.—not M.P. to be in the chair. The United States' Minister is a most affable and amiable gentleman, and he accepted the invitation. It is not always an easy matter to refuse one, as even in private life some of us know, to our sorrow. Having arranged matters so far, the worthy hosts then discovered that it was a very doubtful point whether Mr. Reverdy Johnson really deserved the compliment paid him. Recent news from America, they said, had led them to believe that he had given more satisfaction to the gentlemen of England than to the rowdies of New York and Washington. A polite attempt was made to check these qualms of conscience by introducing a resolution to the effect that they arose too late, and that all such observations, now that Mr. Johnson had been invited to a 4s. 6d. banquet, and had accepted, were out of order. The attempt was made in vain. It was decided by a considerable majority that a deputation should be formed to wait upon the United States' Minister and inform him that under the circumstances they really could not have him to dinner. When they did wait upon him with this exquisitely well-bred message, why did not Mr. Reverdy Johnson kick them out, or at least instruct his hall-porter to do so?

ANOTHER EYE-SORE.

Where is he?

Where is the Goth, the Visigoth, the Arch-Apollyon who has invented the most horrible of unsightly horrors in this city of London, which already teems with atrocities in all forms or deviations from form imaginable?

There must be some one surely who is responsible for the new semaphore for the better distraction of cabdrivers; there must be some head (idiotic) of some department (cretinized), who is the designer of this infernal attack on public taste. Who is it? Of course the culpable wretch will never be given up.

Have you seen it? If you have not, go down to Westminster, and there just before you arrive at the Bridge itself, in fact, at the bottom of Parliament street where the four roads meet, your eye will be sore on seeing an elongated lamp-post of the commonest order, painted a bright green, like a certain amicable personage in his Sunday best, and rejoicing in four arms of the chopper style daubed a glaring red, so as to make no doubt about the absolute hideosity of the whole invention.

There—it looks as if it had been put up for a Christmas pantomime, and no doubt a policeman stands at the foot, and when any tall member of Parliament passes, turns a key which brings down one of the red arms with crushing effect on the passerby's headpiece.

Perhaps it is the invention of an M.P., who has had it put up at his own expense, and amuses himself with working its arms in imitation of his favourite orator in the House of Commons.

Perhaps it is only put up on trial, paid out of the pocket of the inventors and waiting for the verdict which the public must eventually pass on it.

Perhaps—but it is useless to surmise. There the horrible thing is, and there it is likely to stay, as well as we can judge from the gross art-abortions which adorn our capital.

It is possible sometimes to swallow bad taste when the intention is likely to produce a good result. But can this unsightly finger-post be of any service whatever?

Will not a policeman, as heretofore, do everything, and more than all that this automaton can do?

Does the police suppose that cabs in a hurry will pull up because a red arm works up and down in a socket?

By the shades of the Mohicans! we believe it to be another insane idea of Sir Richard Mayne's.

Sir Richard has been obliged to give up his pet notion of muzzles. The hoops of our infants have eluded his ridiculous grasp, so he sets up a hobby more absurd from any point of view it may be looked at (for it must be remembered, that if one is passed, every corner will have its scarecrow) than any tried yet, and the only word in its favour to be said is that it will give members of the police force something to do who have never as yet been occupied to any purpose whatever.

After this, if Sir Richard Mayne sends us a *communiqué*, he will, perhaps, give up the name of the offender who, from a mistaken philanthropy, offends art without advancing utility.

A DEFENCE OF DYEING.

Dear Mr. Tomahawk,—You have said so many obliging things of my sex, and have so uniformly abstained from those gross attacks upon us which periodically disfigure several of your contemporaries, that I cannot think you will deny me the opportunity in your columns of urging something in defence of a practice which, I freely own, is at present largely cultivated by us,—I allude to the present fashion of dyeing.

I do not pretend, dear Mr. Tomahawk, to be a great scholar; and this at least I may honestly say—I am no blue stocking. To tell the plain truth, I am not fond of reading, though when I am half asleep, or want to go to sleep, and cannot arrive at that blissful state by the ordinary means, I rather like being read to. My younger brother Fred, who is the best-natured creature in the world, though some people say a bit of a wag, is nearly always ready to oblige me in this particular; for he is designed for the Church, and says that he is only too delighted to be able to practise elocution. Hence, he amuses me, and himself too, by reading all sorts of things aloud—some of them, he assures me, the finest compositions in the language; and often he goes on declaiming in the most magnificent manner long after I have become too drowsy to be alive to anything except his full stops. Thus, as you will readily comprehend, I have become acquainted with numerous scraps of literature of the highest order, without ever taking up the volumes in which they are to be found. I may add, too, that I have several times heard the famous Mr. Bellew read in Westbourne grove, and have thereby still further improved my familiarity with the treasures of our language. Perhaps I ought to say just this much more; that as I am not myself given to reading, I am naturally not particularly strong in spelling. Fred, however, is great in that line; and as he says that the honour of the family would suffer in your estimation if a letter were to be sent you bristling with such blunders as I should be sure to fill it with, were I thrown on my own resources, he has kindly consented to play the part of amanuensis.

It is just possible that you are puzzled to understand what all this has to do with a Defence of Dyeing. But you will see in a moment that it has got everything to do with it. You are of course familiar with the particular mode of argument for which I believe there is a fine logical name, but which you must permit me, being only a woman, to describe as the argument based upon acknowledged authorities, or in other words, upon quotations. Fred says it is a most legitimate method of reasoning, and appropriately points out that it is the method most in favour in the pulpit. Now, I propose, dear Mr. Tomahawk, to found my Defence of Dyeing on the allusions which I find so copiously made to it in the literature with which I have become acquainted in the manner I have already described to you. These allusions are indeed so numerous that I really am at a loss with which of them to commence. But take that saying which Fred tells me is attributed originally to an Athenian philosopher, though it figures in more than one of our best English authors. I refer to the apophthegm, "Call no man happy till he dyes." Fred says that in the Greek and Roman languages, just as in our own Acts of Parliament, the word "man" embraced both sexes, and signified woman as well as man, and that the better and fuller meaning of the phrase would be, "Call no woman happy till she dyes." This seems to me reasonable enough. Men dye, I am perfectly aware; for over and above the fact that my own godfather, from whom I expect to inherit some little money, does so, is it not Manfred who says—how splendidly dear Mr. Bellew renders the passage!—

"Old man! 'tis not so difficult to dye."

But I confess young people interest me more than old ones —you see, I am young myself, Mr. TOMAHAWK—and therefore I prefer to read the warning as, "Call no *woman* happy till she dyes," and to take it in conjunction with another Greek saying —again Fred is my authority—which the same illustrious author of Manfred has made into a verse—I am sure you know it—

"Whom the Gods love dye young, was said of yore."

If it be objected that I have been quoting from pagans, and that Lord Byron is not usually esteemed a model of Christian piety, I will appeal to other literary authorities of unblemished orthodoxy. What says the sainted Wordsworth in his "Excursion?" Why, precisely the same thing as Byron—

"The good dye first."

Or take Keats. You are well acquainted, I have no doubt, with his "Ode to a Nightingale." How does one of its closing stanzas commence?—

"Methinks that now it would be sweet to dye."

There you have it. "Sweet to dye." Why of course it is. Ask anybody who has tried it. Alexander Pope, again, is surely no mean authority. In what professes to be a paraphrase from the great and good Emperor Marcus Aurelius, whom Mr. John Stuart Mill, I am informed, asserts to have been one of the most spotless of mankind, Pope exclaims,—

"Oh! the pain—the bliss—of dyeing!"

It *is* a little painful at first, no doubt, till you get accustomed to it; but when you do, bliss is the only word that expresses the sensation it confers. In his famous "Essay on Man," likewise, which, as I have already explained, may be taken equally as an "Essay on Woman," and over whose composition Fred says the philosophic Bolingbroke presided, Pope goes so far as to declare—

"To live and dye is all we have to do."

I know Shakespeare makes one of his characters exclaim,—

"Aye, but to dye, and go we know not where!"

and I am perfectly aware that two old maiden aunts of mine would solve the doubt therein expressed in a way exceedingly distressing. According to them, people who dye, go to a very bad place indeed. But that is their bigotry. My answer is,—Dye, and go—into the very best society. I am quite sure such is the real fact.

Were it not that I am afraid of tiring you and my amiable amanuensis, I could multiply my justificatory quotations by the score: but I think you will be of opinion that I have proved my case; or if I have not, remember this, as a crowning argument—for it is an assertion I have heard put forward over and over again, and never contradicted—"*we must all dye once.*"

Thanking you for your courtesy in lending me your columns,

I am, dear Mr. TOMAHAWK,

Your truly obliged,

LYDIA LAZYBOOTS.

TIED TO THE GUN.

(SEE CARTOON.)

BOUND to the cannon's open mouth,
Fair Peace awaits the fatal sign
Which kindles War's devouring flame,
And drowns in blood her sway benign.

Diplomatists can ye stand by
And see your gentle mistress die?
Ye carpet knights the knot untie,
Or hide your heads with shame for aye.

MILITARY REFORM.

THE new Premier has taken up the subject of Military Reform at once, and in real earnest, and, if what everybody says is true, he has found from the first starting what a terribly uphill course he has got to run.

If the sole object of the late Ministry was so to complicate matters of Army Administration as to cause the largest conceivable amount of embarrassment to their successors, they have succeeded to an extent that surpasses any success they have achieved in any other direction.

The reckless manner in which the late Premier spoke at random of the functions of the new Controller-in-Chief, contradicting in an ill-considered wordy boast in his manifesto the deliberate decision of the Treasury Board, of which he was at the head, but still worse the exaggerated importance which he attached to the appointment—which is of importance merely to the extent of the mischief it is capable of producing by mentioning it in the speech from the Throne, have fettered the action of the new Secretary of State for War most seriously. It is without precedent since the Revolution of 1688 for any direct reference to be made in the Royal Speech to any measure of Army Administration, and it is felt at Pall Mall that the mention of this subject from the Throne indicates that it has suited the late Premier to represent to his Royal Mistress that the Royal Prerogative is involved in the new appointment of a Controller-in-Chief, and it is to be feared that the representation has been to the effect that this new arrangement has secured over Army Administration in Pall Mall the same direct influence of the Crown as is already exercised over Army Executive at the Horse Guards.

And in this view some of our contemporaries have already hazarded the conjecture that the appointment of Mr. Cardwell to the War Office has been made with the object of obtaining a supporter of the Royal Prerogative over the democratic tendencies of Mr. Gladstone, and great has been the anxiety and long the discussion in a certain levee-room over a certain archway near Whitehall, as to whether Mr. C. is strong enough to oppose Mr. G., and to support Prerogative against "Popularization."

The public will therefore easily understand that the new Minister of War is grievously fettered in his judgment as to the value and expediency of the new control system, and as easily can they understand that the accomplished tactician who now acts as Controller-in-Chief, though holding an official rank far above what the post confers, is not likely to abate one jot of his pretensions, or of his extravagant demands for absolute independence and freedom from all civil check, when he finds himself the subject of Royal solicitude in a speech from the Throne, and the groundwork of a glorification paragraph in a Premier's manifesto.

And so the fight in Pall Mall waxes hot and furious—the fight between Military independence and civil control—the fight between the Armed Force and the House of Commons. Luckily for us it is a fight of words and of Reports, not of swords and guns. But for all that, it involves as momentous an issue as many a ruder conflict has done in years gone by.

What the issue will be who can foresee? Distinguished talent, high social position, influential partizan, and the support of the Court are all ranged on one side; on the other side is *merely the people*, represented, it is to be feared, by only lukewarm advocates, by men with good intentions, and to some extent clear and constitutional views, but men quite willing to believe that it cannot be required of them to banish themselves from good society, and to take up an attitude of opposition to the Court and to the Royal Chief of the Army on a point which is so doubtful, on which "public opinion" is represented to be so divided, and in which they may flatter themselves that a "trial of the new scheme" can do "no very great harm."

Such wavering counsels find no favour in our eyes. *C'est le premier pas qui coûte*—and we desire to lift our voice, weak as it may be, to warn the new Ministers that whichever party wins the day now will keep the victory for a long season,—that if the Military powers succeed in throwing off the check of civil control they will maintain the supremacy until some popular convulsion tears it violently from them, and consigns to contempt the "men of the people," who, while rightly disregarding the obsolete and effete claim of unalterable rights in Church matters, abandoned the rights of the people to check and control the Armed Force maintained in the midst of them. If the "Horse Guards' Plot," as it has been significantly termed, is successful under the new administration in Pall Mall, the day will most assuredly come when the victors will have to confess that one such victory was worse to their cause than a hundred defeats.

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LONDON, JANUARY 2, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that Lord Mahon was asked to oppose Mr. Gladstone's return, and to stand once again for Greenwich. He is said to have replied, in what we should call rather alien reference to the most distinguished and best-known inhabitants of that borough—"Not I, indeed. *Pas si bête!*"

WE are informed that when Mr. Bright was presented to Her Majesty, he was, in deference to his feelings, excused from kissing the Queen's hand. We are surprised that this chivalrous ceremony should be objected to by a man who has scores of times performed an infinitely more revolting act of obeisance to a room-full of what he has himself called the residuum. Tastes differ; but for himself, TOMAHAWK would rather kiss the hand of a woman—and such a woman!—than lick the feet of a crowd.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

IT seems to be now quite the fashion for young clubs, rather than incur the expense and delay of building for themselves, to buy up some aristocratic mansion in a leading thoroughfare, and to adapt its drawing-rooms and nurseries for smoking-rooms and billiard-rooms. With the exception of the Junior Carlton, which has shewn an independent spirit in building its own house, every one of the recently-started "Juniors" have gone into private residences. Three of the finest mansions in Piccadilly are already thus tenanted, and the demand for club accommodation still continues. The following are amongst the latest transmogrifications which rumour informs us are about to be carried out:—

Norfolk House to be turned into the . Junior Stafford.
The French Embassy, Albert Gate, the Junior St. James's.
Dudley House, Park lane, the . . Junior Author's.
Marlborough House, the . . . . Junior Travellers.
Stafford House, the . . . . . Junior Guards.
Gloucester House, the . . . . . Junior Gridiron.

If the rising generation go on monopolising at this rate, in a few years' time not a private house will be left in civilised London.

MEN AND BEASTS.

(DEDICATED TO A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY.)

JOHN CRANICH, a lad aged fifteen years, was brought up on a charge of having struck a cat with a stick, &c., &c.

The Secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was in attendance, deposed, &c., &c., &c., and the matter was fully investigated.

William Bird, on being called, said he had known the nurse of the lunatics' ward treat patients in that fashion. He had often seen him jump on them, and force his knees into their chest. They were tied down at the time, &c., &c.

The Secretary for the Prevention of Brutality to Human Beings did not attend, &c., &c., and the matter was hushed up.

DRESSING FOR DINNER.

SCENE—*The Secretary of State's room in Pall Mall. The Secretary of State discovered before the fire. He rings a bell and a Private Secretary immediately appears.*

SEC. OF STATE.—Where do I dine to-night?

PRIVATE SEC. (*referring to diary*).—To-night, Sir?—Tuesday. You dine at Gloucester House, Sir.

SEC. OF STATE.—Oh, do I? Very well. Let those four new appointments of additional Major-Generals to the staff at Aldershot be carried out at once. I will sign the order before I leave.

PRIVATE SEC.—I beg your pardon, Sir, I have made a mistake. It is on Tuesday week that you dine with the Duke. *This* Tuesday you are to dine at Mr. Gladstone's, to meet the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

SEC. OF STATE.—Dear me, what a bad memory I have to be sure. Carry out those reductions in the Hospital Stores without any delay. The new Major-Generals must stand over for the present.

PRIVATE SEC.—Very well, Sir. Any further orders?

SEC. OF STATE.—Yes. Get me a hansom.

[*Exit Private Secretary precipitately to obey the command.*

SCENE CLOSES.

A PATERNAL GOVERNMENT.

AS it is some time since the newspapers have had anything to say about the Crown Prince of Abyssinia, who was the lion of the hour last August, the following item of intelligence will be welcome to those people who take any interest in his highness. Latterly no doubt our contemporaries have had better use for their space than in the insertion of an Abyssinian Court Circular; but last week one or two of them found room in an odd corner for the following little paragraph:

> The son of the late King Theodore of Abyssinia has been during the summer months, and still is, residing at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight. He goes to school at Bonchurch.

If we remember rightly the last that was heard of Prince I-have-seen-the-world was that he had been mobbed by some London Sunday excursionists on Ryde Pier. Instead of being frightened away from the locality by the rough demonstration of curiosity, it would seem that the Prince had ever since lingered in the neighbourhood, and has quite localised himself in the Isle of Wight. A better place certainly could not have been chosen for his abode, but we would rather attribute its selection to the well-considered decision of the authorities, than to the fact that those who brought the youth to England sat him down in the first instance where he now is, and losing all interest in his welfare have left him there. Prince I-have-seen-the-world had better have stayed in his native land and given the lie to his godfathers, if it is nobody's business in this country to look after him.

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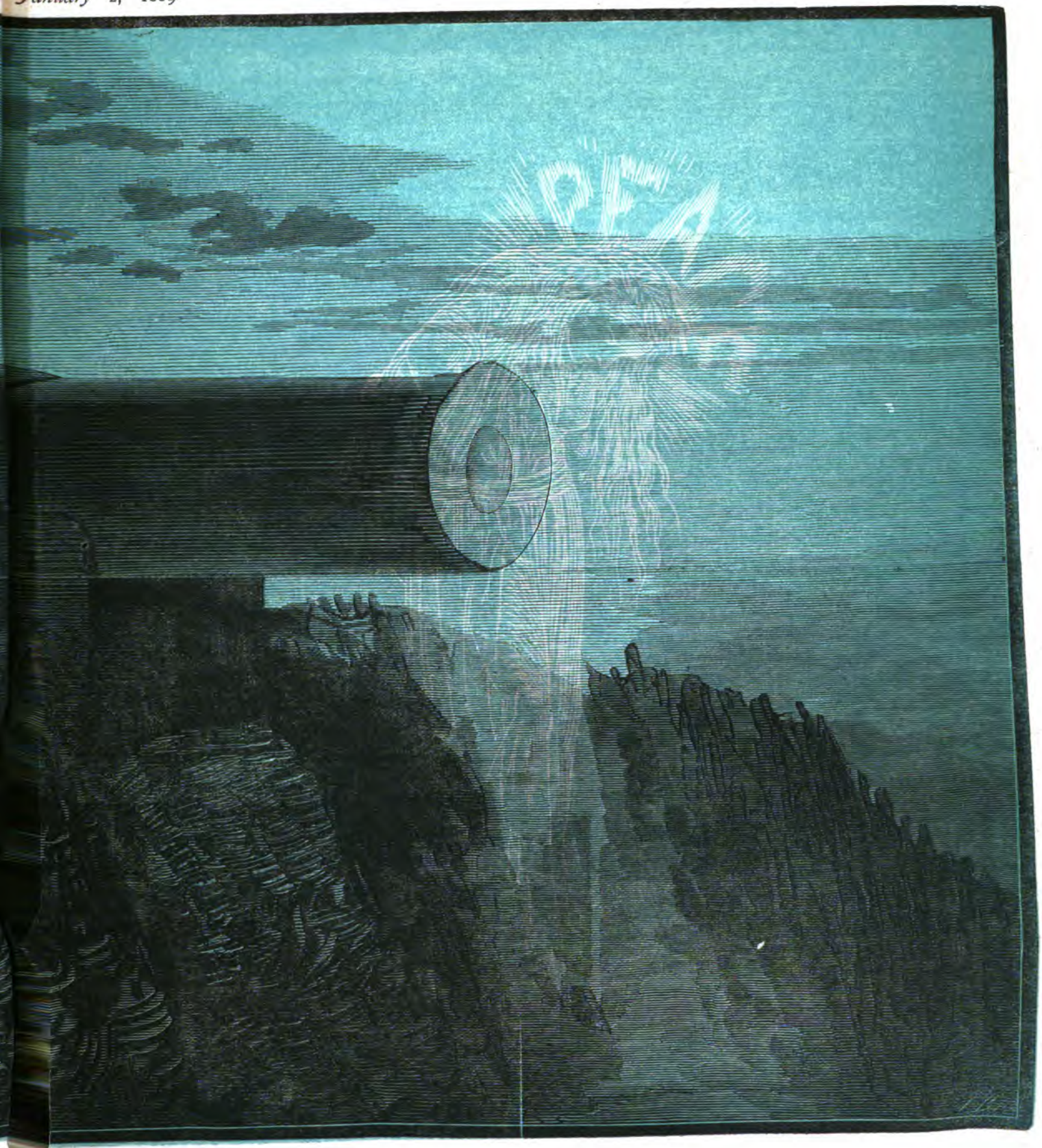

HE GUN!

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THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

By an Ex-Amateur of Two Feet.

The Amateur Author—Macauley Fitz-Muddle.

The "Hercules" comes out. Cawley's Preparation. A Quarrel. The First Number.

The day after the wonderful "dinnaw" already described in these truthful pages, I presented myself before Cawley, and told him that I must have a little serious chat with him.

"Very well," said he, "I'm a man of business, and am always ready to attend to a fellaw on business."

"Quite so," I returned. "What I want to talk to you about is '*The Hercules.*' Are you *quite* sure you mean going into it?"

"Of course I do—if it costs me a hundred pounds I'll stick to the notion."

"A hundred pounds!" I cried, and burst into a fit of laughter. "Why, my dear boy, you couldn't even *start* a daily paper under ten thousand!"

He turned rather red, and observed "haw!"

"Well," said I, "as you have made up your mind, I can at any rate put you in the way of the thing, only mind you must bear all the responsibility. By-the-bye, is '*The Hercules*' to be a morning or an evening paper?"

"A fellaw has to work a great deal in the night with a morning papaw, hasn't he?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Oh, then," he observed, "'*The Hercules*' must be an evening papaw. You know in the season a fellaw can't spare any of his time at night."

"Quite so."

So "*The Hercules*" was sentenced to be an evening daily.

I will pass over the next couple of days, (Cawley was very anxious to get the "papaw" out and pushed things on with great rapidity,) spent in securing an office, organizing a staff of compositors, and arranging for the machining, and will come to the day on which "*The Hercules*" was fixed to make its first appearance.

Cawley had asked me to come to his sanctum to see the opening number through its troubles. At nine o'clock I turned up, and found the compositors greedy for "copy" and the Editor *non est.*

The Publisher (a man who took an interest in his work) had made a feeble attempt to manage some arrangement for providing the trade, an attempt which had been partially successful. He stood as the clock struck ten, the very picture of despair—not an advertisement had been collected, not an advertisement had been sent out.

The Printer came down to me at a quarter to eleven, and begged me to supply them with a little copy, the men were standing still, and costing the proprietors a host of money. Moved by the piteous face of the Printer, I consented to cut out a few paragraphs from "*The Times*," and as the clock struck the hour, Cawley, the great Editor himself, stalked into the place.

"Capital time—told you I was a good fellaw for business!"

I gave him *my* opinion about his business qualities, and told him what I had had to do.

"On my soul, that's too bad," he cried angrily. "Who's the Editor, you or I?"

I put on my hat and was leaving, when Cawley beseeched me to come back, explaining that he was annoyed about the paragraphs, as he had wanted the paper to be quite original.

"Well," said I, "if that's the case, what are you going to put into it?"

"Oh, lots of things," he replied rather vaguely.

"Glad to hear it," I observed drily, "but what?"

"Well, Parker said he would write something about flowers for the button-hole. That will be one thing, and—and—oh, lots of othaw things."

"But what?"

"Oh, of course we can put in the 'births, deaths, and marriages,' when the public bring 'em."

"Quite so, *when* the public bring 'em."

"And—hem!—well, I say, you know you've brought out a lot of papaws—what would you put in? Give a fellaw a hint, that's a good fellaw."

"Well, first of all, there's the City."

"Oh, a cousin of mine is an underwriter or something at Lloyd's. I will write to him at once."

Letter written and despatched by commissionaire.

"Then have you made any arrangement with Reuter?"

"No; why should I?"

"To get some foreign news."

"Yes, but that fellaw Parker told me that he would get his brother (a man in Emvagry Pericola) to send us all th' news on Continent."

"Quite so; but I think it would have been better to have gone to Reuter's. Next have you arranged anything with the reporters?"

"Of course I have. I forgot that," he exclaimed with triumph; "I've got Tommy Tinkler to go down to Eton to telegraph to me the Eton boat races.* What do you think of that?"

"Why, that you have gone to great expense about nothing. Not a soul cares a pin for the Eton boat races, and the telegram will arrive too late for insertion, even if anybody did!"

I am sorry to say that this little speech caused a serious row, and that I was forced to leave my friend Cawley to his fate.

Two passed and three arrived, and still there was no "*Hercules.*" Four came and five departed, and as six was striking I passed by the office. The Publisher rushed out to me in a state of the most frightful excitement, and screamed out rather than uttered the following words:—

"Please, sir, it's coming!"

After a time it did come, and I will analyze it for the benefit of posterity:—

"*The Hercules*" was composed of—

Cuttings from *Times'* Newspaper	80
" " *Standard* "	5
" " *Telegraph* "	5
Accounts of "improper" inquests (unreliable and with naughty words in them)	9
Original matter (consisting chiefly of the imprint)	1
	100

It will be seen that there was no account of the 4th of June. I heard afterwards that the telegram arrived the next morning. It was delayed by its length. It was a very clever essay upon blue sky, sunshine and flowers, and containing some hundred lines was rather expensive, so I heard afterwards.

As for me, the next day I received the following note:—

"'*Hercules*' Office,
"4th June, 9 p.m.

"My dear Boy,—Pray come to-morrow and help me. I was a little irritable this morning, I know. So would you be if you had been promised an article upon 'Flowers for the Button-hole,' and had never received it. That snob, my cousin in Lloyd's, wrote as follows:—'Dear Cawley,—You ask me how things are in the City? Pretty well, thank you.—Yours ever, L. Longbowyer.' I am utterly upset, and shan't get over it unless you help me. Pray come to the office to-morrow. Tommy Tinkler hasn't sent his telegram yet from Eton. It's too bad of him to play the fool so.

"Yours sincerely,
"M. Fitzmuddle."

I went next day, and in due course you shall hear of the death and burial of Cawley's new "papaw."

CHRISTMAS AMONG THE PAPERS.

Scene—*A Printing Office on New Year's Eve. Copies of the "Times," the "Telegraph," and the* Tomahawk *discovered. The Clock strikes Twelve, and they become animated.*

Times.—Well, I'm very glad that 1868 is over. The amount of rubbish I've had to print this year is too horrible to think of.

Telegraph.—Been to the theatre lately?

Times.—Yes; I had to do all the pantomimes on Monday.

Telegraph.—So had I. What did you think of them?

Times.—Covent Garden, very good—scenery excellent. Matt Morgan's transformation delightful.

* It was the 4th of June.

TOMAHAWK.—Yes, he's a clever young fellow. His illustrations to *Britannia* are capital.

PUNCH.—I say Tommy, *Britannia* owes a lot of its popularity to one of "Dr. Mark's Merry Men"—Frank Burnand.

TELEGRAPH.—Yes, he's written something very good, and so has the Editor in his novel. It's a good shillingsworth altogether.

TOMAHAWK.—I say, you fellows, what do you think of Alfred Thompson's adaptation of *L'Escomateur?*

EVERYBODY.—Capital!

TOMAHAWK.—Splendid notion that conjuror in the first act; awfully economical having a fifth-rate mountebank to amuse your aristocratic friends. Shall do it myself when I have aristocratic friends. Slightly slow. Seriously, though, it's very well adapted indeed. *Much* better that *Jocrisse the Juggler*, the other adaptation of the piece.

TIMES.—*Glitter* at the St. James's is very good.

TOMAHAWK.—Capital! But hush, here comes a watchman.

SCENE CLOSES.

A BRUTAL SOCIETY.

LAST week's police reports afforded another illustration of the barbarous condition of the English law. A girl had her eye cut out with a stone, and the penalty inflicted for this horrid atrocity, which, by the way, was said to have deprived the poor girl of the power to earn her living, was a fine of five pounds. Further down in the list of course came the commission of some petty theft, with its crushing punishment of two years' imprisonment. We have so often pointed out the monstrous injustice of a legislation, which regards the person as almost profane, and property as most sacred, that we are tired of raising the cry against it. What a pity it is that a few of those high up, whose agitation would soon alter all this, do not get their teeth knocked in, or their hair pulled out! In a wretched state of society that considers the pocket alone, there seems no other way than this to a better state of things. The rich, however, seldom suffer from brute violence, and as it is only the poor who do, they are likely to get precious little help from above. Class legislation is the rule in this great free country! Is it savage to wish a dozen prize-fighters could be let loose on the upper ten?

AN ART-PHŒNIX.

IF you are a man of taste, you are sure to love art; and if you love art, you have probably been to the Leeds Exhibition.

If any of the hundred and one circumstances which continually arrive to prevent one taking a desirable step have prevented you going to Leeds and revelling in the pictures, gems, and other objects of art which make an artist gasp with admiration at the evidences of a refined luxury which we moderns, with all our enormous fortunes, cannot rival and scarcely emulate, there is still the Kensington collection, which will make up in some degree for the loss you have sustained in missing so many private treasures never perhaps likely again to be exhibited together.

The painting, enamelling, ironwork, and fictile ornaments of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries have never been, and most likely never will be surpassed in beauty, richness of design, or harmony of colours.

But we may make a mistake, and an egregious one, in using the word "never;" for what man has done, man may do again, though the secret of some arts seems to have been entirely lost to the present generation.

We may make a mistake for the best of reasons, we have made a mistake.

In the art-collection exhibited at Leeds, there was only one case of modern art manufacture admitted, and that was owing to the objects exhibited being the revival of a lost art.

Three or four years ago we were bargaining for a specimen of Venetian glass more or less dilapidated in a shop exactly opposite the hotel of the late Baron James Rothschild in Paris. The specimen was genuine, as light as paper, and though cracked, eminently graceful in form. "Ah!" said the dealer, "they can't imitate that; no one has ever been able to make glass as light as the Venetians of the sixteenth century."

There was the mistake: glass is now made on the island of Murano, which lies to the north of Venice, as light and fragile in substance, as varied and fantastic in form, as any which ever adorned the buffet of a Borgia or graced the banquet-table of Charles Quint.

Although nearly two years ago an article appeared in the *Times* describing the working of the glass at Murano, the collection exhibited at Leeds showed such remarkable progress in the revived art, and was such a step towards encouraging the reproduction of other fabrics supposed to be forgotten, that we cannot resist expressing our admiration at the patience and energy displayed by Dr. Salviati, who has been the means of bringing the Venetian workers in glass to a sense of the value of their art and the public appreciation of their handiwork.

The secret of the various compositions, the requisite strength of the metal, the manner of working, and all the small details which go to make up their power of production, have probably never been absolutely lost, but handed down from the early days when a Venetian glass was passed round at a feast to be admired as a wonder of manipulation, handed down from father to son, to be stored up at last, improved upon, and re-published by Lorenzo Radi, whose careful study of the old models and diligent practice led Dr. Salviati to give up his time and labour to bring the phœnix to perfection.

The glass-blowers of that obscure little island in the Venetian Lagune have now their establishment in the middle of St. James's street, and one has much difficulty in imagining one is not in a museum when one sees all the curiously-contrived drinking-cups and dishes of the old Florentine era covering the tables around you.

The cobweb net-work known as *reticello*, the *avventurino* with its powdered gold, the gorgeous *fiamma*, and the delicate opal seem almost too beautiful to be art; indeed, did not nature act by the capricious aid of heat such wonderful combinations of form and colour would be impossible.

When one art is revived in perfection, (and when the workmen get out of the old routine of servile imitation, this Venetian art of glass-blowing will be perfect,) there is some hope that art may not be lost entirely to us.

We may some day find our walls covered with pictures which will bear comparison with Raphaels, our sideboards with chasings equal to Cellinis, and last and least likely, our public pedestals surmounted by statues rivalling the antique. TOMAHAWK wishes he may get them! In the meantime, he is thankful to Dr. Salviati for his good example.

ENIGMA.

THE greatest burden men can bear,
Beneath which even giants groan,
And yet we make it all our care
When jovial feastings we prepare,
That this shall be their end alone.

ANSWER TO THE DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 85.

T	alm	A
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ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Linda Princess, Exeter Sidney, Samuel E. Thomas, Owl in Hopes of Better Things, Kiss-me-Quick, F. D., Isle of Rockaway, George Hayward, Charles Robinson, The Broker, The Corporal, and The Bloomer (Liverpool), Crooked Lane is Bad Luck, A Vacant Palace is to be Filled by Mrs. Gamp, W. Hall (Hammersmith), C. D. S., F. D. Lyell, Alfredus (Glasgow), Mouse (Ledbury, Herefordshire), F. M. T. (Croydon), Fiddle, Ned Bags, and Diogenes (Dover).

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 88.] *LONDON, JANUARY 9, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

POLICE! POLICE!

POLICE! Police! Such is the instinctive cry of the Britisher when attacked either in purse or person. But we doubt very much whether, in many cases, the cry is a very wise one. It would seem that not unfrequently it would be better to suffer the gentle mercy of the garotters than of the Police. The most violence can do is to kill you; and if lawless brutality stops short of that dread consummation, it is somewhat better than the legal cruelty and ignorance of official authority. It is all very well for those who have money in their pockets and beer in their cellars to place implicit confidence in the Police, though to do so is a proof of their generosity in more senses than one; but for the poor, the wretched, and the helpless, the Policeman can hardly be a haven of refuge; to these poor cranky vessels he must be much more like a sunken rock, or a dangerous quicksand.

Sir Richard Mayne has passed away, after a long life of toil in the service of his country. We have been accused of harshness and cruelty towards him. That he did much for the London Police we do not deny, but that to him belongs the merit of the improvements which he organised we must dispute. Public opinion called the Police into existence, and made them —not what they are—but what they are meant to be. The Police are better than the old watchmen; very true, but that is not saying much for them. In all that relates to the regulation of traffic, and other matters which affect commercial interests, the Police are not much amiss; public opinion, even in this apathetic age, enforces some efficiency in this respect; but for the prevention of crime, for the punishment of the guilty, and the defence of the weak, and for the aid of the wretched, the Police are about as bad as they can be. We know these are trivial matters compared with such an important object as the protection of our purses. We cannot expect a large body of men, like the Police, who are indifferently paid considering the duties which they are supposed to discharge, to be all intelligent or humane; but we may fairly demand that ignorance and brutality on their part should not receive the negative encouragement of nearly complete impunity. We have often expressed our opinion on the defects in our present system of Police, and all the panegyrics, which respect for Sir Richard Mayne's, however well deserved, has called forth in the papers, cannot alter that opinion. Our Police are charged with duties of the greatest responsibility, and to make them, or their chief, anything approaching to irresponsible agents, is a most pernicious error.

The recent case of a poor woman, who was rescued from drowning by a Policeman, only to be slowly murdered by the most brutal neglect in the cell of the station-house, has prompted these observations. It is a case which illustrates two of the most frequent blunders of our Police. Nothing can be more—ridiculous we were going to say, but the consequences are often too terrible for such an epithet—nothing can be more mischievously foolish, than to allow a Policeman to pronounce on the diagnosis of any case of insensibility. He has only one idea—the man or woman is drunk his treatment is equally simple; to knock the insensible person about till he or she is roused, if possible; if not, to take the poor creature to the station-house and fling him or her into a damp unwholesome cell, and there leave him or her to recover by the aid of Providence. The most monstrous cases of what we can call nothing else than murder, have occurred through this brilliant faculty for diagnosis in our Police, and have, as far as the world knows, never been punished. In the mystic recesses of Scotland Yard, the blundering brute who caused a fellow creature's death by his cruel stupidity and callousness may have been censured, perhaps degraded in the force, by some irresponsible authority, but the effect of the punishment, such as it is, is not seen by the public, if it is felt by the Policemen themselves, which we take leave to doubt. Everybody will remember the case known as the "murder in the Green Park," which exactly illustrates this monstrous abuse, the irresponsibility of our Police force. A respectable mechanic died of wounds inflicted on his head with a blunt instrument, on his way from the police-station to the hospital; the authorities of St. George's Hospital had a rigid enquiry into the matter, the result of which was made public; though there was very little doubt of the guilt of one of the force, the Police had no enquiry at all, or if they did, kept both it and its result a profound secret. All cases in which either the incompetence or cruelty of any member of the Police has occasioned the injury or death of any human being should be rigorously investigated before a public and impartial tribunal. We believe that Sir Richard Mayne had shortly before his death yielded somewhat on this point, and that the inquisition which used to sit in Scotland Yard on offending members of the Police has been abolished. But much requires to be done by the force of public opinion before the regulations of the Police Force are compatible with humanity or justice. The recent case to which we have alluded appears to us one of undoubted manslaughter. A woman just dragged out of the water is taken on a stretcher, with nothing on but a wet chemise, through the cold night air to the police-station, and then placed

in a cell described by one of the witnesses as being "cold and damp, and in a filthy state," at a little past nine o'clock on Saturday night; and though her husband and others of her family repeatedly applied for permission to remove the poor woman to a proper place, the Police refused to allow her removal. At seven o'clock on Sunday evening she died "from the effects of the shock," and the divisional surgeon was called in to look at the dead body. No medical assistance was called in during those twenty-two hours which the poor half-drowned woman passed on a hard bench in a cold, damp cell. If this is not manslaughter, what is it? It is a very good imitation of murder. "But it was only carelessness, it was not intentional." Only carelessness! A man walks into a powder magazine and flings lighted matches about. If the gunpowder explodes, is that only carelessness? Yet it is not more certain that a lighted match will cause powder to explode, than that such brutal neglect would kill a woman in the condition of the deceased.

Had the unfortunate Mrs. Saunders committed any crime, there might have been some reason for such harsh treatment. But at the worst, she was only suspected of suicide; suspected by a Policeman, it is true, and we know they are wonderful phenomena of penetration, almost clairvoyants; suspicion with them amounts to certainty. But grant that she did intend to commit suicide, the Police seem to have determined that the intention should be carried out. They helped the woman to complete the crime from which they professed to save her. Is it conceivable that in such a case the censure of a jury should be all the punishment that falls upon the guilty persons? To a civil action they are exposed, but from a criminal one they are pretty nearly safe. Yet if they had been cabmen caught in the act of driving a lame or sick horse there would have been no difficulty about punishing them. Oh, glorious old England! what a delightful country you are for the poor and the wretched to inhabit! Everybody is equal in the eye of the Law; in the eye, not the eyes, for from the other half-closed eye the Law leers at the gold which it hopes to clutch. If that is wanting, the poor suitor had better wait for justice till the day when that great Tribunal shall sit, where no fees are taken, and where no special pleading will be heard.

It will be a long time, of course, before such a case occurs again; or rather, before we hear of such a case. There are no statistics of the persons whom the irresponsible brutality of the Police drives to death every year. There are plenty of details as to the number of criminals whom they succeed in catching. Vigilant, humane, even intelligent, some may be; but until there is a public prosecutor to take up such cases as those of Mrs. Saunders, no individual merit will blind the eyes of the people to the vicious defects of the Force. Protect the Police by all means in the execution of their duty; arm them, if you like; teach them common sense—common humanity, if you can; but do not try and make them absolute judges of the treatment proper for half-drowned persons. Their intellects will not bear such a heavy demand. In all such cases, instant medical aid should be called in, and at the nearest hospital, not at the Police-station, till these places are very differently constructed to what they are now. A Police-station is not a place for the confinement of criminals, but only of suspected persons, and the cells should not be infinitely more loathsome than the condemned cell in which the guilty murderer passes his last hours.

JOKE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—Why was Mahomet like a man in church with a bad cold?—Why—because his coughing (*coffin*) had to be suspended!

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT AND FASHION.

OUR contemporary, *The Echo*, the other evening commenced a leader with an announcement to the effect that Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., had just left England with a view to spending the worst portion of the winter months in the island of Madeira. It further expressed some surprise, as well it might, at being in a position to furnish the public with a piece of information of the kind, inasmuch as the worthy baronet in question, having been found guilty on a charge of bigamy, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour in January last, ought at this present moment to be taking his meals in an English gaol and alternating them with an occasional turn at the treadmill. The moral it deduced from these facts was of course the obvious one. England has one law for the rich, another for the poor, and opens prison doors to well-born ruffians. Health was the plea put forward in defence of this indulgence, but as Smith or Sykes would have been despatched to the admirable establishment at Woking and not suffered to take a continental tour, the plea falls to the ground. The case then is one of back-stair influence and ought to be investigated. Possibly, those in authority will meet the charge by an indignant statement that a like remission of sentence would have been entertained in a similar case, no matter what were the station and antecedents of the culprit. If they should do this such a humorous combination of crime and court circular suggests itself that we cannot refrain from trying a little in print. How would this look for instance?

The HON. BEWDLY FLASHOVER (at present undergoing his sentence for fraudulent bankruptcy), will pass the winter at Nice.

A marriage has been arranged between SIR HAMILTON AUBREY VARVASOUR DE PONTEFORT, BART. (sentenced in 1863 to ten years' penal servitude on his being found guilty of forgery), and Miss Lydia Percy (at present on a visit to the Governor of the House of Correction), daughter of the late Mr. Sykes Percy, hung at Maidstone for the murder of his wife, Mrs. Mary Percy, in the year 1849.

Mr. Jeremy Thrush, Mr. Thomas Yelp, and Mr. James Jowlpin have had some fine shooting over the Greenwater estates. The greatest feat accomplished by these enthusiastic sportsmen, was the bringing down of Lord Greenwater's head gamekeeper at a distance of five-and-thirty yards. The admirable style of the shooting may be gathered from the fact that the sport was conducted by moonlight.

The following receptions have occurred in the course of the present week. Mrs. Timothy received, on Monday last, a severe blow in her eye from her husband. On Tuesday Mrs. Foulker received a couple of summonses from the Westminster police court in connection with a recent assault, and on Thursday and Saturday Mrs. Jabez Budd held her usual receptions of stolen goods. Both the latter were well attended.

But it is unnecessary to spin out this list. It must be seen at a glance that really an announcement to the effect that a worthy sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour for bigamy has been let off more than a third of the punishment for the purpose of passing it on the Continent, would not read as if it were so very much out of place among such criminal *court news* as the above. The matter, therefore, ought to be investigated, and the sooner the better.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM!

WE believe that a certain seaside clergyman has opened a Rag and Bone Shop, to the shutters of which he has affixed the following placard:—

NOTICE TO THE BEREAVED!

THE ORIGINAL BONES!!

Best price given for old Grand Mothers.

Full price offered for all sorts of Nieces.

Ancestors removed at a moment's notice.

An allowance made for New Coffins.

Vivat Regina. *No Money returned.*

THE OLD NEW YEAR.

THE bells have ceased. Another year
Succumbed hath to the great decree.
And so you bid us Christmas cheer,
And in the new one happy be.
You did the same when came the last;
The same will do to greet the next,
Nor stop to think if, like the past,
The future will with woes be vexed.

Yet surely 'tis no wrongful time,
When such fine wishes flutter round,
To ask ourselves, in prose or rhyme,
If happiness be gaining ground:
To see a moment if in truth
It be a merrier world than erst;
If brighter glows the soul of youth,
And age with fewer aches be cursed.

I ask not, have you bridged the seas,
Or linked far continents with wire?
These things may be, yet ill at ease
Remain the immortal part's desire.
Nor would I know if gayer tints
And softer cushions line your homes;
But rather if you clearer hints
Have got of sempiternal domes.

What is't to me that science draws
A wider sweep, a further range?
Do you obey the eternal laws
Which science can nor cause nor change?
Off with your peddling vain displays
Of how to sever, how to mix;
And tell me why in Christian days
You worship Venus Meretrix.

Go where I will, the same sore sights
And sounds affront my ears and eyes;
The simulation of delights,
And misery without disguise.
I still encounter naked imps,
The harlot's lure, the pauper's whine;
But where, oh! where, the promised glimpse
Of better days and things divine?

The politician fumes and frets
To seize on power, or else to keep;
The ranter coarse and coarser gets,
The parson sends his flock to sleep.
Pert journals strain to lure the crowd;
The artist paints to please the lewd;
Success and all that prompts the proud
With conscience is at open feud.

The treacherous nations lie in wait
To snatch a river, gain a gorge,
Till every big and petty state
Is one gigantic warlike forge.
With empty prate they first attack,
Of nationality and votes;
Whilst fear alone doth hold them back
From flying at each other's throats.

A hard fast line throughout the land
Divideth classes, severs ranks;
The suppliant sees no giver's hand,
And so he grabs, nor renders thanks.
He as a right accepts the dole,
Grateful to neither heaven nor earth;
And thus we kill the very soul
Of Charity before its birth.

For eighteen hundred years and more
These annual wishes have been sped;
But are we nobler than before,
And really wiser than the dead?
It seems to me that, ages gone,
Man unto man was less a stranger;
And that we travel on and on
Still further from the sacred Manger.

I grieve I cannot tune my lyre
To some oblivion-bringing strain;
But whilst you huddle round your fire,
I stand outside in wind and rain.
I am a sober singer, nor
Can I, time-tutored, merry be.
Vain New Year wishes I abhor,
And weep beneath your Christmas tree.

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

Cigars, Coffee, Brandy, Pall Mall, and Smoke.

FIRST VOICE.—Been to any theatres?

SECOND VOICE.—Yes, the *Globe*—bad, *St. James's*—good writing, tol-lol acting, Miss Rushton would be good in another part. Madlle. de la Fuerte can't speak English, but graceful. *Gaiety*—good. *Covent Garden*—splendid. *Drury Lane*—stupid—especially Blanchard's lines—not a bit of fun in him, *very* bad. *Haymarket*—very fair. Smith at *Lyceum*—dead failure.

FIRST VOICE.—Where shall we go?

SECOND VOICE.—What do you say to the *Queen's?*

FIRST VOICE.—All right! Call a hearse! *Exeunt.*

TIME AND THE SWELL.

HERE is another bud opening on the bank of Time; a bud which will bloom, and withers before we well know where we are.

At least for the working bees the year rolls but too rapidly by, though the modern Posthumus may find it hang heavily on his hands and cling wearily about his legs. Another year is come and on the roll, and our friend, the Swell, has no better notion than last year of turning it to account. Perhaps he thinks it may bring some rich relation nearer to the grave, and be productive of some good at least to himself in that way, but your Swell has no prospects before him. No vista of ideas is opened up by the change of cyphers, which is the only note of recognition he finds time to accord to time as he passes. The Swell has no intentions; he has no share in the infernal pavement, and if he had the share would bring him no interest. He knows the usual routine will bring him his dinners with the Madeira at a guinea at the Baron's, his port of 1801 at Methusalem's, and his Château-Boyard of the comet year at Charlie Guzzler's. He knows he will not have to ask whether Lady Simperdyke's ball will come off, or if the Honourable Mrs. Rover's croquet party will want his presence. All these things come off as regularly as the seasons come round, and there is no shadow of a necessity to think about them. If they didn't give the parties somebody else would, and the Swell would be required to join the assemblage of his like.

It does not come into the Swell's head, therefore, to think, propose, or invent thoughts, propositions, or ideas for the coming year. But would it not be an immense triumph if any Swell at the end of the year could say, "I have done something within the last twelve months which has done good to somebody besides myself"? You may give a casual fiver to a charity; but if you have thrown it to importunity you have no satisfaction in knowing how it has been disposed of: but go for yourself to one of the ragged homes of which there are so many in London, and find your inmate yourself and provide for him, and you will find yourself taking such an interest in the use of your charity, that it will persuade you of your affluence to think of spreading the good you have done for an individual.

You need never be ashamed of it, supposing your swell friends found you out, and might even persuade other Swells, who had never thought of others than themselves all their lives, to take some little interest in the horrid dirty creatures, who would be still more horrid and dirty did not some rich people exist who believe that it is their duty to assist their poorest neighbours, be they ever so horrid or ever so dirty.

We have already made an appeal. Don't think us a bore because we ask again, but do let the year be productive of some good in your career through it.

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*** Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters, on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, JANUARY 9, 1869.

THE WEEK.

"THE Right Honourable John Bright had the honour of dining with Her Majesty," so says the *Court Newsman* of Friday last. Perhaps the great minister and his Sovereign were engaged in seeing the Old Year out and the New Year in. But the event belongs to the Old Year, and we may well wonder what greater phenomenon 1869 will bring forth.

THE newspapers are still making capital out of poor Lord Hastings' monetary difficulties. Last week some books belonging to his estate were sold by auction somewhere in London, and every morning paper from the *Times* downwards inserted a paragraph the next morning headed "Sale of the Library of the Marquis of Hastings." The press have already interfered too deeply in the private affairs of this unfortunate young nobleman. It is time now, in the interests of the commonest decency, to have done with the scandal.

WHO is Dr. Thornton? At a coroner's inquest in a case alluded to in our leading article, we see that the policeman deposed that he called in Dr. Thornton, and that he said "She is all right for removal." A woman fished out with the drags from the Regent's canal nearly naked, and more nearly dead, was "all right for removal" in Dr. Thornton's eyes. Perhaps this great medical genius is a cynic, and meant removal to another world. Let us hope so, though the jest was ill-timed; it would be better than the callous brutality which such an answer, if meant seriously, would betoken.

THE Lords of the Treasury have issued an edict against bankrupt Civil Servants. For a man in the Treasury to be bankrupt is not easy; for a clerk in the Customs not to be so is very difficult. Would not a little fairer distribution of the loaves and fishes make pecuniary embarrassment less common among the lower Civil Servants? It is difficult to live and dress as a "gentleman" on eighty pounds a-year in 1869. But we all know that Her Majesty's Lords of the Treasury are themselves masters of the art of making a little money go a very long way—and not a little go further—in fact out of sight.

WANTED, A COMMISSIONER.

THE vacancy in the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police caused by the death of Sir Richard Mayne, which we all deplore—(a conscientious discharge of one's duty commands respect though it may provoke criticism),—has given the signal for a perfect avalanche of applications to the Home Secretary. As their name is legion, it is impracticable to reproduce all the bids for the post which have been received from all classes of the community. We, therefore, only append those offers which we understand that Mr. Bruce has put on one side for further consideration.

ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN.—Sir Robert bases his claim on the fact of the great success with which he has administered the law since his commercial success placed him on the bench of the Mansion House. He pledges himself to the demolition of orange girls and the total annihilation of the organ-grinding interest.

MR. BEALES, M.A.—This gentleman thinks himself just the man for the place, as his long connexion with the Reform League has afforded him a considerable knowledge of the manners and customs of the classes with whom he would have to deal. He also thinks that Government is bound to do something for him, and that it is a great concession on his part to be satisfied with two thousand a-year.

THE MARQUIS TOWNSEND.—His Lordship considers that his long service as an amateur detective gives him a right to the post. He does not want any salary, provided he receives an assurance that he will be let alone.

CAPTAIN COWPER COLES, R.N.—Captain Coles would undertake to make the force really effective by arming every constable with his last new invention, a pocket piece, which will carry a shell of 5 lbs. weight upwards of a mile and a half. His experience as an officer in the Royal Navy, and his unpopularity in that service, are guarantees of the strictness of the discipline which Captain Coles would maintain in the Police Force. He only requires fifteen thousand pounds for the patent of the little invention above alluded to.

HENRY COLE, ESQ, C.B.—This gentleman is willing to permit himself to be nominated as he hates idleness, and latterly has had a little leisure time on his hands; besides he rather fancies himself in a cocked hat, which he understands forms a part of the Chief Commissioner's undress uniform. He would, however, require that the present salary should be doubled, and that he should be responsible to nobody for the performance of his duties. Should he succeed to the office, Mr. Cole, C.B., pledges himself to put a proper control on the public press.

MR. POLLAKY.—This gentleman thinks that he is now sufficiently well known—(thanks to the large sums he has expended in sensational advertisements)—to entitle him to the confidence and respect of the community. He would undertake to conduct his business on reasonable terms.

Of course it is impossible to guess who the fortunate recipient of the vacant appointment may be, but no doubt the Home Secretary in making his selection will not allow himself to be influenced by any other consideration than that of his duty to the public. There seems to be a very general impression abroad that Mr. Knox, the excellent police magistrate, is just the man for the place; but with such a choice before him we should be surprised if Mr. Bruce gives away a place worth £2,000 a-year in obedience to the clamour of popular caprice.

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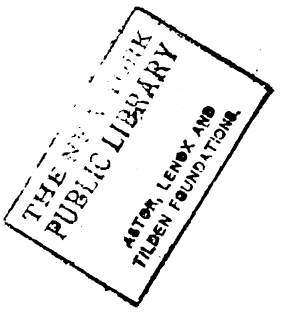
WANTED—A STRONG MASTER.

(DEDICATED TO THE CURS(E) OF LONDON.)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THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

THE AUTHOR AMATEUR.—MACAULEY FITZ-MUDDLE.

The Death and Burial of "The Hercules."

I ARRIVED at the newspaper office and found the publisher in a state of spirituous excitement. He was (I'm sorry to say) very "'toxicated," and in answer to my questions could only mutter something about it being "al'rightsh"—he said he'd "seen —Misht Muddle—allrightsh."

My curiosity was piqued by his mysterious announcement, and I hastened into the Editor's room. There I found Cawley engaged in smoking a Manilla cheroot, and paring his finger-nails. He received me with a nod, and said—

"How do, old man? Sorry to trouble you to come heaw to-day. Fact is, don't want anybody. Turned '*The Hercules*' into a weekly. Deucid good ideaw, isn't it?"

I sat down and stared at Cawley in blank astonishment! Turn a daily paper into a weekly at a moment's notice! The thought was too preposterous!

"Ya'as," he continued, puffing away at his Manilla, "think the public have got bored at the ideaw of a daily papaw. Yesterday only sold three of '*Th' Hercules*,' and one of the fellaws who bought it was my cousin, who said he'd like to buy a penny papaw if th'were only a new one. And *he* said it was beastly! Worse than the othaws! But that's just like him! I cut him for two years once. He can be awfully nasty sometimes, and he was awfully nasty about '*Th' Hercules*.'"

"But, my dear fellow," I remonstrated, "do you think you can turn a daily into a weekly at a moment's notice?"

"I don't know," said he, coolly, "but I'm going to try."

"Well, but come, be business-like. Here, tell me what's your idea of a weekly paper?"

"My ideaw of a weekly papaw?" he drawled, and stroked his moustache. "Well, it ought to be a nice sort of a papaw. Yes, I think that's about the ideaw—a nice sort of a papaw."

"What do you mean by a nice sort of a paper?"

"Oh, much the same as other fellaws mean—nice, you know."

"Come, old fellow, if you really are to carry out this idea, do be a little plainer."

"Well, then," said Cawley desperately, feeling himself forced into a corner by my importunity, "I'd have all sorts of things in it. I'd have a lot about the weather, and I'd have a lot about West Diddlesex Extension Stock (I've got some money in the concern), and, in fact, I'd have lots of things in it—lots of things!"

I was obliged to content myself with this very vague order of the day, as at this moment a gentleman in a long moustache and a dashing hat hurried into the room, and deposited on the table a large MS. book.

"The Editor of '*The Hercules*,' I believe," he said, looking towards me.

"*I'm* the Editor of '*Th' Hercules*,'" observed Cawley, with much pride.

"Pardon me, I beg," cried he of the long moustache. "My name's Binks—Captain Binks—and I bring a letter of introduction."

He handed Cawley a note couched in the following terms:

"*Farthing Earthquake" Office.*

SIR,—In answer to your letter containing a riddle commencing "When is a door not a door," I beg to inform you that the *Farthing Earthquake* is not a comic paper, and that therefore your joke is unsuited to its pages. I regret very much that I am not Editor of *Punch* or the *Tomahawk*, that I might be in a position to unfold the beauties of your witticism to an admiring public.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
J. C. GUTTERINK,
Editor.

Captain Binks.

"Well," said Cawley.

"Oh, I went to the Editor of *Punch*, and he regretted very much for my sake that his paper was comic and not satirical. And when I called upon the Editor of the *Tomahawk*, he told me that he was awfully sorry for my sake that his paper was satirical and not comic. He gave me a letter to the Editor of '*Jack-o'-Lantern*,' however, and he put it in and said it was the best thing he had ever heard in his life!"

"Really," said Cawley, gradually becoming bored, "what can I do for you?"

"Well," said Binks, seizing his MS. book and opening it, "I've come to make you laugh!"

"Pray don't trouble yourself," replied Cawley, with a yawn, "I'm sure you will pardon me when I tell you I'm rathaw busy now—"

"Oh, but you *must* let me read this—it will make you *laugh* so! Now listen. When was Napoleon most impoverished?"

We both shook our heads to imply that we were ignorant of the proper answer. Binks, his face overflowing with smiles, cried—

"When he was out at Elbow."

Hawker roared, but stopped suddenly when he found we were neither of us smiling, and explained, "Out at Elba, you know, where they sent the first Napoleon before the Battle of Waterloo."

He looked so piteously at us that out of compliment to him we were obliged to summon up a faint attempt at a simper. This courtesy pleased him amazingly, so much so that he cried out on leaving the place,

"Ah, I *knew* I should make you laugh!"

Cawley showed the tact on this occasion not to engage him at twenty guineas a-week to write riddles; much to my surprise, I must admit.

After he had gone, my friend, having finished his cigar, took me by the arm and walked me out.

On the day appointed for the appearance of the new weekly, I was at the office attempting to draw up a contents bill from most disheartening materials. To explain my difficulties clearly I will give you the *affiche* as it appeared, with my private notes now affixed thereto for the first time:—

One Shilling.[1]

THE HERCULES MERCURY.[2]

Saturday, 30th December.

MADE IN HEAVEN.[3]

Among the Ice[4] **Stranger than Fiction**[5]

DEAD! DEAD!! DEAD!!![6]

Tied to the Horse[7] **Purple and Fine Linen in Excelsis**[8]

LITTLE STRANGERS[9]

Office, 1869 Strand, W.C.

(1.) Cawley insisted upon charging one shilling for "*The Hercules*," as he said that it didn't pay at a penny.

(2.) Change of name an idea of Cawley's. He said the people were bored with the name of "*The Hercules*."

(3.) This was really only a list of the marriages that appeared in "*The Times*" of Tuesday. We put them in as they had already been set up. The title, "Made in Heaven," was mine.

(4.) Really the advertisement of Cawley's mama's pastrycook. The title, "Among the Ice!" was mine.

(5.) This was composed of a few paragraphs cut from respectable papers, and therefore *true*. I thought I might call truth "Stranger than Fiction."

(6.) The "Deaths" from "*The Times*" of Tuesday. My title.

(7.) This was Cawley's notion. He *would* have a cab fare list in the paper. The expense was great, and the matter filled about six pages of our space. He said that "he'd heard a fellaw say he'd buy a papaw with a cab fare list in it." I gave the title.

(8.) The other advertisement—that of a Jew tailor. My title.

(9.) The "Births" of Tuesday's "*Times*." Once more—my title.

I very much regret to say that the weekly was a failure. So was the monthly, when "*The Hercules*" became a magazine. It didn't do well even as a cheap rival to "*Bradshaw*," and quite languished when it became incorporated with "*The Penny Christian*." It soon left Cawley's hands, and when I last heard of it it was appearing in the shape of a comic song book, edited by "The Monstrous Dance."

As for Cawley he is still as "perky" as ever; he is conceited and bumptious, but he has not started another paper. From what his father told me I don't think he ever will.

Bidding you adieu until I present the "Amateur Clerk" to your notice, I write

HERE ENDETH THE STORY OF THE AMATEUR AUTHOR.

A MINUTE TOO FAST.

IT is a well-known fact that London tradesmen find the Civil Servants of the Crown the best paying class of their customers, although, as a rule, for their position in society they are as poor as so many church mice. My Lords of the Treasury are evidently staunch supporters of the credit system, for instead of discouraging shopkeepers in inveigling needy clerks into the toils, my Lords have just published in the columns of the *London Gazette* a "Treasury Minute," which will have the effect of adding new strength to the iron grip in which the creditor still holds the unfortunate Government Official.

It is now laid down that as a matter of course when a Civil Servant finds himself in monetary difficulties, whether caused by his own indiscretion or circumstances which he has been unable to control, he loses his pay and his chance of promotion, in other words, he is to be deprived of his money at the very hour in which he most needs it. But this is not all; the Minute goes on to state that if the Civil Servant cannot give a satisfactory explanation of his difficulties he is to be turned out of the service altogether.

Some few years ago this subject was ventilated in two of the principal Government Departments—the aristocratic War Office and the plebeian Post Office. In the War Office it was ruled by Earl De Grey, the then Secretary of State, that any clerk incurring a debt, or 'doing a bill,' or contracting a loan, should at once forfeit his appointment. In the Post Office it was enacted by Lord Stanley of Alderley, the then Postmaster-General, that every assistance should be afforded to clerks in difficulties to relieve themselves by passing through the Bankruptcy Court, and the Post Office solicitor was even authorised to give the insolvents the benefit of his professional advice to free them from their liabilities. The result of these decrees was that a gentleman in the War Office could stroll into any West-end shop and contract debts to his heart's content, while nothing short of payment "on or before delivery" would satisfy the tradesman who supplied the 'person' in the Post Office.

It is because the tradesman knows quite well that he holds his customer's appointment as security for the debt, that he allows him credit, and that while Departmental rules against Bankruptcy are strict and uncompromising bills may be allowed to run.

We suppose it is in consequence of cases of Bankruptcy amongst Civil Servants having become of ordinary occurrence that it has been judged necessary to do something to put a stop to the growing scandal. "My Lords of the Treasury," however, seem to have been running their noble heads against the post, for in their laudable efforts to protect the service from discredit they have done nothing but strengthen the position of their worst enemy, "the tradesman." It is perfectly safe for a tradesman to give credit when he knows that he must be paid—and so long as credit is given there will be bankruptcy in its train—it is only when there is no security for the payment of a debt that the tradesman begins to prefer ready-money transactions. To judge from the certain effect of the Treasury Minute, one would almost be inclined to believe that "my Lords" had entered into a compact with Bond street and Piccadilly to encompass the ruin of the whole Civil Service.

MILITARY REFORM.

STRANGE diseases require strange remedies. On this theory Ministers must think the state of the War Department most exceptional, if we may judge from the very exceptional arrangement which they have made to grapple with the disease.

In one respect this arrangement is not at all exceptional. On the contrary, it is quite normal; for always the first step in the course of affected retrenchment and economy is the creation of a new and well-paid appointment.

But what an arrangement it is that has now been made! A Lord of the Treasury has been appointed, and "potted out," as the gardeners say, into the delightful garden—not of Eden, but of that other Paradise, the War Office! And this Lord of the Treasury, this member of a Board which, by the Constitution, is *supreme* in matters of finance, which sits in judgment, in the last resort, on the proposals of the several departments, this joint king over Secretaries of State, tells his constituents that he is going to work heartily under "HIS CHIEF, the Secretary of State for War!" Well, we all know who at present rules financially over the Secretary of State; so we have now the financial edifice completely reversed and upset, conically quivering on its apex, instead of being firmly seated on its base! The Controller-in-Chief rules despotically over the Secretary of State, in virtue of his direct appointment under the Royal Speech; the Secretary of State, in revenge, rules over the Treasury Board; and Parliament may look in vain for any possible check over army expenditure, when all the supreme power and all the actual control are vested in an officer, not only of the purest military instincts, but also irresponsible to Parliament, or anyone else—a subordinate, yet supreme—a controller, and truly uncontrolled.

The new "War Lord of the Treasury," as he calls himself, is a member of the House of Commons, and is there to assist "his chief," the overladen Minister of War. This would be an excellent arrangement, if the Minister of War were really his chief; but he is not. We have pointed out long since how greatly the War Department needed increased representation in the Lower House, and how that increased representation might be obtained without any increased expense—without the creation of any new appointment—merely by having the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War a Commoner instead of a Lord. If this arrangement had been adopted by Ministers, then Captain Vivian, as Under-Secretary of State for War, would have been in his proper place, both in Pall Mall and in the House. But when Lord Northbrook, with most commendable sacrifice of personal claims to higher employment in the Government, accepted the post of Parliamentary Under-Secretary, this arrangement became impossible. And will the public ever guess why Ministers insisted upon retaining a War-Office representative in the Upper House, even though their Lord President of the Council, a *ci-devant* Minister of War, could have answered all the purposes of such representation? No; nobody in their senses could ever guess the reason—so we will tell it. It has been done because Ministers were afraid that unless there were a recognised *ex-officio* representative of the War-Office in the House of Lords, the Royal Duke at the head of the Horse Guards would be constantly taking upon himself to answer on military points on behalf of the Government. We venture to think that whoever urged this plea in the Cabinet, knew very little of the character of His Royal Highness, and of his constant and ready adhesion to the principle of always regulating his proceedings in accordance with the views of Her Majesty's responsible advisers. No one would have been more ready to accept the ministerial arrangement for the Lord President to undertake in the House of Lords the representation of the Government in military matters than the Duke of Cambridge; and we still hope that further reflection may induce the Government to put an early end to the present anomalous and expensive arrangements—to remove the Under-Secretary for War from the Upper to the Lower House—to put the "War Lord" into his legitimate position as "War Commoner No. 2," where he is well able to do good and efficient service as the assistant, subordinate, and adviser of "War Commoner No. 1," and where his employment will not lead to the present increased expenditure of £1,200 a-year—£1,200 a-year wantonly wrung from the British tax-payer merely to save Ministers from coming to an understanding with a Royal Duke.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Overloading.

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Surfeit, K. D. R George Olgie, Tommy and Joey, F. M., A Dundas, Alice A., Frances, Midas, Rataplan, Eugenié, Two Malvernites, The Prophet (Worcester), W. Moore, H. English, J, Crawford, A. Austin, W. Spencer, F. Davis, D. Russell, C. Cooke, J. Murray, E. F. Hall, Charles Roberts, V. Brewin, Richard Netten, James Pollock, Joseph Cooper, Henry Johnson, Benjamin Waudley, A. Bernerd, R. Richardson, L. C. Rees, H. Collett, George Derham, J. Levack, J. Glynn, J. Robertson, A. E. Wood, P. Raynor, D. Leeson, J. Pether, R. Ritchie, J. Lonergan, J. S. Common, R. Morrison, Paul Keenan, J. P. Ramsden, V. A. B., C. Greaves, J. C. Reynolds, H. May, William M'Leman, Samuel E. Baugb, John Laurie, George Craig, Alexander Chalmes, R. Davis, Samuel Penrose, Michael Connor, John Corbett, Andrew Hannan, J. Barker, John Lynes, &c

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 89.] LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE REAL CURSE OF IRELAND.

"THE agrarian war in Tipperary—Another landlord shot." Such are the words in which the *Irishman* announces the brutal murder of Mr. Baker. The recognised organ of Irish Radicals has no other comment on an act at which every man, who is not degraded to the level of the most savage and cowardly brute beast, shudders with disgust. The men who thus glory in assassination, and who would represent the shooting down of a defenceless man from behind a tree as an act of fair and open warfare, are the poor oppressed creatures to whose just demands England is pledged, in the person of her Prime Minister, to yield complete satisfaction! What sense of justice, what moral sense at all, can exist in natures to whom the most dastardly outrage seems a noble self-assertion? Self-assertion in one sense it is, for it is only when one of these murders occurs that we gain an insight into the real degradation of the Irish. This insight is afforded us frequently enough, and forcibly enough, to prevent our forgetting the sort of persons with whom we have to deal, when we talk of yielding to the just demands of the Irish peasantry.

It is quite time, indeed it seems to us the most proper time of all, now, when the nation is on the eve of abolishing an undoubted abuse in Ireland, to utter in the strongest language our heartfelt hatred and contempt of those who directly or indirectly defend such crimes as the murder of Mr. Baker. There is something so ineffably repulsive in the attempted association of all that is worst in man with such a holy name as Justice, that any half-hearted expressions of sympathy with the wretches who commit such crimes seem to us the most shocking blasphemies of which a Christian can be guilty. If we really hated the Irish, or felt towards them any of that cruel tyranny of which the conventional Anglo-Saxon is always accused by Irish demagogues, we might pour forth fervid denunciations of English misrule by the yard, flatter the vanities and vices of the peasantry, glorify their self-indulgence and idleness as noble independence, misname their arrogant self-conceit honest pride, call up the ghosts of past miseries and crimes and galvanise them by lying declamation into active agents of still greater misery and crime. But we leave such honourable tasks to the professed friends of Ireland, while we ask those who really love her or care for her welfare to aid us in some attempt to awaken into being among the Irish people that righteous loathing for such crimes which should be the pride of every civilised man, but which has been destroyed in them by ages of misconception enforced by the very worst teaching.

It is but a very useless exercise of philosophy to speculate on the causes which led to this gradual depravity of moral feeling in the Irish peasant. Those causes have ceased to exist, except in their effects; it is to the removal of those effects that our energies ought to be directed. The history of the past we cannot alter, any more than, it appears, the Irish can forget; but as we have learnt from the past at least to correct its errors, and as we have promised for the future a policy of conciliation and justice, we might expect to be met by some attempt, on the part of the people of Ireland, to render the task of reform less difficult by aiding us in the suppression of crimes committed under the pretence of revenge for injuries, of which the memory, but not the suffering, has been inherited. The present generation in Ireland seek an excuse for cowardly assassination in the wrongs suffered by their forefathers; and this excuse is too often admitted by those, who should be the first to encourage them in striving to gain those advantages by their own industry, which they now seek by outrage and murder. With what justice to those tenants of Irish land who have by their prudence and frugality improved their tenements, and converted barren bogs into remunerative pastures, can we pass a law which shall confer the privilege of lengthened and undisturbed tenure on those who have never sought to do anything but perpetuate the desolation which they found, or too often had assisted to create, and who resent any interference with their fancied rights by robbery, violence, and assassination? If we wish to pass a land law in Ireland, we must first be sure that agrarian outrages will no longer be sanctioned by the active aid of some, and the tacit acquiescence of all the peasantry.

The great mistake which the English Government has committed during the last ten years is in showing a most mischievous mercy to perpetrators of agrarian outrages, and crimes committed under the cloak of patriotism. It is difficult enough to apprehend these criminals at all, and when you have caught them it is more difficult to get a jury to condemn them; but when both these difficult conditions are fulfilled, the English Government too often yields to the clamour of political agitators, or the persistent twaddle of sham philanthropists, and commutes the capital punishment so justly deserved into some mild penalty utterly inadequate to the offence. This leniency makes the Irish people think that the laws under which the criminals were condemned cannot be just, since we shrink from enforcing the punishments awarded by those laws. If an Irishman beats his wife's brains in, the voices of his countrymen are not raised in his defence; they admit the justice of his execution, and indeed would be angry if it were not carried out. The vicious sympathy which is felt for the assassin of a

landlord would not be half so general, or so powerful, if crimes of this kind had always been punished with the same energy and severity that we employ in ordinary cases of murder. Without the slightest scruple we advocate the utmost rigour of the law against the murderer of Mr. Baker, and against all the accomplices of his crime, whether before or after the deed. We would have no reward offered for his apprehension—that is another mischievous practice which the English Government has always pursued with disastrous pertinacity—but we would advocate the instant publication of a proclamation, declaring that anyone found affording aid or shelter to the murderer will be punished with the utmost severity that the law admits; and after a reasonable time has elapsed, and if the police have still reason to believe that the assassin is in the country, we would have the most rigorous house-to-house search instituted by a sufficient force, and picquets of constables stationed at every point by which he might try to escape. Any of the people annoying or throwing obstacles in the way of the authorities should be promptly punished; and when the arrest of the assassin has been effected, and he has been condemned and hung, then, and not till then, will it be time to propose a measure for regulating the tenure of land in Ireland, securing every advantage to such tenants as may be willing to improve their land, but giving every facility for evicting those who steadily refuse to do so. Unless we are prepared to do something like this, the cry of "Justice to Ireland" is mere mockery, for it means nothing but the grossest favour and indulgence to the idle and vicious at the expense of the industrious and the good. We have given the most solemn assurances of our intention to abolish all abuses in the government of Ireland; let us show that we are determined to uphold the law, or the large party of disreputable robbers and assassins, who call themselves Irish patriots, will mistake a just concession for a cowardly submission, and will only grow more and more insolent in their demands, and more and more brutal in their excesses.

Take up Nassau Senior's book on Ireland, converse with any moderate and sensible Irishman of real liberal opinions, and you will find how impossible it is to do any good to Ireland till these agrarian crimes are relentlessly suppressed. If the people will not aid the law as it at present exists, the law must be made strong enough to do without their aid. It is not our object to enter now into elaborate details of the condition of the land in Ireland, but any one, who is not too prejudiced to see the truth, may soon discover for himself the fact that it is really impossible to make the land in Ireland productive, except at the risk of your own or your agent's life. Other tenants can make the farms return ample profit, but your Irish tenant sits down and expects the crops to grow of themselves, and is ready to murder the owner of the land if he objects to the perpetual occupancy by the Irish peasant of the soil, which he is doing his best to convert into a waste as irreclaimable and as useless as himself.

Fearless of the thunders of abuse which the O'Donoghues and the Sullivans, and the host of other persons who are always ready to give away what does not belong to them, we entreat the authorities to act in this case of assassination, and in all other cases of agrarian outrage, with the utmost severity; to listen to no cry for mercy, and to no plea of extenuation, but to teach the fears of the people that such things are dastardly crimes, if they cannot teach their minds or their hearts.

SOMETHING THAT HAS SET THE WHOLE MUSICAL WORLD IN A BLAZE.—The new *pitch!*

THE WITCHES OF THE WAR OFFICE.

A FARCE, IN ONE ACT (NOT OF PARLIAMENT).

SCENE—*A Cavern, kept very dark.*

FIRST WITCH.—Round about the cauldron go,
In the charmed ingredients throw;
Pay of discontinued clerk;
Schemes concocted in the dark;
Rumours of impending Plot;
Vested int'rests gone to pot;
Fire burn, and cauldron warm
This our hell-broth of REFORM.

ALL.—Make the gruel thick with double
Departmental toil and trouble!

SECOND WITCH.—Cover torn from Book of Blue
To give colour to our stew;
Tangle of official tape
To tie th' pudding into shape;
Slice of Colonel's sinecure,
Then the charm is doubly sure.

ALL.—Make the gruel thick with double
Departmental toil and trouble!

THIRD WITCH.—Estimates cut down one-half;
Shavings from the gen'ral staff;
Spoke of Waggon; tear from th' eye
Of desponding commiss'ry;
Add cheese-parings, good suggestion,
To make it easy of digestion;
Stir into th' envenomed whole
Essence of half-fledged CONTROL!

ALL.—Make the gruel thick with double
Departmental toil and trouble!

SONG.

Red facings and *white*,
Blue velvet and *gray*,
Mingle, mingle, mingle—
That's the time o'day!

Enter MACBETH of the period.

MACBETH.—How now, you secret, dark, War Office wags,
What is't you do?

FIRST WITCH.— Retrenchment is our game!

MACBETH.—I conjure you by that which you possess
(How e'er ye mean to do it) answer me:
Though you untie REFORM, and let it loose
To tread upon our feelings' tend'rest corns;
Though, by your mystic power and secret charms,
You turn "full on" Amalgamation's tap
To drown Departments: though our aëry castles
Upon Promotion's head come toppling down:
Though place-hunters be foiled, and all that is,
Throughout the Service, be turned inside out
And jumbled all together, answer me
To what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH.— Seek to know no more.
But shut your mouth, and ope your eyes,
And look out for a grand surprise.
Come, sisters! cheer we up his sprites,
By setting ev'rything to rights,
And charm the air with Liberal sound
Of Twopence (?) knocked off in the Pound!

[*Triumphant dance and exeunt.*

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

THE EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET presents his compliments to the EDITOR of the TOMAHAWK, and begs to inform him that he has, during the past week, successfully competed for a Junior Clerkship in the Wafer and Ice Office, Whitehall.

Having now plenty of time upon his hands, THE EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET will send next week a sketch of "The Amateur Clerk," giving a picture of life in a West End Government Office.

TELEGRAMS FROM THE BACKSTAIRS.

DANISH "Special Correspondents" should certainly be held up before the eyes of journalistic Europe as the most conscientious penny-a-liners of the time. It is not often that they have anything to report which is interesting to the British public, but when an opening presents itself, they fall to with a will. We are not prepared to say what "Our Special Correspondent's" letter may be in which the visit to Copenhagen of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales is described, for as we go to press the Danish mails have not yet arrived; but to judge from the following Reuter's telegram, which appeared last week in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, we may reasonably expect the revelation of the most circumstantial particulars regarding the ways and doings of several august Royal personages.

COPENHAGEN, JAN. 5, 11.22 P.M.

A Court ball is being given this evening in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The ball was opened at a quarter to ten with the "Polonaise," the King dancing with the Princess of Wales, the Prince of Wales with the Queen of Denmark, and the Danish Crown Prince with the Countess Frijs de Frijsenborg.

The English, French, Russian, and Swedish Ministers are among the guests, who number in all about 1,500.

Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales wears a blue dress, and has on a diadem of brilliants.

We are sorry that shortness of space or some other unavoidable cause should have prevented our contemporary from publishing the telegram in its entirety. We certainly wonder the still later news which we subjoin, at least of equal interest to the general public as the foregoing moiety with which the *Daily Telegraph* has favoured them has not been published.

COPENHAGEN, JAN. 6, 12.30 A.M.

The supper is being announced.

12.45 A.M.

The King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are seated at a raised table, and are partaking of a light repast.

2.15 A.M.

The guests are departing.

2.30 A.M.

The King and Queen, and the Prince and Princess of Wales are discussing a substantial supper in the private cabinet of His Majesty.

3 45 A.M.

The Royal party are saying "good night."

4 A.M.

The Prince of Wales is smoking his last cigar in the billiard room. The Princess has retired to her apartments and is going to sleep.

4.5 A.M

The Princess of Wales is asleep. Her Royal Highness is wearing a white head-dress of fine cambric tastefully trimmed with a frill of Valenciennes lace.

We always considered that the great Jenkins family was British to the backbone. After this, however, we shall begin to think that the Jenkinses are of Danish extraction.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS AS AN ACTOR.

THERE are so many opinions expressed in public and private as to the requisite instruction or education, instinct or natural turn for acting necessary to histrionic competitors, that it may seem invidious to make a code of what is required before a man can appear on the stage with success; but without laying down the law, it is certain that no man can attain fame as an actor who has not by nature a talent for imitation, and by art and science means to make that talent subservient to his will.

That it is not always a *sine quâ non* that an actor should have appeared before the footlights, may be proved to any sceptic who will go to the St. James's Hall and listen to Mr. Charles Dickens's reading of *Oliver Twist*.

Mr. Dickens has now been reading for some seasons, but until Tuesday last (January 5th) had not attempted any selections from his first, and in some points, his most powerful novel. We have no idea of what the great hall holds, but there must have been an audience numbering something nearer three thousand than two, and the great novelist's hold was so powerful over the magnetic chords which bound him to his listeners that the occasional muffled echo of a Christy chorus did not seem to change the current even for those who were nearest the nuisance, which crept up in the most startling passage of the reading, like drunken laughter beneath the chamber of death. Did Mr. Charles Dickens "read," as his programmes announce, this interruption might be disastrous to the effect, but Mr. Dickens does not read—he acts. He knows the passages to be recited by heart—as many of his readers do too—and there, on his stage, with a screen for scenery, and a glass of water to mark the acts, he produces with more or less individuality the several personages of his short drama.

The selection from *Oliver Twist* is a bold one, as it includes the most striking, but certainly the most repulsive, scene in the book—the scene in which Bill Sykes, the burglar, murders his companion, Nancy. This is led up to by the interview between Nancy and Mr. Brownlow, and the denunciation to Sykes by Fagin the Jew.

Now we must say, and that unhesitatingly, we don't like Mr. Dickens's impersonation of Fagin. He gives us a wicked old man, it is true, who lisps, but not a Jew such as Fagin is. Mr. Vincent (of the Olympic), in the character of old Moss in the *Ticket-of-Leave-Man* was Fagin, and perhaps as good a Fagin as could be given, but the Jewish accent was not confined to a lisp. We make this remark simply as it occurs to us, with the greatest admiration for Mr. Charles Dickens's talents and the least for Mr. Vincent's, who seems to have so little claim to versatility that he never undertakes a part of any kind without putting old Moss into it, whatever it may be.

But preluding with our objection to the Jew, and wishing Noah Claypole were left out altogether in the scene with Sykes, we come to the thoroughly artistic treatment of the murder of Nancy and the subsequent flight of Bill Sykes, concluding with the death of his dog in the ditch beneath the swinging corpse of his strangled master.

Those who have read (and who have not?) the episode will remember the description of midnight sounding over the city; and though it may be years since they read *Oliver Twist*, will not have forgotten the horror of that murder in the poor unfortunate's room.

When the novelist himself relates the horrid deed, you see the dismal chamber with its two actors. You see the brutal Sykes, who thinks of nothing but his selfish revenge; you see the wretched girl who has refused to sell him making her hopeless appeals to the savage for mercy.

The awe, the horror, are all there. The very audience seems to participate in the crime; but, like some picture of an odious deed by a Michael Angelo or a Ribera, art is there to redeem the whole, and to make absolutely desirable what in other hands would be simply insupportable.

Mr. Dickens had disappeared from the stage before the picture had left the mind of his listener, the public; and some moments elapsed before the applause burst out in recognition of the consummate art of our social magician.

ROYAL COURTESY.

WHY is there such a fuss made about Mr. John Bright having been the guest of Her Majesty? It is no very extraordinary occurrence that the President of the Board of Trade, a member of the Government, should be treated civilly by Royalty. The newspapers, however, still drivel about Mr. Bright's visit to Osborne, and seem astounded that the event should have passed off quietly. When anyone is raised to the Peerage we do not usually refuse to realise the fact until we see his lordship walking about the streets in his coronet. We are generally satisfied with the announcement in the *London Gazette*. Surely the distinguished consideration extended to Mr. Bright is but the consequence of his having become a Cabinet Minister nearly a couple of months ago. This we say *apropos* of the Queen asking Mr. Bright, not of Mr. Bright going to the Queen. That's quite a different matter.

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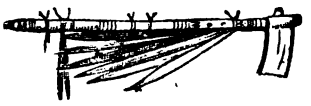


*** Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters, on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, JANUARY 16, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Lords of the Treasury have issued a notice that they are willing to buy up all acceptances of clerks in the Civil Service at par. This is something like benevolence.

OWING to the complaints that have appeared in the *Times* on the subject of the late and non-delivery of letters, the office in St. Martin's-le-Grand will change its name to the Paulo-Post Office.

WE hear that thirty clerkships in one of the departments of the Civil Service are to be at once suppressed, in order to enable Mr. Gladstone to carry out his promised scheme of Retrenchment. We confess that to us this sounds like the carrying out of the heroic resolution of Mr. Winkle, who, after announcing that he was going to begin, made a terrific onslaught on two small boys. We have not heard that Mr. Gladstone's passion for economy has urged him to propose the suppression of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, or the Lord Privy Seal, though the nation could do perfectly well without either, and the saving of these two superfluous Cabinet officers would considerably exceed that resulting from the shelving of the thirty poor clerks.

SWEETS TO THE BITTER.

AN erudite statist has just assured us that Paris spends five million francs, or one million sterling, on bonbons, every year. That they turn acid on the stomachs of their consumers is probable if not certain; and thus the acidulated character of Parisian journalism and dramatic writing is accounted for. Suppose some of our dull contemporaries—for we, of course, are never dull—pay their staff partly in kind; so many guineas say, and so many boxes of sweetmeats. Dramatic authors might be treated similarly; bonbons down before they begin to write, and something more substantial when they send in their M.S., provided the sugarplums have acted, and they have produced something more than a stolen French plot, a sensation drawn from the gutter, and general directions to the females in the piece not to overdress themselves.

TALKY-TALKY;

or,

THE OUTSIDERS A. B. C.

SCENE.—*Anywhere.*

A.—So they are going to alter the site of the New Law Courts after all?

B.—Build them on the mud they call the Thames Embankment? Not the first time Justice will have got herself into dirty water. By the way, that bigamist, Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., is really let loose!

C.—Gone to Paris. Probably doing the theatres.

B.—They should have kept him in town, and made him do them here.

A.—He was sentenced with hard labour, then? Yes, *that* would have punished him.

B.—Everything, barring Covent Garden, very bad, isn't it?

C.—*Cyril's Success* capitally played. That's about the best thing out, if it hadn't been so farcey—and in five acts.

A.—Ought to put the "Author of *Caste*" on his metal all the same. I see he's doing something for Sothern.

C.—Thought he was going home—to America? What will the Haymarket do when he's gone?

A.—What the world did when it dropped steering by the *Stars*.

C.—And what's that?

B.—Find something better.

C.—How the *Leader* came out the other day! Good deal of truth in it, but much, *much* too personal.

A.—Hard upon Fechter. Fechter's a monopolist, but he can act.

C.—So can Prince Christian. Says he doesn't want a colonelcy.

A.—What, they are never trying *that* on again! The public would never stand it.

C.—The public have stood Park lane, dirty cabs, the Board of Works, Disraeli, hotel prices, Dr. Kahn, London milk, and an empty Court. The public will stand anything.

B.—What will come of this Primogeniture row? By the way, that reminds me—have you seen the good thing the *Times* said about it?

A.—No.

B.—Nor anybody else.

THE "SPECTATOR" ON THE RAMPAGE.

MR. GLADSTONE recently drew a very proper distinction between "Womanly" and "Womanish," and one of his most slavish admirers, the *Spectator*, seems anxious to give us, in its own columns, an illustration of the difference. Accordingly, it shrieks and tears its hair because Greece is not to be allowed to violate the laws of nations. Such a violation, it exclaims, ought to be permitted because "the Athenians risked Marathon"—the English is the *Spectator's*, not ours—and because she is still "just as small as when she hurled Asia back from Europe." As for Greece not paying its debt, that, it appears, is of no consequence. Give it Thessaly and Epirus, and the debts will be paid; and so on. Now we are compelled to tell our contemporary frankly that this is not only nonsense, but "womanish" nonsense. It is lamentable to meet such silly rubbish in a sixpenny weekly. What worse froth ever appeared in a penny daily? The *Spectator* must really write more reasonably and with more manly propriety, if it is not to become the organ of political lunatics and scolds.

IN OUR NEXT.

Bores, Brutes, and Small Fry, by the Author of *Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.*

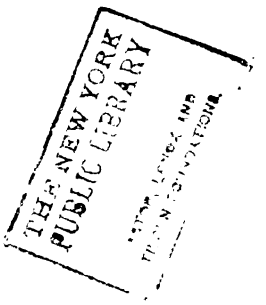
Queer Coves at Home, by the Author of *Odd Man Out.*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

SAILING TO DESTRUCTION!

OR,

YOUNG SPAIN ON HIS TRAVELS.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SMASHING THE MIRROR.

NOTICE.—Will be held shortly at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, or at some other equally classic and appropriate spot,

A GRAND LEGITIMATE DRAMATIC GALA
AND FETE,
In celebration of the Complete and Final Triumph of
SENSATIONALISM,

The Programme of which has been carefully drawn up by a Committee of
LEADING STARS,
Who, from feelings of modesty, will, on this occasion only, direct the proceedings enveloped in their own posters. The Entertainment will commence with a Seven-Act Sketch, preceded by two Prologues, compiled by

FIVE POPULAR AUTHORS AND A PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY,
And entitled
THE STARK MAD DANE
(ORIGINAL).

In which a Ghost will appear on Stilts and carry about his own Lime Light.

Principal characters:—

HAMLET (*by desire*).....Herr BOSJONI (the celebrated Arabian contortionist).

POLONIUS (*without a net*) the renowned American Spider Man Monkey, who will introduce his great tail and spine breaking feat, as performed with immense relish and applause before their Majesties the Emperors of Russia, Austria, France, the ex-King of Spain, the King of Dahomey, and the Queen of the Sandwich Islands.

OPHELIA .....Who will be kindly undertaken by the Kiralfi Family (five in number)

AND

THE GHOST (*his first appearance*) Signor SMITH (who will wear eighteen-feet stilts, without straps or handles, turn five double back somersaults in the air, and conclude the last by coming down *on his head* on real paving stones, after a fall of five-and-thirty feet from the very summit of the battlements).

After which a Scene from
THE HERO OF ROMANCE!
After which another from the
YELLOW PASSPORT!!
After which the Gorilla Family will go through their
ELEGANT DRAWING-ROOM ENTERTAINMENT,
Introducing, the audience permitting,
A beautiful effect of Flying Basins, Carving Knives and Children of five years old, and a Shovel full of Red Hot Coals.

After which
The Ninth Act of an entirely New and Original Sensation Drama, written expressly for the Fête by
A VERY POPULAR AUTHOR INDEED,
And entitled
THE CADS OF EUROPE!

That nothing may be wanting to ensure the success of this great literary work, arrangements have been entered into with an enterprising Railway Company, and a Bill is now before Parliament for the purpose of bringing a line directly through the second entrances.

A REAL COLLISION!

will therefore be one of the striking features of the piece, in which

All the Horrors attendant upon the Fearful Scene

will be given with painful and lifelike reality.

It may be further stated that no character will appear on the stage that has not at one time or another in the action of the piece to

JUMP EIGHTEEN FEET.

While the principal *rôle* will be entrusted to the care of a
Committee of Gymnasts,
presided over by Herr JONES,
THE SOUTH AFRICAN SINEW KING,
who will also introduce *his* marvellous stout bottle and brain trick, while glued by his eyelashes (no net) to an aluminium wire, suspended nearly

EIGHTY FEET ABOVE THE FOOTLIGHTS,

exactly as performed for
500 *Consecutive Nights before*
H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN
and all the other principal Monarchs of Europe.

The whole to conclude with the literally Screaming Farce of
WHO LET HIM OUT?

In which, by special arrangement with the GOVERNORS OF BEDLAM,
A REAL AND DANGEROUS MANIAC
will make his first appearance on any stage, armed with
A REAL TOMAHAWK,
specially sharpened at 199 Strand for this occasion, and supported, whether they like it or not, by a powerful company composed of all the
LEADING MANAGERS, ACTORS, AND AUTHORS
who have promoted
SENSATIONALISM,
and in so doing added so materially
To the Modern Glories of the British Drama.

The proceeds of this entertainment to be devoted to the raising of a gigantic memorial to commemorate the introduction of
THE LIME LIGHT INTO EUROPE.

All subscriptions to be paid to the Honorary Treasurer, Mr. Romer.

VIVAT REGINA!

FRENCH OF STRATFORD-ATTE-BOWE.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* being disappointed, probably, in a more serious article, which perhaps arrived late, or not at all, inserted what might be called an *article de saison* on sugar-plums generally, and *bonbons* in particular, a few evenings ago.

Unfortunately, the writer probably knew little more about his subject than what he might have collected from occasionally visiting Boissier's, in Paris, or Duclos', in Oxford street, to purchase half a pound of sweet indigestion for his children at Christmas, or for an occasional ball in the season.

Straightway down swoop the Argus-eyed correspondents and set him right (more or less) about this and that and the other sweet, respecting which he had so lamentably gone wrong.

He ought to know, if he ever tasted them, that—

Marons glacés are chestnuts boiled in sugar to glazing point—if we may so express ourselves—and—

Cérises pralineés are dried cherries stuffed with burnt almonds.

We give this information gratis, and will, moreover, if required, give the recipes for making the same; but as we have not opened this article to set the *Pall Mall* right, we will at once give tongue on our quarry, the *Court Journal.*

It is extraordinary that a journal supposed to be taken in by the select circles of fashionable life, and read by those who are from their position enjoying the presumable advantages of education, should, week after week, appear, with nine out of ten words of French mis-spelt, and often so mangled as to be nearly incomprehensible.

It is very easy to put the fault on the back of the reader or the compositor. If the writer takes trouble to spell words of any foreign language in such a way, letter by letter, that no

doubt can be entertained as to the orthography, the fault need never be in the mechanical department of a paper. We might suggest that the charming style of writing indulged in by the *Court Journal* points to the reason why these mistakes are of such frequent occurrence; but if we were to criticise the paper as a literary product, we should not have space in these columns to do it justice.

We only hope that more faith is to be put in the backstairs correspondence of this estimable journal than in the notices of the Parisian drama; for, a week or two ago, we read a notice of the successful performances of a piece called *Le Roi d'Amatibou* (we give the spelling correctly, which of course the *C. J.* did not do), which we ourselves saw hissed off the stage at the Palais Royal Theatre on its fourth and last appearance at least a month before the notice appeared of which we complain, in the interest of such as may be in the habit of priming themselves with small talk from the columns in question.

Court Journal, *Court Journal*, you are clever and amusing, but do purchase a French Dictionary before you again launch out into Parisian news.

THE RULING PASSION.

THE passion for public amusement, or, in other words for excitement, has waxed to such a pitch that there is no sacrifice the bulk of the community will not make in order to obtain it. The other night a woman took a child in arms—her own—to a well-known theatre, and, as a matter of course, got so keenly interested in the blue fire, bad puns, and all but naked limbs of her own sex, which now form the staple attractions of places of entertainment, that she forgot all about the poor little mite of humanity under her shawl. At last—when the curtain fell, we presume, at the end of one of the acts—she remembered its existence, and just gave a look to see how it was getting on. It was dead. She had smothered it. We heard a good deal, a short time ago, about Belgravian mothers, and their delegating the charge of their offsprings to the tender care of Susans and amorous life guardsmen. Belgravia, however, is by no means singular in subordinating its duties to its pleasures. Rousseau, long ago, said that a corrupted people cannot possibly get on without romances, or large cities without theatrical spectacles; but it is horrifying to find that what we call civilization is making such very rapid strides that it is positively destroying rude maternal instincts. Since mothers encumbered with babies no longer seem equal to the once simple task of discovering what is due from them, suppose the legislature passes an act forbidding their admission to places of amusement under such circumstances? We are quite willing that analogous checks shall apply to Belgravia, if legislature be feasible in that quarter.

DON'T *GO TO BATH!*

IT will be remembered that about a year ago the Board of Guardians at Bath shamefully misbehaved themselves *apropos* of their Workhouse children. They promised the poor little wretches a visit to the local pantomime, and when said wretches had arrived at the door of the theatre turned them back with the gift of a bun worth a halfpenny, and a sermon of much smaller value! This year they have behaved with even greater shabbiness, as the following cutting, extracted from a Bath paper, will amply demonstrate:—

BATH BOARD OF GUARDIANS.—At the meeting yesterday, Mr. S. E. Day, one of the vice-presidents, was in the chair, and there was a nnmerous attendance of guardians.—The Clerk read a letter from Mr. N. A. Hunt, offering to give an entertainment of legerdemain and magic to the inmates of the Workhouse.—Mr. W. Green was of opinion that *it was not right that the occupants of the Workhouse should be provided with entertainments.* The children to the number of 130 had been allowed to go to the Theatre to see the Pantomime (a treat the children of the hard-working poor, many of whom paid rates, would not be indulged in) and now here was an offer to exhibit feats of magic for the amusement of the paupers in the Workhouse. *The Workhouse was a place for the reception of persons whose character was so bad that the Board would not give them out-door relief, and he asked was it right that amusement should be provided for such persons, seeing that the honest poor had to do without them?* He moved "That the thanks of the Board be conveyed to Mr. Hunt for his kind offer, which the Board think it inexpedient to accept."—Mr. Venables seconded the motion.—The Chairman said that the children in the house were there from no fault of their own, and he did not see that any harm would result from their being allowed to enjoy the entertainment Mr. Hunt offered to provide. At the same time he thought it would not be well that the entertainment should be seen by all the idle rogues in the house.—In answer to Mr. White the Clerk said there were precedents for the entertainment being allowed.—Mr. Barter thought it quite right and proper that the little children should be allowed to witness the entertainment, and he moved an amendment to that effect.—Mr. I. Carr seconded the amendment, but on being put to the vote it was lost by a majority of three.

The above report carries with it its own commentary. Did we not know that Bath was a clean place we should feel half inclined to dub some of its inhabitants—"Black Guardians."

MR. BRIGHT AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE.

MR. BRIGHT has been proving the extreme accuracy of the parallel he lately drew between himself and the scriptural character who preferred to dwell among her own people. He has been backwards and forwards between London—its fashionable quarter, that is not the East-end—and Osborne, and varying his attendance on Her Majesty with visits to his noble colleagues though we have not heard of him as speaking at Quaker meetings, or even at Rochdale or Birmingham. TOMAHAWK would be the last person in the world to question the propriety of visits paid to the Sovereign, or to enquire who are a man's favourite hosts, unless there were some very special and public reasons for doing so. Reasons enough, however, there surely are in the case of a person who, without the slightest excuse or justification, rebuked Mr. Disraeli for "servility," and has made such a parade of wishing to imitate the Shunamite woman. Very likely Mr. Bright has by this almost begun to think that Crowned Head and Peers *are* "his own people." It is amazing how rapidly demagogues develope aristocratic instincts under aristocratic treatment.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE festive bird which at this season
Is eaten more for rhyme than reason,
With ruffled plumes now stands at bay,
And dares his neighbour to the fray—
His wrath we scarce can wonder at,
He's been so pestered late with fat,
Against the name he must rebel,
And loathe of grease the very smell.

1.
When to this the foes shall come,
Then War will hold his kettledrum.

2.
This is a cave to which 'tis meet
That none but cowards should retreat.

3.
What this word means one of the two knows well,
As many victims of Greek Fire can tell.

4.
Of this some skins shall show full many a score—
Many behind, and perhaps some few before.

5.
And when from weariness they've ceased to fight,
Some modern Homer this, perchance, shall write.

6.
Of Russian leather, this will soon be made,
And not of Turkey carpets, I'm afraid.

ERRATUM.—From some mistaken motive of delicacy, and out of an over-chivalrous consideration for the feelings of others we could not bring ourselves to print the real answer to the Enigma in our 87th number, which is "Indigestion," not as euphemistically expressed, "Overloading."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 90.] LONDON, JANUARY 23, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO THE YOUNG MAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

MY DEAR GOOD YOUNG MAN,—Because my name is TOMAHAWK, and because it is known that I wield a hatchet with a very sharp edge, you must not imagine that I am always employed in slashing and crushing. True it is that I am very fond of exposing shams and waging war to the knife with all that I consider unfair, cruel, or ridiculous. But then if I delight in this conduct, it pleases me no less to be able to praise whatever I may consider deserving of commendation.

Now I am not going into ecstacies about your many virtues—you would laugh at me if I did, as you possess a keen sense of the ridiculous—but I *am* going to express my conviction that, taken as a whole, you (I am addressing "men," not "cads") are a very respectable set of human beings. You have voted swearing low, and excessive slang "bad form," you dress quietly, and can join in a sensible conversation. In fact, you are worthy of your public-school training, and are no disgrace to your university. So much to the good.

If I wished to find fault with you I should begin a lecture about the sin of extravagance and the misery of debt. To some of you I might recommend an early marriage, and the abandonment of establishments at the other side of the Park. To others I could hint that cynicism is a proof of an empty head, and blasphemy a sign of a shallow mind. When I have said this I need add nothing to my lecture.

You are certainly much better than your ——. No, I will not abuse your father, as I know very well that you would possibly repay such disrespect by administering a dignified snubbing. I prefer to write "uncle." You are very much better, I say, than your uncle, then. Twenty years ago the young man of the day was the most offensive of cads, the biggest of blackguards. Now, I am happy to think, he is (without being "goody goody") a very fair specimen of an honest English gentleman—fond of athletics, simple and true. His uncle was a snob *par excellence*. *His* greatest idea of fun was the destruction of a knocker; *his* loftiest notion of happiness a drunken revel in the Haymarket. His nephew, on the contrary, regards bell-ringing as "caddish," and the Haymarket as a place for low shop boys and beery city clerks. Indeed, the last twenty years has seen a great change for the better.

In spite of this happy alteration, our certainly clever contemporary the *Daily Telegraph* has thought it advisable to throw open its columns to the crude ideas and questionable grammar of correspondents evidently belonging to the lower ten million. "Toms," and "Franks," and "Sams," have been allowed to air their grievances and to strut about in borrowed plumes. If I had only looked at the perorations of these epistles, I should have imagined at once that they emanated from the salons of the aristocracy—that they had been written by Dukes' sons for the delight of Marquises! Unfortunately for the writers, I was lured into reading the whole of their notes, and then, indeed, were my eyes opened. Instead of nobility I only found vulgarity—in the place of gentlemanly candour and sense—I discovered "caddism," fraud, and tomfoolery. Need I say, my very dear good young man, I was disgusted?

You see I have no objection to Bloggs, the butcher, as a man—I believe he is a most excellent fellow in his own house—but still, I have no particular wish to introduce him to my daughters. You can imagine, then, my disgust at finding Bloggs, jun. (a butcher, too, but *not* an excellent fellow in his own house), daring to claim for himself the title of English Gentleman! In years gone by there were sumptuary laws to keep class divided from class. We don't want that kind of thing now-a-days, but we do require some weapon with which to meet and conquer rampant "snobbism." Thackeray fought a noble fight, and gained a grand victory, ten years ago; but the great Master has passed away, and the "snobs" are once more plucking up courage and showing to the front. I can paint to myself Thackeray's scornful mirth at reading such letters as those that appeared in the *Telegraphs* of last week. I can fancy his smile at "Tom's" "slang" and boast of gentle blood, at "Sam's" horrid vulgarity and claim to education—at Harrow!

Who are these men, you will say, who thus dare to claim your title? I will tell you. Most probably the sons of small greengrocers who have crept into a city office, and, blinded by the brilliant prospect of £150 a-year, have wandered into extravagance and debauchery. These wretched cads dress "at" Vance, and take their notion of the "perfect gentleman" from the "Great" Somebody else. But there, if you want to see portraits of the fellows who have been writing to the *Telegraph*, look at my Cartoon this week, and your curiosity will be gratified. On one side the "Music-hall Snob"—the slangy, low-born, ill-bred cad, who haunts the Alhambra, and the London Pavilion. On the other, the "Goody good sneak," quite as disgusting (with his unhealthy face and dirty hands) as his half brother. And these two fellows have the audacity to claim the title of "The Young Gentlemen of the Day."

Laugh, my dear young friend. I pray you laugh! As I have said before, the thing is *too* ridiculous. You may be extravagant and foolish, but, hang it all, you are an English gentleman, and not a Cockney cad!

Believe me, yours sincerely,

TOMAHAWK.

SOMETHING ROTTEN IN FRANCE.

We publish a series of letters emanating from distinguished Frenchmen who have taken courage after the brilliant example of the ex-Procureur Impérial of Toulouse, and, fatigued with the glaring disorders reigning in all the official departments of the existing Government, have sent in their resignations without further delay.

To His Excellency ——, Ministre de la Guerre.

Sir,—Having received orders to prosecute a court-martial against the Lieutenant ——, known to be brother of M. ——, editor of the opposition journal *L'Idée du Jour*, lately condemned to six months' imprisonment and 4,000 francs fine for exciting hatred against the Government, I beg leave to reply, that, as an officer and gentleman, I find it totally contrary to my ideas of honour to trump up a charge against any member of my regiment, be his opinions what they may; and must therefore, at the risk of incurring the anger of the Emperor I love to serve in all honour and fidelity, refuse to preside at any such court while I am able to sign myself, with respectful consideration,

——, Colonel of the 500th Regiment of the Line.

To Monsieur le Comte de Nieuwerkerke, Guardian of the Country's Treasures.

Sir,—As principal custodian, under yourself, of the various galleries of art treasures in France, I can no longer be a passive spectator of the offensive disrespect for your trust, which is at present playing havoc with the fine collections placed in our charge. You, Sir, appeared at the Duchesse de Châhut's ball last week disguised in one of the most valuable suits of Damascened armours which exists. That suit was taken from a case in the Louvre, and may have been more or less damaged in the cotillon at the end of the evening. But, whether deteriorated or not, it was no more your's to make use of for your own private caprice than it was *Jacques Bonhomme's* from the *quartier St. Antoine*. Such a proceeding was a breach of trust, and you must be aware that were I to give my adherence to such a disorderly use of the national collections, I should be unworthy of my post of confidence.

But this is not all. Many pictures, by old masters, pictures which are perhaps worth their weight in gold, perhaps invaluable from the impossibility of finding their equal, are at present missing from their accustomed places in the Gallery of the Louvre. I have every reason for knowing whose walls these treasures are at present adorning, and, without mentioning name, I must endorse my urgent protest against such insolent disregard for the people of France, whose children are the inheritors of all her artistic wealth as much, nay more, than the descendants of any Royal house whatever. I have therefore the honour to apply for the acceptance of my resignation as custodian of the Imperial galleries, owing to the abovementioned abuses being totally contrary to my notions of order and management.

I have the honour to remain, &c., &c.,

——, Custodian of Imperial Treasures.

To His Excellence the Minister of the Interior.

Sir,—It is true I am editor of the most influential Government journal at present conducted in the French capital. It is true that I have great respect for the intelligence and power exhibited on all occasions by His Majesty the Emperor, whom Heaven preserve. It is, perhaps, also true that I have been gifted with a mind which can prove that I advance in writing with a force of logic and energy of expression not always found among literary men. But, Sir, my education was so nurtured, or perhaps, you will suggest so neglected, that I was brought up to look upon a lie as the most repulsive reptile that immorality could breed, or diplomacy pamper. A lie has been to my childish reasoning what a serpent is to a woman, a thing to loathe and to avoid, even if it forced me to leave the road which led to fame and luxury, and take the side path which only kept honour in view without regard for ease or promotion. You have asked me to put my name to a series of articles, attributing some of the most abhorrent vices and detestable motives possible, to Monsieur ——, the popular writer of the favourite brochure entitled "*La Moustique*:" a writer who, however bitter his hatred for the Government, and regrettable his revolutionary instinct, is a man of the purest conduct and most irreproachable character. Rather than asperse the name of that man, I would lose my own reputation as editor of the ——, but not as a lover of truth and honesty. I beg to forward my demission.

Receive my consideration, the most distinguished.

——, Editor-in-Chief of the ——.

SONG OF THE DYEING WRECK.

Young ladies of the period,
Pray listen all to me,
Who old am and a cripple
At the age of thirty-three;
With a once strong constitution,
And only ten years wed,
Have been ruined prematurely
By acetate of lead.

I once was very lovely—
At least so folks averred—
And as free from ache or ailment
As any bee or bird;
But now I shrink and quiver
In every nerve and limb;
My sense of smell is vanished,
And my eyes are sore and dim.

For I would not rest contented
With the graces Nature gave,
But to Fashion's last enactments
Became a thorough slave;
I would not think that beauty
From the hand of Heaven drops,
But believed it must be purchased
In boxes at the shops.

My hair in gloss and colour
Was like the raven's wing,
When suddenly fair tresses
Became the proper thing.
At once I bought a bottle,
Like everybody owned,
And before a week was over
I was a pleasing blonde.

But scarcely had a twelvemonth
Or so departed, ere
It no longer was the fashion
As Saxons to be fair.
It was all the rage in London
To have one's tresses gold,
And soon I learned the place where
Was Auricomus sold.

A pink and white complexion
Was o'er my features shed;
But like a country cousin
I looked, the people said.
I lacked the air *distingué*
That urban pallor shows—
So I bought some paste and brushes,
And blotted out the rose.

I tinted, too, my eyebrows,
And painted o'er my lips;
I also dyed my lashes,
And touched my finger-tips.
I wore false ears and something
I better had not name;
But, in a word, I carried
A very curious frame.

And now my lips are blistered,
My cheeks are deadly white,

And I can see too plainly
I am a shocking fright.
That I can see, but other
Things can I see no more;
For, as I said at starting,
My eyes are dim and sore.

My teeth are loose or aching,
And everything tastes queer;
I have a constant rumble
And singing in my ear.
My eyebrows and my lashes
Are dying at the root,
And on my head, once glossy,
I'm bald as any coot.

The doctors say I'm poisoned
In every pore and vein,
And that, indeed, I never
Shall be myself again.
My bottles they have broken,
And now, from brow to neck,
To speak of nothing further,
I am a perfect wreck.

This is my dismal story,
Which I have truly told,
That you may know that beauty
Is neither bought nor sold;
That comeliness and graces
Doth only Nature give;
And that perpetual dyeing
Is not the way to live.

A CASE FOR THE SNUFFERS.

We are hearing on all sides just now a good deal about Greece, so much, in fact, that we, probably in common with hundreds of others of an enquiring turn of mind, have referred to our volume of statistics with the view of "getting it up." With the Conference before us and the recent bombast of the classically-named gentleman who was to have represented the Athenian Government fresh in our memory, we confess to having given way to a feeling of relief and surprise on coming across a few actual facts about this new disturber of European peace.

Let us go through one or two methodically, and, if we can, seriously. Let us take the population first. Greece, then, is a "maritime country and kingdom in the east of Europe, &c., &c., &c., containing, including the Ionian Islands, a population of"—now for it—

"1,343,293 *inhabitants*,"

or not quite half the population of London. Proceeding to the revenue, we find that it amounts to the enormous figure of £1,153,295, or about twice the sum raised in this country annually by the snuff and tobacco duties.

With regard to the estimated expenditure we would rather not commit ourselves; but as it is set down at a trifle under the above modest figure, we may conclude, judging from our past experience of Greek financial matters, that £2,000,000 might cover it. As to the imports and exports, their total value is less than that shown by Portugal; while, if we come to the figures connected with the military and naval departments, the whole thing reads more like an official list of the time-honoured Astley's forces than anything else. In short, Greece, as a power in Europe, is merely, if it is anything, a burlesque *pur et simple* of what it apes. It is, therefore, a most reasonable thing to express surprise at the tremendous bluster that has recently reached us through telegraphic messages and foreign correspondence from the east of Europe. The Greek question, associated as it is with what is Attic, may be said not so much to be a storm in a tea-cup, as a whirlwind in a salt-cellar. Now it is supposed to be a liberal thing to cry up the Greek in his quarrel with the Turk, but there is no popular supposition that is based on a more radical error or on a greater misconception of the real facts of the case. Hitherto, in almost every point, the gingerbread and insolvent Government, that, under the mismanagement of a boy king, swaggers about, and talks big things of Crete, has been entirely in the wrong. The Turk is the man who ought to feel aggrieved, and, feeling so, command the sympathies of liberal and enlightened Europe. Not only is the Sultan in the right, but he rules a powerful Empire of 37,000,000 souls, commands an army of over 500,000 well equipped troops, and has resources at his back that well might make even an influential Western power pause before it made its choice for war. It is in the face of such odds as these that the most insignificant of European States is allowed to get on stilts, make use of threatening and offensive epithets, violate all international law, and jeopardize the public peace. If we can conceive the Isle of Wight invading Hampshire, and declaring war against the British empire, we have some sort of picture of what is now in progress in the East. Things look black when any mischievous and incorrigible boy gets hold of gunpowder and half blows up his nursery. But, there is a method of stopping fun like this, a method which, unfortunately, has been as yet neglected in this case. Still occasion may arise, and then we hope it may be used unsparingly. Little and bad Governments, like little and bad boys, require the birch.

THE NIGGER IN THE ABSTRACT.

Everybody has heard of the Scotch young lady who was acquainted with love "in the abstract." The love of American northerners for the negro appears to be of that limited character. Louisiana has just chosen a black man, called Menard, as one of its representatives in Congress, and we are told that his appearance is "most elegant." In spite of these personal advantages, however, he does not appear to be much in favour with the other legislators. He complains bitterly of the "contempt" with which he is treated by his fellow Congressmen. It is plain that it is one thing to declare negroes equal with white men, when doing so will ruin millions of people whom you hate—not that we at all approve of slavery, we are now treating only of motives—but quite another to make a practical acknowledgment of that equality when Sambo nudges your elbow and breathes the atmosphere of the same room. It would be impossible to have a more complete and suggestive illustration of the fact how very much the vague sentiment of our age has outrun its genuine and definite good feeling, and how very little the buncombe of the platform represents the private feelings of the hearth. To harangue about a man being your equal and then to cut him as an inferior at the very earliest opportunity, is the mark, not only of a supercilious despot, but of a canting hypocrite as well. Nor are these remarks intended exclusively for our American cousins. They will do equally well for home consumption. We should like to know how many of the fine "Liberal" gentlemen who have wormed their way into Parliament by dint of money and fulsome adulation of the "honest mechanic," and the "brave working man," would show any appreciation of this honesty and bravery if they were submitted to a practical test. For our part, if men do think each other unequal, we would infinitely prefer their saying so to their indulging in lies, which disappoint others, disgrace themselves, and make thoughtful spectators uncomfortably cynical.

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE AND INCONSISTENCY.

A statue is to be erected at Miramar to commemorate the virtues, gallantry, and fate of Maximilian of Mexico. Five thousand francs have been subscribed towards it by—Napoleon III. Nothing like audacity. When you have ruined and murdered a man for your own convenience, all you have to do, it would seem, in order to clear, and, indeed, exalt, yourself, is to exalt your victim. But surely it is strangely inconsistent for the Emperor of the French to subscribe to a statue of Maximilian, one of his victims, and yet not to permit himself, or even anybody else, to subscribe to that of Baudin, another of them.

One for Planche.—Since the beautiful collection of armour has been located at Kensington, the cabbies know the museum as "South Meyricka."

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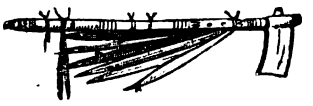

*** Correspondents are informed that Contributions cannot possibly be returned by the Editor on any consideration whatever. Contributors should make copies of their articles if they attach any value to them. All letters on LITERARY matters should be addressed to the Editor. Letters, on purely BUSINESS matters, should be addressed to the Publisher (Mr. Heather) to ensure attention. Envelopes containing solely Answers to Puzzles must be marked "Puzzle," or no notice will be taken of their contents. Answers cannot be received after the Thursday evening following the publication of the paper.

LONDON, JANUARY 23, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THERE is no Court news of any importance this week, except that the Right Honourable John Bright has visited Darlington. The Town Council wanted to serenade him with a beautiful refrain,

He is the darling of our hearts,
And he lives in Downing alley.

But the Right Honourable gentleman declined the honour, saying that he wished his visit to be private. Alas! a man cannot be an officer and private too.

TWO important discoveries have been made during the last week: one, that the French will not allow of any play being acted in which there is not a perfectly virtuous young lady, on whose reputation there never rests any stain; the other, that the English stage is not the home even of ideal virtue, and that the shorter the dresses the larger the profits. Many people are asking, what we once asked, why well-disposed managers and manageresses will continue to receive money from notorious courtesans, who are utterly innocent of any power of acting, even propriety, to appear on the stage and advertise their attractions.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE Greek members of Parliament, having been convened to vote the Athenian Treasury a forced loan of a hundred million drachmas, or about four million sterling, have voted themselves fifteen hundred drachmas each out of it. The resemblance between this admirable stroke of patriotic business and the doings of Congressional legislators in the United States, to say nothing of the pecuniary scandals surrounding our would-be Reformers at home, points to the coming millennium, when, with universal suffrage and paid M.P.'s, nobody need steal or starve who condescends to be a politician.

AN ILL-CONDITIONED JENKINS.

THE greed for chatter regarding the affairs of poor Lord Hastings is still as rampant as ever. Perhaps there was some sort of excuse for the insertion of paragraphs in the newspapers while the sale of his Lordship's library was progressing, for the collection contained some scarce works, the whereabouts of which might have been matters of public interest. But what can be urged in justification of the insertion of the following sentences which appear in the columns of a contemporary under the heading of "Sale of the late Marquis of Hastings's Property"?

Lots: 373-86. Twenty-eight large and very fine damask tablecloths, and fifteen smaller ditto; £270 (Garbonetti and others). 397-408. Twenty-six pairs of fine large linen sheets; £196 (Colonel Bulke and others). 409-12. Twenty pairs of twill sheets; £28 (Smith). 413-14. Ten pairs linen and twill sheets; £16 (Garbonetti). 415-29. Fifty pairs of linen sheets; £100 (Smith and others).

What abominably uninteresting rubbish to put into a newspaper! If towels, and table-cloths, and linen sheets have been brought to the hammer, of what interest can it be to anyone? All the world knows that the affairs of the late Lord Hastings were very much involved; but no one cares to hear the details of the crisis which has come at last. The insertion of such twaddle is in execrable taste, and disgraces the columns of the journal in which it appears.

THE MUSICAL PITCH.

BREAK, break, break,
O voice!—let me urge thy plea!—
O lower the Pitch, lest utter
Despair be the end of me!

'Tis well for the fiddles to squeak,
The bassoon to grunt in its play:
'Twere well had I lungs of brass,
Or that nothing but strings gave way!

Break, break, break,
O voice! I must urge thy plea,
For the tender skin of my larynx is torn,
And I fail in my upper G!

GENERAL BOOM ON HIS TRAVELS.

MR. CARDWELL has entered into the spirit of his office with unwonted energy. Not content to transact his business in a quiet room in Pall Mall, he has made a semi-military tour of inspection of the stations within easy distance of town. The other day he found his way to Woolwich, where he personally inspected everything and everybody in the place; and last week his military ardour actually carried him off to Aldershot, when, mounted on horseback, and attended by as many generals and staff officers as could be got together on a short notice, he held a regular review of the troops in camp.

We fear that Mr. Cardwell's patriotism is taking him a little out of his line. Mr. Childers might as well take up the command of the Channel Fleet, or Mr. Lowe might quite as reasonably spend his days in superintending the coinage of money at the Mint. Surely the Secretary of State for War can find sufficient employment within the four walls of his "office" without wasting his time in gadding about the country in the character of an amateur Field-Marshal, to the irritation of real soldiers, who feel the absurdity of a civilian aping the cocked hat simply on the strength of his having the power as Secretary of State to do what he likes.

WORTH AND WORTHY.—The worth of a dress now-a-days is settled to a lady's mind by the question, Is the dress of Worth? or of a merely ordinary dressmaker's? In the latter case it is certainly worthless.

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"THE YOUNG GENT

(AS PAINTED BY THE CA

MAN (!) OF THE DAY"

IN THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH").

[*See* TOMAHAWK'S *Letter*]

THE NEW YORK
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"*DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS.*"

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

By Author o' "Picquet."

[Note.—The author of this very original and striking tale begs to offer his hand to the young writer of the remarkable (!) novel now publishing in *Britannia*, and to assure him that he forgives him from his heart for having so rudely anticipated him. However, since Mr. à Beckett (so he calls himself) can only publish his novel monthly, the author of the original feels that he has the advantage, as he can publish his weekly. If Mr. à Beckett chooses to feel offended at the plain spokenness of the Author o' "Picquet," this is a free country, and he can. If he chooses to bring an action for libel against the genius who pens these lines, let him! The genius keeps a declaration of bankruptcy all ready copied out, and immediately Mr. à Beckett commences his action the genius will forward that declaration to the proper quarter. A harmless career of litigation lies before Mr. à B. if he chooses to pursue it; but, considering the above facts, it is not likely to be a very profitable one; the genius, &c., stands undaunted on his rights, and defies the odious power of comparisons. If the public don't think the original far better than Mr. Arthur à Beckett's servile copy of it, why the public must be a bigger fool than those who cater for its amusement consider it. *Verbum personale* is enough for a lame horse.]

The Prosylogue.

A Legacy with a Vengeance.

CHAPTER I.

IN OR NEAR THE UNDERTAKER'S.

Down among the dead men,
Down among the dead men,
How jolly are we!
Old Song (may be had of the Author).

The morning of a cold winter's day! The flakes of snow have pattered down on many a league of pavement; they have fallen on the area railing which afford but a scanty support to the tender and slightly torpid policeman; they have palpitated on the warm uncovered head of the blucher boy; have whitened the black face of many an honest old chimney; have played pitch and toss with many a shady character in the quiet slums of Whitechapel.

With your kind permission, ladies and gentlemen (for this occasion only), we will attend upon the snow flakes in capacity of moralist in general, and maunderer in particular.

Mr. Craper Mute is an undertaker. Mr. Craper Mute furnishes and attends funerals, with his satellites. Very like Saturn is Mr. Craper Mute, for he is grim—saturnine—and he has rings too—flashy big rings. Very prosperous is Mr. Craper Mute, and proud, ay! proud of the sable plumes that, on solemn occasions nod sadly from the heads of the sable horses and from the summit of the sable hearse, but now repose in various receptacles. Proud is he of the grim escutcheons that hang above his head, waiting for the summons of Death to be hung out in front of the house, where the auctioneer with the scythe, and the skull and the hour glass has knocked down one more human lot. Proud is he of the festoons of crape which hang like mourning groves around him. Mr. Craper Mute is a prosperous man, a respectable man, a proud man. And well he may be proud. Reader, humble reader, would not you be proud, if you had a flourishing business, some four thousand pounds of good debts on your books, and some five thousand more pounds in the bank, to say nothing of a portly comfortable wife, who knows how to cook a dinner, only one child, and a grey venerable head? Ah! my humble reader, you would be proud.

Mr. Craper Mute had one of his books open before him, not a work of romance or poetry (he never read anything but a dirge or two, and Congreve's "Mourning Bride"), but a work of facts and figures, a large account book, bound in green and red!

Ah! happy you, reader, if at the end of every year your name does not appear too frequently in such books—at least, on the debtor side.

The large book, bound in green and red, lay open before the undertaker. The page was headed, "Sir Rupert Roderick Ruth Rizzio, Baronet, in account with Craper Mute!"

Ah, me! what a number of entries on the debtor side (Sir Rupert's debtor side), and none on the creditor side (at least, only on Craper Mute's creditor side).

Such a long, long bill! Only one funeral, but an expensive one! a costly one! a handsome one!

Oh, reader, shall you and I ride to our grave behind six horses, or crawl there on the backs of four men?

A very long bill! A very costly funeral, quite regardless of expense.

Craper Mute even now recals each part of the ghastly pageant, each item in the paraphernalia of the undertaking.

"Sixteen coal black horses! such beauties! twenty mutes! three hundred yards of black silk! six hundred yards of best crape! all to drag a poor little boy to the family vault!"

Turn over the page, and there is one item: "To decent walking funeral of ——, (but we must not read the name,) £3."

Yes, so it is. The heir of the Ruth Rizzios must ride in a grand nodding hearse to the tomb; but that poor woman, ah! Society, Society (I don't mean Mr. Robertson's play), do you think that Cerberus asks you how much your undertaker's bill is? I don't: no! smug, beautiful, painted Society, I do not.

"That was a strange affair, a very strange affair!" muttered Craper Mute. The baronet paid the bill too, and that was stranger.

Who was she, ah! inquisitive but amiable reader, who was she?

CHAPTER II.

THE BARONET AND THE COBBLER.

He raised aloft his bloody hand,
And he cried, "Oh proud my race!"
Then the cobbler said, "I mend your shoes,
But I cannot mend your pace."
The Ballad of Boots.

Sir Rupert Roderick Ruth Rizzio, Baronet, of Rizzio Hall, was a Baronet, and no mistake.

He had not always been a Baronet, oh no! he had once been a baby. Ah! we are all babies sometime or other,—just as we are all in love sometime or other!

Rupert Rizzio had been a student, not at Christ Church, but at Christ's Hospital. Ah! he was only plain Rupert Rizzio then—very plain.

The Rizzios had all worshipped the great Buddha, but Rupert was a convert; in fact, he had distant hopes one day of being a parish clerk. But it was not to be.

The fifty-seven cousins who stood in various removes between him and fortune were at last removed altogether by cholera morbus, and Rupert Rizzio was Sir Rupert. He added Roderick Ruth to his name to give himself dignity.

It is a very remarkable thing, and much to Sir Rupert's credit; but when he came in to the Baronetcy and the fine property of Rizzio Hall, he still remained a Protestant, and did not revert to the religion of Buddha.

You see Polygamy has its disadvantages, especially in this age of *fichus* and *chignons*, of Marie Antoinette and Madame Rachel.

Polygamy is expensive.

It is also dangerous; at least to some. Wives sometimes scratch their husbands' eyes out, especially when they are three to one.

Sir Rupert knew some of the disadvantages of his old religion, so having changed once, he changed for good and all, or for bad and all,—which of us knows, reader? Yet he had no chance of being a parish clerk now, so his conversion was disinterested—very disinterested.

Sir Rupert married a rich wife; not very beautiful, but still passing fair—at least she passed for fair when she was made up for the part.

Lady Rizzio did not paint; oh no! She did not enamel (except her teeth); oh no!

But, don't tell anyone, please, *dear* reader, she was like all women—a very good piece of canvas to put colour on.

But I must not be so very cynical, I really must not, else I know the dear reader will be afraid of me.

You know the child died—the only one they ever had; and you know who else died—the woman whose funeral was not very expensive. But you don't know who the Cobbler was.

And, what's more, you shan't.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

LICENSE AND LICENSES.

We have to thank the *Daily Telegraph* for a straightforward article on the disgrace to a capital which professes to repress vice in such a degrading exhibition as that known as the Judge and Jury.

We ourselves called attention to this blot in London Life some months back, and we should have been better pleased to see the article in the *Telegraph* before the fact than after. A warning is always more valuable than a reproof. But still the reproof has its value.

It certainly is a disgrace to London that such an establishment should have existed and found admirers enough to make the speculation profitable, but this is one of the many abuses which the new Police Commissioner will have to put down. Mr. Knox is doing good service against the Haymarket Hydra, but there are Augean stables as well which have to be cleaned out. The quack doctors are still allowed with impunity to put any poison into their livery for the destruction of weak or cowardly victims. The anatomical museums are still in existence, and are nightly dragging into the webs of their proprietors the foolish flies whose nerves are upset by incipient vice, and worked upon by imposture and lies. The dirty old ruffian who sells "the Confessional" pamphlet is still plying his trade in front of the Royal Academy. Holywell street is very slightly altered in its character from what it was some years ago, and no attempt seems to be made to make the top of the Haymarket practicable for the respectable foot-passenger, male or female.

If there must be a place where vice must open her safety-valve and sin flaunt in all its wickedness, why should one of the principal thoroughfares be chosen, a thoroughfare which conducts to the most respectable theatre (respectable even in its dullness) in London, and to Her Majesty's own Opera House? We remember, not so long ago, coming out of Her Majesty's before the opera was over, and passing the long line of carriages waiting to take up. In one was a young lady, who was evidently expecting her friends, who would leave their box in a few minutes, and join her at some ball at midnight. It made me shudder as a troop of awful looking women went by, in the flaring gas-light of a supper-room, shouting their coarse humour to their coarser companions. The young girl in the carriage seemed to crouch up into one corner, but she could not stop her ears sufficiently or shut her eyes on everything, and what a step she must have made in the social knowledge of her sex! Cannot the police turn the current, if they cannot stem the torrent? Must our eyes and ears be polluted with the sight of this devil's market whenever we return from any respectable place of entertainment after a certain hour at night? Whoever is the head of the police will be worthy of the post if he will do something to cleanse this Augean stall.

But that is not all. It was suggested that the songs sung in Music Halls, if silly, were perfectly harmless. That may be true as regards the published words, which are generally (with few exceptions) so ineffably weak that it is difficult to understand how anyone can be found to write them capable of stringing the requisite rhymes together; but the singers,—and we speak of the two or three individuals who are supposed to be Music Hall stars by their salaries, though their talents scarcely render them up to the mark of provincial clowns,—are in the habit of making running comments on their own verses in such terms that the most unsophisticated must detect the double meaning, while the regular audience seems positively to enjoy with intense relish the filthy inuendo which is thrown out to them. They probably plead *in extenso* that it is delicately wrapt up—about as much as the lady gymnast who is about to take her turn afterwards on the trapeze.

We recommend this again to the attention of our new lictor, whoever he may be, and we may take the opportunity of congratulating at least one Music Hall which has completely eliminated the comic singer from its programme.

Excellent Substitute for a Shilling.—The *Britannia*. (This is not an advertisement!—Ed. Tom.)

Dot and go One—There is a romping dance called "*La Boulangère*:" the dance indulged in by the joint company of the Queen's Theatre at the end of the drama of "Dot" ought to be called "*La Bouchère*."

"OH WOULD THAT HE'D RETURN!"

We have been favoured with the following telegrams. As we have not received them direct from the India Office, and moreover as they have not appeared in the newspapers, we cannot vouch for their authenticity, but we think we may safely assert that should they be forgeries they are excellent imitations of the communications which have been flying through the wires between Her Majesty's Government and the Governor-General of India elect:—

No. 1.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Bombay.

London, 18th December, 1868.

Would your lordship be good enough to remain in Bombay pending my further instructions?

No 2.

Earl of Mayo, Bombay, to Duke of Argyll, India Office.

Bombay, 20th December, 1868.

I have much pleasure in obeying your grace's instructions. I shall be glad to have an opportunity of making myself acquainted with the organization of the public departments in this Presidency. I am not due at Calcutta for three weeks yet.

No. 3.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Bombay.

London, 23rd December, 1868.

I am glad that your lordship has made arrangements to delay the date of your arrival at the seat of government. Pending the commands of Her Majesty's Government no doubt your lordship will find ample and profitable employment in visiting the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of the city of Bombay.

No. 4.

Earl of Mayo, Bombay, to Duke of Argyll, India Office.

Bombay, 29th December, 1868.

Your grace has misunderstood me. My reason for delaying my arrival in Calcutta is that I have arranged to visit Madras before entering on the duties of my new office, in order that I may make myself personally acquainted with the administration of each Presidency placed under my government. I leave for Madras at once.

No. 5.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Madras.

London, 1st January, 1869.

It was my intention that your lordship should have awaited the further instruction of Her Majesty's Government at Bombay. I am now to request that you will be good enough not to unpack, and that you will let me know immediately if there is a steam vessel at the disposal of the Madras Government in which your lordship can go home.

No. 6.

Earl of Mayo, Madras, to Duke of Argyll, India Office.

Madras, 6th January, 1869.

I have not unpacked, for all my heavy baggage is awaiting me at Calcutta, as are the members of my staff and household, who are making every preparation for my reception. There is a government vessel here which can proceed with me to my new home. I shall leave for Calcutta to-morrow, unless I receive counter instructions from your grace.

No. 7.

Duke of Argyll, India Office, to Earl of Mayo, Madras.

London, 8th January, 1869.

I suppose there is no help for it. Go to Calcutta when you like, and be ——.*

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.—ONCE MORE.

Why is the present House of Commons like a lobster?

1st Prize.—£1,000,000,000,000.

2nd „ —4½d.

3rd „ —A new song, entitled *The Maniac's Doom*.

4th „ —A ticket to the St. George's Theatre.

* Here occurs a word of apparently six letters, which it is impossible to decipher. We should assume the word to be "Viceroy" (a word of seven letters), if it did not unmistakably begin and end with a "D." Probably it is a Sanscrit term for Governor-General.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

THE witnesses in this interesting enquiry having all been examined, Mr. T. W. Robertson said he wished, before the Tomahawkers retired for the purpose of drawing up their report, to make a statement. He had heard that another version of his new Haymarket piece had been freely circulated. This version was not from his pen, and he thought it only fair that it should be read out in the Office, that he might be afforded an opportunity of thus publicly repudiating it in the most emphatic manner possible.—After a slight deliberation with his *confrères*, the Editor ordered that the version in question be read forthwith. It ran as follows :—

HOME.

THE SUPPRESSED EDITION.

SCENE—*A modern stage drawing-room. Upholstery C. Upholstery L. Upholstery R. Upholstery winding away in distance L. C, and R. In foreground Upholstery discovered L C, and R C.*

Enter LUCY *and a Very Young Gentleman.*

LUCY.—It seems odd, I daresay, that we are going to get married, but never mind what people say.

VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—I won't—but look at the upholstery. Isn't *that* like real life?

LUCY.—Nature itself! but we must be true to it as well. Go and tumble off a garden wall again at once. (*Enter* COLONEL WHITE.) Good gracious!

COLONEL WHITE.—Don't you know me? I'm your long lost eccentric brother, fond of practical jokes, and—don't tell my father—(*dropping his voice*) I'm a great liar! You can't think how I enjoy a good lie.

LUCY.—Do you? So do we.

COL. W.—Well, then, let's fire away. (*Enter* OLD DONISON.) The very man! (*Addresses him.*) I am a Colonel in the American army; I came here yesterday, I never saw you in my life, and (*tells lies for ten minutes*).

OLD DONISON.—Sir, stay in this house for months. You evidently are not particular about truth, but what of that? We have all sorts of queer people here. I am an old idiot. I allow a ruffian, named Captain Mountraffe, to smoke in my drawing-room, get drunk whenever he likes, order about my servants, walk into my wine cellar, dress himself like a Victorian villain, associate with my daughter, talk vile slang—and disgrace my name in the neighbourhood. What can I say more? This is "Home," a home for incurables. You are welcome. But stay, you are very much like my long lost son, Mr. Sothern!

COL. W.—I am *not* Mr. Sothern. (*Tells lies for ten minutes.*)

OLD D.—Ah! However, as this is "*Home*," and we have rather a heavy set, what do you say to a private lunch here in the drawing-room with Mountraffe, just before dinner, too?

(*Enter* MOUNTRAFFE.)

MOUNTRAFFE—The very thing! I can now put on my cracksman's pot-house manners, blackguard the old father, say such things about the sister and her friend that no flesh and blood could stand it, smoke, get drunk, and show my cards generally as the veriest ruffian out of Newgate. And all this to the son. Fortunately, he's such a liar he won't mind it, but suffer me to stay in the house at least three months longer. If *that* isn't like every day life I'd like to know what is.

COL. W.—I'd tell you if I were not such a liar. By the way, your get up's the sort of thing one meets in nine drawing-rooms out of ten. But this is getting slow. Let's have a situation. I'll cut my father out. (*Does it.*) And now to bring the second act to an effective close. (*Goes through two scenes with two ladies—one excellent one, over piano, one indifferent one, overdone. Is caught by* OLD D., *locked up in the drawing-room with a thunder storm, visited by the whole household through the window. Tells more lies, is compromised, when* ——)

(*Re-enter* OLD D., *with a rifle.*)

OLD D.—I have not seen "*Tame Cats*," but as this is every-day life, I sleep with a loaded rifle under my pillow, and I have brought down that very young gentleman off the wall again. And now, sir, as I am a plain Englishman, with no nonsense *whatever* about me, and as I am beginning to fancy you are not over truthful, I'll ——

COL. W.—Don't, I'm Mr. Sothern!

OLD D. (*mentally, to himself*).—He's told me twenty good ones, but I'll believe *that*, and we'll have a quick drop. (*Quick drop.*)

MRS. PINCHBECK.—I'll go in for damages.

MR. SOTHERN.—Do.

MRS. P.—No, I won't. I have been a very dangerous woman hitherto, but now I'll show you what circumstances and Mr. Robertson can effect together. I'll reform, shew the finest qualities of character in the piece, and, to leave the audience perfectly satisfied and happy, make my exit, followed by *my brother*. There! (*Does so*)

EVERYBODY SITTING DOWN.—How nice to have lots of upholstery; it's so natural!

OLD D.—Now, Mr. Sothern, my boy, no more lies.

MR. SOTHERN.—Just one.

LUCY.—Oh, yes! Just one little one, do.

OLD D.—Well, out with it.

MR. SOTHERN.—*Home!*

CURTAIN.

The TOMAHAWKERS having listened attentively to the above, the reading of which appeared to create a profound sensation in that portion of the room devoted to the public, retired for deliberation. Their report is to the following effect :—

The part of Mrs. Pinchbeck, rather thankless in the earlier scenes by reason of its excessively "stagey" character, admirably played towards the close by Miss Ada Cavendish. Mr. Sothern as usual Mr. Sothern, but in this instance not too prominent, and therefore responsible for a most intelligent and agreeable performance. Uphill work for Mr. Chippendale laudably attempted, and downhill work for Mr. Compton conscientiously floored. Miss Ione Burke, though her strong point is drama, pleasing and lively. Miss Caroline Hill, lady-like and natural. Mr. Robert Astley, painstaking and promising. A gentleman in a dressing gown and candlestick, conscientious. Mr. O'Connor's scene, one of the best interiors ever put on the stage.

General Summary.—A clever piece well written, but fighting against a most questionable plot.

PROOF POSITIVE!!

THE other day, when the Minute of the Lords of the Treasury for the suppression of bankruptcy in the Civil Service was exciting some attention, we had the temerity to disagree not only with their Lordships, but with the whole press. We argued that the best method of preventing bankruptcy amongst Civil Servants was by loosening instead of tightening the iron grip in which the money-lender or tradesman holds the unhappy clerk. In defiance of what everybody else said, we held that the only way of putting a stop to the growing scandal was not by giving the creditor the clerk's appointment as security for the loans he contracts, which is virtually the effect of the Treasury Minute, but, by leaving the creditor out in the cold, to give credit at his own risk, without reference to the official position of the customer, and by making him look to the clerk's income and resources before he opens an account, and balance his chances of payment as he would in the case of a professional man or a private individual.

We are going to own ourselves in the wrong. Facts speak for themselves, and since the Minute came into force the following cases have been brought before the Treasury, and have been disposed of in the manner below specified. We congratulate their Lordships on the eminently practical working of their new decree.

It will be remembered that the regulation enacts that in every instance in which a clerk finds himself involved in monetary difficulties, he is bound, under pain of instant dismissal, to bring the facts of his case before the chief of his department with a view to his being dealt with in accordance with the provisions of the Minute. Were it not for this wise provision it is not improbable that in more than one of the following inexcusable examples of reckless profligacy, some arrangement would have been come to between the clerk and his creditor, by which the authorities would have been robbed of the opportunity of administering a wholesome check on the growing extravagance of Civil servants.

CASE 1.

Mr Smith—3rd Class Clerk in the Admiralty. Length of service—Four years. Salary, £120 a-year; increasing £10 a-year.

Owes £280 to tradesmen.

Extenuating circumstances.—Insufficiency of income. Extortion of tradesmen.

Decision of My Lords.—Annual increment of pay stopped for five years.

CASE 2.

Mr. Brown—3rd Class Clerk, Red Tape Office, Somerset House. Length of service—Ten years. Salary, £200 a-year.

No personal debts; but involved to the extent of £600, in consequence of having assisted a friend.

Extenuating circumstances.—High character, and the facts of the case.

Decision of My Lords.—Pay stopped for six months.

CASE 3.

Mr. Jones—2nd Class Clerk, Post Office. Length of service—Fourteen years. Salary, £310 a-year.

Amount of debts £840, principally due on account of loans from professed money lenders.

Extenuating circumstances—Debts contracted with a view of satisfying the demands of clamorous tradesmen. About to enter into an arrangement to set aside £160 of salary annually for the satisfaction of creditors.

Decision of My Lords.—Appointment suspended for three years.

CASE 4.

Mr. Robinson—1st Class Clerk, Custom House. Length of service—Twenty-four years. Salary, £300 a-year.

Amount of debts £310, due to doctors, tradesmen, and others, principally in the neighbourhood of Hoxton.

Extenuating circumstances.—Married. Nine children. Scarlet fever expensive in a large family.

Decision of My Lords.—Dismissed without any claim to a retiring allowance.

It must be observed that in the above instances the exigencies of each case are fully met and provided for by the provisions of the new Minute. We were quite wrong to condemn so just and excellent a decree.

NOBODY'S FAULT.

THEY are evidently very hard worked in the Audit and Exchequer Department. On Saturday, January 2nd, a letter appeared in the *Times* from Dr. Yeo, giving an account of a *post-mortem* examination which he had held on the body of a clerk in that department, who had died suddenly of heart disease in his room at the office. The body had been removed to a dirty shed at the back of St. Mary's Church, Strand, where Dr. Yeo was obliged to carry on his examination, putting the lungs and heart, &c., through a little trap-door into the churchyard, for the edification of sundry little boys and others of the British public. The place is described, and justly so, as not quite good enough for a pigshed. Yet it is to such a place that the body of a gentleman, who dies in his room at a public office, is removed, and left to lie for two days. We can well imagine that a mere clerk in Somerset House might seem to gentlemen, transferred from the palaces of Downing street, as scarcely worth the slight trouble which would have secured his body from outrage. On Saturday, the 9th of January, the *Lancet* drew attention to this scandal; and, *mirabile dictu!* on Friday, January 15th, or fourteen days after the letter of Dr. Yeo had appeared, the Secretary of the Office writes to the *Times* to explain that it was nobody's fault! Certainly the authorities of the Exchequer and Audit Office must be terribly overworked to allow such a scandal to rest on them so long. Of course they were not to blame; but we think they might have been a little less dilatory in publicly expressing their regret that the body of a gentleman, who had spent thirty years in her Majesty's service, in an office of such importance, should have been treated as no man of any feeling or decency would treat that of a faithful dog.

THE PEACEMAKERS;
or,
AT THE "CONFERENCE."

FRANCE.—My dear brothers, we have met in this city, where the Goddess Peace holds her——

PRUSSIA (*sotto voce*).—Tongue.

FRANCE.—Holds her chief court, in order that we may——

GREECE.—I am sorry to interrupt, but——

AUSTRIA.—Will you be quiet? You are not to speak.

RUSSIA.—If he is not to speak, I shall.

FRANCE.—Really, gentlemen, dear friends—let us remember.

TURKEY.—If the conversation takes this turn I must leave the room.

FRANCE.—Now, really, my *dear*, *dear* friends, remember where you are.

RUSSIA.—Yes; no fear of forgetting that. It is now some thirteen years since——

TURKEY.—If the conversation takes this turn——

GREECE.—I vote——

AUSTRIA.—You are not allowed to vote.

GREECE.—Then I must withdraw——

AUSTRIA.—Your observation——certainly you may.

RUSSIA.—If my friend, Greece, is to be treated in this way, I—

ENGLAND.—Take a cigar.

RUSSIA.—No, thank you, but I'll take a light.

AUSTRIA.—What! another Sinope?

TURKEY.—Gentlemen, if the conversation takes this turn——

FRANCE.—My dear friend, I assure you on the honour of my Imperial master.

PRUSSIA.—Hem! Hem!

FRANCE.—Do not let us have any hostile interruptions. I assure you, gentlemen——

GREECE.—Am I to vote, or am I not?

TURKEY.—No! Women are not yet enfranchised.

FRANCE.—My dear young friend, the Conference has decided that as Greece——

TURKEY.—Is in the wrong.

RUSSIA.—You will condemn her without hearing her defence. The last Treaty of Paris——

TURKEY.—I am very sorry, but if the conversation——(*to* GREECE, *who has got up to go*)——Ah! you little beast, you trod on my corn.

ENGLAND (*to* AUSTRIA, *sotto voce*).—Chalkstone, he means. You understand; *creta* is the sore point.

FRANCE.—Gentlemen, is this conduct right? Is it fair to my august master?

GREECE.—Oh, your august master be——Decembered. I am not going to stay here to be insulted. If I am not to vote I go. My instructions from Athens——

ENGLAND (*vacantly*).—Athens is the seat of learning.

TURKEY.—It's a den of thieves.

FRANCE.—My *very dear* brothers——

AUSTRIA (*to* GREECE).—Your conduct is barefaced.

TURKEY.—Yes, because he's got the Bear at his back.

FRANCE.—My sublime friend (*turns round and sees* GREECE *has gone*). Oh! our young gentleman has gone off; but, no matter, we can settle it all without him.

ENGLAND.—Certainly; but nothing we settle is to bind anybody.

ALL.—Certainly not; certainly not.

INDIGNANT EUROPE.—Then why, in the sacred name of Humbug, did you meet at all?

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

T u G
U nde R
R ifl E
K ib E
E pi C
Y ok E

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Sydenham Belle, J. S. Common, R. Morrison, Paul Keenan, J. P. Ramsden, V. A. B., C. Greaves, and J. C. Reynolds.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 91.] *LONDON, JANUARY* 30, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO LOUIS THE ELOQUENT AND THE GOOD.

MY IMPERIAL FRIEND,—I am sure you will allow one who has always offered to you the tribute of his respectful admiration to congratulate you on the noble and generous Speech which you have just delivered from the Imperial Throne. Ah! happy France, to hear from the lips of her Monarch such soul-stirring, such truthful, such magnanimous words! To hear from the Great Mystery's own mouth the sincere expression of the thoughts which guide his conduct! To hear him, the great arbiter of Europe, humbly calling himself the responsible chief of a free country, and in that character "explaining frankly to the nation the progress of 'the Government.' How beautiful that sounds! It carries one back at once to the days of the great Frank, Charlemagne. Some wicked people have called you '*le Roi Charlatan*.' How very false, how very wrong! 'Charlatan' indeed! When did Truth speak in such noble words, or in such noble form, as she did in your words, and in your shape, from the Imperial Throne!—the Throne that you not only inherited, but to which the universal voice of the French people raised you. Well may the Pope pray to live long enough to canonize the second Saint Louis!

How touchingly simple is your acknowledgment that "not without difficulty" is a Government founded such as yours—"a Government sufficiently impressed with the wants of the age to adopt all the benefits of Liberty, and sufficiently strong to bear even its excesses." By excesses, of course your Imperial virtue means the *coup d'état*, the press prosecutions, the conscription, the system of secret police, and other such playful eccentricities of a free Government. Your endurance of these excesses is a wonderful proof of power; the endurance of them by your people a wonderful proof of their love. I shall copy every word of your speech if I stop to descant upon all its merits. I must only glance at some of the more wonderful truths, the more noble sentiments with which it teems. TOMAHAWK sighs in vain for a Government like yours. It would be a positive pleasure to be fined and imprisoned by such a great man. But then, as TOMAHAWK always speaks the truth, and your strong Government loves the truth, and never fears it, he could not possibly hope for such an honour.

The army is on a peace footing. Is it really? What must it be on a war footing? Two million of men withdrawn from peaceful pursuits seems a tolerable sacrifice to public security. But then we are so foolish, we don't understand that to be constantly increasing our army, to be always buying and constructing material of war, to be always making displays of military and naval force, and to be constantly bursting out with spasmodic fits of activity, is the way—the only way—to preserve peace. To reduce your standing army, and to organise volunteers, means war. Well, we wonder if we could bear to see the French army on a war footing! Perhaps not. The military resources of France are henceforward "on a level with its destiny in the world." Excellent good hearing this! The destiny of France is evident. She is to be the barrack of Europe, which will supply all the other nations with soldiers when they want any disturbance quelled, or any quarrel settled. A very noble destiny this, and one which you, brave Louis, may be proud of having invented.

"Thanks to the periodical increase of the revenue, we shall soon be able to devote all our solicitude to the diminution of public burdens." "We" means your Imperial self and your *alter ego* the Legislature. What a very interesting spectacle it will be to see you devoting all your solicitude to reducing taxation! Hitherto some of your solicitude has been devoted to raising loans. Of course if some of your solicitude has accomplished such financial success, what will all of it do? We shall soon find France not only the freest, but the cheapest country in the world in which to live. That happy day cannot be far off.

Oh, Louis! spotless heir to Napoleon's name and fame! greatest of the Bounapartes! what a splendid imagination you have! Do you ever think that if the little venture of '48, or the bigger venture of '51 had failed, and you had come back to your lodging in Marylebone, what a fine income you might have made as a novelist? It really seems spiteful of Fortune to have robbed the army of romancers of such a chief. It is positively cruel of you to employ your leisure in such trivialities as the *Life of Cæsar*. Why don't you write your own autobiography? What a dazzling vista of inventions that would be! What a marvellous creation of the Beautiful, the Ideal!

But no! you are the great Emperor, in whose person we see the intimate alliance of power with liberty. Very intimate indeed! Like that of the Greek slave who was chained to the dead body of his betrothed; you can watch the gradual corruption of that which you love. Yes, turn to my picture, and see your portrait there, as you sit rowing the dead body of your victim down the stream of Time. And when the end is reached, think you *that* body shall know no resurrection? Surely it shall; and is it not wiser, great Master, for you to cease your efforts to bring her to life again? Let her lie, then, cold and dead. Do not insult those who loved her by flaunting before their eyes a dummy gaudily dressed in her likeness.

Adieu my dear Emperor,
Yours till death, TOMAHAWK.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

POOR LITTLE HULKS.

1.

I WAS born, who cares? In the gutter, may be;
That's a damp sort of cradle, eh? Rather!
But my mother's address was the streets, you see,
And—well! what matters who was my father?

2.

He moved to Millbank, for a change, so they said,
And when fathers get things said about 'em
As queer as I heard about mine—think them dead!
Take my word, you're far better without 'em.

3.

But my mother, perhaps to get rid of her cares,
Took to drink, not to my 'edication.
So at five I was more up to curses than prayers,
And knew how to dodge out of starvation.

4.

And I dodged out so well, that I fell among thieves,
As the saying is. Well, not to blink it,
At six I'd have robbed my own mother, it grieves
Me to add—and for gin! Did I drink it?

5.

Oh, dear no! In life though there's bitters there's sweets.
To day you go down, up to morrow.
So there's even bright spots for them born in the streets,—
Call 'em gin. That's the stuff to swamp sorrow!

6.

Not that I ever knew what they meant by the word,
Fit for fine folks, with hearts; and my dealings
Was mostly with hunger and cold. To get stirred
Up to feel, you must have human feelings.

7.

When you meet only devils,—she devils as well,
And the worsest of both proves the stronger,
This here lovely world is a good deal like hell,—
Only hell lasts a little time longer.

8.

Them's my sentiments now that I'm ten—think it odd,
I can talk about hell like a choker?
Well, I *have* heard that word, and another—that's God,—
With an oath and a whack from the poker.

9.

No religion? Why parsons have fought about me,
Each wanted his say—it was civil;
But neither to part with me quite could agree,
So they both gave me up to the devil.

10.

So there's nothing and nobody that I've not done
Though I'm small—when I'm big I'll be bolder,
And show you that I'm quite my own father's son,
Ah! you only just wait till I'm older.

11.

However, just now I'm a bit in the sulks,—
Well, your young friend's got nabbed—there, don't blame him—
You're a good lot, so come, think of poor little Hulks,
And of all that you've done to reclaim him!

GEOLOGICAL QUESTION.—Are ten *carat* gold watches *turnips?*

OUR WEEKLY PROPHET.

(N.B.—OBTAINED AT A GREAT OUTLAY.)

February 1st.—Mr. Charles Dickens will give such a Twist to his audience at the St. James's Hall that many ladies will be taken out in convulsions.

The *Poplar Pennygaff* will open another discussion (for the more economical supply of copy) headed "The Centurions of the Century," opening with the following letter:—

To the Editor of the Poplar Pennygaff.

Albany street, January 31st.

SIR,—My observations of the British army are limited entirely to my acquaintance with an officer who is gallant enough to own me for his cousin. I know he is an officer by the stripes on his arm; but I cannot imagine how he can belong to a Club in Pall Mall, drive down to Epsom in a drag, appear at Ascot in a barouche, and show himself at Baden in the season on sixpence a day. Perhaps some of the readers of your inestimable journal can inform

GEORGE'S COUSIN.

The *Times* will publish another letter proving that no novels are ever published in Paris which have not first been submitted to the approval of a jury of mothers and ministers from the *oratoire.* The writer will defy any intelligent readers to produce any modern French work which could not be put with great benefit to her moral culture into the hands of any young girl of eighteen.

Several bursting wits will meet together for the purpose of discussing the apparition of another comic journal, which shall eclipse everything brought out as yet. Designs already promised by Gérome and Millais, satire by Dean Stanley and Théophile Gauthier. Price nothing. The advertisements to pay everything and bring in forty-five per cent. to the shareholders. Offices, over Temple Bar.

The *Pennygaff* Parisian will write a column and a-half on the pleasures of iced asparagus at the Princess Paraffini's Palace in the Bois de Boulogne, and at the same time give a minute description of a conversation he had with the Pope's nuncio on the pleasures of a ride across country in Leicestershire.

February 4th.—Mr. Bright will allow his moustache to grow in hopes of a visit to Paris before long. An apartment will be prepared for him in the Tuileries. Mr. Bright will try the effect of a red riband in his buttonhole.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will start for Egypt. The first volume of their Royal Highnesses' progress will be entrusted to the editorial care of Messrs. Smith and Elder, who will produce one hundred thousand copies of the work, illustrated by the Princess Beatrice, at a guinea the volume. This will cover the expenses.

Madame Tussaud will give Madame Rachel a fresh complexion, and reproduce her as "Fayre Rosamond" in her historical gallery.

February 5th.—Cold and fogs. Some idiotic boys will mistake the day for the fifth of November, and be seized by the police for making guys of themselves. They plead guilty, but perfectly ready to make guys of the police if permitted.

The Semaphore at Westminster will be taken up by the police for making a disgraceful exhibition of itself, and deposited in Scotland yard until the arrival of the coroner. The cabbies all declare they never saw such a guy as 'im afore.

Overtures are made to Madlle. Schneider, and by M. Offenbach, for the opening of the French Plays in St. James's Theatre. Miss Lucy Rushton will continue playing Juliet to Mrs. Jordan's Romeo until the French season is declared. Madlle. Schneider will perform an original Turkish operetta, composed expressly for her by the Sultan, the English words by the Viceroy of Egypt. Madlle. Schneider retires from the direction of the Bouffes-Constantinopolitains, as she finds her treatment too insultan to be borne.

February 6th.—There being no first night of any comedy the critics will meet early at Evans's and cut each other up epigrammatically and ungrammatically over a kidney and potatoes. What began with chaff will end in a whirlwind. The *Post* will be made a dead letter of, the *Telegraph* dispatched, the *Times* changed, the *Pall Mall* hustled out, the *Era* hear no good of itself, and the *Daily News* voted a nuisance. The row among the critics will continue till everything is blue (certainly not read), except Paddy, who will remain as green as ever.

Temple Bar will be at last condemned, but, as a monument of history, will be transported (as it ought to be) to the centre of Battersea park, where it will be turned into a fountain and refreshment bar for the million.

Twenty thousand additional lamps will be added to the railings round the Palace at Westminster. Some one will have to pay for them.

A flutter will commence in the female heart, with a tendency to increased excitement until the 14th, on which day it will culminate to the complete prostration of the letter-carriers, and gradually subside for the space of one year.

February 7th.—Many worthy divines will make themselves very conspicuous on this day (Sunday), and will attempt, by dull discourses uttered in a feeble drone, to prove that those who persistently fall asleep under the torture are surely going the road to perpetual grinding of teeth. A reply will be made to the effect that anything would be better than a continual grinding of platitudes.

A Ritualistic Metropolitan will show his consistent love for the first apostles by refusing to obey those in authority over him. He will burn twenty-five wax candles in the vestry where they cannot be seen, and will replace his dalmatic by a horse-hair shirt and drawers. His bootmaker will receive an order to furnish the inside of his shoes with tintacks of the most obtrusive character. His mattrass will be re-filled with holly leaves, while a tenpenny nail will be his nightly comforter.

There will be a sprinkling of the profane in the afternoon at the Zoo. An attempt will be made by the committee of the society to keep out the young apes of the period, not from any jealousy on the part of the inhabitants of the monkey-house, but that it makes the poor beasts wild to hear themselves called baboons, and feel themselves kept in chains, with such inferior beings loose on the premises.

(*To be continued.*)

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

I HAVE no doubt you have been wondering what has become of me all this time, for my last communication was, as you know, penned in the heat of the General Election. Well, we need not go back to that, suffice it to say that certain events connected with that period of popular agitation have had a very remarkable effect on *me*. I am an altered man. I no longer desire to show political England to the world in its true light. I no longer believe in the British Constitution.

When I embarked upon this series of papers, it was with the hot blood of patriotism coursing through my veins, and a burning desire at my heart to show Europe generally, and our French neighbours in particular, what a glorious state of things was established here. I have since then given my moral kaleidoscope a turn. The beauty of the pattern has disappeared, and, instead of an elysium of church windows, coloured lights, and leaflets, I am now surveying a sombre circus of pitchforks, black jet, and coffin nails. Even coffin nails will make a sort of pattern of their own, but it is always a little gloomy, and so I am going to take another moral turn as it were out of politics altogether, and describe the

SOCIAL GLORIES OF ENGLAND.

If you want any explanation of this sudden abandonment of a very elevating and lofty design, you shall have it briefly. Banks Johnson made me stand for West Duffington. I canvassed; I made speeches; I became unpopular; I made more, and I do not think I shall ever quite recover the use of my left arm. That came of listening to B. J. when he advised me "to give it them strong." But, to proceed. I went to the poll, came in at the top, heard the Riot Act read, got knocked down by a dead cat, promised to support the Ballot, got knocked down by another, did not spend a penny on my election, and have just been unseated for bribery—it matters little that it was the fault of my agents. I have done with "political" England for ever.

As to my programme for the future, it is varied; but I may as well state that my intention is still to look at everything in the best light. I yet hope to show English Society to the world in its true colours, and, depend upon it, I will do it. You shall hear more of my plan next week.

THROUGH EVIL REPORT.

ALTHOUGH the common law of Zanzibar may not in every respect come up to our English notions of justice and equity, yet in one respect we might do well to take it as a model, for it provides for the punishment of the perpetrators of mischievous hoaxes. From a letter published in the *Times* one day last week, it appears that Moosa, the Johanna man, who so cleverly murdered Dr. Livingstone in our imagination some time back, has been handed over to Dr. Kirk by the authorities, but as the rascal has already paid the penalty of his want of truthfulness by having passed eight months loaded with heavy chains, Dr. Kirk has decided that the punishment already administered has sufficiently met the necessities of the case, and Moosa has been set free. Just now the public are anxious concerning the non-appearance of our renowned countryman, and are ill-disposed to sympathise with any unhappy black who from the fertile sources of his imagination hatched a story which threw the whole nation into mourning; but, nevertheless, it must be admitted that "the authorities" at Zanzibar have been a little hard on Moosa, and every one will agree that Dr. Kirk, who seems to have had the wretched nigger's very existence placed at his disposal, did right to set him at liberty. If lying is a capital offence in Eastern Africa, how grateful we all should be that we were born on the free soil of Great Britain!

A FALL IN COTTON.

THE old Spanish proverb that drily declares that "a sow would say wiser things than an alderman, if she could only speak," has sometimes about it more of satire than truth. It cannot of course be denied that such things as learned pigs have been heard of on the other side of Temple Bar, though the pungent humour of a Sir Robert Carden, the oratorical powers of a late Lord Mayor, and the legal acumen of an Alderman Wilson, have done much to vindicate the reputation of the city, and turn the tide of wit back into the Strand. To this list of worthies we wish now to add the name of no less a remarkable and distinguished man than Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Cotton. At a recent meeting of his brethren, convened, we believe, for the purpose of debating how far it would be wise to encourage the offer of voluntary spiritual aid to prisoners locked up within their jurisdiction, this gentleman is reported to have expressed himself as follows:—

"He predicted that the Court would soon be called upon to furnish a pool for the Baptist, a harem for the Mormon, and a dancing circle for the 'Shaker.'"

Unless the reporter has been taking the wildest liberties with the speech of Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Cotton, that gentleman must be a tremendous wag indeed. What excellent fooling is this! what a telling hit at the Baptist's idea of salvation! and then, what boisterous humour in the picture, so skilfully presented, of a religious dance of "Shakers" in Newgate! But *the* point of the whole period, the dig that was evidently meant to send the whole Court into hysterics, in short, the awful satire, that has the true ring of Juvenal about it, is *par excellence* that sly allusion to the "harem." A harem in Holloway! Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Cotton evidently knows his audience. What civic authority could hear *that* and not laugh himself into a fit? Has this gentleman ever done a French piece into English that there is such an *odeur de Paris* about his language? Joking apart, why is such balderdash as that we have quoted above suffered to be spoken at any public meeting, held in the city or elsewhere, without an immediate call to order? It is to be supposed that the Court of Aldermen met for the purpose of discussing an important question in a sober way, and we see that the Lord Mayor presided. We would like to know why he did not put an immediate stop to this sort of thing, in a very peremptory manner, once and for all?

TECK-NICKEL TERM.—The silver laugh of the Princess Mary.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—We understand that, encouraged by the success of Mr. Charles Dickens, the well-known Mr. Bradshaw purposes giving readings of his popular *Railway Guide*.

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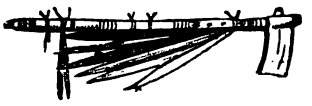

LONDON, JANUARY 30, 1869.

THE WEEK.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is closed!

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* denies that it is an Atheist. It declares that it believes in a devil. Very likely,—*a printer's devil!*

IT is reported that a proposition will be made in the new Parliament to increase the salary of Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, in consideration of the able way in which the Queen performs her very arduous duties. The proposition is likely to be especially popular among the London tradesmen.

A GREAT deal has been said and written lately about Oxford life. The occasion of all this excitement was an article that appeared in the first number of the *Britannia*, which painted Alma Mater as a most disagreeable and snobbish old creature. Well, Oxford is Tory to the backbone, hates the "march of progress," and consequently knows more about *coaching* than *training!*

A GERMAN origin having been assigned to Mr. Robertson's new piece at the Prince of Wales's, which, by the way, he never stated to be original, has given rise to a good deal of small talk among his *friends*. Our first comedy writer cannot yet claim a place by the side of Sheridan, though he has thus unconsciously given the world a second "*School*"—*for Scandal.*

A CERTAIN action which was tried the other day, Laing *v.* Simpson, revealed the existence of what ought to be an obsolete and defunct law. It appears that, within the precincts of the City, any person who likes to go and swear before the Lord Mayor that A. B., keeping a banking account in the City, is indebted to him, without offering any proof, can "attach" the account of A. B. at the bank; that is to say, can prevent A. B. drawing any cheques on his account, and this without giving any notice to A. B. Talk of improper attachments! This seems to us the most improper of all. The law ought at once to be abolished. It is based on the presumption that all people speak the truth on their oath,—a presumption which evidently savours of the romantic age.

AN APROPOS SOLILOQUY.

BY A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

To dye, or not to dye, that is the question:—
"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer"
Th' outrageous colour of Dame Nature born,
The very "head and *front* of my offending"
Against the fiat of chameleon Fashion,
Or summon Art to aid me? Shall I end
This heart-ache by the "hazard of a dye"
That Fashion dooms my hair to?—Dye:—a wash:—
No more:—Poison, perhaps? ay, that's the rub
To bring paralysis: the '*harmless wash*'
With lead, and sulphur, from the depths profound
Of Acheron, is loaded: and who knows
But when I shuffle off last season's coil,
And tone the little hair I call my own
To match my latest chignon's altered hue,
Disease in my 'frizzettes' may lurk unseen,
Stride my back-comb, or stalk with cat-like tread
Along the parting? Let me pause, and think
How much respect to chemistry be due—
For who would bear the sneers and up-turned nose
Of female friend, the criticising eye
Of street-cad,—when (as all the Papers tell)
She can herself the remedy procure
For thirteen stamps,—but that a hazy dread
Of something that may happen cramps the will,
And knowledge makes a coward of the purse?
'Tis too much proved:—yet I obey thy call,
Stern mother of invention! Truefitt, in thy orisons
Be all my fears remembered . . . . . .

A RESUMÉ OF THE LATE DISCUSSION

opened in the

PAGES OF THE "TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—I am a grocer, but my son is a gentleman, because he wears a flower in his button-hole and a "veed in his cheek." I give him fifty pounds a-year and no education, yet his manners are not what I should like even behind the counter.

Yours,
TOM'S FOOL OF A FATHER.

SIR,—I am as dowdy-looking a girl as you may meet, have served as nursemaid to my step-mother, who is a monthly nurse, and am generally considered ugly, though goodnatured. If the young man of the day would leave the saucy girls of the period I should be happy to scrub his house as his wife on £200 a-year.

Yours, TILLY SLOWBOY.

SIR,—I am a girl of elevated tastes, my education having been that of the Royal Kensington School of Art. Though one of fourteen sisters I have always felt that I had great literary power, and take this occasion, which you so kindly offer, to see myself in print. The young man who scorns the poor girl because she is not of the period is unworthy the name of a Briton.

Yours,
CORDELIA MADDER BROWN.

SIR,—I am a clerk in a bank. My parents are in the small-coals trade. My tastes are cultivated by my connection with senior clerks. I like to think I am a type of the young man of the day—so I write to tell you so.

Yours, CHARLIE COKE.

SIR,—I have so often heard tell as my boy is a unmitigated cad—that it does me a real pleasure to find he's somebody, so I always says, says I, if Jo marries one of them pert stuck up things out of Belgrave square she'll get more 'un she deserves—s'help me! Sarvice,

MARY ANN SUDDS.

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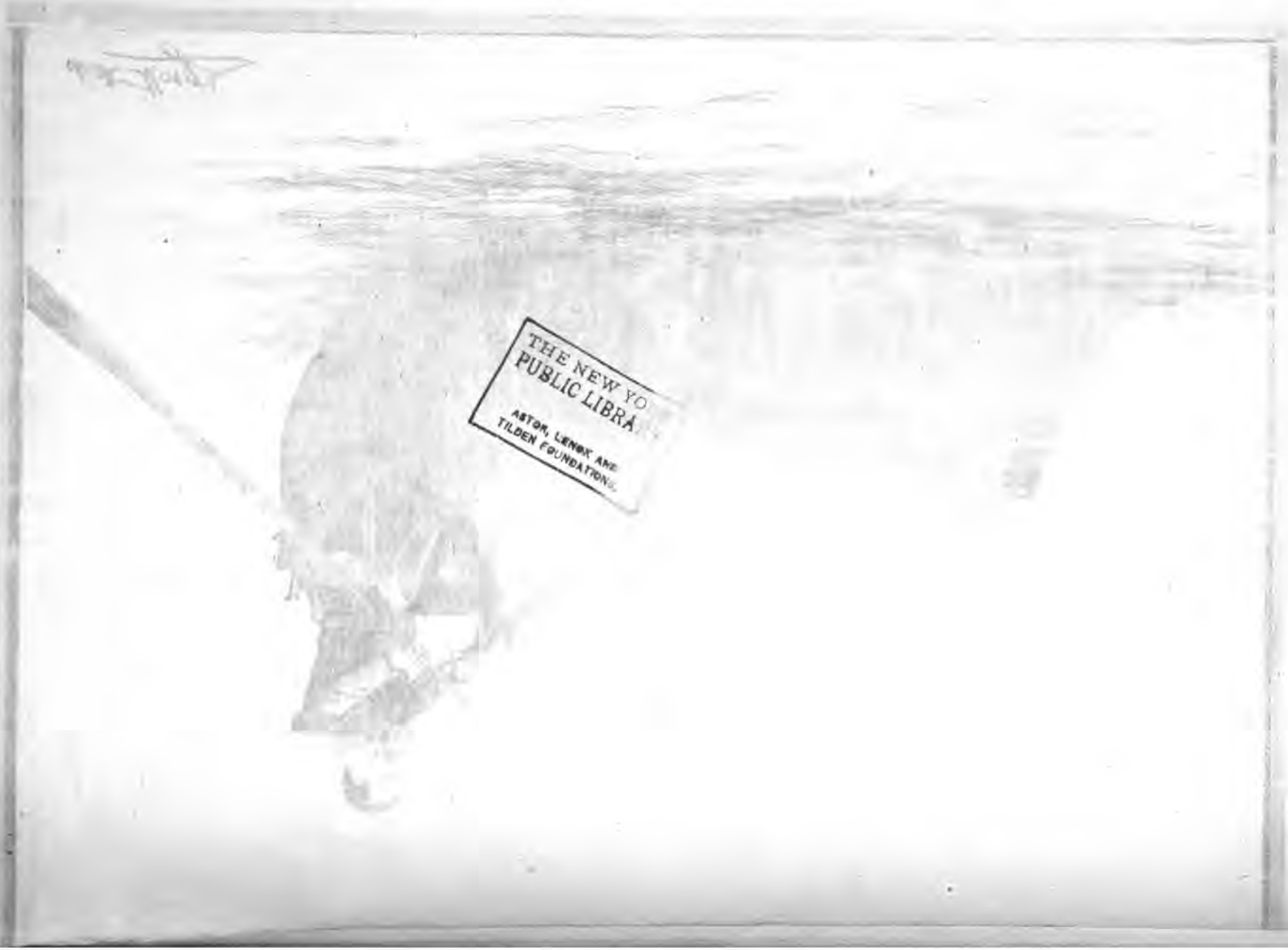
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

ALONE WITH THE DEAD!

OR,

LIBERTY AND HER MURDERER.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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—*Not* taken from *Britannia.*)

The Prosylogue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER THE SECOND.

Oh the world! oh the world! it is so very hollow,
And so are fools' heads, who follow, follow, follow!
OLD PLAY (*unique*), in possession of the Author.*

DEAR reader, have you forgiven me?

I know it must have been a bitter disappointment to you to have been kept in ignorance all this time as to who the cobbler was.

But you have had a week, sweet reader, to get over the disappointment.

Have you got over it? Not quite, ah! I think not quite.

Who ever does get over a disappointment? Does little Johnny, who watches with intelligent but hungry eyes that part of the pudding which appears to contain most plums, and then, oh agony! sees the stranger boy get it at last,—does he ever recover this rude shock?

Or does Augustus, when his adorable Pamela turns out to be adored by twenty other young men, all richer, if not handsomer, than Augustus, and gives her hand to the richest and leaves the rest to scramble for her heart?

Does——Psha! reader, you want to know who the cobbler was.

The cobbler was the only shoemaker in the village of Rizzio.

He was a fine stalwart, swart, dumpy kind of man, with a hard hand, and a soft head, ay, and heart too, bless him! But he was a revolutionist, a red hot revolutionist. He hated Monarchs, he hated Parliament, he hated Royalty, he hated Short Commons. He was a terrible man was this cobbler, this old Tart—Jam Tart the village wags called him, because his name was Iamblichus. Reader, what is your name? Who gave you that name? Your godfathers and your godmothers. Do you like that name? You don't? Then take my advice and punch your godfather's and godmother's heads. It was their fault, not yours.

Perhaps, on second thoughts, this would not be genteel.

Iamblichus, or Jam Tart, did not mind his name; not he. He did not mind anything. He did not mind the Baronet. He did not mind his lady. He did not mind his p's and q's. He did not mind old Sam Leopard, the Baronet's confidential game-keeper. He did not mind his stops. Not he. He did not mind—he had not got a wife, or perhaps he would have minded her.

Now I have told you all about the cobbler, about poor old Jam Tart, a sour old man you think,—then you should put in a teaspoonful of the brown sugar (!) of charity.

Jam liked Flossy (the Baronet's niece), and he liked Leopold Leopard, the son of old Sam Leopard, who managed to educate his son at Oxford, out of the profits he made on the rabbits which he shot.

Leopold Leopard was in love with Flossy Rizzio, poor fool! and that is why old Jam Tart hated Lady Rizzio. And he showed his hate, too,—he was a man of violent likes and dislikes was old Jam—he showed his hate for Lady Ruth Rizzio cruelly—ruthlessly.

How?

Why, when he mended her boots he always hammered in a wooden peg, so as to gall her heel when she walked.

Poor Lady Ruth Rizzio!

But Jam might have spared himself the trouble, for Lady Rizzio never walked—she always went out in her carriage.

* To be sold on REASONABLE terms. [The Author thinks it right to state that he is indebted for his mottoes to his talented and strictly honourable friend, Major Blake.]

(!) Fine old Jamaica, 4½d. per pound, to be had at the Military and Militia Co-operative Stores (Secretary and Manager, Major Blake).

CHAPTER IV.

THE STRANGER POKES THE FIRE.

Oh, what it is to see again
The spectres of a misspent youth!
Oh, what it is to be called names,
And know those names are but—the truth!
POEMS BY A RETIRED OFFICER.*

THE Stranger rode, on a mettlesome cream-coloured cob, down the main street of the village.

Jam was sitting outside his shop, and as he saw the mettlesome cream-coloured cob caracolling down the street, he chuckled, "Ah! here comes the Circus!"

Jam was a wag.

The Stranger was dressed in black velvet, with a bonnet and feathers, and he rode solemnly up to Jam's door.

"Which is the way to ——"

"Queer street?" replied the nimble Jam.

"No; to Old ——"

"Nick's?"

"Hold thy peace, ribald man. I seek the way to ——"

"Destruction?"

"A truce to thy raillery! I seek the house of one Samuel Leopard."

"There goes his son—ask him," replied Jam, sulkily, for the Stranger would not laugh at his jokes, and Jam, as I said, was a wag.

"Ha, ha, ha! *His* son! Ha, ha, ha!" and the Stranger gave a cavernous laugh as he ambled in pursuit of young Leopold.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE STRANGER DOES WHAT HE OUGHT TO HAVE DONE IN THE LAST CHAPTER.

Oh yes! for it is very hard
To find one's boyhood's genial sins
Run into one when one is old,
Like needles or like the patent pins.*

IN a small room, neatly, nay, luxuriously furnished, sat two men.

The Stranger and Sam Leopard.

The room was furnished just like a game-keeper's room should be. The chairs were all stuffed with hares and rabbits, while books, bound in moleskin, adorned the walls.

Weasels that had gone pop when alive, were now silent as the grave in glass cases.

Ah, it is well to be a weasel, to be trapped, and shot, and poisoned, because he interferes with the game on which sordid and sporting Man would batten his selfish carcase!

Are there not human weasels who interfere with our little game, and whom we hunt down with spears of malice, and swords of slander, and hounds of uncharitableness?

To say nothing of the game-keepers, which I take to be old scandal-mongering women.

But "*revenons à nos boufles!*"

Old Sam Leopard sat cowering on one side of the fire, while the Stranger, with his cloak wrapped majestically around him, eyed the gamekeeper with a sardonyx glance.

"So! So! Samuel Leopard, you have grown your hair since I saw you last!"

Every hair in Sam Leopard's head quivered with emotion as the Stranger uttered those words.

Yes, hairs can feel. Listen to that, ye gentlemen of England, who live at home and shave! Listen to that, ye barbers, with your cold bright scissors ever gaping for their prey. Listen to that, brutal Bluebeard, as you drag Fatima by her chignon round the painted chamber!

The hairs of Sam Leopard remembered the day when the prison shears had cut short their rollicking, glossy, beautiful youth, and they snapped with terror.

The Stranger seized the poker!

He put it solemnly in the fire.

* A work of considerable merit, though not so widely known as it ought to be. Published for the author at Hardwicke's, Piccadilly.

* Patent pins. There are really none like those made by the Pentonville Pin and Needle Company (Limited). [Secretary and Chief Director, Major Blake.]

He stirred the fire,—solemnly stirred the fire! and all the while Sam Leopard's hair was on end; sitting up in its form, he thought to himself——

"Do you remember Portland Bill?" asked the Stranger, in a deep harsh voice.

The bloody fiery sparks showered round the desolate hearth.

The father looked up at the son's pop-gun with which he had killed his first weasel. Poor Leopold—a tear was in his eye, but he was firm. He trembled violently with rage.

"You know you are a liar, a felon, a pig, a bad shot, an infamous father, a forger, an indifferent gamekeeper, and—"

"Murderer, I shall be!" shrieked Sam Leopard, starting to his feet.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the man in black velvet. "This is not the Victoria, and you are not Mrs. Haller."

He held the poker fast as he walked to the door.

He turned. Sam was writhing with wrath—"Give me the latch-key of Rizzio Hall, you dog, you lurcher, you half-bred retriever!"

Oh, how the Stranger scowled as he said this.

"Here it is," said Leopard, and gave him a key.

. . . . . .

Away on the mettlesome cream-coloured cob rode the man in the nodding plumes—the Stranger.

Sam Leopard raised his hand, and, digging his thumb into the end of his nose, shook his little finger at the retreating form of the Stranger—"Sold again, my buck, for you've got the wrong key!"

(*To be continued.*)

EPIGRAM

On the Rev. Hugh de Brass, who threatened to secede if his lights were tampered with.

THE priest, condemned as Ritualistic,
His candles cut instead of his stick!

UN MORCEAU D'UNISON.

THE controversy regarding the musical pitch is running high—so high, indeed, that the principal *chefs d'orchestre* have been forced to take the matter up with a view to arriving at some satisfactory settlement of the mooted point. It appears that the singers, headed by Mr. Sims Reeves, have made up their minds to stand out for a lowering of the pitch, and, unless some compromise is effected, things promise to come to a dead lock. The band leaders have, however, at last realised the necessity of taking some action, and last week summoned a meeting to discuss the advisability of coming down a little in their tone; but as it was not deemed expedient to show their opponents their cards, the meeting was convened in secrecy and held with closed doors. Such, however, is the perfect organisation of our reporting staff (we pride ourselves that nothing can take place anywhere unknown to us), that we are able to publish a report of the proceedings on the occasion.

Present.—MR. BENEDICT, MR. MANNS, MR. COSTA, SIGNOR ARDITI, and MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

MR. BENEDICT was about to open the proceedings by suggesting the election of a president, when MR. COSTA immediately voted himself into the chair, and expressed his surprise that Mr. Benedict should have thought it necessary to raise the question of the "election" of a chairman when he, Mr. Costa, who of course took precedence of everyone, was present.

MR. BENEDICT, having apologised to the chairman, commenced the discussion by stating that the singers had convinced themselves that they had a grievance against the conductors, and they had banded themselves together to bring about a reduction of the musical pitch. As far as Mr. Benedict was himself concerned, the meeting was probably aware that he did not now do much in the orchestral way, and it might therefore be allowed that the opinion he was about to give was entirely unprejudiced. He had no regular band, but when he had the honour of conducting an orchestra its members usually consisted of musicians from the bands of his brother leaders. It was therefore absolutely necessary that some decision should be arrived at in which they would all concur. He proposed, therefore, that the pitch should be reduced a tone, which concession would at once satisfy the demands of the vocalists without in any important degree rendering less brilliant the effect of instrumental music.

MR. MANNS regretted he could not second the proposition of his much respected friend. He was perfectly prepared to be reasonable and just, but he considered the lowering of the standard to the extent Mr. Benedict suggested far too great an admission. He thought that if they all agreed to come down a semitone it would be as much as could be expected of them. He therefore moved that this proposition should be adopted, and he called on his friend, Mr. Costa, who of all others was the most interested in conciliating the singers, to second the resolution.

The CHAIRMAN, who did not rise from his seat to address the meeting, said that both Mr. Benedict and Mr. Manns were quite wrong. He was the conductor at Covent Garden, and his position, as they all knew, was the most dignified and important in this country. They should see him scowl at Princes of the Blood when they stood in his way behind the scenes of the opera. He was not, however, going to waste his very valuable time and precious breath in discussing the subject; so he might as well state at once that he did not intend to make the slightest alteration in the pitch of his band; and if he heard of any more complaints from the vocalists he would run them up another semitone.

MR. SULLIVAN said he had a great respect for Mr. Costa's judgment, as he had a personal respect for the two other gentlemen who had addressed the meeting. As for himself he was inclined to agree with Mr. Manns, who had proposed a very reasonable compromise. Those gentlemen who were in favour of maintaining the present standard should come and hear the choir of the Civil Service Musical Society, a body with which he had the pleasure to be connected.

The CHAIRMAN here violently interfered, and declared that Mr. Sullivan had insulted him. Did Mr. Sullivan actually mean to suggest that he (Mr. Costa) should attend a Civil Service Concert? Mr. Sullivan must be aware that he never deigned to listen to any music whatever but that which he himself conducted, which of course could be the only music worth listening to.

MR. SULLIVAN said that he had no intention of offending Mr. Costa, whom he believed to be a musical director of considerable intelligence and experience, but he really should allow other persons to have and express their opinions.

SIGNOR ARDITI here rose. He said it was a painful thing to have to agree with Mr. Costa on any subject whatever, but for once in his life he was obliged to do so. He was not going to have the effect of his orchestra spoilt by the whims and caprices of a parcel of broken-voiced tenors. He should adhere to the present pitch.

MR. BENEDICT pointed out that as the members of the three principal bands were constantly in the habit of playing together and replacing each other, some unanimous decision should be arrived at, as if each conductor insisted on a different pitch the probabilities were that in all bands the instruments would be in three different tones.

MR. MANNS said he should be sorry for that, and as he intended to abide by his own opinion, it was absolutely necessary that Mr. Benedict and Mr. Costa should give way to him. He had the support of Mr. Sullivan, which was a sufficient guarantee of the soundness of his decision.

The CHAIRMAN here announced that to put a stop to any difficulties that might arise, he should at once dismiss any members of his band who had been in the habit of playing in other orchestras.

MR. BENEDICT said he should do the same thing. He thought if any musicians had to make their choice between himself and Mr. Costa, there could not be much doubt which leader they would follow. It would be a good joke to see Mr. Costa left with half a dozen fiddlers and a couple of horns.

The proceedings here came to a conclusion amidst great uproar. Mr. Costa having for a few moments been struck dumb with amazement at Mr. Benedict's temerity in daring to address such language to the great Mr. Costa of Covent Garden called for his brougham, and the meeting was declared to be adjourned *sine die.*

THE QUESTION OF THE WEEK.—We have received no less than 1,523 answers to our riddle. The prizes will be given next week.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 92.] *LONDON, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

MARTYRS OF THE MART.

It is a terrible misfortune—but we suppose it cannot be helped—that we never can do an act of justice to the community without doing an injustice to some individual. An abuse is allowed to exist unharmed for a long time, when suddenly the popular conscience becomes restive, and down comes the law on the hitherto privileged offenders and strikes wildly about, often smiting the unfortunate and the foolish as well as the wicked.

In the case of the prosecution of Overend, Gurney, and Co., the satisfaction which we naturally feel at what may seem to promise a wholesome change in our commercial morality is very much diminished by the consciousness that in vindicating our national honesty we have selected for the victims of awakened justice the least guilty of all the offenders; that the victims which we are offering up on the altar are not by any means the blackest sheep in the flock; in fact, that some of them are innocent, pure, soft, white lambs.

The papers have been especially severe on one person mixed up in this matter, poor Mr. Edward Watkin Edwards, official assignee in the Court of Bankruptcy; and with the usual hastiness which distinguishes these vindicators of popular morality, have fallen on this harmless lamb, calling him a ravening wolf, and have torn him to pieces. We propose to try and say a few words on behalf of this much-wronged individual.

It seems to us that Mr. Edwards is simply a generous, child-like creature, who is on the watch for opportunities of helping persons in distress, and who is ready to make any sacrifices in order to rescue embarrassed concerns from ruin. Truly such a man is a specimen of pure and noble benevolence, whom we all should admire and respect, if not love. Nothing more perfectly guileless than his evidence has ever been heard in a court of justice. The simple uncalculating mind, which is a perfect blank as regards all events of four or five years ago, the unsuspicious careless nature of the man who does not know whether he filed an affidavit or not, who has a bad memory for dates, who remembers nothing definitely, who might have received five thousand pounds a-year for four years, but really cannot say positively whether he did—such a mind and such a nature savour of an arcadian simplicity which is very rare indeed in this cold matter-of-fact money-getting age. "A fig for dates!" said the little boy, when examined in chronology. And who would not gladly exchange dry and tiresome Blair's *Chronology* for a box of sweet, simple figs? To such a man as Mr. Edwards years glide on unmarked, uncounted; seasons change, and, so long as he has his innocent pleasures and his modest conforts, he asks no further questions. If the rustic fare of milk and bread is suddenly exchanged for champagne and truffles, he exhibits no exultation, he makes no note of it, but forgets the change the next moment. If suddenly the dainties were to vanish and the old plain fare return, he would not notice it. The sweet child!

To such a delicate, gentle nature as this, the mildest term of reproach appears harsh and brutal. It is natural that all men should feel kindly towards such a child, and should go out of their way to do him kindness; give him £5,000 a-year for sometimes coming down to the office after four o'clock (think of that, ye lazy dogs in Somerset House, who idle from ten to four for magnificent salaries of £120 a-year); that a hard-headed, shrewd man of business should give him a steam yacht—we suppose it was a toy one. Who would expose this lamb to the rude tempest?

But that any one could be found brutal enough to tell this trustful innocent creature that he was the cause of the ruin of an establishment like that of Overend, Gurney, and Co.—this is cruel and unnatural. Who could have had the heart to do so?

Cruel was it, too, for anybody to have appointed this child-man to such a post as Official Assignee. What agonies must that pastoral mind, which sickened at dates and shuddered at the bare mention of figures, have endured when attempting to wade through the accounts of some bankrupt estates. It is horrible to think of. Let some more congenial post be found for him at once! Make him chief keeper of one of the royal parks—say Richmond—with a salary of £10,000 a-year; let him wander about as he pleases, with a pretty crook and flowers in his hat, and prattle his innocent talk to stray young men and maidens as they wander through the sylvan shade. Do not tell him his own age.

Let him tell the time only from the sun! Keep far away from this living idyll all facts and details whatever. Let him wander whither he lists, and sport with the lambs and fawns among the odorous flowers. Sometimes, but not often, a stray poet or two wandering down to the Star and Garter might ask the man with no memory to a deliciously ideal dinner. Ungrateful will be the country who owns such a gem of simplicity if it does not provide for him some such happy retreat. As for his salary—the Treasury need only pretend to pay him that, for he would not remember if he received it or not.

Dramatic and Military.—The new gun-metal for English *pieces*. German silver. Eh! Mr. Tom. Robertson?

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

STARVING NELL.

1.

UP in a garret, deserted, alone,
With not a soul on God's earth to come near me!
Here I lie starving, a bedridden crone,
Starving, and crying for bread, none to hear me!

2.

Starving, and crying for bread—with full tide,
Luxury, ceaselessly flowing around me!
Strange that such things should go on side by side—
Strange! So they'll say when to-morrow they've found me!

3.

Found me with Death's icy hand on my heart,
Agony stamped on my want-shrunken features!
Found me,—but why should I murmur? My part
Is with the brutes,—they're my true fellow-creatures!

4.

Yet even they are more cared for than I;
Dogs have their kennel, and horses their stable;
Charity feeds them, and leaves me to die,
Begging the crumbs that lie under her table!

5.

Should I complain? Have I never yet learned,
This is a land not of hearts, but of purses?
That want is a crime,—that bread hardest earned
Is grudged to the last—then given with curses?

6.

Still it is bread, and that's something, you know;
Means life for to-day, and hope for to-morrow;
Bread! why to swine the foul food that they throw,
Starving and dying, you'd beg, steal, or borrow!

7.

Tell me of hunger, of which poets sing,
Theme of your newspaper writers and preachers!
Fiction and fancy! The stern real thing,
Hunger's the truest, the dreadest of teachers!

8.

Could the fair lady that lolls at her ease
Petting her spaniel, too pamper'd to heed her,
Know *what* it means, she would fall on her knees,
Beg her good God to some bedside to lead her;

9

Beg that her life might be spent in the work,
Beg that all thorns might find flow'rs to enwreath them,
Beg—for true hearts—it is not that they shirk;—
Know not the depth of the anguish beneath them.

10.

Well, it's too late if they come to me now,
Bring me the choicest of dainties to cheer me;
Here, here in London, I'm dying! and how?
Starved—with three millions of souls passing near me!

11.

Starved! what an end, when I think of my youth,
Parents,—my home, where "dear Nellie" they called me—
The Church, where I first heard the Gospel of truth—
Words about sin that sank deep and appalled me!

12.

Sermons that dwelt on the rich man in hell—
Lazarus hungered, in clothes worn and rotten!
Think then, and reason, on poor dying Nell,
Starved in the midst of you, starved—and forgotten!

OUR WEEKLY PROPHET.

(OBTAINED AT A GREAT OUTLAY.)

February 8th.—Telegrams will arrive from Greece to say that all the fat is in the fire, and that Turkey is roasting with indignation.

Cold will increase, especially in the pit and gallery of a certain theatre.

Bands of starving creatures, with a bundle of dirty white gloves tied to a property spear, will perambulate the squares, singing—

We once were poor Adelphi guests,
But have got no work to do-oo-oo!

Mr. Webster will be so cut to the heart that he will take them all in, and find them new Berlin gloves in addition to a princely salary.

February 9th.—The Siamese Twins will arrive at the Egyptian Hall (called Egyptian from the fact of there always being at least ten plagues on exhibition within its borders). Like two Volunteer regiments we know of, they will have nothing in common between them but their band, and that is out of harmony with all creation.

A celebrated poet will publish a poem in one of the illustrated magazines. As he does so without putting his name no one will take the slightest notice of the same, and many critics will dismiss it with contempt as the work of an embryo poetaster whose friends have been injudicious in their praises. He will write to all the papers to correct them, when all the critics will give quite a different meaning to their words, and will prove the injured poet a second Shakspeare.

February 10th.—A Cabinet Minister will be altogether incapable of undertaking his duties for the rest of the week, owing to inflammation of the brain, the same having been brought on by attempting to write an original valentine, with the assistance of his private secretary, a gentleman in the War-Office, who had had the experience of several years' office-hours in similar compositions.

Temple Bar will be heard to crack by a gentleman on the knife-board of a Brompton omnibus. He will write to the *Telegraph* a letter on the danger experienced by omnibus travellers. The letter will be inserted owing to the lavish outlay of "*valuable journals*," "*inestimable works*," "*world-wide publicitys*," &c., &c.

The *Daily Telegraph* will fill three columns a day for a week with correspondence regarding the "*Bar of another Period*," and Temple Bar will be let to the proprietors of the Gaiety theatre as an office for booking and advertisements.

A gentleman will go to Drury Lane pantomime, and will only obtain admission with his stall ticket on payment of one shilling to the box-keeper for a programme, one shilling to the stall-keeper for depriving him of his coat, another shilling to an old woman who persists in retaining his hat, half-a-crown to an individual for the permission to use his own opera glasses, half-a-crown to the leader of the orchestra for the pleasure of hearing his band, a shilling for an ice which he is forced to accept, another shilling on leaving to recover his hat, ditto to obtain possession of his coat, and sixpence to the porter who calls up a cab. This will only make eleven and sixpence, besides the price of his stall and the fee for booking. The gentleman will congratulate himself that it was not discovered by the box-jailers that he wore a wig, as he feels sure he would have had to pay a shilling for its retention at the cloak-room, and perhaps half-a-crown for its recovery.

February 11th.—Extraordinary eclipse of the sun! There will be such a fog in London that no one, not even the Astronomer Royal, will be able to perceive the luminary. Mr. Hotten will, however, undertake to bring it out at a moment's notice, with illustrations by Leech, if desirable.

Mr. Thomas Hughes begins to think something ought to be attempted to keep up his extraordinary reputation. He will bring out a volume, to be entitled *Tom Brown at the Hustings*, with illustrations by C. H. Ross. The humour will be intense, the wit quite unique.

February 12th.—A respectable member of society will be arrested in Pall Mall for cutting slides on the pavement. He will produce the orange-peel, found in front of the Carlton Club, which caused his slippery conduct. The police will inform itself. From information received the respectable member of

society will be discovered to possess a title. Abject apologies will be made by the inspector and his myrmidons.

The Queen of Spain and Mr. Dion Boucicault will arrive at Brighton, and will proceed to take a series of headers (one at a time) at Brill's Baths. The ex-Queen will find it difficult to keep her head out of water.

February 13th.—Grand assembly of dramatic authors on the new pier, Brighton, without previous notice. Disappointment of each member on discovering that the idea of a sensation scene on the spot has occurred to all simultaneously.

Meeting of postmen to congratulate their body on Valentine's day falling on a Sunday, and consequent release of their annual burden. As many thousands of the idiotic missives going on Saturday as on Monday.

February 14th.—Valentine's day on a Sunday. Dead blank. A good text wanted to improve the occasion.

POUND WISE AND PENNY FOOLISH.

MR. CHILDERS, who, on assuming the reins of power at the Admiralty, obtained great popularity for the spirited manner with which he grappled with the official monsters, Red Tape and Tradition, is being spoilt by the praises of his admirers, and is consequently beginning to make himself ridiculous. The other day the Lords of the Admiralty made an official inspection of Woolwich Dockyard, and, instead of driving to the dockyard in flies and being received by a guard of honour, as is the usual custom on such occasion, the guard of honour was dispensed with, and their lordships took cabs.

All that can be said about the abolition of the guard of honour is that it may have been reasonably looked upon by my Lords as a bit of unnecessary, though inexpensive tomfoolery; but as regards the cab-taking, the case is different. Everyone knows that outside a radius of four miles from Charing Cross, the cab fare is a shilling a mile (to say nothing of extra sixpences for extra people), which is a good deal more than the local flyman charges for his vehicle. In fact, Mr. Childers's affectation of economy has probably cost the country half-a-crown!

The affectation may be pardonable enough, but as the naval correspondent of the *Times* has devoted a paragraph to the glorification of the proceeding, it deserves to be exposed.

MILITARY REFORM.

THE very rapid strides made in naval retrenchments at the Admiralty quite put into the shade the few alterations and reductions which Mr. Cardwell at the War Office has determined upon, or at any rate has allowed to transpire.

But we are content to "bide a wee," for not only do we recognise a considerable distinction between retrenchments and reforms, but also we are disposed to think that changes made very rapidly are apt to be made rather for changes' sake than from deliberate conviction.

Moreover, there is at the army offices a contending, or withstanding power face to face with the Minister, which is not known at the Admiralty, and that power is a great power and must be propitiated, or be got rid of, or be *got over*, before much progress can be made; in fact, it requires no little persistance on the part of the Minister to prevent himself from being pushed backwards instead of being able to advance, and on one point it is understood that the Commander-in-Chief is just now most earnestly pushing forward to the further destruction of the constitutional equipoise—or balance of the national forces.

Great efforts are being made by the Horse Guards to get the Militia forces put under the Commander-in-Chief for all appointments or promotions and on all points of discipline. We believe that in one particular the Royal Duke has carried his point and has persuaded the Secretary of State to abandon the recently established scheme for a Militia reserve. The present members are not to be disbanded, but they are not to be added to, and any reserve force that may be organised is to be a Horse Guards Force, and not a War Office organisation.

On the much greater point of the control of the Militia, we earnestly trust that Mr. Cardwell will never give way to the demands of the Horse Guards. To make the Militia a part of the standing army of the country, removing from it its local character, and taking the appointments out of the hands of the several lords lieutenants of counties to be centralised in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief, and his patronage secretary at the Horse Guards, will be a step wholly in the wrong direction, and will be fraught with collateral issues and consequences affecting the constitution of the country far beyond what appears on the surface of the matter, and cannot but be viewed with the greatest apprehension by all those who have watched with any attention the recent too successful attempts to centralise military power and control in irresponsible hands.

Any change in the position of affairs ought to be in precisely the opposite direction. Instead of taking the Militia from the War Office and giving it to the Duke, let Ministers take the Duke from the Horse Guards and give him his proper place at the War Office, and then he will have full supervision over the appointments and promotions of both the Army and the Militia under the direction and orders of a responsible Minister of the Crown.

THE SONG OF AN INDEPENDENT ELECTOR.

(TO BE SUNG ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE MOUTH.)

So the world's grown so wise that the Ballot they tries?
But I don't like the look of this 'ere—
Whatever 'll come next? But I sticks to my text,
"Would you rob a poor man of his Beer?"
Indignant chorus—For Pl likes, &c., &c.

Now to scratch out a name on the sly is the game,
So ashamed-like: it looks very queer;
But give me the old plan to speak out like a man,
For the cove as comes down with the Beer!
Chorus as before.

I don't make no bother 'twixt the one side or t'other,—
That I've stuck to this many a year—
CHURCH and STATE'S all my eye a cove thinks when he's dry
If the Liberals stands him his Beer!
Chorus as before.

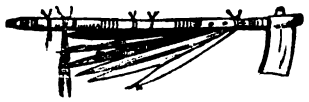
Was it yaller or blue? Well, I'm blest if I knew:
'Bout opinions I'm not very clear:—
The Law gave me a vote, but God made me a throat,
So I looked to the agents for Beer!
Chorus as before.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER!

THE *Hampshire Independent* has incurred a heavy responsibility in publishing the following paragraph, which appeared in its columns last week:—

Her Majesty yesterday paid a visit to the nunnery or convent which is established near Carisbrooke Castle, in the Isle of Wight. The Queen was attended by Lady Churchill, and Her Majesty inspected every part of the building.

To what alarming rumours will not this little item of Court news give rise! The *Record* will certainly make up its mind that the Queen's visit to the Isle of Wight Convent is only a preparatory step to her taking up her permanent abode within its walls; while the *Church Times* will surely be in a position shortly to announce Her Majesty's forthcoming recognition of the Pope's supremacy, and the immediate re-establishment of Roman Catholicism in this country. The idea that the Queen visited Carisbrooke Nunnery in a spirit of Christian kindliness will never occur to our highly-religious contemporaries, although some benighted Churchmen may give Her Majesty the credit of possessing the virtues of good will and toleration. In the interests of the whole community, let us hope that the Editors of the *Record* and *Church Times* are not "constant readers" of the *Hampshire Independent*, and that the unlucky paragraph in question will escape their holy notice.



LONDON, FEBRUARY 6, 1869.

THE WEEK.

A CURIOUS rumour prevails in the city that Mr. E. W. Edwards, of Overend and Gurney fame, is the original of that whimsical character in Offenbach's *Orphée*, John Styx, the being who drowned his care in draughts of Lethe. The regal salary which Mr. Edwards received for doing comparatively nothing seems to give an air of credibility to the rumour.

THE beautiful spectacle has been lately witnessed of that enlightened and gentle Christian Dean Close in a fury. The cause of his pious wrath is the protest published by the Rev. A. H. Mackonochie against the judgment of the Privy Council. The Dean of Temperance says that it is "a criminal document," couched in language of intolerable arrogance and indecency—there are in it words "which every good man must blush to read." Good men's cheeks would burn away if they were to blush at all the shameful things which the clergy speak and write. Even Saint Close once said that he would rather "have his right hand burnt off in the fire" than hold it out to his fellow Christians of the Roman and Greek Church. Let the Apostle of Teetotalism attend to his duties—there are plenty of wicked laymen about who have nothing better to do than abuse one another. It is unnecessary to call in the priest for such a task.

POLICE VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

YESTERDAY the examination into the charge preferred against the several prisoners now in custody for having conspired together to attack, rob, &c., &c., &c., was concluded before a crowded court. The greatest excitement prevailed during the interval that preceded the delivery of the judgment.

THE MAGISTRATE, addressing the defendants, said:—John Knobbs, Thomas Filcher, Jem Spriggins, and Bill Hulks, having heard the evidence, do you wish to say anything in answer to the charge?

MR. JOHN KNOBBS then rising, and speaking with considerable and really very painful emotion, said:—Your worship, it's just this. Me and my pals here didn't mean no harm, and as a parcel of English gentlemen without a stain on our characters—that's to say, afore this—I thinks we are in a trying position. Howemsoever, I leaves my honour in the hands of my country, and looks to a British jury, as is becoming in one who is as mild as a lamb, and as innocent, bless you, as the babe unborn. (*Some cheers.*)

MR. THOMAS FILCHER, who spoke with no hesitation whatever, said:—I have a few words to say, and it's these. If I have cracked a crib or two, and emptied a pocket—well, what's the 'arm? What's the use of lugging about the facts of the case? I'm as honest a man as your worship himself, and feels I've no stain on my character. There, put that into your worship's pipe, if you've got one, and smoke it. (*Suppressed cheers.*)

MR. JEM SPRIGGINS then rose. He said:—My lord—I means your vurship (the prisoner here burst into dignified tears). I didn't do it, and I'm a gentleman. You ask them as knows me. It ain't my fault it's blown. And that's my defence, your vurship. (*Great applause.*)

MR. BILL HULKS, who appeared very energetic and excited then addressed the bench. He said:—You're a pretty cove, *you* are, to bring up a smash of regular tip top London swells, like me, and my friends here, to explain business like a parcel of infants! What do mean by it, you old vagabond? I'd like to chump your head off. Likewise the head of that old bloke with the white hair, as has been a badgering of us. I trusts to the honour of my country, and—(The prisoner here flung a brickbat, which he had hitherto concealed, at the head of the worthy magistrate). There, that's one for you. (*Immense cheering.*)

The court was then cleared, and the prisoners removed to Newgate, bail being refused, as the required sureties were not forthcoming.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before I fell into a doze,
Some book about old Fashions—curious tales
Of byegone fancies—kirtles, and trunk-hose—
Of hoops, and fardingales—

Of mediæval milliners, whose taste
Preluded our vile fashions of to-day—
Of how they moulded the ancestral waist
With steel-bound taffeta—

Of powdered heroes of the later days—
Of Hamlets strutting in their full court suits—
Slouch-hatted villains of transpontine plays,
All belt and bucket-boots.

So shape chased shape (as swiftly as, when knocks
Of angry tradesmen bluster at the door,
Turgid with envelopes my letter box
Boils over on the floor),

Till Fancy, running riot in my brain,
Elbowed the PAST from out the PRESENT'S way;
And opened in my dream, distinct and plain,
A vision of to-day.

Methought that I was on what's called "a spree,"
Yet sadly pensive in the motley throng,
Where thrills through clouds of smoke the melody
Of idiotic song;

Where Youth with tipsy rapture drowns in beer
All Common Sense, votes Decency a bore,
But, to the shapely limbs and sensuous leer,
Yells out a loud "encore."

Then flashed before me in the gas-lights' glare
A form, to make the boldest hold his breath,
She, who by reckless leapings in mid air,
Plays pitch and toss with Death.

Shame on the gaping crowds who only know
Sensation in the chance of broken necks!
Shame on the manliness that cries "Bravo"
To such a scorn of sex!

I saw that now, since License holds such sway,
The comic muse her false position feels,
And, that her sister may not gain the day,
Has taken to her heels.

And then methought I stood in fairy bowers,
Where Dulness hides behind the mask of Fun,
Where tin-foil and Dutch-metal do for flowers,
And lime-light is the sun;

Where Art groans under an unseemly ban,
And airy nothings pass for full attire,
The Stage appeals but to the baser man,
And th' only blush Red Fire!

. . . . . .

Then starting I awoke from my nightmare.
A nightmare? No! the truth came clear to me.
I'd dreamed the truth,—bare facts (O much too bare!)
And stern reality.

THE NEW YORK
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TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

A LEGEND OF GOLD

WHAT THEY WERE.]

IRON !

THE CITY. [*WHAT THEY WILL BE.*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—*Not* taken from *Britannia*.)

The Prosylogue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE SKELETON DOES NOT GO DOWN TO DINNER.

Oh, my bones!
Oh, my bones!!
Oh, my bones!!!
Christy Minstrels (*original*).

"HERE we are again!" No, I mean,—we are in another place now.

In Rizzio Hall, a grand house.

Out with your tub! on with your sneer! borrow one of Diogenes' fleas for the nonce! steal Dives' solid leather *portmonnaie*, that does duty for a heart!

"Why?" do you ask?

You are going to be introduced to Ferdinand Cavendish Fitzgibbon Desborough.

A clever family were the Desboroughs. Papa Desborough was a baronet; he invented a bread-and-butter machine, which ate all the butter and left the bread.

Captain Fitzgibbon Desborough, of the Pioneers, invented a cannon-ball which was warranted to kill nobody under a Commander-in-Chief.

And Ferdinand, what did he do? He was a great author; he invented the celebrated riddle, "Why is a door like a door?"

Ah! he was clever, he was; he could get his money by his brains. Calves' brains are very nice on toast. I'd pay a good deal for them. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Come, no laughing: Ferdy is at his toilet.

How does he make his toilet? Ah! now all the hairdressers and dressing-case makers think I am going to advertise them, but I won't.*

Pray follow me, reader, if you can.

Up the oak staircase, two steps at a time; past the great family portraits, and the umbrella stand; on by the marble passage, past her ladyship's chamber. (Fie, naughty reader! Don't peep through the key-hole, or Madame Jezabel will never forgive you.) Past the chamber where girls are giggling—no woman can laugh till she is of age—past the baronet's dressing-room,—and here you are outside Ferdy's sanctum.

In you go. On the table before him is a bone—from Evans's—not a grilled bone—no, reader, no.

But we must get to the Skeleton; so let us dismiss Ferdy. Suffice it to say, he got his morality from Greece and his tobacco from Turkey (!) The latter was the better of the two.

In the drawing-room two girls—one dark and haughty, Eliza Rizzio; the other, light and affable, Flossy; the Baronet, and his Lady.

Sir Rupert was in a deuced bad temper.

"Don't!" said her Ladyship.

"Don't what?"

"Bite your lips. At your age you can't afford to lose blood."

"I'm not dead yet."

"No; Craper Mute will stick it on for your funeral, though you did pay that bill for the—"

"Female!" roared the Baronet.

"Sir Rupert! call me *female* before the girls! I repeat—that little bill for the creature who—"

"Aunt, you are disagreeable." Eliza says this with her flashing eyes.

"Eliza!"

The door opens, and enter—the Skeleton? No! Ferdy.

Down to dinner,—but not the Skeleton. No! reader, no! Skeletons only come down to dessert.

* This is, of course, ironical. Tradesmen can be honourably referred to by communicating with Major Blake. (Commission moderate.)

(!) I import it direct, myself, for a few friends. I expect a large chest next week. Address, with P. O. O. not less than £5, to Major Blake.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BILLY DOO.

Do you wish to send a letter
To the girl whom you adore?
Don't you send it by the postman,
Else you'll hear of it no more!*
Songs by a Commissionaire.

SIR RUPERT and Ferdy are drinking poison.

Yes, reader, poison. Alcohol is a poison. Wine contains alcohol. Wine is a poison.

Logical, eh, Mr. Scholar?

Logic is a great thing, a wonderful invention. Every man is a syllogism, and every woman is his Major Premise.1

And what is life but a series of fallacies? In Dario? Perhaps: perhaps not. Who knows! I don't.

The door opens, and in walks—

No, not the Skeleton. Leopold Leopard.

"My dear boy, bless you!" says the Baronet. "Have some of this South African port or some of this Greek wine (8s. a dozen, bottles returned). You will not long survive it."

"Snob!" says Ferdy to himself, not of himself. He never spoke the truth. He could not buy that at his tailor's.

Saturated with the juice of the South African vine they mount to the drawing room.

Flossy leans fondly over a banjo.

"Play us a tune, oh do!" says Leopold.

She does, and sings a kind of duet thus—

1st Verse:—

FLOSSY.—I'm going down to de old Bandanna.
LEOPOLD.—Oh! you dear!
FLOSSY.—I'm going down with ole Susanna.
LEOPOLD.—Angel mine!
FLOSSY.—I've hired a coach and a grand pianner.
LEOPOLD.—I adore you!
FLOSSY.—Golly, Golly! Yah!

2nd Verse:—

FLOSSY.—I've got two yallow gals in de dickey.
LEOPOLD.—Will you be mine?
FLOSSY.—One's Jemima, and toder's Viccy.
LEOPOLD.—You madden me!
FLOSSY.—They both are pitching into the licky.
LEOPOLD.—I'll die for you!
FLOSSY.—Golly, Golly! Yah!

They both dance a breakdown. Ferdy (who is clever) imitates the bones with a paper-knife and a pen-tray.

Oh! what it is to be young and clever, and to sing sweet songs of negro head—I mean negro land—with the girl of your heart!

No, don't say I'm cynical, reader, I swear to you I am in earnest, cruel earnest.

Oh! what it is to have a heart, and know that it's not all right—for Love has got his stethoscope up, and Father Time listens at the other end and hears nothing, because he is deaf; and Love—lying, light, larking Love—tells you the throbs will last for ever.

But they won't.

Leopold went away singing, "Golly, Golly! Yah!" like a fool. He thought he was singing it like Flossy.

But it is not every man that can afford to send his daughter to a West-end music-hall to have singing lessons.

"The letter, where is it? It's gone, and I forgot to deliver it."

"I have missed my vocation; I should have been the postman."

"Or a telegraph clerk. Alas!" And he went home.

But look with me, reader, over that man's shoulder there, under the lime light.

It's not right to read other people's letters. But what can you do? *Il faut vivre.*2

This was the billy-doo:—

"My own chucksy-wuskey—(I am not changed, you see,)
"I'll be with you at 11.15 sharp, in your room. I'll come up

* My corps of Commissionaires can be trusted. Rate of pay, 2d. a mile. (Major Blake.)

1 No relation to me. I hate logic. (Major Blake.)

2 Ah! IL FAUT, indeed: but how, in a sordid age, when nobody will lend you £1,000 on the best personal security?—MAJOR BLAKE.

the spout, through the window. Have some hot water and spirits, and a devilled bone. This is to give you time. Plenty of pepper.

"Yours ever,

"THE SKELETON."

As the man reads the billy-doo the clock strikes eleven.

Clocks will do it. They are cold, unfeeling things. They strike the hour, and the patient hour never strikes them again.

What it is to live in a Christian age!

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT NEXT?

B. Brief.

Lawyer's Alpha bet.

"WHAT next?" asks the thrilled reader.

And I answer, "What next?" I give you my solemn word of honour I don't know.*

Who knows in this life the sequel to the last chapter?

You ask the palpitating oracle—your heart—"What next?" as your young man snatches the first kiss which was ever plucked from your virgin lips.

What next?

Another and yet another, and so on to the

END OF THE CHAPTER.

GIVING ROPE TO THE LINE.

MR. CARDWELL'S promised reduction of the Army Estimates by three millions of money on last year's expenditure was only to be accomplished by an uncompromising application of the pruning knife. The abolition of ensigns was one of the first steps towards retrenchment decided upon; but we regret to state that at the last moment an overlooked difficulty has presented itself, which threatens, for some time to come at any rate, to frustrate Mr. Cardwell's economical efforts, so far at least as this item of saving is concerned. A few weeks back it was decided that no new ensigns should be appointed; but although this decision will no doubt shortly be carried out, and in course of time bring about the contemplated reduction, yet, unless something is done to get rid of the ensigns now in the army, it stands to reason that the process must be a long and weary one.

It has been stated by people conversant with the manners and customs of Line regiments that when battalions are stationed in large towns, where the junior officers are exposed to the temptation of exceeding their incomes by ball-going and generally cutting a dash, in two years' time about eighty per cent. of the subalterns will have been compelled by their "financial relations" to leave the service. It is not likely, however, that, to suit the convenience of Mr. Cardwell, all the ensigns will at once proceed to ruin themselves, nor, as a matter of fact, is it the wish of the intelligent War Minister that the prospects of a large body of promising young officers should in the smallest degree be affected by the contemplated reductions. That there may be no doubt on this point, and as an earnest of his hearty feeling of good will towards the subalterns of the army, Mr. Cardwell has already listened to the complaints which during his short tenure of office have reached him from the hard-worked and ill-appreciated Line regiments, and he has determined to place them as far as possible on a par with the highly favoured battalions of Foot Guards. With this view Mr. Cardwell has addressed the following letter to the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, which will have the effect of entirely removing any doubt (if ever doubt existed) of bad faith on the part of the Secretary of State towards the young officers of the army:—

"War Office,

"30th January, 1869.

"Sir,—As some difficulty is now arising with regard to the reduction of ensigns in regiments of the Line, and as I understand that an uneasy feeling exists among those officers with reference to some imaginary injustice they seem to consider is about to be done them, I have to request that in order that these gentlemen may be satisfied of my solicitude on their behalf, your Royal Highness will cause to be carried out without delay the suggestions contained in the following articles, in the expediency of which I doubt not your Royal Highness will fully concur:—

1.—The five battalions of the Foot Guards now stationed in the metropolis to be sent to Aldershot, where, if no barracks are available for their reception, they should be encamped.

2.—The London barracks being thus rendered vacant, five regiments of the Line should be brought up to town from their country quarters for one month, to be replaced by five other regiments of the Line at the expiration of that period; and the arrangement should be continued until every battalion of the Line serving at home shall have been stationed in London for the space of four weeks.

3.—Arrangements should be made with the Committees of the Guards' Club, the Army and Navy Club, the Junior United Service Club, &c., for the admission of the officers of the Line regiments as honorary members, and a special arrangement should be entered into with the Committees of the Arlington and Stafford Clubs for the admission of all subaltern officers who should be accorded the privilege of joining the card tables.

4.—During its stay in London quarters, each regiment should be invited to give banquets to each of the other four regiments stationed in town at the time; and not less than two balls should be organized by each corps, to which the Members of both Houses of Parliament and the families of the aristocracy should be invited. Every encouragement should also be given to the promotion of croquet parties, picnics, and other festivities.

5.—Colonels of regiments should be requested to see that their officers renew their uniforms on coming to London, in order that their appearance may not contrast unfavourably with the Guardsmen whom they succeed. Should any difficulty arise on this point, owing to the objection of some officers to the expense of regimentals, a change might be made in the regulation which would compel them to purchase new outfits.

6.—As it is possible that the expenses of the officers will be somewhat augmented by the favour accorded to them, they should be urged to co-operate with and assist each other in obtaining any pecuniary advances that may be necessary to enable them to meet their expenses, but they should at the same time be recommended not to pay a percentage exceeding 60 per cent. for their accommodations.

May I request that your Royal Highness will have the goodness to report to me from time to time the effect of this arrangement? In justice to long-suffering and long-neglected Line regiments, I must again urge that these orders may be carried out with all possible despatch.

I have the honour,

&c., &c.,

To His Royal Highness (Signed) E. CARDWELL.
The Field Marshal
Commanding-in-Chief.

There is really something very practical about Mr. Cardwell. Although he has enough to do to devise the means of retrenching three million pounds, he finds time to look after the interests of the service.

THE MOBS AND THE SNOBS.

POOR Mr. Bright is a victim to his admirers. Even when he betakes himself to see his relations, his footsteps are dogged into the very bosom of his family by bands of enthusiastic partisans.

The other day Mr. Bright went on a visit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Leatham, the late member for Wakefield. And having had the good fortune to elude the vigilance of a Working Man's League which had long been on the look out for him, spent a few days in retirement at Mr. Leatham's home. We regret, however, that the right hon. gentleman was not allowed to leave the neighbourhood unmolested, as the following extract from a

* This is only the Author's pleasantry. Any DEAR creature who really wants to know what follows can do so by writing to Major Blake, 199 Strand (marked PRIVATE), and enclosing NOT LESS THAN five shillings' worth of postage stamps.

paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph* bears witness. Our contemporary states, that "it was well known that Mr. Bright's visit was to be considered as a private one, but several gentlemen, among them the chairman of the Leeds Chamber of Commerce, and the principal members of the Reform League, attended at the station and made a little demonstration of their interest in the right hon. gentleman."

What does the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* mean by "a little demonstration"? Are we to understand that the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and a few friends mobbed and hustled Mr. Bright as he took his ticket at the station, and that a cheer was organised by the porters and the young lady at the refreshment bar as the train moved away from the platform? We sympathise with Mr. Bright that his movements should be impeded as they often are by the thousands of his admirers who congregate to bid him welcome when he goes among them. Of course a popular man must pay the penalties of his popularity, but at the same time it is past a joke that Mr. Bright should be rendered ridiculous by the vagaries of half a dozen provincial nobodies, who have the impertinence and bad taste to inflict him with their "little demonstrations."

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

SECOND STUDY.—MISS MARY MAWDLE, THE AMATEUR SAINT.

The Government Clerk—The "Secret Sorrow"—Conversion—Instructive Conversation—The Saint—A Sinner.

YOU may remember that a few weeks ago I promised to reveal the secrets of the Government office in which I am a more than usually unworthy third-class clerk. That you may not be disappointed, I beg to inform you that *at present*, as I like the lazy life I lead very well indeed, those secrets will remain secrets as far as you are concerned. A time *may* come when I may make a confession. A moment *may* arrive when my "chief" may refuse to give me a couple of hours out of the daily six for my lunch at the Club or my trot in the Park, and *then*—but, to quote the novels, "we will not anticipate." It is enough for you to know that I have basely deceived you—have raised your expectations to the skies only to dash them to the ground. With this explanation I put my sketch of "Life in a Government Bureau" back into the drawer of my official desk, take up my official pen, and commence a fresh sheet of my official minute paper. Provided, then, at the public expense with all the requisites for writing an article, I pass over the *Times* I have been lazily reading for the last two hours to a fellow clerk, swallow leisurely a cup of tea, yawn twice, and close my eyes three times, and am ready to minister to your amusement, or afford food for your derision and contempt. Those who are kind and have eyes, let them read; those who are critical and have noses, let them turn them up. *Eh bien! En voyage!*

Miss Mary Mawdle!

A sweet pretty name. Does it suggest anyone to you? Can you picture her to yourself? I will be bound not, as you must have undergone a long course of pork chop suppers to have produced a sufficiently horrible nightmare for her appearance. As it is too much to expect so great a sacrifice, I will save you the trouble of the porcine feasts by sketching the amiable female myself.

A woman of about six-and-twenty; pale face and disordered hair. The pallor of her countenance she wishes to pass for long fasting—it is really caused by the injudicious gorging of lobsters, pastry, and other indigestible comestibles. Her disordered hair is intended to call attention to her contempt for all things not appertaining to the Kingdom of Heaven—it is in reality only a sign of her disgusting laziness and her inborn love of dirt. She generally wears a sort of greasy smile, and has what she calls "a secret sorrow." In the middle of a lively conversation she will suddenly withdraw to her bed-room, and, after a pause return, with carefully reddened eyes and a hideous grin. This is done to call general attention to the existence of the said "secret sorrow," and her truly Christian way of bearing her pain. This affectation is especially revolting as she quite recovered from her *affaire de cœur* years ago (*apropos*, if rumour lieth not, the cause of her sorrow was this: she proposed in a loving moment to a youthful cow-driver, and he very properly refused her).

If you care to know how she talked, I may tell you that her voice resembled a creaking door, and had a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness about it suggesting to one's imagination the presence of a waggish fiend or a lively hangman. Her dress resembled closely the arrangement of her hair—that is to say, it was untidy and graceless. But there, I have told you enough about her; I will allow her to speak for herself. I am seated in her mother's drawing-room, looking over a photograph book, and thinking about nothing in general and myself in particular.

By-and-bye there is a bounding noise in the passage, and she bounces in. She stops short, and if her complexion had not the pallor produced by her terrible lobster orgies (to which I have already alluded) would certainly blush; as it is, she only tries to seem confused. She jerks herself on to a chair, and says with a sort of holy chuckle—

"Oh, Mr. Starblank, I didn't know you were here. Mamma will be down in a moment."

I may remark that I am rather a "catch" since I have got my appointment; I am well connected—that is to say, my father once saw the Duke of Wellington's butler; and I invariably adapt my conversation to my audience. On this account I am very popular with ladies. Anyone wearing shirt collars would (in spite of her "secret sorrow") be acceptable to Miss Mawdle. I am especially acceptable, as I require "converting." I say civilly,—

"You were at church yesterday?"

"Oh, yes!" she cries, with a look of heavenly astonishment. "*Of course* I was! And such a bit of fun took place. Mr. Milkwash, our curate, tumbled over his surplice. Ha! ha! ha!"

It is the manner of this horrid creature to be jovial with her piety. This would be all very well if she hadn't given up the vanity of tooth powder. I laugh a little, and say—

"Much visiting lately, Miss Mawdle?".

"Oh yes, a great deal—a very great deal," she simpers. "I have taken a class at the 'Young Man's Reformation Society,' and am doing my little work among them. Oh, Mr. Starblank, I wish you would come and be reformed."

"I am sure only too delighted," I reply.

"You would find it *so* improving. So comforting. Now I have a billiard marker in hand, who is gradually breaking himself of bad language. He has only been among us a month, and he scarcely ever swears in my presence."

"Really!" I observe. "But, Miss Mawdle, while the reformation is in progress don't you find the bad language rather embarrassing?"

"Not in the least," she replies; "is it not my duty? By the bye, Mr. Starblank, I have a little favour to ask of you?"

She looks down and simpers,

"Only too glad, I'm sure, to be of any use to you," I say.

"Well, then," she continues, with a little laugh, "I want you to write something in the papers for me—something in that horrid paper of yours; you know the one I mean—the wicked one."

I hint the "TOMAHAWK?" and add, "Don't you read it?"

"Oh *dear* no, Mr. Starblank!" she returns quickly; "but couldn't you say something about the surgeons of St. Chrysostom's Hospital? They are so very, *very*, injudicious."

"What do you want to complain about?" I ask, more out of curiosity than with any view of complying with her request.

"Oh, it's a little thing; but you know it's our duty to the poor sufferers to speak of it," she says, with a greasy smile. "Why, the other day one of them complained of my giving a poor nervous patient (afflicted, I regret to say, with inflammation of the brain) a little tract called, 'Among the Fire; or, Sinners and their Doom.' On another occasion, too, they would not permit me to be present at the amputation of the leg of an unconverted baker who much needed my comfort!"

"Really!" I reply.

"And now that I have done my little business, can I not do something for you?—is your soul better? In other words, have you read that little book I gave you, 'Baby's Trip to Heaven; or, How Little Tommy Died a Christian?'"

"Yes, I have looked into it," I reply, "but don't you think it's just a *little* childish?"

She smiles at me gently, as if I were a double-dyed villain whom she has *quite* forgiven, and observes, "Well, well, we

can't expect too much at first. I must get you to read the 'Pious Putney Pieman,' and then perhaps you may be ready for little Tommy!"

Fortunately, at this moment her mother enters, and I am spared further advice. Small talk sets in, and I soon take my leave, receiving as a parting present from Miss Mawdle a tract entitled, Behind the Scenes; or, the Fate of the Wicked Pantaloon of Plymouth."

If any one has read this sketch thus far, I may be asked, "Have I not laid the colours on too thickly?" I reply, "No—a thousand times no!"

Far be it from me to sneer at a truly religious woman; but I contend that two-thirds of those who parade their "works of charity" before their friends are hypocrites, and sinners of the worst type. Unhealthy in mind as they are neglectful in body, they tinsel themselves over with pinchbeck imitations of the true golden Christian virtues, Hope, Faith, and Charity. "There is no health in them:" they turn Religion into a burlesque, and Piety into a mockery. Spiteful as cats and as sly, deceitful as parrots and as talkative, they wander through the world a bore to those they pretend to pity, and a pest to those they seek to protect. I would not wish to see my most bitter enemy mated to one of these horrible creatures; and had I lived in years gone by, and heard that Miss Mary Mawdle purposed dragging Pontius Pilate to the altar, by Jingo! I would have rushed to the church and stopped the banns, out of pure pity for her intended husband!

IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

SCENE.—*Dense volumes of tobacco-smoke.*

SPIRITS OF THE AIR.

1ST VOICE (*supposed to belong to a man with literary tastes*), MR. BROWN.

2ND VOICE (*supposed to belong to a man with theatrical tastes*), MR. JONES.

3RD VOICE (*supposed to belong to a man with musical tastes*), MR. ROBINSON.

1ST VOICE.—Any news? Any new lie?

3RD VOICE.—Only that *very* old one about the Musical Critic of the *Times*. It's come up again, after having had its real nature exposed on a score of occasions. No better critic or truer gentleman (in every sense of the word) exists than he who wields Jove's thunder among the musicians.

1ST VOICE.—I see that they are going to do a new play, *Not Guilty*, at the Queen's. Isn't that a piece written by Mr. Gilbert à Beckett?

2ND VOICE.—Well, I don't know. It's said to be by Mr. Watts Phillips. Mr. à Beckett's *Not Guilty* was produced about a year ago at Manchester.

3RD VOICE.—The Queen's piece is a translation from the French, isn't it?

2ND VOICE.—I believe so. If I remember right, it was called in Paris the *Marquis de St. Hélène*. Over there it was not a triumphant success. It may have a better chance in this country.

3RD VOICE.—Quite so. Been to any of the theatres?

2ND VOICE.—Only to the Adelphi. As the TOMAHAWK foretold, *Monte Cristo* has been a great success. Gaiety doing very well, I understand. Fechter, they tell me, is going to France for a while.

1ST VOICE.—Not sorry. Clever actor, but we want a thoroughly English melodrama at the Adelphi, with Webster in it.

3RD VOICE.—What's *Marie Antoinette* to be like?

2ND VOICE.—Very horrid, I hear. Shouldn't be surprised if there's a real guillotine and some real blood,—that's to say, if Boucicault has anything to do with it.

1ST VOICE.—But it's written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, isn't it?

2ND VOICE.—Oh yes! But—

(*Fresh voices join in, and the conversation becomes unintelligible.*)

" RED HANDS.—Why, when the Pope is passing the *pause* of the cardinals!

A PLEA FOR A POLL TAX.

MR. GLADSTONE'S very commendable anxiety to take as many pennies off the Income Tax as the Exchequer can possibly manage to afford, has not only led that right honourable gentleman to cut down the expenditure of Army, Navy, and Civil Service to a minimum, but has caused him to look around for fresh sources of revenue. A new tax is always a dangerous expedient, but would not the Premier act wisely and well in putting a duty on the importation from abroad of false hair? Sixpence a piece on chignons, and a shilling a yard on ringlets, would surely be a reasonable charge enough; and on a computation based on the assumption that one female in three wears borrowed tresses (five in six would be nearer the mark), the imposition of such a duty would give half-a-million of money a year to the Exchequer. Poll taxes are generally unpopular measures, but if retrenchment and economy are to be the orders of the day, some enactment of this kind would be far more to the point than starving dockyard labourers, and reducing their families to destitution.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A LUCKLESS day it was when first
My first invoked my second's aid;
So silly sheep might ask the wolf
For help when of the dog afraid;
So might the dove the hawk entreat
To save her from some gentle maid.

Short reckonings make long friends, they say,
Short memories of friends make foes.
My second's mind's a spotless blank,
Nought but its guileless virtues knows;
Unpleasant facts but hover there
Like wasps around the blushing rose.

Too guileless he to plumb the depths
Of that dark pool in which my first
Plunged, with a band of faithful slaves,
In hopes to quench their feverish thirst.
They paid him well to pull them out,
And would have done so if he durst.

This riddle difficult may seem,
Believe me that the moral's sound:
If e'er in speculation's pool
You feel in fear of being drowned,
And want a friend to pull you out,
Don't pay men twenty thousand pound.

1.
A terrible myth, a monster strange,
You'll find him in story books, also on 'Change.

2.
Where a general always the blackguards should place,
If they try to run then, they must two fires face.

3.
Where the fiend sometimes sits when he's out on the spree—
That's to say, with some persons, but never with me.

4.
Very costly are these and dear to the nation—
Their story to tell would be blood relation.

5.
Was it true? Was it false? Which it was I can't tell.
Like the last, though it ended in smoke and a smell.

6.
What people should be of other folk's rations,
And excessively so of their own reputations.

7.
A name which our pages we trust have made famous,
Read our columns all through, then the lucky man name us.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 93.] *LONDON, FEBRUARY* 13, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO OUR OWN MOST PROPER POLONIUS.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What modesty should be, what beauty is,
Why legs are legs, tights tights, and flesh is flesh,
Were nothing but to waste legs, tights, and flesh.
Therefore, as vagueness is the soul of wit,
And seriousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be vague. Your actresses are nude.
Nude call I it? for to define true nudeness,
What is it but to be nothing else but nude?

MORE purpose and less talk, my good Polonius; you have waited a long time before rousing yourself into this paroxysm of propriety, and now you have done it, I don't quite see but what you might have held your tongue, or rather your pen, and the matter would have been none the worse, as it is now none the better. You know I managed to goad your predecessor into a faint show of authority as regards Finette, whose performance was really a disgraceful outrage on decency; and I don't mean to say for one moment but that at *some* of our theatres there have been lately exhibitions of the female form more open than honest. But, my excellent fussy old friend, if you have any judgment, if you have any power, why do not you first use your judgment to decide what is indecent, and then use your power to put an end to it? If it is the province of the officials under you to see that nothing improper is produced upon the stage, why have they not prevented the introduction of those improprieties in dress, of which you complain, without waiting for the Press to hunt them out? You must be a very simple child of nature, if you think that you can safely leave it to the discretion and good taste of the managers to suppress what they have been at such pains to produce.

Our theatrical managers are, as a rule, not very remarkable for any independence of character. Their only object is to put on the stage what pays best, and not even their utter want of discretion or taste could overpower their sense of self-interest so much as to make them continue for one week any performance which drove away, rather than attracted, audiences. If any indecency which your fatherly authority must have indirectly countenanced is admitted on our stage, and attracts spectators, it is the fault of those who go to see, and stay to approve, rather than of the managers or the performers. The public, my dear Polonius, are your children; it is for you to say what is proper or improper for them to see in the way of amusement; and surely it is rather straining at gnats in the shape of a ballet, and swallowing camels in the shape of music-hall dances songs and frequenters, to put forth such a very vague and feeble remonstrance as you have in your famous letter of advice to the managers of the theatres.

Besides, your Lordship is unfair upon those directors or directresses of theatres, at which the entertainment appeals to the intellect and not to the senses only, in classing them unceremoniously with those of their contemporaries, who turn their establishments into advertising marts for notorious courtezans. What earthly application can your letter have to the Prince of Wales', let us say? The ballets at nearly all our theatres are perfectly free from any impropriety of costume or gesture. Would you do away with the delightful dance of the Tribes at Covent Garden because the pretty savages are not completely cased in mail? The Poses Plastiques in Leicester square are of course beyond your province, so are the anatomical museums, and those photographs which adorn some of the windows in our chief thoroughfares, and the originals who promenade so elegantly at certain hours in certain casinos; but why did not you induce the official, whoever he may be, who is responsible for the continuance of these virtuous institutions, to issue a simultaneous appeal to the discretion and good taste of the proprietors of those places of amusement alluded to above? I am afraid that you are chastising those whom you really love, you wicked dog, you; and that by the generalising tone of your circular you hope to secure immunity to individuals. No? you really are in earnest. Then set to work and reform our theatrical entertainments altogether.

Let mad Ophelia wear her hair in curl papers, not indecently flowing down her back; let Juliet wear a thick crape veil and an ugly, that she may blush unseen; let Imogen case her dainty limbs in a diver's dress, not in naughty boy's hose and tunic; let Portia wear a muff always, lest her hands peep out of her lawyer's sleeves; let Desdemona always enter in a Bath chair with the window down, lest we catch sight of her ravishing features—let Rosalind be tied up in a sack, and Beatrice wear goloshes, lest the sight of her feet should be too much for our new-born modesty. And as for our ballet dancers, I refer you, most proper Polonius, to my Cartoon, from which your propriety will doubtless derive much satisfaction.

No, my excellent good Lord, you are not i' the right this time. If you want to kill any monster strike not so wildly; let your blows fall where they ought to fall. If you have not courage to do your duty, don't tell all the world so, and go a-begging for some one to do it for you; for if vague squeamishness is the nearest approach which you can make to stern discretion, take Hamlet's advice to thy daughter, and get thee to a nunnery—and quickly too. Farewell.

TOMAHAWK.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

POOR TOMMY'S HOME!

1.

My home! Do I like it, and love it, you ask?
The thing I call *home?* I should rather think not.
Here, let's talk plain English; let's tear off the mask.
To-day this old word a new meaning has got.

2.

You doubt me? Then up with you quick, stair by stair,
Right up to the top, till you reach the third floor.
Come now, that won't stifle you—merely foul air!
You pause on the threshold? Let's open the door.

3.

You'd rather I didn't? Well, p'raps you are right;
Some homes may be queer sort of places within,
And things, of which often we can't bear the sight,
We can talk about calmly. Suppose I begin?

4.

A room; let's be handsome,—say, twelve feet by ten;
Foul, filthy, neglected for many a year!
Look in, you would think these were beasts in their den!
You're wrong—human beings are huddled in here.

5.

Let's count them. A mother and baby just born;
A father, he's drunk in the corner—that's three.
Six children, that's nine—there were eight, two are gone—
To heav'n? No, not yet,—they're in prison, you see!

6.

I'm the twelfth of the lot, and it's often I think,
When hunger hangs over us like a black pall,
And my father comes reeling in, madden'd by drink,
We'd better been out of the world, after all!

7.

There we lie in one room, hungry, thirsty, and cold,
The darkness around us, the floor for our bed!
The story's a terrible one when it's told—
A terrible one—and the world shakes its head.

8.

This dear, beautiful world, so pious—so good,
That, spite such a home, can live on in its ease;
That would do such fine wonderful things, if it could—
And doesn't! Well, p'r'aps such as me's hard to please!

9.

But still, while in England one home can be found
Where parents and children grow up like the brutes,
The talk of her progress is just so much sound,
For the tree, howe'er green, has a worm at its roots.

10.

When you brag, then, to me, and say, "Tommy, my boy,"
As parsons have said to me day after day,
"Ah! Heaven's the *home* of us all—there's our joy!"
I says, "Go yourself; *I* won't stand in your way!"

11.

Don't speak, then, to me, of a beautiful place,
And cant about this "our own dear special word;"
The sound of it brings up the blood to my face!
At thought of it all my dark feelings are stirred!

12.

I hate it! You stare at me; say that it's odd!
Well, do so;—throughout the wide world you may roam—
Meet evil in shoals; but for life without God,
Take England, and find it in poor Tommy's *home!*

OUR WEEKLY PROPHET.

(OBTAINED AT A GREAT OUTLAY.)

February 15th.—Owing to the fourteenth falling on a Sunday, there will be a continued fall of Valentines during the whole of the day. An occasional fall among the postmen under stress of ballast.

The Gaiety Theatre, not content with distributing fans to the ladies, will present every member of its audience on this evening with an appropriate Valentine.

The same mark of deference to the saint will be bestowed by the presiding Judge on every special juryman in the Divorce Court. This will be looked on as a Wilde proceeding.

February 16th.—A cartoon will appear in the TOMAHAWK, which will cause such a commotion not a hundred miles from Windsor, as to give serious apprehensions as to the safety of the park-keepers.

The Grand Falconer will write a letter to the *Times* denying his connection with any Hawks, Tommy, or otherwise.

A lady of rank will make strenuous endeavours to appear on the stage; but on reperusal of the Lord Chamberlain's "Remonstrance on the Scantiness of Theatrical Costume," comes to the conclusion that she can show much more in a private box than in front of the footlights.

The Lord Chamberlain will forward another Circular to the effect that all statues, or representations of statues in any theatres within his jurisdiction, are to be painted black or covered with the robes which strict propriety demands.

Mr. George Vining will reply in a letter of half a column, in which he will never speak once of himself.

This prophecy appears to us as most improbable, but there is no gevining what may come out of the Princess's Theatre.

February 17th.—Velocipedes will crop up in Rotten Row. Ladies will get bitten by the mania, and horses will be at a discount. Velocipede races will be tried at Alexandra Park; and several well-known spiders will be caught tampering with their wheels.

Mr. Charles Reade will be the first to enter Hyde Park on this, the latest translation from the French.

February 18th.—A gentleman will actually travel from St. John's Wood *viâ* Baker street, to Paddington, by the Metropolitan Railway in twenty minutes, nearly as fast as the same distance by four-wheeler.

A Hansom cabman has backed himself to drive his vehicle twice over the same ground there and back while a friend is doing it by underground.

The Hansom cabman will win.

February 19th.—The Lord Chamberlain's representative will be asked out to the first early ball of the season, a skirmisher thrown out before the army of dancers commences its operations.

He will be much scandalised by the undress of the ladies, and will retire behind a screen till the party is over.

The Lord Chamberlain's representative will remonstrate with the lady of the house on the display of shoulders, and the impropriety of the waltz, to which the lady will reply, as any other lady would—keep away—or words to that effect.

February 20th.—Temple Bar will be heard to crack its sides. It will be discovered that an individual had just gone through with an open number of the TOMAHAWK—a passing joke was too much for the old thing.

The Right Honourable John Bright, M.P., will be raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Brillantine of Brummagem. Mr. Bright will retire to Windsor Forest to consider the question. On consideration, and out of respect to a superior will, he will accept the peerage.

Mr. Bright will grow a moustache, and cut Beales on the first opportunity.

There will be a total eclipse of the son at the Haymarket on the occasion of Mr. Buckstone (*père*)'s return to the stage.

February 21st.—The Sunday performance at St. Alban's will attract more well-dressed women than ever. The Bishop of London will send round a circular almost in the same terms as that of the Lord Chamberlain, but with less chance of acknowledgment. The Ritualists will pay no attention whatever to it.

VAGUE BUT COMPLIMENTARY.—Mr. Chatterton has had such a long run with his Christmas piece that he may well call it a "pant-o'-mine." N.B.—The reader is respectfully requested to laugh long and heartily.

ane *Constitutionnel* of this even...

"We have reason to believe that the Turco-Greek question has at length been satisfactorily settled. After the resignation of his Cabinet, King George, acting on advice contained in a special telegram received from St. Petersburg, expressed his readiness to adhere to the main points of the Declaration drawn up at the Conference."

ATHENS, Monday Evening.

There is no further doubt as to the course the Government has determined to pursue. War is to be declared with the whole of Europe to-morrow morning after breakfast, and the following measures stand for immediate discussion the moment Parliament can be got together :—

"That a vote of want of confidence be passed in the Emperor of Russia, and that the interest on the recent loan be not repaid until he comes down again with something handsome."

Proposed by *M. Demigourgopolis* :—"That the army, on a war footing, consist of several thousand men, more or less, be commanded by the King in person (no salary), and be forthwith marched on to Paris."

"That a loan of 75,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 *drachmæ* be raised out of somebody, somehow, at once. That the said loan may be taken up at 75, 30, 14—in fact, anything anybody likes, and bear an interest of 60 per cent.—or say even 70.

"That failing the appearance of any sound and generous financier to negotiate this business, the Greek Minister at the Court of St. James's be authorised to commence a correspondence with several of those gentlemen who are occasionally shown up in the *Times* by '*A Father*.'

"That the loan be repayable in three months, by a joint promissory note signed by all the members of the Ministry, the King, the Young Prince, and the Emperor of Russia, if he doesn't mind doing it.

"That, having got this money, the Government invest it (the whole of it) immediately in paying the arrears of their own salaries and gunpowder.

"That, this once accomplished, Austria, Asia, the Pacific Ocean, and Margate, be considered as integral parts of the Greek Empire, and that the new crown be offered to Mr. Edward Watkin Edwards, and failing, for any reason, that gentleman's acceptance of the honour, an advertisement to be put into *Lloyd's Weekly News*, stating terms, &c., &c., with a view to finding a fitting party to occupy the position."

ATHENS, Tuesday, 10 a.m.

All the measures proposed have been carried by a majority of 572 to 1. The opposition in question is represented by a sleeping partner of a great London house, who has offered to take Greece, bad debts and all, off the hands of the country for a round sum.

4 p.m.

A gun has arrived from Birmingham. Great excitement prevails. An immediate march upon Constantinople has been discussed. Government Nine per Cents, 72⅜ to 59⅝; One per Cents lively at 301⅓; Dates, 32⅛ for the Exchange. Lamp oil firm.

5 p.m.

Somebody has suggested a review instead. The Ministry has resigned, and the King has called out the troops, having given them till six to finish their tea.

6 p.m.

Great excitement prevails. The review has been commenced. War has been declared with the Sandwich Islands.

8 p.m.

The gun has burst. Nine per Cents, 2½ to 1. Lamp oil, nowhere.

9 p.m.

A new Ministry has been formed. War has been declared against Russia. All the ambassadors of Greece all over the world have been declared to be honorary officers, serving their country without a paltry stipend.

10 p.m.

...ing has declared *Bezique* to be the national game, and ...e to bed. Lamp oil steady.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Wednesday, 8 a.m.

he Sultan has determined, while supporting the dignity of ,entleman, to stand no more humbug.

PARIS, Thursday Evening.

The *Patrie* of this evening says it is all right, and that the Eastern question is finally settled. Greece gives in on every point.

BERLIN, Friday Morning.

The Government organs here say they hope it is all right, and recommend nothing in particular.

PARIS, Friday Evening, 9 p.m.

Greece has signed everything.

ATHENS, Saturday, 10 a.m.

Greece has finally determined upon doing nothing. She means to stand in the way of everybody and get up another row in Europe on the first convenient opportunity. War declared as usual. Nine per Cents at 14⅜ to 209⅛. Lamp oil brisk.

Such, in short, is the nature of the telegraphic news that reaches us every hour, and in respectful despair we ask of the diplomatic world generally, "Which is it?"

VALENTINES.

NEVER shall neglect offend
That sweet lady love of mine!
Some poor trifle let me send
By way of Valentine!
Aid me, Venus! time is short:
Send decision to my mind,
Doubting in what form I ought
To please the womankind!
Is it wise for me to send her
Some political effusion,
Rimmel-scented, choice, and tender
In its sweet allusion?

Tell me, Florence, is it meet
All my secret to impart
In one sentimental sheet
Of Hymeneal Art,
All embossed with birds and flowers,
Allegorical device,
Suited to a case like ours,
(And moderate in price)?
Or, if I by useful present
Urged th...

Now Ready, Price 8
VOL. III. of the "TOMAH
Beautifully Bound, Gilt Edges, Bevelled
Order of any Bookseller.

Now Ready,
BRITANNIA for February,
Price 1s.

LONDON, FEBRUARY 13, 1869.

THE WEEK.

AMONG the taxes suggested to the Chancellor of the Exchequer there is one which he omitted to mention—a tax on speeches. It might take the form of a license; after-dinner ones to be charged extra.

IT is understood that the Lord Chamberlain declined to lay down any exact definition as to the proper limits of female dresses, lest he should be embarrassed at the forthcoming entertainments of the Court, by finding the upper boundary somewhat transgressed.

WATTS IN A NAME?

IT has been reported, we believe without foundation, that Mr. Watts Phillips had disposed of a novel to the Editor of *Once a Week*.

We are sure Mr. Dallas would be inclined, if this is not true, to quote in his Table Talk the following lines from Beaumont and Fletcher :—

—One, if Foul Play

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prophecies of the wiseacres who foretold that the winter of 1868-9 would be unprecedented in its severity, we are now close into the middle of February and we have as yet enjoyed one of the mildest seasons on record. In the face, however, of the assurances of the men of science who last October inundated the columns of the *Times* with their letters of warning, the Commissioners of the Metropolitan Board of Works, although they might not have been able to bring themselves to believe in the possibility of a recurrence of bonfires on the Serpentine and fairs on the Thames, were amply warranted in looking forward to some heavy falls of snow; and, in the remembrance of the great public inconvenience caused by the obstruction of the streets in former years, in being prepared with a remedy should occasion require one.

However, notwithstanding that occasion has not yet required a remedy, and is not likely now to do so, it is but just that the Board of Works should have full credit for having been prepared for the emergency that might have arisen. We consequently make public an order which was circulated in the various metropolitan districts at the beginning of the winter, with a view to the prevention of any interference with the traffic in the streets of London :—

METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

General Instructions for the Removal of Accumulated Snow.

IN THE EVENT of heavy falls of snow in the metropolis, wherefrom any inconvenience to the traffic in the public thoroughfares may be apprehended, the Vestry authorities of each parish shall immediately carry out the following instructions, for the purpose of removing the obstructions :—

1.—When the snow shall have attained a depth of not less than six inches in the streets, an advertisement shall be inserted in the *Times* newspaper, inviting all persons desirous of obtaining employment at 2s. 6d. a-day to apply personally at the Vestry between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the following Monday.

2.—Such persons as may then be adjudged fit for the work may be selected; but before their engagement they should be required to obtain a certificate of good character from their last employer. A period of three days should be allowed for the production of these certificates.

3.—On the requisite number of workmen having been engaged, a second advertisement should be inserted in the *Times* newspaper, inviting tenders for brooms, wheelbarrows, and such other articles as are necessary for the removal of snow.

The tenders having been received, the cheapest should be selected, and the goods should be supplied within six days of the order being given by the parish authorities.

On the receipt of the implements from the contractor, the workmen should be requested to attend at the vestry at 6 a.m. on the following Monday.

The men should then immediately be set to work, and the snow removed from the streets with all despatch.

ıe authorities in each parish are admonished that any ırture from the letter of these instructions will be severely ured.

By Order of the Board.

ıring Gardens,
1st November, 1868.

seems almost as if the weather had been so unusually fine ıly from a spirit of contrariety to the Commissioners, who prepared such a convincing display of their administrative ties. We sympathise with the Board in having lost a ıce of distinguishing itself.

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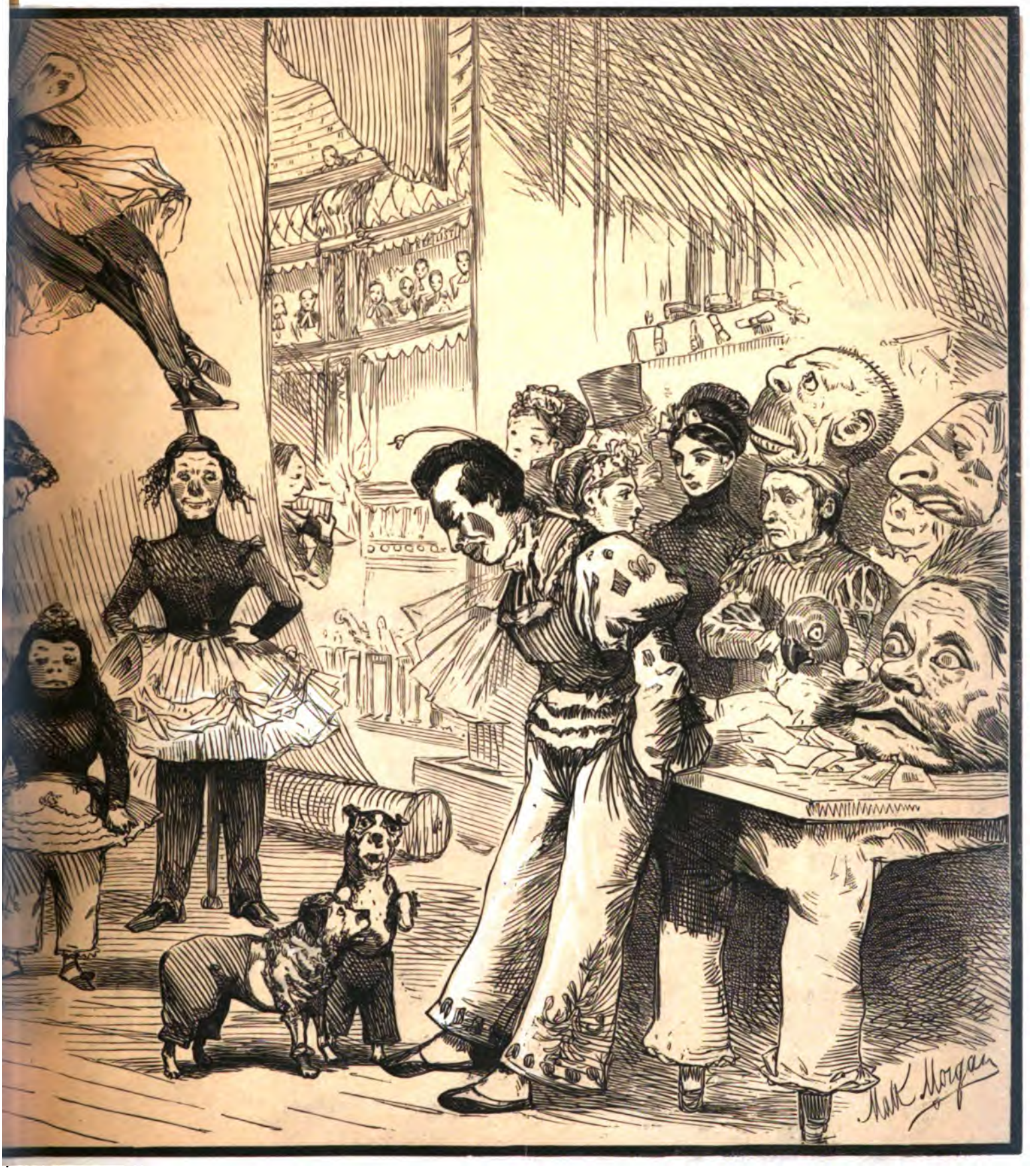
"PROPRIETY" BEH



'ND THE SCENES!

(DEDICATED TO THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.)

THE NEW YORK
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"*DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS.*"

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—*Not* taken from *Britannia.*)

The Prosplogue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER IX.

LADY RIZZIO'S ROUGE POT.

The Blush Rose blushes beautiful,
The Bulrush blushes blue;
But the bloomiest blush on the maiden cheek
Is the bloom of Blake (the true.)[1]

SILENCE!

The moonlight crawls up the gravel walk, and over the flower beds (though particularly requested not to do so), crawls through the glass, which, like her ladyship, was painted, and falls upon the portrait of a gentleman, who lived, oh so long ago, in a back attic of Wardour street, and who had been terribly knocked about in his time, till he was at last knocked down for sixpence.

Such is the fate of the brave, the beautiful, the true, whose portraits great masters have painted, and little daubers have copied!

All was still. Still, not quite so. The champagne in the cellars was sparkling. So were the jewels on my lady's toilet table.

Our friend, the clock, was not still. Tic, tic, tic, in its monotonous agony. What have clocks done that they should suffer so from tic?

Before the mirror sits Lady Rupert de Rizzio, and in the mirror she sees—a painted skull!

Ay, Blonde de Perle, Bloom of Roses, Siberian paste, Caucasian Cream, and Lilywater of Lilliput, do what ye will, ye cannot hide the hollow eyes, and the toothless jaws, and the great gaunt cheekbones drawn by the hand of the master artist, Death!

Cosmetics (2) are but the gaudy lichens with which Art seeks to cover the features that Time's greedy tooth has mumbled and crumbled into ruin.

But enough! See my Lady, poor thing! The rouge pot lies open before her empty, and yet blushing for its crimes—a fit emblem of her life.

Down the furrowed cheeks trickle the tepid tears. Who knows but some kind spirit is standing by with an invisible phial to catch them in, that he may bottle them up for some Museum of Curiosities in the Land of the Rapparees?

Seven asterisks. ☞ * * * * * * *

In my Lady's hand is a photograph—a shilling one—of a young man.

Some one is snoring!

Seven more asterisks! ☞ * * * * * * *

The features are distorted, perhaps by rage, perhaps by the photographer.

Listen, listen, Lady Rizzio; surely someone is coming.

Seven more asterisks! ☞ * * * * * * *

She looks at the portrait, and she shakes her head.

"It is not like," she murmurs, "and yet it is."

Oh! that snoring! Why will she not hear?

Seven more asterisks! ☞ * * * * * * *

What was that? The snoring has ceased. Some one is crawling from under the bed. Not the moonlight this time.

Seven more asterisks! ☞ * * * * * * *

Some one is standing behind the chair, making faces. Lady Rizzio looks up at the glass.

Fourteen asterisks! ☞ * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Why does she start? Why? Because in the glass she sees —— the photographer!

Twenty-one asterisks. ☞ *

"You did it—you know you did, wretch!"

He seizes her by the arm and points to the empty rouge-pot.

Why does she tremble? Why does she quail before the menacing finger?

A knock at the door. Who's there?

"Me, dear. Are you asleep?" Where was his grammar?

With staring eyes fixed on the Stranger's face she answers, "Yes!"

"Then don't snore."

She shudders, but, awed by the talismanic glance, she answers "No!"

The Voice.—"Swear you won't!"

She (as before).—"I swear!"

The Voice is appeased, and vanishes.

Twenty-eight asterisks. ☞ *

All is still! Alone with a cheap photographer. Fortunately it was night!

Thirty-five asterisks. ☞ *

A stifled shriek!

Nothing more!

CHAPTER X.

THE FUNKY FLUNKEY.

There was eke Johne Thomase, God wote,
That sleped so well, if a gunne shote,
I wis he slepid still harde, the sotte!
BLAK (Contemporary of Chaucer).[1]

READER, dear! The moonlight and you are playing a game "Follow my Leader!" A pokey dirty room—there's no use denying it. But it's the moonlight's fault for bringing us there. However, now we are there, dear reader, let us be jolly: let us look around.

John Thomas, nimble lacquey of the great Sir Ralph, bloated menial of the Rizzio family, lies—snoring.

He is drinking visionary glasses of old ale, in visionary tumblers, in visionary servants' hall, in the company of visionary servant-maids.

What a wonderful thing is a dream! You owe your tailor a hundred pounds; you go to sleep anxious and insolvent; you dream you have paid him. And when he calls the next morning, and, with a simple, child-like smile, you tell him your dream, he does not believe you—he does not give you a stamped receipt, as he ought.[2]

A sharp, dull, booming sound, louder than a girl of the period, quieter than the voice of the elements.

It did not wake John Thomas. You had to hit the drum of his ear very hard before you could sound a *reveille.*

Silence in the house!

Only for five minutes—then a slippered tread.

A knock!

Rizzio Hall might have been the home of Knox, the police magistrate.

"John! John! get up, you brute!"

John snores.

"John Thomas! you lubber!"

John snores.

The door opens. A hot hand is laid on John Thomas's shoulder.

"The Devil!"

"No, your master!"

He trembled from head to foot. Poor John! What it is to have an uneasy conscience, and to wear false calves!

"Come with me; put on your boots."

"Not my silk stockings, Sir Rupert?"

"No, there are rats in this house! So your mistress says."

John put on his boots without another word.

TO THE PRINTER.—I *will* have my notes printed in larger type.—BLAKE, Major.

1 To be had in pots, 5s., 7s. 6d., and 10s. each, only of the inventor, Major Blake. Perfectly innocent as the vendor. Beware of imitations, which, though they may be innocent flatteries, are but empty flatteries after all.

2 The Bloom of Blake is an exception. When Time sees that on the face he cries "Hands off!" It is indeed the very extract of cheek.

1 Blâk was a remarkable poet, whose works are very scarce. He was superior to Gower and Lydgate, and but little inferior to the great Geoffrey. His poems have been reprinted (on toned paper), and may be had at 199 Strand. (Ask for Major Blake.)

2 Major B. cannot help avowing that he inserted this eloquent and touching passage when the author was asleep, as he often is, over his work. Poor fellow! how can he help it?

Stop! the time! His watch had stopped. The old clock in the hall had not. He looks at it.

Eleven o'clock; or rather thirty seconds past!

John Thomas's knees shook.

"What is the time?" asked her Ladyship.

"Just eleven, your Ladyship." He trembled and felt strangely chilly—like aspic jelly.

A dozen asterisks ☞ * * * * * * * * * * * * or so.

Enter Butler. To him Lady Rizzio, with meaning, "What is the time, Beeswing?"

"Give it up," answered the sleepy myrmidon of Bacchus.

"Where's your watch?"

"Gone pop." The Baronet shuddered.

"Good, go and look in the hall."

Beeswing goes and looks.

"Twelve minutes and twenty seconds past eleven, your Ladyship."

"Thank you. Now, please go and look for the rats."

"I'll come, too," said the Baronet. He looked pale. He was not a cat or a terrier; perhaps he was afraid of rats.

They went, the three, solemnly, slowly, not running like the three blind mice—though, like them, they could see nothing.

Why did John Thomas turn so pale?

Nine or ten asterisks. ☞ * * * * * * * * * *

They could see nothing—inside the house.

"What's the time?" asked Lady Rizzio, this time quite gaily.

"Eleven thirty," answered Beeswing. He read his Bradshaw—regularly.

"Listen! did you hear that?" cries her Ladyship.

What? John Thomas trembled more than ever.

A boom—a thudding, ringing sound, like a popgun, or a cork being drawn.

"Search the cellars! Sir Rupert, you will go with them."

"I? Oh, Jane!"

"Yes, you," she answers, stolidly.

Their eyes meet. Sir Rupert follows the four men.

Four men! Who were the other two?

Sir Rupert Ruth Rizzio saw double!

WHAT NEXT?

THE selection of a "rank outsider" for the Chief Commissionership of the Metropolitan Police has naturally caused great consternation amongst the London public, who were beginning to flatter themselves that the loud grumbles in which they have recently indulged against the general inefficiency of the Police Force would have had the effect of making Mr. Bruce pick out a really practical man for the much coveted place. The appointment of a soldier is the very least popular selection that could have been made. Everybody is disgusted and disappointed. What may we not expect if this is the style in which Mr. Gladstone's Government is going to exercise the patronage entrusted to it? After this we may fairly prophesy that the gentlemen whose names are attached to the undermentioned offices will have the best chances of getting them, if circumstances should place them at the disposal of the present Ministry:—

Archbishopric of Canterbury—
Mr. Spurgeon
Mr. Mackonochie

Commandership-in-Chief of the Army—
Lord Ranelagh
Prince Arthur

Governor-Generalship of India—
Mr. Beales, M.A.
Lord Carington

Knights of the Garter—
Lord Arthur Clinton
Sir Robert Carden

Such appointments as these would be quite as reasonable as Mr. Bruce's latest exercise of his powers of patronage. The few people who have ever heard of Colonel Henderson, know him to be a conscientious martinet entrusted with the discipline of Convict prisons, and imbued with the most inveterate military proclivities? Scarcely the man to make the Metropolitan Police an efficient and serviceable force!

THE DRAMA DRAMATIZED.

SCENE.—*Green Room of Theatre Royal, Utopia.*

1ST MANAGER (*of a certain tendency*).
2ND MANAGER (*of a different tendency*).
GHOST OF THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN.
MESSENGER, LADIES OF THE BURLESQUE, &C., &C.

1ST MANAGER.—Let us seek out some tavern undisturbed
By prying officers of night, and there
The licensed flagon empty.

(*Enter* MESSENGER, *armed with* LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S CIRCULAR.)

Who comes here?

MESSENGER.—In the Queen's name I charge you all let down
Your skirts!

1ST MANAGER. Our skirts? My stars!

2ND MANAGER (*aside*). Aye, that's the oath
That best befits thy office.

1ST MANAGER. Did you say
Skirts—after all my pains, all my expense,
To add superfluous drap'ries to the cost
Of this my undertaking? Get you gone!
I give an inch, and you would take an ell!

(*Looks over the* CIRCULAR)

O I am sick at heart, and where to draw
The Line of Beauty know not. Who shall measure
What is the *quantum sufficit* of leg
You, ladies, may aspire to? In its stead,
By wit, good writing, incident, and plot,
Unmix'd with baser matter, must I find
That something which will meet this vague ideal
Of stage propriety. DEMAND is King:
SUPPLY is but the servant: and I do
The public bidding. I must choose the fare
To suit a jaded appetite. Plain joints
May feed the starveling who has never known
The feasts of Fashion, served up hot and strong.
Go—tell your master this.

(*Exit* MESSENGER.

2ND MANAGER. Hold out a cap
And there's no lack of heads to fit it. Well,
I'm sorry for you, they have scotched the snake,
But 'twill take yet more killing ere it dies.
Here had we now our honor'd Chamberlain,
I'd write an Order for himself and friend,
That he might see and know how *we* can draw
Without GODIVAS ogling from the stage
Stalls, Pit, and Gall'ry of PEEPING TOMS!

(GHOST OF LORD CHAMBERLAIN *rises*.)

Thou canst not say *I* did it: never shake
Thy head at me!

(*Exit* 2ND MANAGER *in a burst of virtuous indignation.*

1ST MANAGER. Avaunt! and quit my sight!
I have a speculation in mine eye,
And dare not heed thy CIRCULAR.

(GHOST *disappears.*

Why so,
Being gone, I am the Manager again.—
Pray you sit still, sweet ladies, *as you are;*
And *more* I beg not . . .—

(*Scene closes.*)

EPIGRAM BY THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE MANAGERS.

DISCUSSION 'bout the ballet dress is getting stronger,
To cut it short, you'll have to cut it longer.

To which we add two lines of Ben Jonson's:—

Who shall doubt, Donne, whe'r I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigrams to thee?

"WAITING FOR THE VERDICT."

A COURT-MARTIAL is by no means a model tribunal. Amongst the many defects of the system one in particular is always very observable, viz., no one, neither the friend nor the enemy of the accused, is ever satisfied with the proceedings of the Court.

In the case of Captain Wilmshurst, R.N., who was tried the other day on a charge of sharp practice regarding the salvage of some bales of cotton from a wreck at Ascension, and honourably acquitted, the decision of the cocked-hatted tribunal was the signal for general disagreement. The friends of Captain Wilmshurst immediately pronounced the prosecution as most unwarrantable and unjustifiable, and got up a fund to reimburse the gallant defendant his expenses, while at the same time the representatives of the cotton interest—to wit, the committee of Lloyd's—voted the whole proceedings very unsatisfactory, and have now given notice to the Admiralty that they intend to carry the matter into a court of equity.

What a pity it is that this could not have been arranged in the first instance, it would have saved a great deal of the valuable time of the admirals and post captains who sit in judgment at Spithead!

THE LAW'S DELAY.

THE public must perforce allow their interest and excitement in the Overend Gurney affair to abate for the present, for since the application for the removal of the trial from the Central Criminal Court to the Court of Queen's Bench has been acceded to, all prospect of an immediate settlement of the case has vanished into thin air. It appears that under no circumstances whatever can the cause come up for trial before April next, and the probable date at which it will take its turn for hearing will be some time in January, 1870.

We hear a good deal nowadays about the swiftness of British justice, but this does not say much for the alacrity of the blinded Goddess. For the sake of all parties concerned, both public (a party, by the way, very much concerned) and accused, how much better would it not be to have the grave charges set forth in the indictment either cleared up or substantiated at once! In no other country would such vexatious delay be tolerated. They manage these things better, not only in France, but even in Timbuctoo.

A MEYRICK CONCEIT.

WE are just stepping into February, and yet the past month clings about us. We have scarcely yet got over the disagreeables of that heavy annual blow known as Christmas. Was there anything pleasant during January? Let us see—first, there was that bill for building the washhouse in the back area, which came to three times as much as we expected. Then we have had the doctor several times more than necessary, had not a great family dinner upset all the younger branches, and put the nursery on calomel and short commons, which sounds economical but never is. Then there was that little law business during the year, and a consequent disbursement of six-and-eightpences, which took much of the brilliancy out of the holly, and all the slyness away from the mistletoe. All things considered, the entry of the new year has been the feature of the month, and a feature which makes most men pull a very long face, in spite of its attractions.

Nephews and nieces tell us the pantomimes are the features most worthy of notice, and if they speak of the masks worn by the supernumeraries they are perhaps right. Father Time, however, has his own bit of pantomime; and a touch of his wand sends 'sixty-eight flying out of ken, while the same instant brings 'sixty-nine, with all his hopes and fears, on to the stage of history. But we never get any of Father Time's pantomimists back again when once they have disappeared—unlike the harlequin, who rolls on to the boards by a flap-door almost as soon as he has passed through the clock face above it.

What with the reaction after the struggles at the elections, the necessity of paying bills, and the utter inability to pay any attention to the stagnation going on in the outer world, there has really been little of interest worth registering; and yet one fact is really well worthy of note—a fact of the greatest interest to lovers of art, students of history, or ordinary sightseers. The great collection of armour from Goodrich Court—the long celebrated accumulation of war-treasures made by Sir Samuel Meyrick—has been opened at South Kensington on loan to the public.

We have been to the Tower, and been marched through the pikes and guns by the warders. We have visited the Museum of Artillery at Paris, and have done various galleries filled with mailed knights in Prussia and Austria; but invariably, when we have had occasion to make an observation on the beauties of such a Milanese suit, or such a fluted caparison, there has been some one present suggesting that a better example, or a more florid specimen, might be seen in the famous Meyrick collection, which, of course, we had not seen.

The famous Meyrick collection is now visible to anyone who will take the trouble to go down to Cromwell road, and walk into the shed where last year's Portrait Exhibition (part of it) was held. Let us tell the reader who has not yet been there the trouble is little beside the pleasure enjoyed in the sight. At first sight, and compared with national armouries, the collection may appear small, but so complete is it as a history of mediæval defensive weapons, so remarkably preserved and mounted, and so well arranged with respect to dates and for the benefit of inspection, that we doubt if any exhibition of armour ever gave us so much gratification as this. After passing hours of delight among the chased corslets and inlaid morions of the age of chivalry, we were quite disgusted at finding it was already four o'clock, when we were forced to contemplate with anything but admiration the hideous head-piece and black doublet of the policeman of the period, who turned us out according to orders, and much against our will.

So much were our thoughts occupied with the armour we had been inspecting, and so cold was the night which followed our visit, that we had a dream—a funny dream certainly, and worth mention if it is only for the pleasure of seeing it in print.

We were under the impression—it was freezing at the time—that the Serpentine was sufficiently coated with ice to make a skate practicable: our most earnest desire ever since we purchased a pair of club skates, which, as yet, are virgin of any outside edge, and likely to become rusty if this damp weather continues.

However, here the Serpentine was "a mask of ice," sufficient to carry much heavier swells than ourselves. We are not exactly able to account for the fact, but there we were, the other side of the bridge in Kensington Gardens, with our new skates on and a night-shirt for our only garment—and deuced cold it was. We should have been delighted to borrow a great coat, but there was no great coat about. Even the man who screwed on our skates had not got such a thing—didn't know what such a thing was. We cannot now make out why he persisted in screwing on our skates with a cross-bow. It came all right in the effect, but the means were peculiar, to say the least of it.

There they were, all those plated cavaliers, all those flowers of chivalry, hard at work cutting figures (and rather ridiculous ones, to say the truth) on the ice in all directions. There was a fat baron in a tilting suit, from Nürnberg, slightly encumbered with the jousting shield riveted to his left shoulder, but keeping his balance on a pair of old-fashioned Dutch pattens by the aid of his lance, which looked immensely like a barber's pole, though he was no shaver. There was an elegant of the time of Elizabeth in a puffed suit, which must have made many a sword leap out of its scabbard for jealousy, and many a heart jump into its mouth for love in days gone by, cutting a spread eagle, which might have made Austria's bird look a goose beside it. While one gigantic man-at-arms, who had every desire and an earnest will to become efficient enough to be elected a member of the Skating Club, showed so little command of his limbs, encased in the iron uniform of an early guardsman, that he fell with a noise as of many gongs through the ice, and, as Bunyan says, "I saw him no more."

The Humane Society, it is true, had its drags on the spot, but all the men were in mail shirts, and armed with morning stars—not the popular organ of the peace party, but the flail which ended in a ball full of spikes, used as a convincing argument in public discourses of a revolutionary character. One thing was peculiar about all the skaters, and everybody skated who was present, they all had their vizors closed. We never could see their faces. We don't believe they were ghosts of the

middle-aged owners. No; we are firmly convinced that the weather was so cold that there were no visitors to the Kensington Museum, and our belief is, Mr. Henry Cole and his aiders and abettors were determined the public should see the collection, and went out accordingly to the Serpentine to give the various suits an airing. We say this was our belief, for at the close of our dream all the armour disappeared like a view in the magic lantern, and the wearers were left in their night-shirts (odd that, very!) to get home as well as they could. We did not see their faces, but they all made for the Kensington Museum.

We shall go again and again to the Meyrick Collection, and we can heartily wish those who have lent these treasures, and those who have arranged them, a Meyrick Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"A CONVERTED CLOWN."

CANT and hypocrisy are hateful in whatever garb they appear, but when they come before us woven into a religious texture they are unbearably so. We (metropolitans) have been doing something of late to put down that intolerable nuisance "itinerant street preachers." These men come under our windows, howl till they are hoarse (and long after), are followed by a crowd listening to them out of a kind of vague curiosity, or because they have got nothing else to do, imprecate all mortals (except themselves) with the vilest curses, and those expressed in the coarsest language, until they are either wearied out with their own exertions, or are required by some unsympathetic policeman to "move on," as being an obstruction to the thoroughfare. We, metropolitans, are not the only people, however, who are afflicted with this kind of pestilence. One of these men, or one very nearly allied to them, who styles himself "a converted clown," and who, it appears, is holding what he is pleased to term "religious services" in the town of Whitchurch, in Shropshire, has recently published a hymn-book, which, for curiosity of language and expression, would vie with one of the most antique and curious specimens of orthography in the British Museum. The extract we give, though, is undoubtedly MODERN. If the conversion of the clown is manifested by the production of such a specimen of a hymn as that from which the following is an extract, all we can say is that we should think the clown in his unconverted state would be a more preferable object and more acceptable to the inhabitants of Whitchurch; and the sooner he figures again with the wooden razor and red-hot poker the better chance he would have of pleasing the public. Were the late Premier still in office, it would almost be worth while for the clown's friends to petition for him to be made a pensioner of the Government, as being a direct follower of the Premier, and a strong upholder of religious establishments.

One of his hymns begins thus:—

"I've given my heart to Jesus,
And mean to keep it so (*sic*);
If the devil wants to have it all
I'll tell him, 'Not for Joe.'"

This is followed by five other verses, all ending in the same popular manner. The last runs thus:—

"Lord, give me strength to fight,
And battle every foe;
If tempted to forsake my God,
To cry out, 'Not for Joe.'"

If a combination of sacred hymns and music-hall songs be desirable for the edification and enlightenment of the working classes, we would strongly commend to the notice of all future compilers of hymns and psalters this work of "William Weaver, the converted clown of Whitchurch." Seriously, cannot something be done to prevent this degradation of religion to the level of a stage, of a public music hall, from which it has hitherto been kept apart by the rigid law of public opinion? Surely something might be done with Lord Campbell's Act to meet the exigencies of the case.

TO MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—If you please, sir, a piece with the title of your *new* drama "Not Guilty," (translated from the French), was played a year ago in the Provinces. Your title is "Not Guilty," no there's more "brass" about it than "gilt."

VERY DE-GREY-DING.

OUR slashing contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, has set its teeth into the War Office, and evidently means to give that much abused stronghold of red tape and jobbery a thorough good shaking before it lets it go.

Beginning with objections to the high salaries of the staff of the Department, the *Daily Telegraph* afterwards descended to an attack on the inefficiency and laziness of the "dandy clerks;" but having at length used up its vituperative abilities on these ornaments of society, it has descended still lower, and is now engaged in a vigorous onslaught on the War Office Messengers. To its indignant surprise our contemporary has discovered that these messengers are not old soldiers (at least not one in ten of them), and that the much sought-after appointments are given as a rule to the butlers, footmen, and valets of men in high places who want to do something for their deserving servants without putting themselves to any personal trouble or expense.

The *Daily Telegraph* seems to be well up in its grievance, for it quotes plenty of facts that have come to its knowledge, but its informant has stopped short in putting the journal in possession of the greatest job of all. The office of housekeeper at the War Department is worth £150 a-year, with apartments, servants, coals, and gas. The duties and responsibilities of the position are to engage the housemaids, to be answerable for the decent and cleanly condition of the rooms, to look after the linen, and such-like domestic cares. There is nothing connected with the position which could prevent any lady in the land from undertaking it. Indeed, so many widows of officers were of this opinion that when the place was last vacant close upon one hundred of them made interest to obtain the appointment for themselves. The noble lord who was Secretary of State for War at the time was fairly puzzled by the position. The responsibility of selecting one of so many eligible offers was too much for him, and leaning towards none, not even towards the widow of a distinguished *general* officer who begged hard for the place, his lordship settled the matter with his conscience by giving the appointment to his wife's maid!

This is rather an old story now, for it happened a year or two ago, but as the *Daily Telegraph* is on the look out for facts we obligingly supply this tit-bit of official scandal, and the only condition we impose for having made the revelation is that our contemporary makes the most of the item in its next leader on War Office re-organization.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

O gr E
V anguar D
E lbo W
R egali A
E ndo R
N iggar D
D ank S (the Printer's name.) See imprint.

ANSWERS have been received from Right Forward, Rebeck, Samuel E. Thomas, Ebenezer Scrooge, Singlewell, Linda Princess, A. T. H. Evans, Little Nell (Edinburgh), Captain Crosstree, Rataplan, Fly-by-Night, Split the Difference, Sleight-of-Hand, Annie (Brighton), Midas, Camden Town Tadpole, R. Snow (Liverpool), Tommy and Joey, The Pride of Malvern Hill, G. Chance (Southampton), Frances, Florence, Christopher Tadpole, T. Turner, T. Purdue (Kingston-on-Thames), L. Lewington, J. King, Two Chathamites, W. Darlington, J. Lloyd, Bobby, L. Lamb, M. Mason, M. A. Clifford (Devizes), T. Andrews, J. Mason, J. Parkinson, R. P. (Lambeth), T. Robinson, R. Cook, W. Rivington (Liverpool), S. Green, J. Cowdell, J. Richards (Wellington), O. Hughes (Manchester), J. Davies, E. Edmonds, W. Harding, and Lizzie Belton.

ERRATA.—Second Stanza, line three, for "minds" read "mind"; third Stanza, last line, for "And" read "He"; fourth Stanza, last line, for "men" read "him."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 94] *LONDON, FEBRUARY* 20, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO THE RT. HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, AND CO.

Ho, there! Raise high the Standard of Reform! Blow loud the trumpet of Retrenchment! Beat hard the drums of Popularity! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen — Mr. Gladstone's talented company is going to begin their first performance in public.

A slight wander this, and rather out of keeping with the dignified beginning; but let us hope it is not prophetic, and that the great Battle with Abuses will not end in a sham fight,

Come hither all who have any grievances, and the great Liberal party will redress them all. Justice for Ireland! And for England too, let us hope, for she wants it quite as bad as her more clamorous sister.

The Ballot! Manhood Suffrage! Free breakfast tables! Everything for nothing! Equalization of Poor-rates! No Paupers! No Army! No Navy! More Pay! Woman's Rights! Abolition of the Malt Tax! Maine Liquor Law! Open Public-houses on Sundays! Cheap Cigars! Free Whiskey! Free Church!—These are only some of the cries that arise from the expectant crowd.

TOMAHAWK does not suppose that, after all, the great Liberal Government will do all this. If each party in the State could only pass measures when they were out of office, we should get on beautifully. The Opposition Bench enlarges the mind: the Treasury Bench enlarges the pocket—also, in some cases, the swallow.

Of course, first we shall have the Irish Church, and a nice long fight there will be over that. Supposing disestablishment and disendowment to be carried, the difficulties in Mr. Gladstone's path will only just have begun, for the disposal of the funds will puzzle the wisest heads and the best hearts, particularly with Mr. Disraeli in opposition. So it will probably end in there being several adjourned debates, adding largely to the stock of eloquence already entombed in the pages of *Hansard*, but little else to anybody or anything. Already symptoms have been manifested of a desire on the part of some of the Ministers to put aside many important questions on the plea of there being no time for any other legislation this Session but that affecting the Irish Church. Now TOMAHAWK gives fair warning to all parties concerned that he won't stand *that*; and so all double-faced officials—there are such, even in a Liberal Government—and all obstructives who throw every possible delay in the way of every measure; and all tiresome, empty-headed noodles, who talk only for the pleasure of hearing themselves speak, which they might do just as well in the middle of Battersea Park, provided they did not interfere with the cricket; and all other do-nothings and help-nobodies had better beware, for the scalping-knife has been fresh ground and stropped for the season, and it will make short work of their unblushing foreheads. There is no reason why several important measures, which are imperatively demanded, should not be carried. Equalization of the Poor-rates must be effected at once, as well as a reform in the Poor-law. Army and Navy retrenchment must also somehow or other be managed. Not only a few wretched clerks dismissed at a minute's notice, but a few gorged and gorgeous officials in high places must have their books overhauled, and their pockets turned inside out, previous to turning the noble owners out altogether; that Augean stable, the Treasury, must be tidied up, and the Civil Service generally put on a sounder footing; the Law, too, wants a little looking to—a few wholesome excisions might be made, to say nothing of much vigorous condensation—and a little clearer definition of conspiracy and fraud must be got out of the parchment gentlemen, if possible. Then our Police must decidedly be reorganized, and the Metropolitan Board of Works taken in hand by someone with a very large pair of scissors, and a very strong whip. It is bad enough to be robbed in the streets, but to be plundered in one's own home, at one's own fireside, by a self-constituted body of impudent, extravagant, greedy autocrats, under the plea of keeping this little town in order, is monstrous. The utilization of our Palaces may be a subordinate question, which will possess some interest; the more especially as a great saving in the building of infirmaries for workhouses, &c., may so be secured.

In short, my dear friends, TOMAHAWK bids you a hearty welcome. But no humbug! No shilly-shallying! No playing at hide-and-seek, or thimblerig, with the British public; and no attempt to revolutionize the country with a number of democratic devices. England does not want to be America, any more than a respectable grandmother wishes to strut about in fantastic costumes, with short petticoats, high-heeled boots, large chignons, and microscopic bonnets, merely because her grandchild does. Some of you must have some leisure time, which you will do well in devoting to an attempt to provide some remedies for the social abuses of this country. Show yourselves Liberal in heart and mind. Legislate for the good of the people, not for the advantage of a party; and you shall ever have the hearty but intelligent support of your sincere friend,

TOMAHAWK.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

GUARDIAN JACK.

1.

TALK to me of comic songsters,
Filling every Music Hall!
Comic? Why, I'll sing you something,
That shall beat 'em, great and small.
Fun? Why, where's the fun of talking
Nonsense? Come, I'll make more sure;
Tell the truth, have real laughing,—
Joke like mad—about the poor!

2.

P'raps you don't quite understand me,—
Wonder what I'm going to say?
Well, then, I'm a Poor-law Guardian!
Isn't that the time of day?
One of them bright beaming angels,—
Laugh until your sides go crack,—
Sent to watch and tend the homeless!
Yes—they call me Guardian Jack.

3.

Do I watch and tend 'em? Rather;
Ask them, bless their little hearts,—
How, when others want to spoil 'em,
I turn up to take their parts,
Keep them low and mild and humble,
Never let them talk too loud,
For if one thing aggravates me
With them poor—'tis they're so proud.

4.

So as pride's so very sinful,
Just what heav'n don't like, you know,
We bright beaming workhouse angels
Must just whack it out below.
When they're very down and broken,
Well, we try to bring 'em worse.
Oh! the dodge is great and artful!
We makes Charity a curse.

5.

Every straw we place beneath them,
Every rag, and every meal,
Every cup full of cold water,
That we give, we make them *feel.*
Then we wear and fret and wound them,
In their ear one lesson drum,—
That of all the earth's offscourings;
They're the foulest vilest scum!

6.

So by small degrees we bring them
Down, until they understand,
That there's sense, and plenty of it,
Even in this Christian land.
That the Gospel's well on paper,
Fit for brats you send to school;
But that when a man pays taxes,
He's not quite so green a fool.

7.

He may feed his horse, and welcome,
Fatten up his ox and sheep,
House his dog; for here in England
All these things are worth their keep.
But cares he about your outcast,
Or your sermon on the mount?
Post it up upon his ledger;
Show it swells out his account.

8.

Come then, let's talk honest English,
Tell it for the hundredth time,—
Wealth's the only real virtue,
Poverty's the only crime!
As of yore, we'll brand the pauper,
Mark him, stamp him, with his dole,
Red hot iron's out of fashion;
Never mind,—we'll brand his *soul.*

9.

Thus you see we do our duty;
If you want to know, how well,
You just ask some starving creature,—
Why he'll call the workhouse "hell!"
Oh! the fun is rare and racy,
Never halting, never slack,
Oh! he'll make you ache with laughing,—
He's a wag—is Guardian Jack.

OUR WEEKLY PROPHET.

(OBTAINED AT A GREAT OUTLAY.)

February 22nd.—All the almond-trees will be in full bloom. White waistcoats will be appearing above the coats of any young gentlemen who go with the fashion. Top coats will be given away to valets and grooms as useless—and then a sharp frost will set in and nip apple blossoms, white waistcoats, and generosity in the bud.

February 23rd.—Mr. Bellew will think seriously of going on to the stage. Mr. Fechter will take orders, and turn the most popular preacher in all Clapham. He will find employment for the Adelphi guests as pew-openers. The guests were taken on Ash-Wednesday to the Strand, and allowed the free use of the Adelphi theatre. They will wear Berlin gloves on this occasion, and wipe a tear from their eye on leaving. Mr. Benjamin Webster will, in remembrance of their services, provide them with tea cups on the occasion. The guests will find their own tea and turn out.

February 24th.—A most important discovery will be made by the librarian of the British Museum, viz.: that the last edition of Mr. Tupper's complete works is wanting. Further investigation will bring out the fact that the edition is on the shelves, but is wanting in style, wit, or originality. Mr. Tupper, the great, the only Tupper, will write us a letter scorning originality as savouring of plagiarism, wit as lacking gravity, and style as a thing not to be got over.

February 25th.—A volcano will open its spontaneous combustion in the middle of a Pacific Archipelago, to the great delight of the staff of the Popular Pennygaff, who will forthwith perpetrate flaming leaders in its honour. Later telegrams will announce the eruption to have been temporary only, and not from a volcano, but on the British Consul's face. The Pennygaff will do penance in its back parlour.

February 26th.—A performance by amateurs of celebrity will be given at Burlington House in aid of the Dilapidated Butlers' Aid Society. Tickets will be sold to a large audience. The large audience will be sold as well. One amateur will actually know his part, but this will not add materially to the success of the piece, as the actor in question will mistake the night of performance, and not turn up until the next day. The audience will declare itself perfectly charmed, and will pledge itself most solemnly never again to assist at Amateur Theatricals.

February 27th.—A dinner will be given at the Freemason's Tavern to the members of the Charitable Abstinence Society, who will meet together to discuss the best method of bestowing their surplus in alms and succour to the poor. The Treasurer will declare a sum of twenty-five pounds seventeen shillings and three halfpence. The dinner will cost two guineas a head for the seventy gentlemen present, making a total of one hundred and forty-seven pounds. Charity lays covers for a multitude of sinners.

February 28th.—Those individuals born on the 29th of February will have to wait three more years for their birthday to come round. Their age will come square if they count this day instead.

The frost will disappear altogether, if it ever appears this winter. The keepers at the Zoological Gardens will begin to look amiable again with a prospect before them of silver-tipping Spring. A reverend gentleman will appear in the afternoon at the monkey house, who preached the Sunday before on the heinous sin of a tea garden.

The monkeys will be much edified.

MILITARY REFORM.

If our present rulers are really in earnest in their professions of economy, they cannot better prove their sincerity than by combating abuses and effecting retrenchments that have specially and notably defied the efforts or evaded the vigilance of their predecessors in office.

Let us put this to the test in a given instance. *Ex uno*—as it were - *discere omnes.*

There has been of late years a heavy charge thrown upon the public in one particular point of our Army organization without producing the slightest possible benefit to the public service, even by the confession of its strongest advocates. We refer to the employment of a second major in each cavalry regiment of the Line at home. Now it is admitted on all hands that there is not the least advantage to the service in having a second Major to a cavalry regiment at home. Yet this heavy expense, amounting to some eight or nine thousand a year, has been thrown upon the public simply because a certain Major in a certain cavalry regiment had Parliamentary interest enough some two years ago to make a great difficulty about being placed on half-pay.

We really hardly expect people to believe in the truth of what we are stating, so gross, so abominable, so extraordinary are the facts of the case—so utterly out of proportion to the injury to the individual is the injury to the public by which it was averted, through the private interest brought to bear by the sufferer.

Charles Lamb, in one of his inimitable Essays, tells the story of some South Sea Islanders whose village was consumed on a certain occasion by a devastating conflagration. Among other houses destroyed was the palace of their chieftain, and when the ruins were removed there was found under them the carcase of His Sable Majesty's Prime—Pig. This was eagerly devoured by the hungry Court, and pronounced to be most excellent. Never before had they tasted roast pork, never again would they taste boiled pork ; and an ordinance was passed *nem. con.*, that whenever a pig was cooked again in the island it should be put into one of the best houses in the village, and the house burnt down over it, in order to secure its complete and satisfactory cooking, in accordance with the newly-discovered recipe for roast pork.

Is there any one of us who will not laugh at the utter disproportion between the means employed and the end obtained ? Yet surely roast pork is better than half-pay, and a South Sea Islander's best home can hardly be worth £8,000 a year.

Mais, révenons à nos moutons. The facts of the case are these. Our cavalry regiments at home have never required a second Major, in fact they have little employment indeed for one Major. In India, which, as a rule, is the only foreign station to which our cavalry regiments go, they require, it is considered, a second Major. In consequence of this difference of establishment, when a cavalry regiment leaves England for India a Captain is promoted to be "Major without purchase" at the public expense; and by the free gratuitous gift to him and the other officers of the regiment of a commission worth £3,200, which they can thereafter sell though they never bought it. In like manner the cavalry regiment coming home in lieu of the one sent out, has on reaching England a supernumerary Major—one Major more than can possibly be wanted under any circumstances in this country, or until the regiment goes out again to India in fifteen or seventeen years' time. By the rules of the service this supernumerary Major should be put on half-pay until he can be brought to full pay on a vacancy. But some two years ago this going to half-pay fell to the turn of a cavalry Major who did not like half-pay, and had powerful private friends both at the Horse Guards and in Parliament. He exerted all his interest ; he threatened opposition ; he promised support—and the Government, anxious only to make things pleasant, actually burnt down the house to make him comfortable, and ordered that he should remain on full pay in this country, although his services were in no possible way required, and that in future every cavalry regiment returning from India should keep a second Major for ever thereafter.

It needs no comment to point out the monstrous iniquity of this eight thousand pounder job. It condemns itself on the face of it. For if a second Major is necessary for a cavalry regiment at home, why is such officer not appointed to all the cavalry regiments that are at home ? If he is not wanted, why is he retained in each regiment as it comes home from India ?

Of course the just and proper course to be pursued in the matter of this difference of establishment at home and abroad is to appoint to the out-going regiment, as second Major the junior Major of the home coming regiment, or if he has no wish to continue for a further period in India, to put him on half-pay, and appoint an officer from half-pay to the out-going regiment.

But this would deprive the royal Duke at the head of the army of the nice little patronage of giving away in twenty-eight regiments commissions valued at £89,600, which soon goes into the pockets of the officers and adds to the dead weight of the "purchase system" to come one day out of the pockets of the unhappy tax-payer.

Does anyone believe that if the civil element ruled at the War Office instead of the military—if the Under Secretary of State at Pall Mall was a civil servant of the Crown, and the check he ought to be on the Horse Guards, in lieu of being merely the registry clerk of the Commander-in-Chief to register in Pall Mall all the jobs perpetrated at Whitehall,—that £89,600 would be given away, and £8,000 a year added to the cost of the Army merely to gratify a royal Duke ?

These are the facts of the case, incredible as they appear, and they are the direct result of the military control at the War Office fraternizing with the military administration at the Horse Guards.

Let this case, then, be the "Shibboleth" of our new Minister at War. Let him at once put an end to this iniquity, or let him own himself powerless against royal influences and private interests, and let the people of this country know that the professions of retrenchment are a mere sham to hit dockyard labourers and junior clerks, but not to touch the "upper ranks," and let them be ready at an early day to demand the accession to power of real reformers who will guard the public purse without respect of persons, and who will not only dish up this nice little bit of "roast pork," but will be prepared, as our transatlantic cousins say, "to run the entire animal."

A WYLDE EPIGRAM.

Said Justice Wylde to Eng and Chang,
D'ye want a separation—
For divorce reasons, please ?
But what is that you hope to gain
By this sad operation ?
"*Dat,*" the twins sigh, "*am ease.*"

THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT.

Here is something that must be worth seeing !

ON WOMEN DOCTORS.—Owing to the enthusiastic reception of JOHN AYLWIN BEVAN'S LECTURE on this subject, he will REPEAT the same To-morrow, at Eight o'clock.

AFTER which he will Exhibit a Foreign Body six inches down his own throat (vide handbills), being the first time this has been accomplished here or elsewhere.

The very startling feat with which this lecture concludes no doubt accounts for the enthusiasm with which it is nightly received. Mr. Bevan's discourse on women doctors must be, as the phrase goes, interspersed with brilliant experiments. As science at the Polytechnic now delights in naked Cupids and comic ghosts, both excellent things in their way, and the Alhambra, once known as the Panopticon of Science and Art, has come down to—well, has become the Alhambra, why should not the faculty look to its own interests as well ? Mr. Bevan's feat reads disagreeably, but as we have not seen the handbills, it would be rash to pronounce on its details. No doubt, with the aid of appropriate music, the lime light, and a good get up, it is a highly striking conclusion to his entertainment. However, though we may object to this union of sensation and anatomy it would be unfair to be too hard on this very original gentleman. Science has had to swallow a good deal in the last ten years, and a mouthful more or less six inches down its throat may well pass unnoticed. Mr. Bevan is evidently determined to be well up with the age.

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LONDON, FEBRUARY 20, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Spanish Cortes have been opened without receiving much courtesy from the Spanish people. "Prim, not polite," has become the national motto.

WE understand in consequence of the extreme lowness of their spirits, caused by the recent snubbing, that our citizen soldiers will be known in future as the *Voluntary-tears.*

THE Fishmongers have been "going it." They entertained the Bishops the other night, who seemed quite at their ease—possibly because both hosts and guests lived upon the produce of the Sees! (seas).

WE have reasons for believing that the Hon. Reverdy Johnson's characteristics may be summed up in the words—"Well bred and butter." This is all very nice, only butter makes a man slippery, and we have not quite settled the "Alabama affair." Lord Clarendon and friends at a distance will kindly accept this information.

MR. BRIGHT, at a banquet held on Thursday last, declared that "at one time he would as soon have expected to be a Bishop as a Cabinet Minister." He gave his audience to understand that he preferred the State to the Church. Perhaps his taste may change. If he does not keep his temper through the debates this Session he may find himself at the end of the year quarrelling with his colleagues, and *all for Lawn!*

THE POLICE ARMY.

THE new Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police is already hard at work on his mission of reorganization. The appointment of a military man to a post which everyone had agreed should only be held by a very intelligent civilian, has made Colonel Henderson, C.B., personally unpopular already. Nothing daunted, however, by the recently expressed opinion of every ratepayer in London that too much of the military character has lately been infused into the discipline of the Police Force, to the destruction of its real and practical efficiency, the gallant Chief Commissioner has proved himself too old a soldier to be frightened by the growls and grumbles of the multitude now that he has once been installed in Scotland Yard, and has framed a programme (probably planned out years ago, before the public took it into their heads to object to gun drill and sword exercise as so much waste of valuable time) which no doubt will shortly be made public.

In the mean time, pending the publication of the new edict, as the subject is one of much interest, we have for once drawn from one of our many sources of exclusive information, and append the following articles, on which we understand the reorganization of the Police Force will be framed.

1. ENLISTMENT OF RECRUITS.—Volunteers for the Police Force shall be between the ages of 17 and 24, of sound constitution, and not less than 5 feet 10 inches in height. Should the number of applications for admission at any time exceed the number of vacancies in the Force, the preference shall be given to the tallest men.
2. UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENT.—The uniform shall in future be as follows:—
   Tunic.—Blue cloth, after the pattern worn by the troopers of cavalry of the Line.
   Stock.—Black leather, three inches high.
   Boots.—Ankle.
   Hat.—Light infantry shako.
   Belts.—White leather—pipeclayed.
   Trousers.—Fitting tightly to the limbs, and secured under the boots by straps. From 1st October to 31st March the material shall be yellow cloth with a brown stripe two inches broad down the outer seams. From 1st April to 30th September white ducks shall be worn.
3. ARMS.—The force shall be armed with the long breech-loading Enfield rifle, fitted with the sword bayonet.
4. DISCIPLINE.—6 a.m.—Muster. 7 a.m.—Breakfast. 8 to 10 a.m.—Musket drill. 10½ a.m. to Noon.—General duties. An hour for dinner. 1 p.m. to 3 p.m.—Battalion drill. 3½ p.m. to 5 p.m.—General duties. An hour for tea. 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.—Recreation. 8 p.m. to 9½ p.m.—General duties. The whole force must be in barracks before 10 p.m.
5. —STATIONS.—The Force shall be quartered in barracks specially built for its reception in some central position where it will be stationed for nine months of the year. During the three summer months the whole corps will be removed to Aldershot, where it will be encamped, drilled, and brigaded, as if a regiment of the Line.
6. —GENERAL DUTIES.—When employed in the preservation of the public peace each constable shall be posted at a given spot, and may occasionally patrol the street to the distance of ten yards in either direction therefrom. The rifle should be brought to the "carry" with "eyes right," during the patrol. In cases of fights, murders, burglaries, thefts, or disturbances arising therefrom, the constable shall immediately march to barracks, where, calling out the gate guard, he shall make his report to the Lieutenant-Inspector on duty, who in his turn shall report in writing to the Captain-Superintendent of the division, who will give the necessary instructions for a detachment to proceed to the scene of the disturbance. Constables when employed on general duty may use their own discretion as to the treatment or disposal of stray dogs, drunken men, organ-grinders and improper characters.
7. —EVIDENCE.—Constables shall in every case furnish a written report of the evidence they propose to give before a court of Justice to the Lieutenant-Inspector of their division, who will return the same to them with such annotations or modifications as the occasion may suggest.

We shall be anxious to see how the new military organization of the police force will answer. Colonel Henderson's appointment is a sufficient guarantee that the above scheme, or something like it, will soon be put on its trial.

ADVICE TO THE SIAMESE TWINS.—Cut and don't come again.

NOT MUCH TO BO(A)ST-ON.—There is to be a grand concert at Boston next year. One thousand musicians and twenty thousand chorus singers have already been engaged for the occasion. "Hail, Columbia!" is to be sung. "Hail!" indeed; why the row will be enough to bring the Goddess of Music to her *bier!*

"*DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS.*"

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—*Not* taken from *Britannia*.)

The Prosplogue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XII.

FOUND IN THE CELLAR.

Deep down where damp departed sprites
Their spirits try to rally,
By pouring liquid fire down
Their parching throat's long alley.

(*Ballads of the Beerhouse*) (No. 2 in the Books.) (1)

Prefatory Note by Major Blake.—To the Reader (*private*). I hear it said in certain circles, in fact, I may say by *all* intelligent readers of this estimable Journal, that the notes and mottoes are by *very far* the best part of this story. It is not in the Major's nature to be vain, but he loves to be appreciated, like all men of genius. He therefore takes this opportunity of stating that he will be happy to accommodate authors who wish to infuse wit and humour, sparkling humour, he may say, into their works, on very moderate terms. Apply to Major Blake, 102 B Albany (Major B's present *chambers*).

AFTER the Moonlight there!

Out into a stone passage, down some stone steps: steady there, Moonlight! one at a time—hold the light a little higher; now then, down some stone steps—a vault—a door.

The butler has got the key in his hand, unnecessarily, the door opens without. A gentle push. All three enter.

Dark. The moonlight is not allowed in the cellars, because of its being rather lightheaded. Very dark—and damp—and cold.

"Nothing here," says the butler, looking into a rack full of empty bottles.

"Very fine port here," mutters John Thomas, looking into a bin of fine old bees'-wing (26s. the dozen.) (2)

"He might be hid underneath the bottles," suggests the Baronet.

"He might," says John Thomas. At the same time he does not think so; because, after all, hiding in a heap of bottles would be rather a rash proceeding. The bottles might break, and then where would the broken glass be? Perhaps in your legs, or eyes.

They go on, and are soon searching in the further cellar. Nothing! Nothing!! Nothing!!!

I say again (in order to fill up a line) Nothing!

They are about to crack a bottle or two to see if any one was inside; for, after all, the man might have been the Bottle Conjuror!

Stop. John Thomas is pointing. The tails of his coat are stiff.

What is it?

Isn't that Something?

It is Something.

(Ever so many asterisks, please, Printer, for I'm very hard up for copy.) ☞ * * *

Why there, on a chair, in the Hall.

In the Hall—on a chair?

A performing dog? No! Yes? It is—*not* Ferdy.

No?

A draped form—a ghost? No! Professor Pepper? No!

It is a living, moving, articulate-speaking creature, of the *genus "Homo,"* of the female gender.

Lady Ruth Rizzio!!!!

Winding up the clock; in her sleep?

No! in a wide-awake? No! In her night ——? For shame! Listen!

Round go the hands—she is interfering with the striking apparatus—and of a second-hand clock. Oh, Lady Ruth Rizzio, has it come to this?

The clock strikes one.

Round goes the minute hand—

Merrily, merrily, round we go.

The clock strikes two!

Yes, two persons, for there, in a gorgeous dressing-gown and embroidered slippers, gazing at the startled lady, interrupted in the middle of the clock trick, stands the well-known form of—

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Lady Rizzio knew it now.

She knew she had been up to some game, and somebody had twigged her!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR SIR,—What is this cant which is going up as a cry about originality?

Have not all great wits the same ideas? Do not the same notions strike all men of genius the same?

It would be ridiculous for me to allow this claptrap to pass without putting my decided veto on it. And why? Why, because I hold that every man who exposes his brain offers me food for my own nourishment. I have fed on other men's brains for a considerable period. No one will deny for a moment that I have fattened on the same; and yet no one, I presume, would dare to step forward and suggest that I lacked talent.

Let the puny penny-a-sceners who have nothing else but their own brains to depend upon step up and confront me. I know they cannot face me, that is why I challenge them.

I have now in preparation a lovely piece, bedad! Sir, a beautiful piece. It opens with a scene from Dumas the elder, followed by a charming idea of Anicet Bourgeois! On to this I have grafted, so to speak, a notion of Fennimore Cooper's, which would be the best situation in the drama, only I have found in a German play not well known something better for the second act. Old Dumas is far too fertile not to lend me another scene in the third act, and I need not say more about the rest except that I have worked like yeast into the whole the famous novel of—but no, I won't blab, or you might accuse me of originality, which would annoy me beyond measure. If you would like a few quotations from Horace's *Ars Poetica*, let me know, and I'll hunt up any you require. I forgot to say the title of my piece will be *Hard Times*. I don't think anyone can say *that* is original.

I am, without the least respect
For you or anyone else,
Your literary superior,
D—N B——T.

DEAR SIR,—I have written burlesques during all my dramatic existence. I have gone to Lempriere for my stories, to Joe Miller for my puns, and to the costumier for my general information. I have principally depended, however, on other people's legs. I only broke down myself when I could not get dancers to break down for me. This being the case, you will acknowledge that it would be a farce for me to think anything of originality of plot which, after all, is nothing. Some men say brains make a piece. I don't agree. I believe in legs, and as long as I have a respectable pair to stand upon I shall write burlesques as I always have done.

Yours sincerely,
MARK MERRYTHOUGHT.

DEAR SIR,—I am an author! a dramatic author! an original author. I join my strongest tones to swell the cry of originality! Nothing like originality!!

The managers are at fault, Sir; they won't have original pieces. They have no confidence in a man who is unknown. I am unknown. The managers have no confidence in me. Is this just? Is this as it should be? Should not the managers be the kind foster-parents to original geniuses? Should they not seek out the mute inglorious Shakspeares, whose gems are born to blush unseen in spite of their rays serene, and encourage their tottering steps by giving them at least a trial, say for a run of three weeks to begin with? But the managers are selfish beings, who think more about their balance-sheet than about literature, who see more beauty in a full gallery than in the outpourings of a poet's heart. You think perhaps, Sir, I have never met a manager. Sir, I have had the extreme felicity of reading a fantastic drama in seven acts to one whose affable manners led me to place some confidence in his consent to hear me. I held him, Sir, with my glittering eye and penetrating voice for full three hours in his private room. I listened not to his cravings to be made acquainted with the principal situations, I knew the force of my dialogue, I felt the power of my stage directions, and I gave him all. I know they went deep into his soul, and though he would have wept at the pathos, my comic bits were so telling that I saw him stroking his moustache through whole scenes to conceal the laughter which their reminiscence excited in him. But even he, Sir, could not grasp the depth of my originality. Even he, Sir, inquired whether my tragic drama was not intended for the opening of a pantomime before putting it into rhyme. I was not discouraged, for I knew that if I read to the end I should effect my will. I knew that originality would triumph. I read on. I never let him sleep for a moment, and as he thanked me convulsively the tear stood in his eye. "Too original, my friend, too original," was all he could utter as I turned to leave him. Yes, Sir, there are victims to this cause, and I am one.

Believe me, yours originally,
LUCIFER GUDGEON,
Dramatic Author.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

AGAINST my second, full of ire,
And glowing with celestial fire,
My first eternal war declared;
An edict cruel straight he penned,
And forth this fatal shaft did send
Full at those gentle breasts for battle unprepared.

All naked to his cruel spite,
They lay beneath the soft lime-light;
The stoniest heart might pity feel!
Beware, great Lord; thou warr'st with those
Who conquer with a smile their foes;
Against such none should point quill pens, much less the steel.

Excited mountain, on thy peak, (1.)
Some relic of this chief I seek; (2.)

Mid snows upon thy icy brow (3.)
This crime to do were easy now. (4.)

To a Roast Goose this word I'd say (5.)
And wash it down with this *au lait*. (6.)

The greatest of his race was he, (7.)
Who on this spot won victory. (8)

Mellow and soft, full ripe with years
This is the drink to drown your fears; } (9.)
Then simply on this ground, you'll swear
There lives no maid on earth so fair } (10.)
As she, who caught your boyish fancy,
And now's, O joy! your own *financy*. } (11.)

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 95.] *LONDON, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE SPHINX TO THE PRINCE OF WALES.

O, NOBLE Prince! you are now beneath the shade of the greatest and oldest monument of man's industry and perseverance, with the ghosts of forty centuries looking down on you. Heir to the richest, if not the most powerful, kingdom in the world, you appear before the face of one who has seen more dynasties pass away than you can number principalities. Listen to the voice of the Great Enigma, and learn wisdom from the experience of ages.

You enjoy advantages which very few princes, if any, before you ever enjoyed. You have been brought up under the watchful eyes of parents whose virtues are known and admired throughout the whole civilized world; you have had constantly before you in your youth a living example of blamelessness and purity of life to which history affords no parallel, and you have been indeed happy in winning a wife who is fit, not only to prompt but to take her share in noble deeds. You have, through circumstances which should not be without their lesson, been compelled to take a more active part in the duties of royalty than generally falls to the lot of an heir apparent, and have thus the opportunity of securing an apprenticeship to your kingship which ought to enable you to mount the throne with the confidence as well as the affection of your subjects.

I have seen many great monarchs fall from their high estate through their own faults, as well as through misfortune. Ambition I do not think is likely to be your failing; but the love of pleasure, which has been almost as prolific a source of ruin to kings and princes, may be. This is an age when the ingenuity of man finds vent in elaborate schemes for amusement and appliances for luxury as well as in steam engines and great guns. Pleasure is worshipped now as zealously under a Christian religion as she ever was in the days of gorgeous idolatry. Look upon the vast and solemn monuments of stone that tower above you—no less enduring, no less venerable is the memory of a good king. The ruler who employs his people in building up their country's progress will never need a pyramid to perpetuate his name. But the memories of dissolute princes and bad rulers are buried in the sand, the only trace of their greatness being a few whitened bones, round which the hyæna prowls, on which the vulture perches. You will tell me that you will have no power as King of England. I tell you that you will have the greatest power which belongs to royal rank, that of inculcating virtue by your example. Even now your influence is almost boundless. Young men of the present day are courtiers enough to offer to their prince the flattery of imitation; they will exaggerate his vices, if they fall short of his virtues; and you have only to look not far from your home to see how a profligate monarch creates profligate subjects, and in what wide-spreading waves the degradation of intellect passes over a whole nation.

The world is very clever now. If I were to come back to life I should give up asking enigmas, for in this age of double acrostics the trouble of inventing and of solving ought to be enough to turn one's brain inside out. Everybody would guess them, and I should have to pass most of my days in knocking my head against a stone. In my day few princes knew how to read, fewer still could write their own name; now everybody, even the very dogs and horses and pigs, are educated, and it is in your power, Prince, to guide the literary and artistic talent of your country into a noble or into an ignoble channel, according as you suffer your declared tastes to be vulgar or refined. Believe me, the irksome monotony of regal ceremonies will be much easier to get through, if your leisure hours are passed in striving to aid struggling merit, and advance the progress of growing intellects, in encouraging what is high and noble in art, in discouraging everything that is vulgar and debasing. There are many enigmas which a prince might do well to try and solve now; enigmas far more difficult than the simple one which Œdipus answered, but which, like that, involve the question of man's progress. Cut the gordian knots which entangle so many vital problems of social life, and your fame will outshine Alexander's if not Alexandra's. Ponder, O Prince, on the few words which I have spoken, ponder on the memories which surround these grand and silent monuments of the past, and your visit to the Sphinx will not have been useless.

BOTH SIDES OF IT!

IT appears that the Emperor of Russia has telegraphed to that unhappy youth, the King of Greece, to congratulate him on his adhesion to the Conference. This is all the public knows of the matter. The real explanation is as follows:—

[PRIVATE TELEGRAM.]

St. Petersburg, *Feb.* 17, 1869.

If you don't knock under at once I'll take away your wife, your toys, your pocket-money, and send General Ingaestshikof down to Athens with a mustard-plaster and a stout cain.

[PUBLIC TELEGRAM.]

St. Petersburg, *Feb.* 18, 1869.

The Emperor of Russia congratulates the King of Greece on his courageous determination to adhere to the decision of the Conference.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

DEMON FRED.

1.
WELL,—yes, I've read the papers; yes,—
An awful bore, you know.
The leaders? Well, you see,—that is,—
I think the leaders low.
The Convent case? Yes, that was good,
I read it all;—great fun.
Distress in Bethnal Green? Oh! no.
That sort of thing I shun.

2.
Let me explain myself a bit,
My style is quite unique;
I am an English gentleman,
On *that* myself I pique.
I move in a good set, you know;
Am, what you call, well bred,
And don't quite see how I have earned
The name of Demon Fred!

3.
It's true, of course, beyond myself
I haven't got a thought.
To bore about a hundred things,
What decent fellow ought?
If dirty people starve and die,
That's hardly my affair.
I've other calls upon my time,—
My boots, my gloves, my hair.

4.
It's bad enough, just now and then,
To see the brutes one meets,
Without being told they've got no homes,
And live upon the streets.
For if they're hungry, better starve;
I'm sure they might as well:—
How can one dine, if one can't have
One's *truffles* and *Moselle*?

5.
Yes, I have seen subscription lists,
And charities, no doubt,
But must confess I never yet
Have cared what they're about.
I take it that your pious ones
Will listen to the call,
Yes, Bethnal Green's all very well,—
But where's my opera stall?

6.
Ah, want's a dreadful thing! By Jove,
I know it is, of course,
For full three weeks I've set my mind
On Charley Palgrave's horse.
You know—the bay, fine action! Why,
Most any price 'twould bring!
I'd like to show him in the Row,
Oh, want's a dreadful thing!

7.
A deathbed going on down there?
Ah, disagreeable sight!
I'm more concerned, of course, to know
My necktie is all right.
What, eighteenpence would save a life,—
Perhaps a fellow's soul?
Dear me—but I must get a flow'r,
To fill this button hole.

8.
You think I'm cynical? Well,—no,
I can't say I see that,
I own I like to have things nice;—
I'm careful of my hat:—
My coat's well made,—and for the rest,
They know me in Pall Mall,
I beg your pardon, did you ask,
If I'd thought much of *hell*?

9.
Why should I? I'm good company;
Will tell you what's correct.
I do the proper thing. By Jove,
What more can you expect?
I wouldn't cross the road—who would?
To give a fellow bread.
But I've no tail or hoofs, so why
Misname me Demon Fred?

AT THE COUNCIL.

Before MR. TOM-A-HAWK, *the Presiding Magistrate.*

Very sherious case—"I stand on my Ambiguity."

Mr. Watts Phillips, who described himself as a dramatic author, was brought up charged with loitering about in a suspicious manner. It was proved by a detective attached to this court that the prisoner had, for the last few nights, taken up his residence at the Queen's and Holborn Theatres to the intense annoyance of the Press and the Public.

THE MAGISTRATE.—What was he doing there?

WITNESS.—He said he was amusing the public with some of his pieces.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Was he?

WITNESS.—Oh dear no, Sir! On the contrary, they declared themselves frightfully bored.

THE MAGISTRATE.—What was it all about?

WITNESS (*laughing*).—That's what none of us can make out, I never saw any thing so mysterious in all my life.

THE MAGISTRATE (*turning to prisoner*).—Can you tell us what the pieces were about?

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—Certainly not, Sir. I stand upon my ambiguity (*laughter*).

THE MAGISTRATE.—Come now, let's try to get to the bottom of this matter. We will leave the Holborn drama out of the case as *too* hopeless of comprehension, and confine ourselves to the Queen's—I see you call your piece there *Not Guilty*. Surely, that title was used more than a year ago by another author?

Mr. WATTS PHILLIPS.—Yes, it was.

THE MAGISTRATE.—But won't your assumption of the name cause a little confusion?

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—Of course it will. I told you I stood upon my ambiguity! (*Renewed laughter.*)

THE MAGISTRATE.—Well, we had better perhaps call a few witnesses—they may be able to help us to find out the plot of the piece.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—If you are going to call any of my characters, I tell you once for all that it will be useless. They all of them stand on their own ambiguity! (*Roars of laughter.*)

SILAS JARRETT was then called.—He hadn't the remotest notion who on earth he was. He only knew that he broke into a house in Southampton. Took the command of the Madras boat, was threatened with a pistol, jumped into the paddle-wheels, swam to shore, and was made a warder of Dartmoor Prison for his services. There misbehaved himself shamefully by allowing the convicts to sing comic songs, neglect their work, plan mutinies, &c., &c. On account of this he was promoted to the command of a regiment in India, was knighted and made a hero of—unhappily, falling in love with the heroine of the piece, it became necessary to transport him for life. Accordingly he *was* transported for life. And that was all *he* knew about the matter.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Can you tell us nothing more?

WITNESS.—Nothing; unless it be, I wore in India a pair of white trousers, with a gold stripe let in down the side. My laundress refused to wash them.

MR. ST. CLAIR called.—Didn't know very much about himself. Had a vague idea that he was running through a large fortune by giving away £5 notes to beggars he met in the streets. Fond of excitement. Had a very eccentric lawyer.

MARGARET ARMITAGE examined.—Thought she was married, until the third act, to Robert Arnold. Found out there was some mistake. Dyed her hair and married him in the fourth.

ROBERT ARNOLD examined.—Was a workman, with a most excellent education and *très distingué* manners. Thought he was married to Margaret Armitage, until he found that he was in love with her daughter Alice. That's all he knew about it, except that he was forty years old in the first two acts and only seventeen in the third and fourth.

MR. JOHNSON called.—He painted the scenery and lived on board the "Madras Boat." Knew that the piece had something to do with a battle-field and India. That's all *he* knew about it.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Really, this is trifling with the time of the Court. Why, no one seems to know anything about the piece.

MR. WATTS PHILLIPS.—I told you before, as I tell you now, that I stand on my ambiguity! (*Roars of laughter.*)

The Magistrate's Clerk here whispered to the Magistrate.

THE MAGISTRATE.—Why, I have just heard that the piece is a mere translation from the French. Really, Mr. Phillips, if you must "borrow," you might as well choose something of value. The case is dismissed.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

ON SOME SOCIAL GLORIES OF ENGLAND.

FOLKESTONE, FEB. 22, 1869.

I SUPPOSE that there must be a special providence ruling over all great and noble designs. I am induced to commit myself to this opinion, because having, as you know, long hungered for an opportunity of displaying the social glories of England in their true light, one, and I think I may add, a golden one, has occurred to me at last. I can scarcely keep calm as I jot down the welcome news, as a fitting heading to this communication. A Mons. *Paul Brioche*, with whom I struck up an acquaintanceship and changed cards at *Etretat* last year, has absolutely suddenly accepted my invitation to spend a month with me at my charming *propriété* at *Bromptom*. I certainly asked him after dinner—but never mind, he is the very thing I want just now, and that's something. I have never even "done" London myself, and here is an occasion not to be lost. We will do it together. I mean to lionise this Frenchman everywhere, and note how *he* is struck with English customs, ideas, and institutions. Must stop here. Waiter says the boat is in sight. Go on with this on the pier.

CASUAL NOTES TAKEN ON PIER.

Ah! there's the boat. Roughish weather, but a fine sight. Sea looks like—like, well—like rolling spinach! Sailor says, meaning boat, I suppose, "lively as three pints of grog, ain't she, Sir?" I don't quite follow him, but she is "lively" certainly. I wonder whether *Mons. Paul* is a first-rate sailor. Better he shouldn't be. This fine fresh blow around our old weather-worn coasts will show him what a rugged hardy race of islanders we are. Couldn't be better weather to *impress* him. Hulloah! there goes my hat! Sailor will stop it. Sailors stop anything. No, he's missed it. Doesn't matter—there's something British and characteristic in seeing a boat in without a hat. Here they are alongside. I wonder which is *Mons. Paul!*

NOTES ON BOAT.

Only six people on board. Two smoking, one waving at me for some one else, and three on their backs. But they all look comfortable. No, he can't have come. Steward says they have been four hours and a half, and that it was "very dirty outside." "Yes, there's a foreign gentleman in the cabin." Has he suffered? Steward says, "Dreadful, Sir! Enough to kill a porpoise." Steward doesn't laugh when he says this. When the steward doesn't laugh it generally means real distress—and even danger. I thought so—it's *Mons. Paul!*

IN THE RAILWAY STATION.

It *was* hard work, getting him up the ladder, but we managed it. He looks very bad certainly—like a wreck of something that may have been stylish once. As far as I can make him out he seems to have started on the other side bran new—a sort of nautical dress, with a good deal of unnecessary fur about it. He has lost his hat. I try a French joke about this, but it doesn't take: he's not up to a joke yet. Of course, he wants refreshment. I tell him we have ten minutes before the train starts, that there's nothing like a meal after sea water, that the English restaurants at the stations are first-rate, and strongly advise him to try bottled stout, boiled beef, and parsnips, or some trifle of that sort. All this in English of course. He doesn't understand, or pretends not to. I try French:—

"Après le voyage, c'est mieux de prenner un poo de quelque chose. Supposez vous tryez de patisserie Britannique." (This pointing to a Bath bun.) No, he won't. "Quelque autrer chose?" (That meaning a plate of acid drops in tins, two sponge cakes, some hot water, and an advertisement of Fry and Sons' chocolate creams.) Just like my luck. When I wished to impress him, this is the kind of thing that happens. Of course he refuses. I smile, and tell him it's *not* the *buffet*, but little remedies for sea sickness, and point to the *Pavillion*. "Voilà le vrais restaurant Anglais. C'est magnifique dedans." He doesn't follow me, and evidently thinks it's a military hospital. Can't help it. Ah! the train. We'll show him the rate we go it in England. None of your French creeping over here. We are in a first-class carriage at last. *Mons. Pol* (he calls himself "*Pol*") seems happier.

"Tickets, if you please, gentlemen." I give mine, he fumbles for his.

"Ils sont bien civil ces guards de chemin de fer en Angleterre," I throw in to fill up the pause, and impress him slightly. He has found it.

"Here, you can't do this. This is only for first and second. Yours don't go till 8.52."

I suspected as much. Mons. Pol has come third. However, I remonstrate, and say something laughingly about "strangers" and "mistakes."

"Oh, *he* knows what he's about fast enough. They're always at it. Never a boat comes in but one of 'em trys to sneak up like this. Here, you—you must turn out; turnè out, unless you're agoing to pay one pound three and ninepence—and you don't look like it."

This last is said with a wink at me and a couple of other guards, who, apparently having nothing particular to do, hang about with iron pincers on the chance of a ticket turning up.

"This gentleman is a friend of mine," I observe at last, for the thing seems to be getting disagreeable, and it's better to stop it while it's quiet.

"Well, Sir, you'd best get him out. He's no rights in a fust with a night ticket." I thought my manner would have "carried him off"—it won't. Why do they always humiliate and insult third-class passengers in England?

ON THE PLATFORM AGAIN.

Train off without us. I explain to him in French that *Folkestone* is worth seeing. He talks vehemently now, and says something about the docks. He takes it for Portsmouth—but it doesn't matter. I thought so—it's going to rain. And we have got five hours and a half before 8.52. I feel convinced I *shan't* be able to impress him.

"Avez-vous jamais vu le grand tour de Martel—'le Martello tower?'"

"Non, jamais!"

"Eh bien,—nous le ferons ensemble," and we're off to do it!

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

WASHINGTON, FEB. 23, 1869.

General Grant to Mr. Reverdy Johnson.

WAL, you old cuss, you. Darned if we don't mean to ketch hold of that British lion of yours by the tail, and not let go till he's paid up slick every darned cent. I'm General Grant, I am, darn you.

LONDON, FEB. 24, 1869.

Mr. Reverdy Johnson to General Grant.

I'm cussed sorry to hear it.

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LONDON, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE momentous question, "Who's Griffiths?" has given place to the still more momentous one, "What's Phillips?" Whether the answer—viz, "The Safe Man"—is the same in both cases, we leave to the managers to say.

THE Lord Chief Justice is likely to have a cheerful time of it, if the example set in the case of Saurin *v.* Starr is followed by many people. We may expect to see Mrs. Fitzmaurice Jones bringing an action against Lady Adela Flash for excluding her from the celebrated Tuesday evenings in Perceval Square. Or, what is more of a parallel in the aspect of the case, Mr. Bill Lockit will bring an action against Her Majesty's Government for refusing to accommodate Mr. Lockit any more in Millbank.

WE understand that a new ecclesiastical appointment of great importance is about to be made. A Bishop unattached will be created, whose duty it will be to go about with the Right Hon. John Bright to all public dinners. Before dinner is served the Bishop will accompany the Minister into a small private room, when the right reverend gentleman will be expected to take off his coat and receive heavy punishment for ten minutes (no hitting below the waistcoat allowed), after which invigorating appetiser it is hoped Mr. Bright will be able to get through dinner without any exhibition of violence, but, if necessary, he will be allowed to take a similar "refresher" after dessert.

Q. E. D.

IT is strange that our contemporaries should have chosen the present season of all others, when we have really some serious home affairs to interest us, to ventilate once more that stock bugbear of newspaper readers the Central Asian Question; but such is the the case, and the *Times* has been doing its best to persuade the British public that the position is serious, and that there is really something to be alarmed about. What England wants, what Russia wants, what course events have taken, to what end they are tending, and, in point of fact, what the events themselves are, are some of those things which "no fellow can understand," and few pretend to. At the same time, however, as the question seems to have occasioned a feeling of uneasiness amidst a certain class of people, who probably neither know nor care where Turkestan is or to whom it belongs, the Government have deemed it wise to take the matter up, and, with the view of allaying any possible anxiety that may be felt regarding it by the general public, have published the following correspondence, which we trust will once and for all satisfy the alarmists of the honesty and straightforwardness of the policy which Russia is adopting towards this country:—

(LETTER NO. 1.)

Foreign Office, Whitehall,
15th February, 1869.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward for your Excellency's consideration, copies of certain statements which have recently been published in the columns of the London press, regarding the proceedings of the representative of the Russian Government in the provinces of Central Asia. In submitting these documents to your Excellency, I do not for a moment hesitate to believe that you will assist Her Majesty's Government to set at rest a question, the unravelled intricacies of which are of universal importance, although the results of the complications, which I may venture to hope may never arise, are not only unappreciated, unknown, and misunderstood in this country, but are even totally at variance with all rules of international and intercolonial controversy.

I have the honour to be,
&c., &c.,
(Signed) CLARENDON.

To His Excellency the Ambassador of Russia,
at the Court of St. James.

(LETTER NO. 2.)

Chesham House,
16th February 1869.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordship's letter of yesterday's date, and I am glad to be able to reply to it in the same unreserved spirit of frankness in which it is written.

With regard to the political tendencies of the diplomatists of Afghanistan, and in justice I should add of Turkestan as well, I have no hesitation in informing you on the part of the Government of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, that the progress of civilization far outweighs the proceeds of an accidental and precarious monopoly, and that the strongest mountain barriers of the world need not be disestablished, while they may render utterly inevitable the absorption of the natural exigencies which are alike ambiguous in their nature and soul-stirring in their development.

I have the honour to be,
&c., &c.,
(Signed,) BRUNNOW.

The Right Honourable the Earl of Clarendon, K.G., Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Whitehall.

(LETTER NO. 3.)

Foreign Office, Whitehall,
18th February, 1869.

SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's communication, and to convey to you my appreciation of a policy, which, embodied in a few convincing sentences, has most completely set at rest any uneasy feeling that may lately have arisen regarding the attitude of Russia in the affairs of Central Asia.

I have the honour to be,
&c., &c.,
(Signed) CLARENDON.

To His Excellency the Ambassador of Russia,
at the Court of St. James.

Two great points have been gained by the publication of these letters. In the first place, any suspicion of bad faith on the part of Russia towards this country is shown to be unwarranted, and in the second, the lucid statements both of Lord Clarendon and Baron Brunnow, have reduced the hitherto inexplicable Central Asian Question to a basis of such simplicity as to be comprehensible to the very meanest intellects.

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The Prosylogue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN WHICH LADY RIZZIO DOES NOT COME DOWN TO BREAKFAST.

Alas! alas! it came to pass
My lady kept her room,
With gloomy tick, in a shady nick,
The deathwatch sounds her doom.

"DITTIES OF DEATH," BY AN EX-M.F.H.

MORNING breaks.

Hearts break. So do banks(1), so do heads—when they are hit hard enough.

The first to join the morning was the cook.

She opened the shutters,—a second Aurora, with a decided red glow on her face.

"Just my luck," she muttered, "the sun a shining away as if there weren't no kitchen fire nor no hot plates to stew over."

The sun is thoughtless; he has too much to do to think of everybody's comfort.

In came Jane, Susan, and, last of all, very white and puffy about the eyes, John Thomas.

"Lawks, John, you do look fishy," says Jane.

"Ah, Jane, you would not talk like that if you knew what we found in the cellar last night."

"Oh! What, John? do tell us! was it a rat?"

"A rat! it was a man."

"A young man?" asked Susan with a giggle.

"Well, I don't know whether he was young or no. All I know he was dead," replied John Thomas, sulkily.

You see he had a right to be sulky: he was sole proprietor, at least is, as far as that company was concerned, of a great sensation (2), and somehow or other the great sensation had not gone off as well as he expected.

But he was rewarded now. Everybody turned a dirty white and leant up against one another.

"Yes," continues John, getting a little more genial, "he was as dead as I ever seed any one, and, what's more, he was murdered!"

Great sensation. If all the blackbeetles (3) in Christendom had got loose, there could not have been greater consternation.

"How?" asked Jane, breathlessly.

"How? Why, with a corkscrew, screwed right into the top of his spynal vertybreeze."

General faint.

Leave we the regions of the kitchen, let us mount to the more refined regions of the breakfast-room.

Flossy and Eliza, pale, subdued, eating toast in sippets. Enter Ferdy in a gorgeous velvet suit.

"Oh! Mr. Ferdy, have you heard the news?" asks Flossy of the golden hair and banjo.

"No, but I've seen a ghost."

"Tell us about the ghost."

"No, tell me the news."

They tell him. It discomposes him. A murdered man! and the body in the next room!

Ferdy shuddered, and waved his scented cambric in front of his nose.

"But your ghost story?" asked Flossy.

"I intend to publish it. I cannot tell it gratis."

"Oh, you stingy wretch! I'll give you twopence."

"Done! that's a penny more than I should have got for it in my fashionable journal."

He was just going to tell the story, when Eliza rose up and said in a stately voice:—

"Lady Rizzio is very unwell—in bed. She has got the tic very badly. I must send for the doctor."

The tic! Poor Lady Rizzio! She had caught it of the clock.

It never does, reader dear, to play with old Father Time; no, it does not do at all.(1)

John Thomas was looking at his watch.

"Good 'eavens, if 'taint two hours slow! And yet I set it by the 'all clock last night. I remember it well."

But the watch was two hours wrong for all that, and Lady Ruth Rizzio had got the tic!

CHAPTER XV.

FERDY FINDS A CORKSCREW.(2)

I've got it.
SIR WALTER SCOTT (Waverley Novels).

FERDY wandered forth into the garden with a cigarette.

He was thinking.

Presently up came the butler.

"Would you mind letting me look at the cellar?"

The butler was a good butler—first rate; not young. No; butlers should not be young; they should be of some age—in fact, of a good vint-age.(3)

He was civil. He took Master Ferdy at once towards the cellar. As they passed the pigeon-house they heard voices.

Flossy and Leopold.

"You will meet me?"

"Well, yes, if you like."

"Like? Oh, Flossy! You know I worship your very chignon."

"You silly boy! Be it so, then. At the dairy at four."

Ferdy passed on. They were in the cellar. The butler showed him where IT was found.

"Ah! he had not got at the thirty-four."

No, no, he had not; he was only in the "24s. per dozen, bottles returned," bin.

That's lucky! Ferdy stooped down and picked up something.

What?

A silver corkscrew case, and on it a name.

He reads it with the eye in which his glass is not stuck.

"Bravo, Ferdy! that's the ticket for soup. (4) Go it, my hearty, you want to shut that young spooney snob up, you want some ready, you want a banking account, you want a new dress suit, you want a yacht, you want some cigarettes, you want a moor, and a few toothpicks. This will do it."

And whistling gently to himself an air out of *Robert the Devil*, Ferdy sauntered off to the Baronet's private room.

(1) They do indeed, and the infamous directors reap the profits. Hitherto Major B. has only been a shareholder—a confiding shareholder. The time may come when he will be a director.

(2) This reminds Major B. that he is the inventor of two most remarkable sensations, which are certain to make the fortune of any theatre. Managers may be liberally treated with. P.S.—No Irish need apply.

(3) Major B., whose resources are boundless as his information, has got a certain cure for black beetles. It is very simple, and consists in killing all the black beetles before they breed; which in a short time must completely exterminate them.

(1) Quite true, especially if limited to three or four months, and the stamp of that demon of oppression, the Inland Revenue Office, is set on it.

(2) The Major can recommend his own patent safety one, warranted not to shake the wine.

(3) This pleasant jest has caused many a hearty laugh—long ago, when the Major's hair was curly and never streaked with grey, when he used to get up early and his heart was always so gay. Oh, Templars! Oh, Maories! Tempus tintax rarerum. Rare rum it used to be, at the convivial meeting at the "Three Pots."

(4) May one who has himself known the ups and downs of the world, the hunting field and the Clare market, and who is ever prone to aid the poor and miserable, may this pillar of integrity draw attention to his "Equitable Universal Pentonville Pauper Soup Kitchen?" Tickets (three basins once a week), 1s., to be had solely of Major B.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SHUT UP.

GODFREY.—How say you?
[ANSELMO *nods.*]
GODFREY.—Indeed?
ANSELMO.—Aye!

THE PLUNDERERS, a Drama (*not yet acted*). (1)

LEOPOLD and Flossy stood in the dairy.
"What delicious milk!" she whispered.
"Oh Flossy!"
"I love cows."
"So do I."
"No! Do you? How funny!"
"Ah! if I was a calf and you were a cow, do you think you'd take care of me?"
He says this vibrating with passion. Poor boy!
"Perhaps, if you were a nice calf, and did not kick."
"Kick you! Oh Flossy!"
"Did you ever eat mangold wurzels?" she asks, with a smile.
"No, but I would do anything for your sake."
"What! would you live on Thorley's food for cattle?"
"Oh, try me—dearest—try me!"
"Or on thistles?" This with a twinkle of her blue eye.
"Yes, on anything."
"Oh you donkey!" she laughs.
"Why do you torture me? Oh, Flossy, be mine"—
"And live on thistles? No, thank you."
Her eyes drop. Eliza enters calm, angry—
"Go, menial," she says, waving Leopold away.
"Menial! Miss Eliza, you are vituperous. My father is"—
"ARRESTED ON A CHARGE OF WILFUL MURDER!" sneered Ferdy, as he entered the dairy.
Too true! too true! he had lent the stranger the key of the cellar. And we know the result.

A PLEA FOR VELOCIPEDES.

BY THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

1.
THE Centaurs, we learn from old classical source,
Were in shape a man's body spliced on to a horse:
But this freak of Dame Nature by art is outdone;
Man, carriage, and horse we can now see in one!

2.
They may say that our stables are not what they were,
That the Turf is declining,—well, try Shanks's mare!
Never fret about stamina, think about breed!
The nag always in training is Velocipede!

3.
No shying, and no broken knees to regret:
Better pay the coachbuilder, than call in the "Vet":
'Tis the idiot alone who his money devotes
To curbs, splints, or spavins, or bruising of oats!

4.
The old saw about "*shoulders*" we now must repeal,
And, instead, let us say—put your foot to the wheel!
Four legs you think needful your journey to do?
In these days of retrenchment I'll beat you with *two!*

5.
Jove's messenger, sent with a note from the sky,
With wings on his heels was accustomed to fly:
So we imitate Hermes of classical song,
Like glorified knife-grinders, treading along!

6.
And this new style of coaching is now such a rage,
One may say with some truth that "*the world is a stage;*"
With the why and the wherefore I'll prove it the more,
For 'tis nowadays legs, and legs only, that *draw!*

7.
And who knows but, when Science is running a race,
Neck and neck with Improvement and forcing the pace,
Soon the diligent wife in the park may be seen
Going out for a drive on her Sewing Machine!

8.
Take advice, and away with your groom—lock the door
Of your stable—the horses are not worth their straw—
Shanks's mare for my money! I speak what I feel—
Who so fit to be *spokes*man as th' *Man at the Wheel?*

(1) Apply to Major B. All rights reserved. Terms: Half share of profits.

OUR PRIZE COMEDIES.

NO. I.—PLUCK.

(By the Author of *His'n, Cash, Style,* &c., &c.)

CHARACTERS.

Bob Points . . . . Mr. TOTNAM CORT.
Beau M'Thuselar . . . Mr. FEENIX.
Aniline Dighe . . . Miss MARIOTTA WIDDISON.
Young Ladies, Grooms, Butlers, Wild Animals, &c., &c. by a host of auxiliaries.

ACT I.

THE MEADOWS.—BULLSOBATION.

Girls' school passes at the back, singing

(AIR—Home, Sweet Home.)

Abroad in the meadows
To see the Ba Baas,
Run sporting about
By their woolly Mammas.

Enter BOB POINTS.

BOB.—Fellows don't seem to have brought the lunch. After all, what is lunch? Something to fill up time and one's interior in the middle of the day.

Enter at back grooms with lunch.

POINTS.—Thought M'Thuselar would be here. Beau M'Thuselar, we call him. Poor old Beau, he's made up of paint and hair—good deal of hare. Still believes he is killing when he ought to be killed for making love to that charming girl Aniline. I think I could die for her. O love, love, why do you carry all your canvas spread when the hands have gone ashore? Ah, here you are at last—thought you had died of old age on the road.

Enter BEAU M'THUSELAR.

BEAU.—Bob, my boy, lunch ready? *Paté de foie gras,* champagne cup. Lunch is dooced good.
BOB.—After all, what is lunch?
BEAU.—Lunch, my dear fellow, is hunger's siesta. Had any sport?
BOB.—Not winged a solitary cock. Sport is only knocking birds up for the pleasure of knocking them down again. You've been married, I think?
BEAU.—When I was quite a boy. My wife died, bless her, or I should have been another man.
BOB.—Davy Jones, probably. After all, what is marriage?
BEAU.—Or celibacy?
BOB.—Or butter milk? Both very good things, but join them with a hyphen and they are like the Siamese Twins—monstrous.
BEAU.—What a thing it is to be at college! That's where all your force comes from. I never was at college.
BOB.—Why not matriculate? Everybody matriculates now-a-days.
BEAU.—Gad, sir! That is an idea. I'll take my degree and come out junior op.
BOB.—It's the only thing wanting to make a young man of you.
BEAU.—Bob, I quite agree with you, and I'll go as sure as my name is M'Thuselar.
BOB.—Who gave you that name?
BEAU.—M. or N., I forget which. What is that noise?
BOB.—Noise is the concussion of sounds.

Passes at back ANILINE, *pursued by a bull.*

BOB *and* BEAU *rise.* BOB *makes off, singing* "*Thro' the Wood.*"

BEAU.—Where's my valet? A bull is an unpleasant beast to meet. O nature! why do you put all your unpleasant beasts in the fields? [*Totters down to front.*]

Enter, while BEAU'S *back is turned,* ANILINE DIGHE.

ANILINE (*smiling to* BEAU).—O, my preserver!

BEAU.—The bull! the bull (*turning round*)! No, not a bull, but a deer.

ANILINE.—Don't be afraid!

BEAU.—Dear me, I'm not afraid. In point of fact, what is a bull?

ANILINE.—Listen. Just now I was pursued by a mad cow. Suddenly a lovely tenor voice struck my ear and that of the cow at the same time. The tune saved my life, for the cow died of it. That was good fortune.

BEAU.—Good for tune, but bad for cow!

ANILINE.—I must be off to find my preserver. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BOB.

BOB.—Quite an adventure.

BEAU.—That you, Bob? Such a long way off—thought you were the ghost of the bull.

BOB.—Don't trifle.

BEAU.—If it comes to that, what is trifle? Soapsuds at top and all the cake and spirit at the bottom.

BOB.—You mean what is pluck? A bull rushes or a cow slips—a girl is frightened and a man becomes a hero. See what I've found (*brings out a pair of Balmoral boots*).

BEAU.—Scarcely the young lady's size.

BOB.—Can't say. Found them close to the dead cow.

BEAU (*looking with his glass*).—Must be half-calf I should say.

BOB.—Or Bullmorals.

BEAU.—What do you suppose I've got?

BOB.—A pick-me-up I sincerely hope.

BEAU *shakes his head.*

BOB.—Cigars more probably.

BEAU *brings out babies' shoes.*

BOB.—Socks by jingo!

BEAU.—*Sox et præterea nihil,* as Cicero says. But here comes the charmer.

Re-enter ANILINE DIGHE.

ANILINE (*to Beau*).—Oh, my preserver!

BOB.—No; he's only preserved. I was your preserver.

ANILINE.—Oh, my preserver. I knew you were. Have you found anything?

BOB.—Found? I have a heart, which I never knew before, and a pair of soles.

ANILINE.—They belong to the Master of Trinity, my father.

BEAU.—Gad! I shall matriculate to-night. Also a pair of socks.

ANILINE.—They belong to the Dean, my uncle. [*She takes both.*] I should like to stay longer, but duty takes me away. Do not follow me. [*She retires slowly, looking over her shoulder.*]

BOB. } This is pluck. [*They look after her as she goes.*]
BEAU. }

Curtain descends.

ACT II.

THE LECTURE-ROOM.—BOTHERATION.

Enter BEAU.

BEAU.—Jolly being at college! I get younger every day. [*Looks about for his desk.*] Very short-sighted still, but that gives me a fashionable appearance. Don't know my Latin Grammar yet, though; confounded nuisance these lectures. [*Sits at desk.*]

Enter BOB.

BOB.—Hallo! you're the new freshman, ain't you? What do you think of college life?

BEAU.—I like the life, but don't care about the college. The dons will persist in thinking I ought to be more serious at my age. After all, what is my age?

BOB.—Can't say. Anything the other side of a hundred.

BEAU.—Gad! Bob! I shall be angry if you talk nonsense. Come down the river after lecture?

BOB.—Boating, sailing, or how?

BEAU.—I shall go in a funny. I like handling sculls.

BOB.—Like Hamlet, rather a grave subject at your age.

BEAU.—Confound you. My age! I'm young enough to punch your head. [*Gets up and hits out.* BOB *returns, when—*

Enter ANILINE DIGHE.

ANILINE.—Gentlemen, I beg.

BOB. } A lady. [*Both take off their caps and bow.*]
BEAU. }

ANILINE.—You may think it odd that I should be here, but the fact is, my father, the Master, is at Newmarket, and my uncle, the Dean, has been gated, so I have been requested to examine the gentlemen at lecture.

ALL.—Hear! hear!

ANILINE.—Hush, if you please. You are begged to look upon it as a matter of course. I had asked several ladies in to assist at your examination, but they were passing a rigorous examination themselves in "Mangnall's Questions" in the Senate House. So I am alone.

BEAU.—A loan we will repay with heartfelt thanks.

ANILINE.—Silence. [*They are trotted out. Afterwards sit.*] We will first take Roman History. You. What remark was made by Brutus to Cæsar when Mark Antony returned from Brundusium?

BEAU.—"Tityre! tumque cano vox populi tegmine fagi."

ANILINE (*to Bob*).—You always know. Why did Quintus Curtius shoot the geese of the Capitol?

BOB.—In order that he might be Dux of the Roman army.

ANILINE.—You (*to Beau*). What does Dux mean?

BEAU.—Don't know.

ANILINE.—Next.

BOB.—A Leader.

BEAU.—Leda had nothing to do with Dux. It was a swan.

ANILINE (*to Bob*).—Why did Pandora slip down when she went to the play?

BOB.—Because there was Hope (soap) at the bottom of her Box.

ANILINE.—Let me see.

BOB (*to Beau*).—I shall send her a Valentine.

BEAU (*to Bob*).—No; I shall. I said so first.

BOB.—I don't care.

They are squabbling when

ANILINE.—Attention! I mean silence in the court. Now 760 U.C., the Romans were looking for a Dictator, and the times were troubled, and their choice was difficult. Who did they consider a safe man?

BOTH (*rising*).—Griffiths.

ANILINE.—No, no. Who's Griffiths? Why was the Greek historian Herodotus charged with lying?

BOB.—We charged him because He rode at us.

ANILINE (*shutting her book*).—You may go.

BOB.—That's a blessing. I shall send her a Valentine.

(*Goes out with his head over his shoulder.*)

(BEAU *is going too.*)

ANILINE.—Stay. My back hair wants brushing. Be good enough to remember you are a freshman. (*Aside.*) I like humiliating him.

(BEAU *takes small brush out of his pocket.*)

BOB (*putting his head in*).—The brush is for the winner. Let me pluck it from him.

BEAU.—This is more than pluck.

Curtain.

ACT III.

THE RIVER-SIDE.—LONG VACATION.

Enter BEAU, *with camp-stool under his arm, He looks about, and finally sits in centre. N.B.—A real pump in foreground.*

BEAU.—Charming, charming! This is life. I feel the young sap rising in my old trunk. The Long Vacation will soon begin, and still I feel inclined to stay where I am. I adore the college head, the college porter, and the college puddings, but, more than all, I adore the College Belle—Aniline Dighe. Let me read over the Valentine I am going to send her:— [*Reads.*]

My dearest love, I feel quite shy.—
To thee I write, my Aniline!
With thee I'll live, with thee I'll die,
If thou wilt be my valentine.
I'll fetch thee cottons, lemon-peel,
Shirtings, shallots, or sherry wine,
Indigo, starch, and cochineal.

I've spelt cochineal with two e's; but bad spelling is made up for by good intentions.—

Indigo, starch, and cochineal—
Say only I'm your valentine.

There. I don't know about the poetry, but the sentiment is all there. If our college governess, Miss Brix, caught me at the back of the college at this hour, I should most likely be rusticated; as it is, I shall not wait in the damp, but go and leave this at Aniline's door. Before I go, however, I should like to ask Bob what is love. He does not seem to be here. Never mind, that will keep. [*Exit.*

Enter opposite, BOB POINTS, *with a milk-jug.*

BOB (*coming towards pump*).—I had asked one or two men to tea, and, finding the commons short, I came out to add to the limited portion of milk left by the gyp. How like Society this is! Show us ever so little of the milk of human kindness and we pump cold water on it. [*He pumps.*] No water! Leave well alone. [*He takes off cap and gown and leaves them on pump.*] I will creep out past the porter and buy the rich cream itself.

As he goes, enter ANILINE DIGHE. *Silence for a time.*

ANILINE.—Mr. Points ——.
BOB.—Call me Bob.
ANILINE.—Mr. Bob Points ——.
BOB.—Plain Bob, I beseech, you, Miss Dighe.
ANILINE.—How is it, Mr. Points, that I find you out at night with a jug—like a nightingale?
BOB.—I was going to fetch the milk for my tea.
ANILINE.—O! let me fetch it with you ——.
BOB.—We are not at school now, but at college. I am not sure whether the authorities ——.
ANILINE.—Say no more; I will go with you. [*The moon comes out.*]
BOB.—Does it not make you feel good to look at our shadows?
ANILINE.—Truly it does. I wonder why shadows are given us?
BOB.—That is only known to artists, lovers, and Professor Pepper.
ANILINE.—See! We are now together—and now apart!
BOB.—And now like two convicts in a prison, the jug unites us.
ANILINE.—That completes the pitcher, does it not?
BOB.—We understand each other, Aniline?
ANILINE.—Bob is not half short enough.
BOB.—Then call me Tizzy, love. [*They go out together, gently.*

Enter BEAU.

BEAU.—What did I hear about jug? First catch your hare!—

Sweet Aniline,
My valentine.

Charming, charming! I think I said that before. [*Sees pump.*] Stay, there is Bob. I may ask him now. [*Takes pump handle.*] Bob, my boy—What is love! [*Pumps.*] An outpouring, a gushing ——. Why don't you answer? Your heart is too full, I know. It brings the water to your eyes. It makes me feel inclined to sing. Music, Bob is the food of love; and my particular dish is Handel. Handel, Bob, stick to that. Bless you!

Enter BOB *and* ANILINE, *running.* BEAU *starts back.*

BEAU.—Ha! what is this? My Aniline in the arms of another!
BOB.—Beau, my boy, the proctors are out—where can we fly to?
BEAU.—Don't be alarmed, Bob, my boy. I'm fly, and we'll fly together. Miss Dighe—[*takes pump handle*]—trust to me, I will come to your succour.
BOB.—I hear the bull-dogs!
BEAU.—Their bark is on the shore. Follow me to my rooms.
ANILINE.—I will fly with you.

BOB *drops on his knee to* ANILINE, BEAU *drops on his knee to pump.*

Curtain.

ACT IV.

THE DENOUEMENT.—PERSPIRATION.

A drawing-room full of furniture, a piano, &c.

ANILINE.—What a lovely apartment, so homelike and snug! I wish I could find a seat without knocking everything over. I have passed the night on the sofa, while those two brave hearts kept guard outside in the passage. Here they come.

Enter BEAU.

BEAU.—I feel so young, Miss Dighe, when I see you.
ANILINE.—Do not flatter me, Mr. Methusaleh. Where is Mr. Points?
BEAU.—Bob has gone down to pass his *post-mortem* examination. We all have to pass it sooner or later.
ANILINE.—May all good angels help him through it!
BEAU (*sitting at piano*).—Sweet thought! Nice girl. Are you afraid of lightning, Miss Dighe? (*Plays "Up in a Balloon" slowly.*)
ANILINE.—Afraid? Oh no; I like thunder.
BEAU.—She likes thunder. (*Plays bass deep.*)
ANILINE.—When two sympathetic clouds approach there is a flash, a roll of thunder—the love of the storms.
BEAU.—She is splendid! Miss Dighe, let me say Aniline.
ANILINE.—Certainly not. You know Bob is away.
BEAU.—She calls him Bob. Do not call him Bob.
ANILINE.—This is ridiculous; doubly—trebly so. (BEAU *plays treble.*)

Enter BOB.

BEAU.—Trebly so! Bass deceiver!
ANILINE.—At last. Oh joy! What news?
BOB.—Plucked again. After all, what is a degree, more or less?
ANILINE.—Plucked! then I am yours. (*Falls into* BOB'S *arms.*)
BEAU (*starting up behind piano*).—This is too much for me; refused by Aniline, my Valentine—overcome with grief at the failure of my best friend, I feel old age creeping, creeping on; and whereas I felt scarcely more than forty, I am now going gradually below piano. O age! age! why do you go before honesty? (*Sinks out of sight.*)
BOB.—My dear girl, I will go in again and again for my degree, and will yet come out wooden spoon.
ANILINE.—May we spoon for ever, dear! The Governor will fork out.

BEAU *comes from piano an old man in white hair, &c.*

BEAU.—I find I no longer draw, so have given up painting, and take kindly to my wrinkles and grey hair. I have been good for so little during my silly existence that I will now write you a blank cheque which you can fill up on your wedding day to any amount under three million four hundred seventeen and a penny.
BOB.—My own Aniline! Beau, you're a good plucked one as well as I.
BEAU.—I will not stay here longer to disturb you with my hated presence. You are in my rooms; keep them, and bless you; but I would say before I go that the errors of my youth and the frivolities of my old age are not my fault. I never knew a mother's care, and so have fallen into paint, pearl-powder, and puerilities, which otherwise I should have despised. I am an orphan.
BOB.—I have often thought as much.
ANILINE.—We did not know this, Mr. M'Thuselar, or would have treated you as such. Pray live with us, and make yourself at home!
BOB.—That being settled, let me once more ask—What is Pluck?

Tableau
BOB, ANILINE, BEAU.

END.

For one short hour we have played the fool,
Burlesquing College life instead of School;
There Robertson has met his usual luck,
And shown what genius does when back'd by *Pluck.*

Curtain.

AN INTERESTING PRINCIPALITY.—The County Court.

ADVICE TO THOSE ABOUT TO GO TO LAW.—First ask yourself this question: "Are you morally in the right?" If the answer is "No," go to law by all means, you'll be certain to win.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 96.] *LONDON, MARCH 6,* 1869. [Price Twopence.

THE CONVENT CASE.

The long trial of Saurin *v.* Starr has at last come to an end. It has been the very sea-serpent of cases. Tedious, tiresome, trivial as most of the evidence has been—inexpressibly childish as the dispute has been—the case will long remain as a monument of the patience and scrupulous fairness which distinguish our great legal tribunals. That it was possible for such a case to be tried before the Lord Chief Justice of England alone shows how perfect is the religious and civil liberty of England. In no other country in the world could Miss Saurin have brought her wrongs before a court of law; in no other country could a case involving the minute laws and petty regulations of a religious community have been fairly tried before a civil tribunal. Unedifying as have been the revelations of the bickerings and meannesses of a number of women living an unnaturally secluded life, still we may fairly congratulate ourselves that, in spite of some few cases of individual bigotry which have manifested themselves in the form of offensive letters addressed to the judge and counsel employed in the case, there has been on the whole a perfect readiness to separate the case entirely from religious disputes, and to regard the facts honestly and dispassionately from a mere legal point of view.

There are some who have advocated conscientiously, and not from any sectarian prejudice, the inspection of convents by Government. We don't see that any Government has any more right to inspect such places than to intrude its officers on Societies of Freemasons, or on Clubs. If any persons choose to form a society, so long as they respect the rights of property and the laws of morality, their internal organization can be no affair of the Government. Of course the buildings which they occupy should be subjected to the same sanitary regulations as all other houses; but, whatever our opinion may be as to the amount of good or evil which the conventual system effects, we feel sure that the placing of such establishments on the same level as workhouses, gaols, and lunatic asylums, by making them subject to Government inspection, would be a very dangerous experiment. But we see in this case that when the law is called in to judge of disputes arising in such institutions, it is able to deal with them in a spirit, and with a power, which vindicate its dignity and authority.

Though we may fairly point with triumph to the fact that such a trial is possible in England, we cannot but hope that we may never again have a similar proof of British liberty. The fact that for twenty days the time of the Court of Queen's Bench has been consumed in the investigation of the case involves an immense amount of cruel delay and injustice to the parties in other suits waiting for trial. This is a practical consideration; and we certainly, should gain one good thing by the expenditure of so much valuable time, if the attention of Law Reformers were drawn to the possible extension of the system of Grand Juries, and to the devisal of some means by which vexatious and trivial suits might not be allowed to stand in the way of important actions which involve very large interests and demand a speedy settlement. The appointment of regular arbitrators in connection with all our courts, who might be empowered to report on such cases, and, if possible, to adjudicate on them, would be a great boon. We have seen in this gigantic trial that no reliance can be placed on the prudence or self-restraint of counsel; the time of the Court was often needlessly taken up by elaborate attempts on the part of the "learned brothers" to create laughter, a very common failing among lawyers, and one which they carry with them sometimes to the bench. Nor were the loquacity and inconsequential prolixity of the witnesses sufficiently restrained; and much of the evidence might well have been omitted. We may remark here that this tendency to playing the buffoon is one which seems to be increasing among counsel, and which is sometimes carried to such lengths as seriously to disgust those whose sense of decency is stronger than their sense of humour.

Probably a certain section of the press will make great capital out of this trial. They will hold the Roman Catholic religion up to contempt, as if that, and not human nature, were answerable for the petty meannesses and prejudices exposed in the course of the evidence, &c., &c. If the private life of many families were brought before a court of law, they would be found, without any regard to the religion of their members, to be quite as full of jealousies and petty tyrannies as any convent. We do not want to make religious capital out of the case one way or another, but rather would extract from it a lesson of charity and mutual forbearance. To some natures convent life may be of great benefit, just as teetotalism is; but, as moderation in pleasures of the table, and the power of self-restraint, are nobler qualities than total abstinence, so is it more noble to do our duty in the ordinary social relations of life, unselfishly and perseveringly, than to withdraw into a state of seclusion, which, while it may afford more leisure for doing good, never can afford so many opportunities.

A FETTERED EXHALATION.

Watts to be done to him? Fillip him with a three-man beetle or a double-breasted Tarantula for producing such a piece! A Dead Heart must be his only excuse, or he would not dare to plead "Not Guilty!"

54806a

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

NOW that real cabs, real water, real fire-engines, real horses and pigs have had their turn on the boards of our Metropolitan Theatres, why should not real events with real people be reproduced upon the Stage? Good plots would not be scarce, for here is a drama of real life—official life too—which, with a real staircase and real accessories, would be certain to run a hundred nights at any west-end house. If the play is a little bald in construction and hurried in action, it must not be condemned as improbable, for we pledge our word that it is but a record of the simple and unadorned truth.

RETRENCHMENT;

OR, THE FATAL CHEER.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS, BY THE STAFF OF THE WAR OFFICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE (*an overworked official, fond of peace and quietness*).

FIRST UNDER SECRETARY (*charged with the preparation of the Army Estimates*).

SECOND UNDER SECRETARY (*charged with the maintenance of discipline in the War Office*).

THE ASSISTANT CONTROLLER (*a Retrencher*).

CLERKS, APPLICANTS, MESSENGERS, ETC.

PERIOD—*February*, 1869. SCENE—*Pall Mall.*

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A Room at the War Office.* FIRST UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE *discovered deep in papers.*

FIRST U. S.—Well, a saving of a million on last year's estimates is something worth talking about. It's a pity though that the Cabinet have insisted on adding £65,000 for the removal of the big guns from Woolwich. It's a large item for a small purpose. I wonder what the General will say to it. He won't like it, I'll be bound. [*A knock heard.*] Come in.

Enter the ASSISTANT CONTROLLER.

A. C.—I just looked in, my lord, to let you know that I've found that we can save another £600 on the widows' allowances, and I think perhaps we shall be able to get a few odd hundreds out of the medical comforts for men in hospital.

FIRST U. S.—Well, that's something on the right side, for I am sorry to tell you, General, that the gun question was brought before the Cabinet yesterday, and they insist on the £65,000 being asked for.

A. C.—What! £65,000 added to the estimates after all the trouble I have taken to cut them down?—(*getting angry*)—pray, my lord, what am I here for if my work is to be undone by those who know nothing about the business?

FIRST U. S.—Very sorry, General, but we must bow, you know, to superior authority.

A. C. (*violently*).—You may if you like, but I will be dashed if I do. I'll resign this very hour, and never enter this blessed building again. [*Exit in a rage.*]

SCENE 2.—*The Staircase. Clerks are seen passing to and fro.*

FIRST CLERK (*meeting Second Clerk*).—Heard the news? The General 's resigned.

SECOND CLERK (*cheerfully*).—No! you don't say so! What a good riddance, to be sure!

Enter THIRD *and* FOURTH CLERKS.

THIRD CLERK.—The General gone? Why this is something to rejoice at. His cheeseparing was getting past a joke.

FOURTH CLERK.—Rejoice at? I should think so. We ought to give three cheers.

FIRST CLERK.—Let's do it. [*They do it.*]

The staircase echoes with hoorays as the curtain descends.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

The Next Day.—Another Room at the War Office.—The SECRETARY OF STATE *and his* SECOND UNDER SECRETARY *are discovered.*

S. OF S.—Dear me! this promises to be a very troublesome business. So when he heard of the increase he went off there and then and sent in his resignation?

SECOND U. S.—Yes, Sir. He sent it in, but I have held it back. Perhaps the General will think it over and change his mind.

S. OF S.—Let's hope he will. It will never do to let him leave with a grievance. Just at the beginning of the Session too. Get him back by all means. Mind, I know nothing about it.

SECOND U. S.—I quite understand. And how about the cheering, Sir? Some notice must be taken of it.

S. OF S.—And I know nothing about that either. You can do what you like. I can't be worried about mutinous clerks. I have something else to think of. [*Scene closes in.*]

SCENE 2.—*The* ASSISTANT CONTROLLER'S *Dining Room. Time: After Dinner—The* ASSISTANT CONTROLLER *discovered sipping a glass of port.*

A. C. (*gloomily*).—Yes, I was too hasty. £1,000 a year is £1,000 a year, and what do I care for the big guns? I'm sure I've done all that is possible to cut down the estimates, and if I am over-ruled it's not my fault. I wonder how Sir Edward took my resignation.

A postman's knock heard.—Enter Servant with a letter.—

A. C.—Ah, from the very man. Marked *private*, too. (*Reads.*) "Resignation held over. The Chief knows nothing about it." Advises me to come back. Well, I'll think it over.

The ASSISTANT CONTROLLER *lights a cigar and smokes complacently.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*A Room in Pall Mall.*—SECOND UNDER SECRETARY *discovered seated, and four* CLERKS *standing before him.*

SECOND U. S.—Yes, gentlemen, I have nothing more to say regarding the gross outrage of which you, on your own confessions, stand convicted. It is now my painful duty to inform you that you are suspended, pending the Secretary of State's decision in your case, but I warn you to be prepared for the severest punishment. Regard yourselves as ruined men.

(*Awful consternation of* CLERKS, *during which the* ASSISTANT CONTROLLER *enters, waving a paper.*)

A. C.—Hold! not so! I have withdrawn my resignation, and I bring with me the Secretary of State's pardon for these gentlemen.

SECOND U. S.—Then all ends happily.

A. C.—Yes; and if the public outside will overlook our shortcomings on this occasion, we will promise never to repeat our little comedy again.

Curtain.

TO THE TUNE OF A TENOR.

THE fine of Ten Pounds inflicted on Mr. Sims Reeves at Cheltenham for not appearing as a witness in an action brought against his agent for breach of contract, should be a salutary lesson to our spoilt singers. Apart from an utter disregard of the convenience of the public, tenors have come to look upon themselves as sacred persons, owing no allegiance to the majesty of the law, and peculiarly exempted from its provisions. The judge of the Cheltenham County Court has, however, set them right on this latter point, and it is to be hoped his decision will have its effect. Certainly the popular verdict in the case of Mr. Sims Reeves is "serve him right," tempered with a little just indignation that a popular favourite should have appeared to such bad advantage. No wonder the stage, as a profession, is at a discount, when its brightest particular stars show themselves to be such ill-conditioned members of the community.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

SIXTY-NINE DIVES.

1.

YOU'VE had a hearty laugh or two
At those who want their dinners;
You've cracked a joke at the expense
Of paupers, thieves, and sinners;
Have smiled at death *et cetera*;—
Good funning this, no doubt;
Yet I'm the greatest joke of all,
And you've not found it out!

2.

I am a Marquis. Wealthy? Well,—
I might, I think, say, nearly.
I might be wealthier;—well there,
Call it three millions yearly!
How do I spend them? Spend! that word's
Like poison in my cup.
What! *spend* my darling golden bits!
Oh! no—I hoard them up.

3.

As I grow old, the lump grows big:
Wealth waxing fat, then fatter!
I live an anxious miser's life;
I'm wretched,—but no matter;
I watch my hoard. The gaping world
Crys out, "Ah! what a sight,
That man's worth six of Dives!"—and
The gaping world is right.

4.

Yet it is said, dogs eat the crumbs
That fell from off his table.
A wasteful practice that! E'en crumbs
I pick up, when I'm able.
And as to Lazarus, I don't
Care what he did of yore.
In Eighteen Sixty-Nine he'd best
Not hang about my door.

5.

Yes, I do give to charities;
Believe me, I've no passion
For giving anything,—but then, alas!
Subscriptions are the fashion!
And being known, I'm forced to give
My hundreds here and there.
Though many find it harder work
Their halfpennies to spare!

6.

It is a great and noble thing,—
Would it were not *de rigueur!*—
To lead off on some Earthquake fund
With a good double figure.
But who knows what it costs the heart
That has that sum to pay?
It is a wrench, when one owns but
Nine thousand pounds a day!

7.

Nine thousand pounds! Just think of that,
If caution were at zero,
And I went regularly in
For luxury like Nero.
Nursed every want, fed every taste,
And made this world my god,
My surplus then would be about,—
Let's say, six thousand odd.

8.

Yes, that would do a deal of good,
Spread many a mighty blessing.
But, pardon me, you don't quite seem
To know whom you're addressing.
A thousand mouths may cry for bread,
A thousand infants die.
A million goes to my account;
So what on earth care I?

9.

There must be suffering and sin,
And all that botheration.
Men never were all born alike;
Each of us has his station.
What! help the poor, and *feel* the gift!
That Gospel truth! it's rant.
Responsibilities of wealth?—
Mere socialistic cant!

10.

But what's the use of argument?
Let parsons try to wheedle
A man of means like me, and quote
The camel and the needle!
The world has seen some specimens
In my peculiar line;
But I'll back Dives as he is
In Eighteen Sixty-nine!

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

OUR friend, Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., who has been living in strict retirement for some time, for we have heard nothing about him for several months, has at length made his re-appearance in the world. He seems, however, to have left the South Kensington Museum to its own devices, for instead of giving his whole time and thought to its completion, the worthy C.B. has been lecturing on Military Reform at the meetings of the Society of Arts.

Few people who know anything of Mr. Coles' disposition will suppose that, having once declared himself as a Reformer, he is the man to rest content with distinguishing himself on one subject alone, and, therefore, the following announcement of Mr. Cole's arrangements for the ensuing season will occasion little surprise to the public. The only fear is that the places chosen for the delivery of Mr. Cole's discourses (which we append to the subject of the lectures) will scarcely be large enough to accommodate the eager crowds who are sure to flock to listen to his eloquence.

MARCH.—The Advantages and Disadvantages of a Limited Monarchy, *Buckingham Palace.*
The Irish Church, *Exeter Hall.*
The Musical Pitch, *St. James's Hall.*
APRIL.—The Central Asian Question, *India Office.*
Capital Punishment, *Old Bailey.*
Velocipedes, *Crystal Palace.*
MAY.—Church and State, *St. Paul's Cathedral.*
The Heroes of Shakespeare (with illustrations), *Covent Garden Theatre.*
The Ballot, *St. George's Hall, Liverpool.*
JUNE.—Commercial Dishonesty, *Royal Exchange.*
The Originality of the Christy Minstrels, *Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle.*
The Capitation Grant, *Guildhall.*
JULY.—Our Foreign Policy, *New Foreign Office.*
National Education, *British Museum.*
The Civil Service, *Somerset House.*
Universal Suffrage, *Trafalgar Square.*

Mr. Cole's programme is as yet completed but for half the year, but, nevertheless, it is already tolerably exhaustive. What a boon to our public men it will prove to have a great authority ready and willing to express an opinion on all the subjects of the day! Mr. Cole should be persuaded to enter the House of Commons, or, should he object to the Lower Chamber, in common charity to accept a Peerage.

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LONDON, MARCH 6, 1869.

THE WEEK.

A BRUTE was brought up the other day for beating his little boy in the most cruel way. His sentence was a fine of £10 and costs, or three months' imprisonment. There is much virtue in an "or" here. Ten years' penal servitude and a fine of £100 would have met the requirements of justice.

A DISCUSSION has been going on about "Flying Childers." This is not a nickname of the First Lord of the Admiralty, as might be imagined from the great speed with which he swooped down on the unfortunate clerks in his office, and the rapid road to economy which he attempted. "Flying Childers" was a celebrated racer. Mr. Childers' ambition is, by striking out so many items of expenditure, to be a celebrated eraser.

THE QUEEN, we are happy to say, though unable to open Parliament, still maintains an unabated interest in the affairs of the country. She is said to have inspired the Lord Chamberlain's manifesto; and the other day she vindicated the dignity of her noble relative the Commander-in-Chief, by demanding the dismissal of Mr. Trevelyan. The Lord of the Admiralty has, however, been pardoned this time; but some unfortunate official at Court has been condemned to read all the hot-headed young man's speeches. We did not know they kept a scape-goat in the Court.

SCANDALMONGERY.

AT the end of last week a startling paragraph appeared in all the daily papers, from the *Times* downwards, to the effect that the most extraordinary revelations might be expected to result from the Admiralty prosecutions in the recent bribery scandal. In every instance, however, the London newspaper gives the *Dundee Advertiser* as its authority for the announcement. We are not aware from what peculiar sources of information our North British contemporary collects its facts, but pending the fulfilment of its prophecy it would certainly have been better if the London press had forborne to give currency to what may probably turn out to be an idle and mischievous rumour. There is certainly a screw or so loose in the Contract Branch of the Admiralty, but it is scarcely just to the great body of officials who have nothing whatever to do with the recent fraudulent transactions to stamp the whole department at the head quarters of all that is dishonest on this account. Articles with such headings as "Wholesale Plunder at the Admiralty," and "More Robberies at Whitehall," should not be admitted into the columns of respectable journals—at all events on this side of the Tweed.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

(*See* CARTOON.)

HAS he no faith?
He, who has broken all the trusts reposed
By country, blood, or treaty,—who has spurned
The promises he made to France, to all mankind?
Has he no faith? Yes, in his Destiny.
And, step by step, that Destiny appears
More definite in form, the outline filling up,
And, day by day, its hard relentless hand
Clutches some tie within its grip, some tie
Which lies still knotted round his callous heart.
Walewski, Morny, Moustier are dust,
Ανάγκη is his Destiny! and as the night
Closes at last around the throne of Day,
Darkness will follow with its solitude.

PINNOCK AT THE PRINCESS'S.

FROM THE YOUNG PLAYGOER'S CATECHISM.

Q.—So you have been to see *Marie Antoinette* at the Princess's. The leading part is well played, I hear?

A.—Yes; Miss Lydia Howard, the infant actress, is a precocious child.

Q.—Do you like children on the stage?

A.—No, I do not; they are a *very* great bore indeed!

Q.—Do you mean to say, then, that you think the Dauphin as portrayed in Oxford street, would have justified a Reign of Terror?

A.—I do.

Q.—Indeed! but let us pass to a very much more serious subject—Mr. Vining's impersonation of Louis XVI. What struck you most in his performance?

A.—His dressing-gown. Mr. Rignold, however, plays the part now.

Q.—He is *very* affecting, is he not?

A.—*Very*, but he gets in the way of the "panorama of action" terribly, as indeed does all the pathos. The combination is distressing.

Q.—Precisely; well now tell me what you mean by a "panorama of action."

A.—It is a piece with a peculiar cast; I will give you the leading characters in *Marie Antoinette*:—

An Artist - - - - -	MR. F. LLOYDS.
Another Artist - - - -	MR. DAYES.
A Musician - - - -	MR. W. H. MONTGOMERY.
A Machinist - - - -	MR. R. E. WARTON.
A Furniture Dealer of Versailles (*residing in Southampton row, Bloomsbury*) - - - -	MR. LYONS.
A Perruquiaer - - - -	MR. CLARKSON.

Q.—You are right; that is a peculiar cast. Is everything very exact, nice, and new?

A.—Everything—especially the "Frantic Paris Mob." That is the nicest, newest, cleanest mob you can possibly imagine—and so musical.

Q.—Is there much "realism" in the panorama?

A.—Yes; three real horses, two hundred real wigs, and a real pair of scissors for the Queen's real hair, and, I should say, a great deal of real expense.

Q.—Thank you, that will do.

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ALONE IN THE WORLD!

LOUIS PHILIPPE
CAME TO THE THRONE

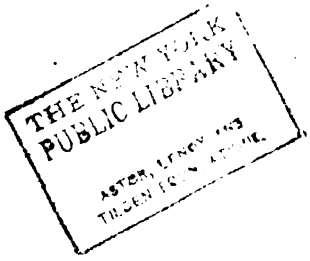
1830		1830		1830	
Born	1 7 7 3	Birth of Queen	1 7 8 2	Married	1 8 0 9
1848		1848		1848	

WALEWSKI, Morny, Moustier are dust,
Αναγκή is his Destiny! and as the night
Closes at last around the throne of Day,
Darkness will follow with its solitude.

[*See Sketch.*

LOUIS NAPOLEON
BECAME EMPEROR

1852		1852		1852	
Born	1 8 0 8	Birth of Empress	1 8 2 6	Married	1 8 5 3
1869		1869		1869	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"DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—*Not* taken from *Britannia*.)

The Prosplogue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CHAPTER OF MORALIZING.

Oh sweet it is to stop and drink
From Truth's pure crystal well,
To quaff the free pellucid stream
Which publicans don't sell.

SONGS BY A WATER-DRINKER OF TWO DAYS' STANDING.

ALONE amidst his groves of weepers and stately avenues of coffins sat Craper Mute.

We have not heard, dear reader, of our friend the undertaker for some time, have we?

You see, he was not wanted before.

We don't want death often—at least not for ourselves.

Pede Claudo, limping along—stopping for refreshment by the way at every shady spot or quiet inn, always seeming to be coming and yet never getting up to the door—that is the way Death pays his long-owed visit to some. Stealth, yet swift—silent, yet, oh, how firm! is the tread with which he comes down upon the young, the happy, the careless, the intestate! Yes, that paralytic, jaundiced, gouty old man, whose death means comfortable independence to many struggling on in laborious poverty—what a very long time Death is making his final call on him!

Reader, dear, generous, unsordid if impecunious reader, do you not wonder that more murders are not committed? that more rich persons who have made their wills are not assisted over the last mile on the Road of Life? (1)

Reader, we are halting in the midst of our journey to moralize, just as the tired horse or mule stops at the stream of pure clear water to drink, not at the stagnant pond, oh, no!

Oh, scrumptious and wealthy reader, would'st thou be loved heartily in thy life and mourned sincerely in thy death? Take thou this my advice.

It must be printed in italics.

Devote your wealth to the cause of charity, by bestowing it on sundry persons, in the form of Life Annuities terminating at your death.

Then see, Oh beneficent Dives, what a long train of mourning friends Craper Mute will have to dress when he provides your funeral.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BURIAL CERTIFICATE.

Give me the Proofs!
PRINTER'S DEVIL.

CRAPER MUTE sat alone.

Still as before over his ledgers.

It was the Derby Day, and the sun was shining through the stained glass.

Mute had stained glass in his windows, because, as he said, it reminded him of the "Vaunted Hiles."

He meant vaulted aisles.

A young man, fashionably dressed, entered, a dark blue veil over his face.

"Ah, yas! Mr. Craper Mute—ah, I believe?"

"At your service, Sir."

"Ah—yas! I want to ask you something—ah! yas!"

"One moment. I must ask you one question first. You are not a comic singer from a Music Hall trying to imitate a gentleman, are you?"

"No, confound you, ah—what the deuce? ah—yas!"

"Oh, because if you were I would engage you to sing to my people before they go out in the procession. It would give them the proper expression of melancholy."

"Ah, yas! you are a sort of wag—ah!"

"I have my gleam of 'umour, like the silver plates on the coffin lid."

"Exactly so—talking about coffins—you once buried somebody or other—ah!"

"I've buried a good many somebodies or others in my time."

"Yes, this was down at Rizzio—ah! a sort of a quiet thing—you know—walking—two bearers—mourning—all that sort of thing—ah!"

"What's your name?"

"Ferdinand."

"Not the ex-King of Naples?"

"No, not as I'm aware of."

"Proceed."

"Thank you—yas—I want to know the party's name."

"Oh, I see—your name is Desborough—Fitzgibbon Desborough?"

"How the deyvil did you know that?" exclaims Ferdy, for Ferdy it was. (1)

"Well, I know most things. I've buried more than one secret before now. Listen!"

He whispers in Ferdy's ear.

"No, you don't say so! Oh, then I may as well take off this thing."

He tears off his veil. He felt disguise was of no further use.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Then—you have—the what-you-may-call-it!"

"I have the certificate."

"Ah—give it me."

"For a consideration, to quote Mr. Phelps."

"Will a fiver do, ah?"

"No—you must sign this."

And Craper Mute produces a large sheet of paper. (2)

"What! a bill? never!"

"No, this is an order for a first-rate funeral from me addressed to your executors."

Ferdy signs it, feeling rather chilly as he does so.

"And here is the certificate."

Ferdy takes the paper—and with a hasty nod to Craper Mute, he is gone.

At the corner of the street he stops—and by the light of a triumphant grin which spreads over his whole face he reads the name of

* * * * * * * * * *

CHAPTER XIX.

IN WHICH FERDY DOES NOT KEEP BOTH HIS EYES OPEN.

He that visits the lion's den is happy if he leaves nothing but his clothes behind him.

ORIENTAL PROVERBS (Translated by Major B.)

IN a public-house near Long Acre.

A dingy little back parlour—in which four men are seated.

Effervescing poison in bottles with tinfoil round the necks, falsely calling itself Champagne, before them. Curious phenomenon that men will drink any nastiness if it only fizzes—just as they admire any woman, however ugly, if she is impudent.

Ferdy here—but in another dress—a shooting suit and a black pot hat.

One of the men is a grimy greasy fellow, who looks as if he had upset a quantity of very fat gravy over him, and then had rolled in the dusthole in order to dry himself.

"Ha! so the mare won—Mr. Desburrer? How will you stand the shot?"

(1) This reflection opens up an immense field of speculation, over which the intellect of Major Blake, like a pack of clever and patient hounds, runs over and over again, searching for the fox—the solution. I have an uncle! Ah, me!

(1) It was weak of Desborough to admit it. I never admit anything, except a cheque drawn in my favour (Major B).

(2) He might have known it was not a bill from its shape. Curious that writs, bills, and cheques should be so like one another in shape. Ah, what woes does not the injured but upright Major B. owe to stamped paper! But he forgives it; for sometimes, at a pinch, it has stood him in good stead.

"Oh, I ain't afraid, Jem. I've hit on a mine."

No lisp, no drawl now.

"Where? not in Sutherlandshire. That's all rot, isn't it?"

"Well, I should not think there could be much gold in Scotland; the canny natives would have had it out before now. But my mine is a man's pocket."

"Eh!" All three men become interested suddenly.

"What?" says Jem, "you have not nailed the Barynet?"

"Safe as the Bank—"

"Lud! I pity's the poor buffer, that I do."

One of the three lifts up his face, which had been buried in a Cashmere wrapper, and listens.

Where, reader, have you seen that face before? Not in Rizzio Hall? No, not in Rizzio Hall, creeping slowly down the cellar steps with a corkscrew in his hand? No, reader, you must be mistaken.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! I'll skin the old boy."

Ferdy's laugh is very harsh.

The man in the Cashmere scarf clasps something very hard under the table.

"What are you a after of, pinching my knee like that?" says greasy Jem.

But it was not his knee that R——, I mean the stranger, pinched.

Ferdy rises to go; he is rather unsteady on his legs.

"Good-bye, Jem; don't forget settling day."

"I shall be there—all right."

He goes out, and the party breaks up; only the man in the Cashmere wrapper is left.

"I will have it—I will have it—if I die for it."

* * * * * * * * * * *

Early morning, and the sun is having his first round with the London blacks—one down, t'other come on. Brave sun!

One beam, that has had a regular hard fight with a great lout of a chimney, struggles through the fog and falls on—

What?

On the body of Ferdinand Desborough, lying in nothing but a shirt, senseless, at the door of the Lambeth Workhouse.

[Note].—The foregoing chapters require some explanation; but the original (!) author, having persisted in his course of gross plagiarism, nothing was left for the author of this *Original Novel of Principle* but to steal a march on him. The above chapters belong to the third volume of the novel "Fallen among Thieves," and were procured by the intervention of a confidential friend of unblemished integrity—(meaning me, Major B.).

THE NEW COURT DRESS.

"This new and gorgeous garment," be it cloth
Or velvet, comes, methinks, to mock at form,
If Courtiers are prepared to go this length
Of Trowsers—O, unkindest cut of all,
To bring derision on the limbs of men!
"Once more unto the *breech*, dear friends, once more!"
At home, there's nothing so becomes a man
As gaiters, and th' unmentionable garb
That has its goal and limit at the knee.
So,—when the virgin muslin swathes the neck,
And gait is trammelled by entangling swords,
When collars gold-embroidered cut the ears,—
Take copy then from slaves of grosser blood;
Aye, imitate your flunkey's nether man,
His menial development; and let it pry
Through its thin prison house of silken hose,
As fearfully, as when a paper bag
Enshrines some substance angular, that pants
For freedom.—O, ye yeomen, good and true,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
What beef and beer have made them! who so base
As would cry shame upon his food, and hide
Redundant Nature with superfluous cloth?
I doubt you not. Swear vengeance on this scheme
Of Trowsers! Shoddy rot the web of them!
And Bankruptcy enmesh the recreant snips
Who in sartorial madness sewed the work!—
Avaunt such fashion! though it be the go
For Tom, Dick, Harry,—Cry ye, "Not for Joe!"

OUR WEEKLY PROPHET.

(Obtained at a Great Outlay.)

March 1st.—"March first and fall out afterwards," as the Volunteer officers remarked when they squabbled with their corps. The following general orders will be posted up in the various Volunteer offices, orderly or otherwise, in the metropolis:—"The Volunteer Review will take place, as is already known, at Dover. All Volunteers wishing to take part in the sham fight will meet at the Pier-head between the hours of two and four in the afternoon of the day before, and will march on to the nearest steamer, which will be expressly engaged to take them out to sea (if rough weather) in order to try their capabilities as sailors before proving their value as soldiers. The Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports will be in attendance to teach the rules of Bezique sent down expressly by the editors of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who will also forward an amateur Volunteer to report on the feeling existing between officers and men during the Review. At the various military messes the colonels will recommend officers to sink ports, and take entirely to sherries during the stay of the Lord Warden.

March 2nd.—A porpoise will be caught on the coast of the Serpentine. Intelligence of the capture will be telegraphed to Mr. Frank Buckland, who will at the moment be too deeply engaged with his rats and monkeys at dinner to take any immediate notice of the message. The porpoise will get away and do grievous havoc among the schooners and cutters of the Serpentine fleet. Mr. Frank Buckland will arrive in time to find he is too late. Nothing daunted, he will take one of the numerous wherries, and rowing out into the immediate neighbourhood of the sea monster, will forthwith read a leader from the satirical journal *Land and Water*, which will have the effect of soothing the porpoise's nerves to such a degree that he will fall an easy prey to the seductive naturalist, who will, on bringing him to shore, pack him up in a hamper with a little ice, two specimens of the *Pangual Calcarossa*, and a full-grown *Grampax Cardiniferalis*. Owing to the ravenous propensities of this latter member of the *Infusoria*, no vestige will remain of the porpoise on arriving at the Zoo.

March 3rd.—Will be easily distinguished from March the second by being a day in advance of him in every way. A sudden fall of snow will be reported by a hungry penny-a-liner, who will record at the same time, and with the same pen, showers of early gooseberries, and the spontaneous growth of asparagus in a farmer's coatpocket. The Poor-law Guardians will issue invitations to all the members of the Parish Clubs (known to the profane as workhouses) to a grand dinner, and ball to follow. The *menu* will be as follows:—

Potage.
C'qu'il est pour tout.
Poisson.
Le Maquereau sur le Pavé.
Entrees.
Toques à la Casuelle,
Pâtés à la Pêle-Mêle.
Grilled Bones.
Oyster Shells.
Rot.
Le Canard à la Chiffonière.
Dessert.
Quatre Mendiants.

There will be a good many reels danced after the dinner, and the ratepayers will naturally be called on to pay the piper.

March 4th.—The day of the month on which the animals left the ark. Noah himself giving them the order to march forth. Several mad hares will be interred in pie crust, and sent to the governor of Colney Hatch. These hares will be brought with sorrow to their grave.

During this month Miss Marie Wilton will lose the services of Mr. Farintosh, who will, however, resume his character of Beau Lepidus on the first of April.

Tanners have a superstition that their work should not be carried on at this period of the year, owing to a prophecy which bids them beware of the hides of March.

A great sorrow will come upon the house of Smiths, one gentleman of that name being seized with an intemperate desire to impose upon the public by adding Payne and Smith to his

own cognomen, and using slips of paper instead of cards when writing. Smith will be easily recognized, and ignored at the same time by the entire family.

March 5th.—An extraordinary performance will be given at the Crystal Palace on the stage in the transept. The Siamese Twins will be engaged to give a dramatic representation for the benefit of themselves and the directors of the Crystal Palace Company. The programme will be as follows:—

ACT 2.—THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Dromio of Ephesus by CHANG.
Dromio of Syracuse by ENG.

After which, a PAS DE TROIS by
The BROTHERS ENG and CHANG and the BEAUTIFUL CIRCASSIAN LADY.

The Performance will conclude with
BOX AND COX.

Box . . . . . ENG.
Cox . . . . . CHANG.
Mrs. Bouncer . . THE CIRCASSIAN BEAUTY.

The audience will declare the whole Entertainment positively Eng-Chang-ting.

March 6th.—First night at the Royal Teck Theatre of a new Drama by Mr. Tom Watts Boucicoson. There will be such a competition for seats that the benches and stalls will be removed, and the press will be required to bring their own chairs. There will be a scene representing a storm over the Eddystone. The action will be stopped while the scene-painter bows from the top of the lighthouse. All the dramatic critics and authors will be present, and will discuss the merits of the piece during its performance. As champagne will be allowed to circulate freely there will be no faults to speak of. Everybody, from the managers down to the call-boy, will be spoken of with lavish encomium in the leading journals. The piece will be withdrawn on the Saturday following.

March 7th.—Dean Stanley will preach in Westminster Abbey in the afternoon. He will take for text the mote in our neighbour's eye, on which he will descant with the usual beam in his countenance. He will hazard phrases and cannon words worth imitation by the other preachers in this establishment.

TO A STARR.

THINK you'll sink a little, Starr,
When Hull ponders what you are—
Up above the world so long,
Now to flounder with the throng!

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

SPECIMEN THREE.—AUGUSTUS NOODLE, THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

CHAPTER I.—*Preface—In the Smoking-room—What the Critic of the* Colcherbury Guardian *said—Noodle on Fechter and Charles Mathews—A merry joke about Punter—The part of "Bristles"—An offer and an acceptance.*

THE opportunity for which I have long been panting has at length arrived. The time has come for the wreaking of my vengeance upon that empty-pated, monstrously conceited idiot—the Actor-Amateur. My soul has thirsted for months and months and years and years for this great occasion. I have played "First Officers" and "Second Guards" for any length of time; I have been called to performances by the score, and rehearsals by the hundred, and still I have not murmured—have never uttered a single complaint. I have smiled at the amateur stage manager's bullying, and have grinned a melancholy grin at the "weird waggery" of the "first low comedian." I have eaten biscuit with the "leading lady," and have drank sherry wine with the "second old man." I have been considered by the "companies" (most likely) an amiable fool, while I have branded them—I allude to those hated foes, my fellow actors—brutal buffoons.

I have done this with a smile and with much smirking; done it because I have been sure of my vengeance, conscious of my bitter revenge! Oh! that I could make my pen sharper, my ink more stinging! Oh! that I could drive away from society that pest of the drawing-room, the amateur actor—that bore of the country house, the young lady who is fond of playing in private theatricals! But why should I dream over impossibilities? My club (although a good one) has nothing to do with Hercules; and as for my wit—well, the best proof of my folly is the fact that I am an amateur actor myself! I am in the fashion too set by the heads of the "profession," when I do act I am *very very* bad! Almost as bad as Augustus Noodle. You observe I write *almost*—the use of that word testifies to my calling—what amateur actor ever admitted his inferiority to a brother in the art? But to our mutton, or rather to our calves' flesh—let us talk of the subject of our sketch, Augustus Noodle.

There he is—waiting to be sketched. He is a young old man of some forty summers. He passed the first part of his life at Oxford, persecuting his poor parents; the second in Chambers, persecuting his West End tradespeople; the third (not yet finished), in persecuting the genteel public. In fact, he has been, in turns, fast, briefless, and histrionic. The last state of this man is accordingly worse (*much* worse) than the first. He is close-shaven and tall, chatty and egotistical. As we look at him he is standing with his back to the fire of the Club smoking-room. As a rule I avoid him as a decided bore; but upon this occasion, O most amiable of readers, I will approach him—for thy sake be it remembered. Take this atom of fern seed and swallow it. Now thou art invisible, and can hear what we say.

"Well, Noodle, been doing anything lately?"

"I should think so!" he cries with enthusiasm. "I was down at Colcherbury the other evening with the Honourable Mrs. Harry's set, and played 'Hamlet.'"

"Were you good?"

"So they tell me," says Noodle, stroking his chin. "The critic of the *Colcherbury Guardian* said that I was much better than the old Kean. He had seen us both in the character, you know, so he ought to have been able to judge."

"Quite so. How do you like Fechter?"

"Not bad," replies Noodle, with amiable patronage; "but he doesn't play 'Hamlet' like I do, you know. He is all very well in romantic melodrama, but he hasn't sufficient force for 'Hamlet.' Now a man told me that they could hear *my* whisper in the last row of the gallery."

"Really? Done anything in the comic line lately?"

"Yes; played 'Dazzle' in the *Game of Speculation*. Charley Mathews wanted to see my reading. He is such an old friend, that I didn't like to disoblige him, though, you know, it's finding brains for—but there, never mind, I know you are prejudiced in Charley's favour."

"Oh, I don't know, I think he's good."

"Oh yes, he's a good fellow enough;" and now he takes me confidentially by the button, smiles sweetly, and says in a tone carrying conviction, "But then he's no actor!"

"You think not? Really! Seen anything of Punter?"

"Why, haven't you heard of our row?" almost screams Noodle, in an ecstacy of surprise at my ignorance.

"No, to tell the truth, I haven't. I've been out of town lately. I suppose you were in the right!"

"So people tell me," answers the bore.

"What was it all about?"

"Oh, only this. You know we were going to play that little comedietta that Lady Scarboro' translated—*Two Husbands and one Bride* (not at all bad—a very good part in it for me) down at Brayfield Park. Well, of course I was to play 'Bristles.' It was all settled, when Punter declared that he wouldn't act unless he was cast for 'Bristles.' Everybody laughed at first; they thought he was only humbugging. Why, fancy Punter in 'Bristles'! The notion is funny, but absurd!"

"Well?"

"Of course I couldn't stand it, so I told Lady Scarboro' that I wanted awfully to oblige her; that I would do anything in the world for her; but that I couldn't possibly give up 'Bristles.' You know it *wouldn't* do. What would the 'pressmen' say if they heard that Punter was doing 'Bristles' over my head? Lady Scarboro' was weak enough to give in; so of course I declined appearing in the piece. She begged me very hard to play; in fact, actually went down on her knees

to me; but I was obliged to tell her that I would do anything in the world for her, but—"

"Well then, why not play in the other piece?" I say, interrupting him.

"What! after Punter had been given 'Bristles?' People tell me that I am the best natured man in the world, but I could not stand *that*, you know."

"Then you really refused to play?"

"I was obliged to. As it happens, Punter didn't play 'Bristles,' after all. People tell me that Lady Scarboro' was obliged to give up the theatricals as they couldn't find another 'Desmarets.'"

"Did Lady Scarboro' cut you?"

"Cut me? No. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I was only thinking of the annoyance you must have caused her by refusing to play."

"Well, perhaps, yes. I daresay they would have liked to have seen my 'Desmarets' in that part of the country. But then, you know, I couldn't get over Punter in 'Bristles.' On my word I couldn't."

I am about to move off when he says—

"What are you going to do next Thursday?"

"I don't know," I reply, forgetting for the moment that my answer will get me into trouble.

"Well, then, come and see me in 'Claud Melnotte.' People tell me I am very good in it. I'll get you a ticket. Or, here, would you like to play in it?"

"Well," I murmur with diffidence, "if you think I could play a little part."

"Oh, you will be all right," exclaims the bore sharply. "We want a man for the third officer, and you're just the fellow for it. Will you come?"

In the service of the amiable reader I answer "Yes."

"All right," he cries. "Now, mind, rehearsals on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, at four. They'll be over by six. You must be there. Don't fail."

I pledge my word, and leave Noodle (and the amiable reader) until next week.

QUITE AT SEA.

APROPOS of the Volunteer Review on Easter Monday, the *Standard* last week published the following paragraph:—

We understand that at the request of the Dover Committee of the Easter Monday Volunteer Review, expressed through the representatives of the borough, Mr. Cardwell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, has promptly promised the presence of a naval force at Dover to co-operate with the Volunteer army and the regulars at the forthcoming Easter Monday Review.

In these days of reorganization and administrative reform, people may excusably be a little vague on such subjects as "Who is who" and "What is what," but Mr. Cardwell's sudden installation as First Lord of the Admiralty by the Conservative organ is indeed startling. Has Mr. Childers been consulted? If he has not, we fear Mr. Cardwell will have some little difficulty in carrying out his promise. However, we will not speculate on the point; for who knows, in these retrenching times, whether between this and Easter Monday we shall have a fleet to quarrel over?

MACBETH HATH MURDERED SLEEP.

"DOUBLE double, toil and trouble," was no doubt Mrs. Howard Paul's motto when she undertook to double the parts of *Lady Macbeth* and *Hecate*. She is a very good *Hecate*, and therefore keeps the two parts distinct. The parts of *Rosse* and *Malcolm* assume a prominence at Drury Lane of which the representatives of the other parts cannot complain, since they labour so earnestly to produce it. Stage management seems to be little thought of at our great National Theatre. In the Banqueting Scene, *Macbeth* brings a chair into the middle of the stage as far from the table as he can, and announces his intention of taking his supper there. This may be very effective, but it is rather ludicrous, and suggests that he and *Banquo's Ghost* have settled beforehand to give a sort of entertainment. Mr. Dillon is the most wonderful *Macbeth* we have ever seen. So very terrible is his performance, so cruel in conception, so murderous in execution, that the Witches, spite of having plastered their faces with the most ghastly colours, excited but little horror compared with the great Thane. Indeed, one of the Witches' orgies was more jovial than horrible altogether, and no little disappointment was felt when it was found that no plum-pudding was forthcoming from the cauldron. Mr. Ryder as *Macduff* exhibited such tremendous pluck in his struggle with a very bad cold, that, setting the story apart, it was any odds on him in his combat with *Macbeth*. Mr. Dillon showed a gleam of humanity just before his death—a very creditable death it was—of which we should hardly have thought him capable. He rolled his face up in his mantle, which if he had done at an earlier stage of the play, he must have secured the sympathies of the audience. Indeed, all his exits, including his exit from life, were very excellent, and whenever he quitted the stage he received the congratulations of the spectators. Indeed, perhaps London, if not Great Britain, would forgive him if he could find it in his heart to seek some land not yet illumined by his genius in which his wonderful representations of Shakespeare's heroes would have the charm of novelty as well as of originality. For ourselves, we can safely say that we have seen nothing like his *Macbeth*, and most devoutly hope that we never may again.

BARRACK ROOM REASON RUN INTO RHYME.

READ? I'm glad as I can't, seein' all this abuse—
So the Service is goin', they says, to the deuce—
For the national ch'rackter something must be done?
Mind the ch'rackter, says I, don't come down with a run!

We're a bad lot, they say, seein' no one is willin',
But the roughs and the outcasts, to pocket the shillin'?
Well—that's mighty polite of 'em. Still it's their plan
To put up with us somehow the best way they can.

We've our *Hespree de Core*, but they calls it 'a caste,'
Which state of things oughtn't by no means to last;
And somehow they're goin' to save money by millions,
Just by gettin' their soldierin' done by civilians!

Here's the game as they're after, or summut far wus,
Why, to make the whole country the same thing as us—
And have the whole lot, now they don't stick at trifles,
Interchangeable, just like them locks of our rifles!

A National Army they wants? There's a text!
Be a soldier one minute, a tinker the next!
Have sweeps, costermongers, and all such low trades
To employ their spare moments with drill and parades!

Education's the thing! The old practice has been
To make soldiers, they says, a mere fightin' machine;
So they wants more Intelligence; that's their ideas—
Just as if they was talkin' to them Volunteers!

A machine? very like one we are, me and you;
When we're used up for service, just look what they do—
An't we pitched a' one side, be we ever so trusty,
Like a scrap of old iron thrown away when it's rusty?

The world's goin' on such a rate, Bill, I find
The likes of us old 'uns are left far behind;
It's all change now-a-days, and no knowin' what's what.
Never mind, Bill, come on; here's the price of a pot!

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN No. 94.

C otopax I
H a M
A l P
M urde R
B O
E gg-fli P
R obbe R
L od I
A l E
I T
N anc Y

A CORRECT answer by Samuel E. Thomas.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 97.] *LONDON, MARCH* 13, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

LETTER OF ADVICE

TO THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—It is some time since I favoured you with any of my characteristic epistles; but now that Parliament has met again, and you are once more in that position which you adorn,—in your own proper place, on the front Opposition bench, I feel that I ought to address you again.

General Gladstone has issued his proclamation, and has taken up his position, and a very strong one it is; he has sat down before the obsolete and time-worn fortress of the Irish Church; he has drawn his parallels with great skill and judgment; he is at the head of an overwhelming force. The garrison mainly consists of old men and women, and when once the outworks of Prejudice are carried, there can be no doubt that General Gladstone will enter the old fort triumphantly at the head of the Liberal army, and will set the captive free by striking off her chains. Whatever you and your followers may say, there is no danger of the victorious army giving way to a thirst for plunder; the persons and property of the conquered garrison will be respected, and all will be allowed to depart in peace, if not in plenty.

This is the present prospect, and you are the only man that can disturb it; you can come to the help of the doomed fortress, and by harassing the besieging army you can provoke them to fury against the garrison and all their kin, and make it impossible to check their advance. It is worth while to consider whether it would not more aid the cause which you have at heart to accept the undeniable fact of your own inferiority, and to reserve your energies and forces for a fairer combat and a nobler cause, in which you will have some chance of victory and not the certainty of defeat.

Let us drop allegory. It is possible you may have determined on not abiding by the result of the simple and direct opposition which you have offered to the second reading of the Bill. It is possible that, having shown the smallness of your force and the hopelessness of deferring the execution of Mr. Gladstone's purpose, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, you may look forward to a victory in the House of Lords. But before you determine on such a course, think what it means; reflect in what a position you and your party will be placed; and tell me, except the execration of your countrymen, what can you gain by it? Granted that you have a majority of the Peers sufficiently decided and sufficiently bold to reject the Bill, can you change the opinion of the country? can you recall the answer which England, Scotland, and Ireland have given to the direct appeal made to them? It is no uncertain voice that we hear now; it is deep if not loud; it comes from determined minds, from resolute hearts; it is backed by the unanimous cry of those, on whom the injustice falls, that they can and will bear it no longer. Those who will not listen to that voice—those who try to stifle that cry—will provoke a storm before which they must be scattered like chaff before the wind. Upon their conduct at this crisis depends the very existence of the Conservative party. To offer a factious, because it is an useless opposition to this measure, will be to create living, moving, mighty monsters, from those figments of their brain which now are but shadows, unreal and harmless. There is no disgrace in bowing the head in reluctant assent, in dropping the point of the sword in wise inaction, before the unmistakeable demand of your countrymen. There *is* disgrace, there is ruin in resisting where you can never conquer—in fanning into flame the dim embers of religious strife—in provoking the fearful demon of civil war; and this is what opposition by the House of Lords to the decision of the Commons on such a question really means. If you cannot see the justice of the measure, protest against it; invoke on the heads of those who carry it the punishment of their crime, if crime it be; but do not bring on your country misfortunes so terrible. You will say, perhaps—or those behind you will say—what security have we that if we yield now we may not have to yield next the House of Lords and the Crown? I answer that you have the security of the good sense, and the love of order, which distinguish the British people. By accepting the declaration of the country on this question you will gain the sympathy of many, the respect of all. Your party will be ten times strengthened to resist the attacks of Revolutionists when they come; and the minds of those persons of extreme opinions who have joined the Liberal forces in this cause will be soothed—their passions allayed instead of being roused, as they would be by harassing opposition and petty defeats.

You and your party have always professed the greatest anxiety to see certain social reforms carried for the benefit of the poorer classes. You have done much good work on their behalf. The longer the settlement of the Irish Church question is deferred, the longer must those measures, which are so direly needed, be delayed.

From every motive—from the motive of prudence, of self-preservation, of love for your country and for the Constitution yes, even from the love of principle—we may expect from you a wise and glorious submission. I know that the Conservatives have rarely listened to the voice of prudence; but it will not be for want of warning if you lead them now into a pit-fall deep enough to swallow them up for ever.

TOMAHAWK.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

BABY TIM.

1.

A BABY'S born each minute,—so
Correct statistics say;
And each begins his living in
His own peculiar way.
Some take to silk and satin,—go
In heavily for shine!
Well, I led off existence in
A far more quiet line.

2.

When I demanded nutriment,
Which I did pretty soon,
My mouth was not embarrassed by
A native silver spoon
An article, the want of which
The world pronounces low;
Yet still one which at such a time
Must often prove *de trop!*

3.

No palace waited me, no shout,
No bells, no cannon's roar.
I don't believe they even tied
A glove on any door.
How could they, when at early dawn,
As quiet as a mouse,
They found me labelled "Take me in,"
Near some one else's house?

4.

You guess the rest. No mother's eyes
Beamed on my puny face,
And in its vague and ugly lines
Some beauty tried to trace.
No sisters thronged about my cot,
Half choked me, called me "dear,"
My welcome came from A 16,
Who said, "Hallo! What's here?"

5.

I did not answer much, and I seemed
Unwilling to decamp,
And so he took me up for being
A vagabond and tramp.
And then the parish intervened,
With a maternal care,
I howled outside the workhouse,—still
I got my breakfast there.

6.

They set diplomacy to work,
And things, I think, got worse;
I don't know how it was, but some
One took me into nurse.
And then,—and here's the blow of all,—
I changed and changed about,
Just like a sixpence, till the day
When I in fact "came out!"

7.

That is, I'm dragged about the streets,—
Such change I don't require;
But still I'm dragged about, because
They've let me out *on hire.*
I'm one of a small beggar brood,
And have to play my part,
My "mother" pinches me, I cry,
And touch the public heart.

8.

And what is worse, I play it well
For I look pale and ill,
And really cry with grief, for I
Don't always get my fill.
My sham "relations," though they're small
Can, if they're bullied, "strike,"
But bargains such as I,—alas!
They treat them as they like.

9.

I often wish, when people pass,
That I could find a voice,
And tell them that my "mother" is
Not mine by my own choice;—
Explain that I'm not all I seem;
That when I pine and squeak,
I do it by arrangement,—all
For seven-pence a week!

10.

What future waits me, heaven knows,
Though earth but little cares!
An infant's back might well be broad,
When such a load it bears!
May be that I shall go all wrong,
And shun the narrow way,
The prologue of my life begin,
A dark sensation play!

11.

Then talk no more of babyhood,
Of ignorance and bliss!
Say, would you like your early hours
To have been spent like this?
Ah, yes! there's lots of charity
I know, but facts are grim.—
Some one will have to answer for
The fate of baby Tim!

TIRRA-LIRRA AND THE TYROLESE.

As many of the inhabitants of Clapham (the principal supporters of the St. James's Hall) are unacquainted with German, and as probably the few who can read Schiller with a dictionary are not familiar with the mountain patois of the Bavarian Tyrol, we subjoin translations of some of the principal songs now being sung by the Tyrolese Minstrels at their afternoon concerts.

We need scarcely say that whatever the purport of the verses the effect is very delightful, and the modulation of the combined voices harmonious to a degree which few choruses attain:—

Quartett.—My Treasure is Lost.

My sweetheart is Li-ee-too,
Tootle tum Li-ee-too,
Too tootle-too tootle-too tootle tootle-too!
You all of you Lie-ee-too,
Where can I Lie-ee-too,
Yo tootle, yo tootle, yo tootle, yotle too.

Bass Solo.—What's he saying of?

Soprano.—He says you're a Li-ee-too.

Tutti.—Tootle tum Li-ee-too,
Yo tootle, yo tootle, yo tootle, yotle too—

(*Have any more? Oh, certainly, if you wish it.*)

DUET WITH YODEL CHORUS.

National Song.

Ketly dear! Yodel-dee,
Will you be mine? Yodel doodly ho! Yodel deedly ha!
Yodeldy doodle doodle doodle do—
Not for Yo-jo-del-dee
I won't be thine—Yodel doodly ho! Yodel deedly ha!
Yodeldy doodledy doodledy doodledy yo.

(*N.B.—This may be repeated when the cough is troublesome.*)

MILITARY REFORM.

We are awaiting with considerable anxiety the statement which will be made by the Secretary of State for War in introducing his Estimates to the House of Commons, as we confess that those Estimates have not by any means fulfilled our expectations of Mr. Cardwell's reforming powers, even allowing for the known caution with which he was sure to proceed.

But the main point in which we had hoped that some sign would be given is left absolutely untouched. Need we explain that we allude to the preposterous expense of a double military staff?—a military staff at the Horse Guards to command the army, and a second military staff at Pall Mall to command the military staff at the Horse Guards, their superiors in the army.

The House by the Minister, and the public by the *mis*leading journal, have been thrown into darkness more profound by declarations of the non-existence of any dual government. If there is no dual government, why is there a dual staff to govern? If there is no dual government, why does the military chief take "the Queen's Pleasure" on actions and items direct, and not through the responsible Minister? If there is no dual government, why do Ministers keep a noble Under-Secretary of State for War in the Upper House, where he is not wanted, except to silence the Commander-in-Chief, to the exclusion of a commoner in the Lower House, where his aid to the Minister is so greatly needed? If there is no dual government, why does the Civil Minister at War require a staff of military advisers, independent of the staff at the Horse Guards? If the Commander-in-Chief were really, *in practice*, a subordinate officer to the Secretary of State, he would be his military adviser, and there would be no need for a military Under-Secretary of State at £2,000 a-year in Pall Mall.

However, the statements that have been made in the House on this subject leave it in a state in which it cannot be allowed to rest, and we trust that in the discussions that must inevitably follow, the true state of the case will come out, and that some slight amount of light will be let in; then we cannot doubt but that the extravagant absurdity of the present system must, on being exposed, be condemned and put an end to.

Again, we are disappointed in finding that the glaring and atrocious job of a second major in cavalry regiments at home has not been put down by Mr. Cardwell. It is possible that his "military adviser" may have been too anxious to stand well with the Duke to have drawn the Minister's attention to it. But there it is, actually recorded in the items of *increase* on this year's Estimates—the pay and allowances of an additional officer, that is, for the major for the cavalry regiment that will return from India in the course of this year. Can we not find a single "Military Reformer" in the House to move the reduction of the Estimates by the amount of this added officer's pay—an officer who, it has never been pretended by anyone, is or can be of the slightest use?

Nor is it satisfactory to find that the main reductions in the Army Estimates, beyond the money gained by putting off for this year the purchase of stores or the manufacture of guns, which must be purchased or manufactured sooner or later, are obtained by reducing to the extent of some 11,000 men the strength of our army. This is the item which, of all our expensive items, we can least afford to diminish. Our army expenditure is frightfully large: our army force is fearfully small. Our excessive staffs, not our weak battalions, should have first felt the pruning knife: and we cannot help feeling that in Mr. Cardwell's endeavours for retrenchment he has not sufficiently kept in view the maintenance of the efficiency of the army, while he has in no way combated successfully the influence of the Horse Guards in perpetuating useless and extravagant jobs and "dual" and conflicting offices.

OUT IN A TRAP.

We had not heard for some time of our dear friend, Sir John Pakington. We were very much afraid he had been "*hoist with his own petard*," or left purposely at the bottom of a Moncrieff pit at Shoebury to expiate his shortcomings and long-borings during the past years. We pictured to ourselves the idea that his heavy studies in gunnery had forced him for a short period to retire to one of the numerous Colney Hatches provided by a paternal Government for disappointed inventors. We fancied we saw his classic features tormented with problems ever working within his brain, undetermined as to whether a breech-loading double-barrelled gun had a pair of breeches, or whether a thirteen-inch armour plate fitted with a time-fuse would burst on impact, or simply recoil under a ricochet.

Dreams! idle dreams! Sir John is flourishing—very much flourishing—and has actually been accused of killing foxes on his estate, probably with a converted Palliser gun. But this he indignantly denies, accusing his trusty gamekeeper of setting traps for poachers. And now comes out our own Pakington. These traps would only *catch dogs*, he was assured; there was not the slightest chance of their serving the same purpose as regarded foxes.

Just imagine, if, instead of engines of chase, Sir John were connected with engines of war, during a disturbance with our neighbours, for instance. Why! Sir John might be persuaded to make presents of inventions to the enemy on the grounds that they were made to kill Frenchmen, but could not by any means hurt the hair of a Briton's head! Sir John, we shall have to keep one eye on you, if not two.

NOT "AT HOME."

A PENNY contemporary, not content with enjoying the reputation of being the "largest newspaper in the world," to the confusion of its threepenny contemporaries, is now, it would appear, intent on robbing the inoffensive *Morning Post* of its speciality. We fear that that much respected and highly respectable "medium for advertisers" will have to relinquish its position as the leading fashionable journal, if many more such paragraphs as that which appears below are admitted into the columns of its penny rival, which the other day made the following announcement:—

"Mrs. W. E. Gladstone will have an assembly on Wednesday evening at the noble Premier's residence."

It is not often that the great Jenkins himself is in a position to give such startling information as this. That Mrs. Gladstone should issue cards for an assembly at her own residence would of course be no extraordinary occurrence; but that the wife of the First Lord of the Treasury should propose to give an entertainment elsewhere than in her husband's house is quite without precedent. Who is the "noble Premier" alluded to? Not Mr. Gladstone, nor even Mr. Disraeli, for neither of those gentlemen are peers. The Earl of Derby was the last "noble Premier," and it must be his lordship who has been goodnatured enough to place his house in St. James's square at Mrs. Gladstone's disposal. At first sight it appears a little strange that Lord Derby should go out of his way to show such civility to Mr. Gladstone, but there must be some grave political reason for the step, and the largest newspaper in the world is evidently in the secret.

RED TAPE TO THE RESCUE!

The public need not be alarmed regarding the manner in which the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards, rendered vacant by the lamented death of the veteran soldier, Lord Gough, will be filled up. The report that is already in circulation, to the effect that Prince Christian will be Lord Gough's successor, is entirely devoid of foundation, for we are glad to be in a position to announce that his Royal Highness is altogether ineligible for the appointment. Let it be clearly understood that we do not mean to insinuate that the Prince is not a brave and valiant soldier, ready to distinguish himself in any given battle-field for an extra thousand pounds a year; but that it is an old-established rule that the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards must be held by a Peer of the Realm, who belongs to the fixed establishment of General Officers. As Prince Christian is not a Peer, and only a General on the supernumerary list, there is not much fear of the rumour now afloat taking any substantial shape. Much as the Commander-in-Chief might wish to oblige his royal relative, the thing is not to be done.

It is the fashion just now to abuse "red tape;" but, to give red tape its due, it must be accorded one advantage, if only one,—and that advantage is, that Princes themselves cannot untie the knot it binds.

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BRITANNIA for March,

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LONDON, MARCH 13, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE are authorized to contradict the report that Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has been offered the crown of Greece. The great classic empire is getting on in the world; but it has not yet reached as high a point as would be implied by such an offer.

ALL doubts as to the real use to which that monster mystery, the Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences, is to be put, are now at an end. Batty's Hippodrome will be revived there, with evening performances, in which Mr. Cole, C.B., will exhibit his celebrated Hobby Horse (jobbed for the occasion).

SOMEBODY who has been to as many drawing rooms, courts, and levees as the English Court has given during the last four years, says that he shall soon have been introduced to all the Royal Family; he is going gradually through them. Next year he hopes to make the acquaintance of the young Prince George in an official capacity.

THE HAIRS THEY GIVE THEMSELVES.

ONE of the most spoilt of spoilt Parisians is the little tenor Capoul, at the Opéra Comique. He is extremely good-looking, and has a charming voice. We have few opportunities of hearing him, and we do not care twopence about his good looks. That is not what concerns us. But—and there is quite as much prospective virtue in your *but* as in your *if*—Capoul has a ravishing moustache, silky, well coloured, and becoming. Capoul has also a part in Offenbach's forthcoming opera of *Vert-Vert*, which demands the sacrifice of the said moustache.

Monsieur Capoul being an artiste, by which we designate one who loves his art better than his vanity, renounces immediately his personal embellishment in favour of the exigencies of his part, and deliberately cuts it off—actually goes and shaves his upper lip.

Without inquiring into the bye-laws of his theatre, which probably enforce this, if necessary, by a fine on refusal to comply, we come to ask how it is that managers in London seem either to be unable or unwilling to press a point in costume when some actor's petty conceit is in question. At the present moment there are supers wearing uniforms of the time of Louis XVI., appearing every night in whiskers or beards as their own taste prompts; there are many leading mountebanks we could mention who would prefer to leave the stage to removing the few black hairs which surmount their lip. Naturally, one observes, the stage would not lose much by their retreat, but the fact of such being the case shows how little they think about art in connection with acting.

The soldier who sells out because he is ordered on active service has only gone into the army for the sake of his uniform, and will never make an efficient officer. The actor who plays in a powdered wig and a moustache will never be worth his salt to a manager.

FOOT-LIGHT FANCIES.

Latest Intelligence from Drury Lane.
A *Dill o'* nonsense talked about the Legitimate Drama. Every little Phelps.

***

From the Olympic.
Mr. Horace Wigan finds no difficulty in supplying his stage with *Wings*, there is so much *Paper* in the house.

***

From the Holborn.
Josephs not unlikely to go to *Pot if her* author does not write better things than *Fettered.*

***

From the St. James's.
Red Hands, followed by *Awful Pause* and no *Ardour* whatever.

***

From the Princess's.
Fichu. Marie Antoinette!

***

From the Prince of Wales's.
No Holidays for a long time to come.

***

From the Haymarket.
Sothern: Heavy! but like a Northern Light, *Bore real is.*

A PATTERN POST.

THE Marquis of Hartington, if he really busies himself in the affairs of the Post Office, would do well to send a special commission to Constantinople and Athens with the view of assimilating our postal administration to that of Turkey and Greece. Indeed, with such data as the following before him, his lordship, as Postmaster-General, can follow no other course, for a return just published with reference to the rupture of diplomatic relations between those countries states that "between the dates of 25th November, 1868, and 25th February, 1869, the number of despatches that passed between the two governments was 209,"—a number which, according to our calculation, amounts to two letters each way every day. Thus we presume a letter posted at Athens the first thing in the morning would get to Constantinople in time for the ten a.m. post to Greece, which, arriving at Athens, say at two p.m., would catch the afternoon mail, arriving at Constantinople in time to catch the last mail back again, by which letters would be delivered in Athens the same night.

We cannot, we suppose, hope to attain the perfection of postal communication which appears to exist in the East. Perhaps it may be that the results we have arrived at are a little exaggerated, but at the same time they may do to serve as a hint to our own postal authorities that a letter posted in the City before ten o'clock in the morning should be delivered at Kensington, let us say, the same evening, and that a good many of the complaints of the "post's delay," which are constantly inundating the columns of our contemporaries, might be at once put a stop to by a few judicious alterations in the existing organization.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.—What is the difference between the Bishops of the Irish Established Church *now*, and after the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Bill?—Mr. Disraeli will kindly answer. Now they are *lawn shams*, and then they will be *shorn lambs.*

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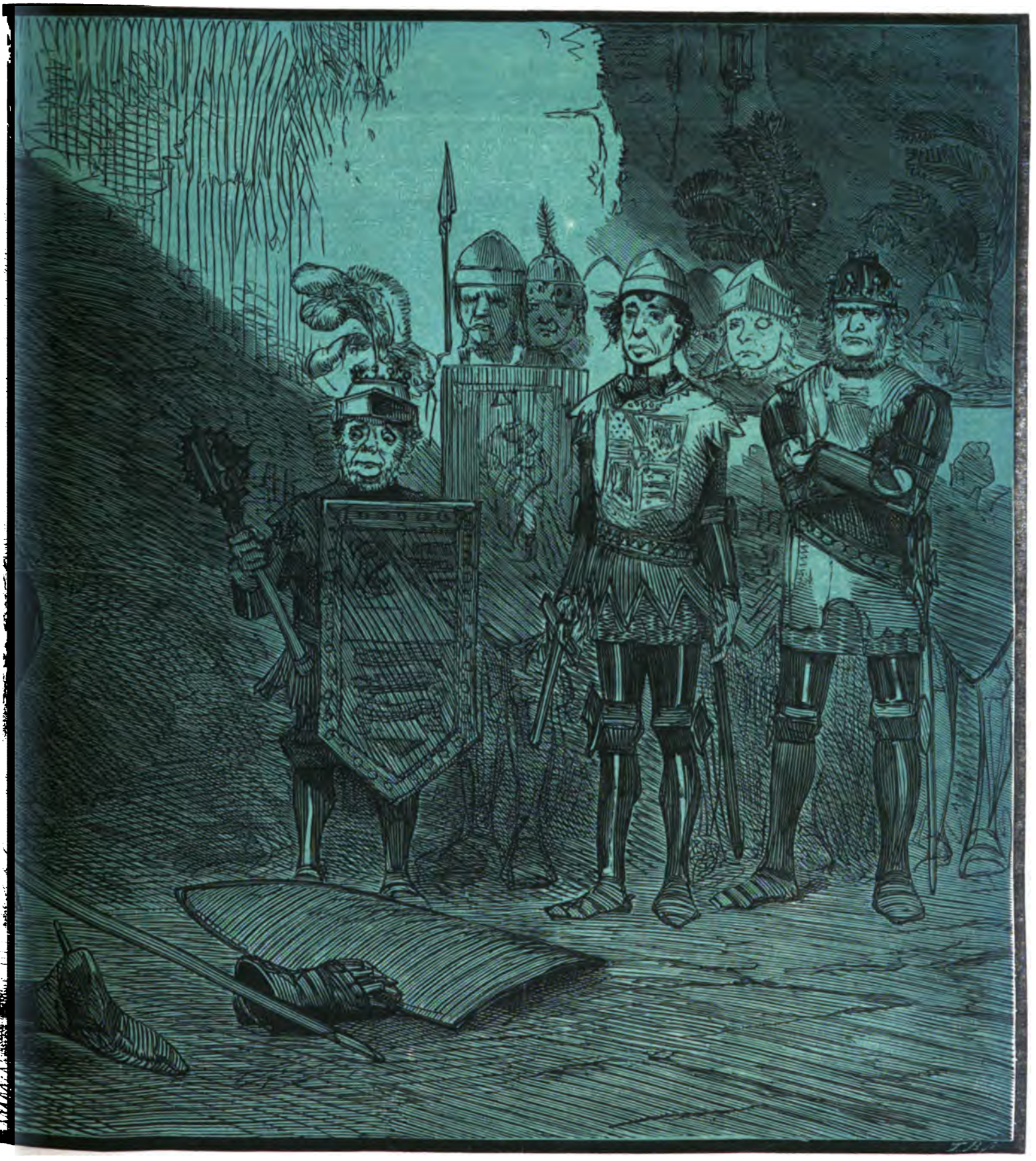

THE CHAINS!

OR,

O THE RESCUE.

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"DROPPED AMONG THE PRIGS."

A NOVEL OF PRINCIPLE.

(N.B.—*Not* taken from *Britannia*.)

The Prosylogue.

A LEGACY WITH A VENGEANCE.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH FERDY OPENS BOTH HIS EYES.

When fate is hostile and when all looks blue,
The fainting hero all at once comes to.

BLAKE'S BATTLE OF BALACLAVA
(As recited by him in *public* with great success.) (1)

FERDY rubbed his eyes once, and he came to.

He was astonished to see the sun in London, and so early. He was more astonished to find how and where he was, and very much puzzled to think how and when he got there.

But he was there—and decency seemed to demand that he should get out of there into some clothes.

Oh Clothes! Clothes! what a power ye are! Thomas, your laureate, sung your praises in musical prose; but even he has dived but a little way into the depths of your mystery.

Clothes! Clothes! how have ye grown, how have ye multiplied! From a little inexpensive fig-leaf ye have waxed and waxed into a series of cases for the human body, as expensive, and often as useless, as any case of litigation that ever was.

Clothes! Clothes! you are getting into your second childhood;—dear you are, but in proportion to your scantiness.

Clothes! Clothes! on the female form how often an image of the heart which ought to be somewhere in your breast pocket! So flimsy, so highly coloured, so infinitely laboured over, so shallow, and trying so hard to make both ends meet!

Oh! Clothes! Clothes! it is a pity that you are necessary, and a greater pity still that you must be paid for (2).

Ferdy knocked at the door of the Workhouse.

The door was opened.

A gruff voice asked what he wanted.

"A pair of bags," was the answer.

The man who had opened the door started.

So did Ferdy.

Well he might—well he might; for there, pale and worn, with large melancholy eyes, stood

His Father!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WITHERED CURSE.

ARTHUR.—What does this mean?
BLANCHE.—Lord! dear. How should I know?

THE CHAFFERS. A Comedy of Modern Life.
Act i., Scene 2.
(Published for the use of Schools.)

"I KNOW ye not. Spendthrift!!"

The old man's eyes gleamed horribly.

"I would have pawned my shirt, father, rather than have annoyed you. But the police ——."

"Name not the caitiffs! Avaunt and quit my sight! Dog! Adder! Cut-throat!"

"How is it you are here?"

"Fate, cruel Fate, thus spurns me. But I will be revenged."

"Cannot you get an engagement?"

"Ha, ha!" he laughed a mocking laugh. "An engagement!" he continued. "Look at these aged limbs: think ye *I* can play the wanton in silk tights to *stalled* oxen? No!"

"I see," replied the son, "your tragedy is too much of a burlesque even for these days ——."

"Right, you're i' the right. But, boy, have you, oh! have you half-a-crown about you?"

"Look at me, father. Here I am in nothing but my shirt ——."

"Then curse ye!" shrieked the old man. "My withering curse ——."

The curse withered on his lips, as he fell down at his son's feet.

"Again!" muttered Ferdy. "Perhaps this time he really means it. But he has died so often that I have learnt to bear it."

So saying he stripped the uniform of the parochial officer from the inanimate body, and, thus arrayed, he strode away into the silent street.

Look well on the body now, dear reader, and recognize in those contorted features ——

* * * * *

The Stranger.

CHAPTER XXII.

NOT GUILTY, MY LORD.

BERNARDO.—Though prisoners must stand, nor ever sit, yet I warrant thee they lie, my lord.

HAMLET.—Ah, knave! say'st thou so, Truepenny? Then I'll to my grave and lie there.

HAMLET (restored by an old Amateur Actor).(1)

THEY were trying Sam Leopard for murder.

They had engaged the Judge and Jury Club at a great expense, the comic witness included.

"How say you, prisoner at the bar?"

"Whiskey hot!" was the prompt reply.

"Horder! Horder!" shouted the usher.

"So I have. I have ordered devilled kidneys."

"Silence! Silence in the court!"

"And hear the old pig speak."

The audience were in convulsions. Such a funny prisoner never had been known since the days of the old Chief Baron.

* * * * * * * * * *

They led him away to prison.

* * * * * * * * * *

"You will kill him! Dear boy, you promise me!"

* * * * * * * * * *

Just then the prison gates burst open, and in rushed a crowd of persons, headed by the Baronet.

"Embrace me! I am your father!" So saying, Sir Rupert flung his arms round the battered face of his faithful gamekeeper.

"And mine," said Leopold—sweetly.

"Yes, and mine," whispered Flossy, blushing.

"And mine," said a voice, strong as any twelve. It was the Foreman of the Jury, and he spoke for himself and his eleven companions.

"And mine!" shrieked the comic witness, as he fell into a fit of convulsive laughter.

"Quite true," chuckled the gratified Baronet. "Bless you, all my children!"

"And me too, father!" said a voice weak with emotion.

It was the Stranger!

* * * * * * * * * *

* * * * The Stranger!

[NOTICE.—The abrupt conclusion of this spirited tale is due to the very disgraceful conduct of the author of *Fallen among Thieves*. That gentleman called on the talented but unprincipled author of the present original novel, and offered him £1,000 8s. 2½d. to bring his story to a conclusion, as he felt there was no chance of his competing with such a powerful rival. The talented, but unprincipled author at once consented, and received a cheque for the amount, the donor adding with a delighted but dignified smile, "I shall put you on the free list

---

(1) Major B. is open to engagements at Exeter Hall, Westminster Abbey, and our respectable Music Halls. Terms, £5 per night, supper and gloves found.

(2) It has been the object of the Major's life to disprove this axiom. He is proud to say that as far as his own person goes he has thoroughly succeeded. As a specimen of uprightness, of integrity, and of neatness and propriety in dress, the Major flatters himself he is perfect; but he is able to say that for the last twenty years he cannot remember ever wearing any article of dress *which had been paid for*. Even his hair he owes not to Nature, but to Art and the hairdresser; and he feels that it would be utterly impossible to pay either of them.

(1) Otherwise known as Major Blake. Little Davy was nothing to me. I taught him all his business in *Macbeth*. [Fact. Major B.]

of *Britannia*." At this unexpected act of kindness (for he suffers terribly from sleepless nights), the talented but unprincipled author was overcome. Major Blake was not present, but he knows that the above is true. He regrets to add that on his requesting the talented, &c., &c., to share the booty, that *creature* absolutely refused!! but offered Major B. the twopence-halfpenny to buy a pint of stout with. Major Blake is debarred by circumstances of a strictly private nature from taking his legal remedy, but he does not forget—and it is quite possible that an entirely new version of the above novel may be published by him, *for his own emolument*, under another title. So, gentle readers all—*au revoir*—a subscription list shall be privately forwarded to all.]

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SIKES.

I'M a Burglar, and all I survey
  Is at hand, as I thinks, for my use.
Where's the P'lice? but I has my own way,
  Spite of Law, in defiance of BRUCE!
I am safe, and away out of reach,
  Ere the loss of the jewels is known:
I can laugh at Lord Kimberley's speech—
  He had better look after his own!

O solitude, great are thy charms!
  Without trouble my pockets I fill—
Where's the P'lice? there's no cause for alarms—
  A'nt the constables gone to their drill?
Or, if a chance one should be there,
  He'd my form with indifference see—
There's the cook t'other side of the square—
  He's safe not to meddle with me!

Ye Lords,—who have made it your thought
  To come on us heavy with Law,
Rout our "ARMY OF CRIME," and in short,
  When robbed, put a lock on the door.
How fleet is the glance of your mind,
  How sudden your grasp of such ills,
How swift-winged your notions I find
  Compared with your passing of Bills!

Now's the time—when the dinner is dressed,
  (Without e'er a hinwite I'm there),
When the servants come slyly to test
  The wine at the foot of the stair,—
There are jewels still left in the case,
  P'raps di'monds, encouraging thought!
Where's the P'lice? bless you, none near the place!
  So I comes away clear with the lot!

VERY DEPLORABLE.

A QUESTION was asked and answered in the House of Commons on Thursday last which illustrates most forcibly the infamous treatment to which the poor are exposed in this Christian country. Captain Dawson-Damer asked the President of the Poor-law Board whether it was true that three or four—mark the delicious vagueness; one pauper more or less makes no difference—that "three or four patients recently brought to the Fever Hospital from different workhouses were found dead on arrival there, in consequence of having been conveyed in a sitting posture in cabs, instead of being conveyed in proper ambulances?" to which Mr. Goschen replied that it was "unfortunately too true." "Although it could not be said that their having been conveyed in a sitting posture caused the deaths, the medical officers stated that it may have materially contributed to the result, which was of course much to be deplored." . . . He added that "the patients who had died were not carried a very long distance; it was the sitting posture, and not the distance, *that caused their deaths*." There seems to be a slight discrepancy here; but we consider Mr. Goschen's answer very ingenuous for an official, and it certainly amounts to this, that the deaths of these three or four suffering paupers were directly hastened by their being conveyed in a sitting posture, for want of there being any proper ambulance obtainable. Now, in any other case but a case of Poor-law treatment of paupers, would this amount to manslaughter or would it not?

Let us put a case like this:—Supposing a boy at school—we will not say the son of a nobleman, but any boy (not a pauper) were to be ill of a fever, and to be removed by the authorities of the school in a sitting posture, so as to cause or accelerate his death, would there not be a pretty fuss made about it, and would not the master of the school incur great danger of being indicted for manslaughter? If the medical officers were of opinion that the removal in a sitting posture "materially contributed to their death," why was not that opinion taken before the removal?

From another portion of Mr. Goschen's answer we are glad to find that "the matter is under the consideration of the Poor-law Board." We have known similar matters under the consideration of that august body without much material good resulting from the incubation. However, let us hope that now that a sufficient number of victims have been offered up to the Moloch of official apathy, that such a very obvious precaution as the provision of proper ambulances for the conveyance of fever stricken and other patients will be enforced in all parishes. Surely there can be no difficulty in procuring them, nor can there be any doubt that they ought to be provided by the authorities, and not by voluntary subscription.

The least of the evils that result from the present system is the exposure of the public who use cabs to the infection of fever. In this case parish cabs, set apart for the purpose, were employed; but that such highly unsuitable vehicles should be the only ones available for the purpose would be almost incredible, if it were not that a bitter and sad experience has taught us that no stupidity, no callousness, no brutality is incredible in connection with the treatment of our paupers.

We earnestly invite the aid in this matter of those who have always stood by us in our attacks upon this monster evil of England—official apathy. And we trust that all those journals who have fought for the good cause will insist upon the instant provision of proper carriages for the conveyance of sick paupers to and from the workhouses and hospitals.

THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

STUDY THREE.—ADOLPHUS NOODLE, THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

THE Ex-Amateur of Two Feet presents his compliments to the Public, and regrets to say that his late exertions at Lady Scarboro's theatricals have totally unfitted him for literary labour. On Tuesday next he will be equal to the task of fulfilling his promise. More than this, his friend Adolphus Noodle has lately been married and accepted a C.C. judgeship. Let him enjoy his honeymoon and forensic duties in peace.

ENIGMA.

IMPALPABLE, invisible;
  But sensible to smell and sight:
Noiseless, and yet I must be sound,
Or else of little use I'm found.
When in the dark I know myself,
  'Tis then I surely am most bright.

Though with all men I should be thought,
  I seldom must be spoken;
To lie concealed that I exist
  Is oft the surest token.

Taught I may be, but never learnt,
  Nor gained unless I'm given;
Though slow, I may be made most quick
  If coaxed, but not if driven.

Men fear to lose me; yet they take
  But little pains to get me.
They swear I ne'er can be enslaved,
  And yet be free won't let me.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 98.] *LONDON, MARCH* 20, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

BRITANNIA'S POT OF BASIL.

And furthermore her brethren wonder'd much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green.
* * * * * *
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her once fair youth, and pleasures gay.

We were unfortunate in expressing, some time since, with too much confidence, our hope that Parliament would be opened by the Queen in person; but we were justified by a semi-official confirmation of the hope. Our disappointment, in common with that of many others, at the non-fulfilment of this perhaps too rash prediction, was to have been consoled by the reception of the Reply to the Address from the hands of both Houses of Parliament by Her Majesty in person. But once again "hope told a flattering tale," and an unforeseen calamity prevented our gracious Sovereign from affording a public proof of her regard for her subjects, which it would have been no less gratifying for her to give than for them to receive. And so it seems likely that it will ever be; for no sooner are the faces of all loyal subjects gladdened by the announcement that Her Majesty is going to come among them once more, than they are again saddened by the practical contradiction of any such pleasing news.

True it is that the Queen has held one Court and one Drawing-room, and we feel sure that all who were present testified, by their respectful sympathy, how much they appreciated these efforts on Her Majesty's part to resume those relations between the Court, and the People, which now have become almost a matter of history, rather than a custom of the present time. We fear much that we must reconcile ourselves to the loss of our Queen as the head of Society, and the first Lady in the land. As a part of the machinery of the Constitution, as the first of the three estates of the realm, she will still exist; but it is the woman more than the Queen to whom our hearts are devoted, and the sight of her signature to State documents, the reports from some distant place of her having received one of her Ministers, even the glimpses, few and far between and somewhat grudgingly given, of her own self, can but feebly console the inhabitants of this capital for the loss of what was once a familiar presence, diffusing prosperity and happiness all around, whose sunshine was felt far beyond the bounds of London, for it brought light, and hope, to many a dark and despairful home which the great want that includes all other wants—want of work—had threatened to make desolate for ever.

Yes, Britannia has buried the beloved head, and planted the basil tree of hope; in vain, for this death in life is worse than death itself. From the dead head sprang new life, for—

"Thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of basil-tufts in Florence."

Not so with the basil that Britannia has planted. Patiently she waters it with her tears, but it pines and droops, and will soon be withered quite away. The dead life quickens not itself, nor that of any other. The tomb which holds the living body is shaded by no flowers, the heart that is numbed within numbs the heart without, and those that mourn find no consolation, their grief is barren, barren as the life whose loss they mourn. The voice which never spoke but in the cause of truth and purity, what power has it now? If it speaks from out of that tomb, do those to whom the words of the dead would have been sacred, heed the muffled voice of the living dead? Well may Britannia weep when she thinks of this; to some it may seem a little thing and scarce worth considering; the world goes on much the same, there is plenty of dancing, singing, and entertainment; plenty, but it is among the rich only; it is not for those who live in luxury, but for those who live by it, that we feel pity; to the former the absence of the Court makes but little difference, to the latter it makes all the difference between comfort and penury. The wealth which was spent by the Queens of England found its way to English not to foreign pockets, and the splendour of Victoria's hospitality was reflected in the humble brightness of many a lowly home.

But why repeat all this? Have we not over and over again preached on the same text, and to what purpose? If what we ask for could possibly be given, should we not long ago have received it? Is it not better to say that this cry of injured trade is a false one, that nobody is affected at all by this death in life, and that those who hold otherwise are all disloyal malcontents, or selfish mercenary knaves? Or is it better, if we are sure that we have cause for grief, to assure ourselves that our grief is of no avail, and to set to work and try if we can find some other influence as gladdening and as beneficial as that for whose loss we grieve?

MUSICAL MEASURE.

200 sovereigns = 1 singer.
200 singers = 1 company.
2 companies = 1 monopoly.
2 monopolies = 1 Gye.
1 Gye and 1 Mapleson and a Harris = The Opera Season, of 1869.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

MISSIONARY JAMES.

1.

YE gushers, saints, and prim old maids,
Who live at home at ease,
But seldom, as the song book hints,
Get far beyond the seas,
Imbibing vast statistics, with
Your gospel prayers and tea,—
Ah, you know little of the life
Enjoyed by souls like me!

2.

In Parliament sometimes, I grant,
The subject will crop up,
And papers tell the truth; well, yes,—
That is a bitter cup.
But Christians should be humble, when
Bad people call them names;
Besides, he's got a toughish skin,
Has Missionary James.

3.

One hears of opportunities,
Snug berths, and such good things,
And man, he's but a worm at best,
To creature comfort clings.
But if you want, upon a spec,
That's really fine, to fall,
I recommend the heathen, for
They beat them one and all.

4.

Now, when I talk of "heathen," I
Don't mean the set one meets,
Forsaken, godless, swarming in
Our cities' crowded streets.
Oh! no, we don't regard the sin
That's surging at our doors,
It doesn't pay so well as that
We seek on distant foreign shores.

5.

It's only those who haven't got
The least religious "nous,"
Who choose a stifling lodging, not
A pleasant country house;
Who poke about the alleys, and
Go crazed at what they see,
And shun the unconverted in
The land of Kijeree!

6.

How I love the unconverted!
Their modest simple ways,
My house, my grounds, my furniture,
And most—my quarter days!
When from the central board at home,—
How well their books they keep!—
My cheque, quite punctual to its day,
Comes o'er the mighty deep!

7.

What touching hopeful promises
I send them in return!
What zeal most evangelical
Within their hearts must burn!
For though, each year, my promises
I never can fulfil,
They never seem to tire at home,—
The money pours in still!

8.

I think I see the crowded room,
I smell the tea and toast!
I hear the chairman tearfully
Of my *one* triumph boast,
And tell in thrilling accents of
The convert I have found,
And work him well, until 'mid sobs
And cheers, the hat goes round!

9.

I mark the Indian colonel there
Drop in his five-pound note,
Miss Mucker's boarding school its purse,—
The girls subscribe—not vote,—
Then Master Tommy next his mite,
'Tis only one and three;
Mamma insists—and so he gives,
But curses Kijeree!

10.

And so, from year to year, the "work"
Goes on as one could wish,
Who has, what we call vulgarly,
A finger in the dish.
And will go on, for while the world
Its purse is proud to show,
Be sure they'll find the godly men,
To lay down all—and go!

11.

Yes, heathen may infest us here,
The Gospel be forgot,
The weary workers, worn and faint,
Bewail their hopeless lot!
And England in her sternest voice,
Put forth her sternest claims,
Point to her own—to Kijeree
Goes Missionary James!

"JULES" ON A GREAT EVENT.

PUTNE REACH, *16th March*, '69.

Oui, mes braves, I know you wait the opinion, *le jugement*, of your old sport-friend, *Jules*, on this *Oxfor-Cambridgge-race-course*. Here it is—I give it you—the experience of one who watches with two eyes on *le Putnè-reeche*.

LE CAMBRIDGGE (*li-blue*).

The boat, it is not big enough. *Non.* I say to my admiral friend, "*ôtez-moi une demi douzaine de ces marins.*" There is too much men in *le Cambridgge*. I see eight strokesmen, but, *mon Dieu*, only four skull. It is two to each stick. It is too much. My admiral friend explains to me the trick. When the four oarsmen faints, there is four not sick to give the "*oorah*," and propel the canoe. It is not wise. In Paris there is the lunch under the seat. The oarsman is fatigued. He stops. It is the hour of lunch; he eats, and is strong as the young Hercules. Two, three mouthful of *thon mariné grillé aux cornichons*, and he wins. Ah, *le Cambridgge* is no sportsman! And *ma foi—sapristi*—the cox-man, he has no sword and epaulets! *Quelle idée!* It is no race. Seven six on Oxfor! Heep—who takes? Vive *le dark-bleu!*

LE OXFOR (*dark-bleu*).

I see the *Oxfor-barge not* from the side, but from his *tail! C'est magnifique!* One oarsman and eight skull. It is four to each hand! *Quel embarras!* He is one hero. Five seven on him! Five eight—five nine on le Oxfor! Heep, heep, heep, oorah! I will put pot on him. Who takes? It is le Oxfor who wins. That is the "teep" of Jules.

I give you "odds."
Five one Oxfor.
Three one Cambridgge.
Seven one Morrison (he was taken).
Eight one bar four "Citizen Steamboat."
Nine one Thames Rowing Club and Harry Kelley coupled.

Heep! heep! heep! I take the "odds," I am what you call "Welchere."

NEW BROOMS AT THE WAR OFFICE.

SCENE.—*A Room in Pall Mall.*
TIME.—*A Quarter past Four.*

PRESENT.—SIR H. STOCKS (*pledged to reorganise everything and everybody*), GENERAL WALLFLOUR (*his assistant and right hand*), MR. HALT'EM (*an official of the old school*).

GENERAL W.—I have been lately engaged in collecting the statistics of every conceivable subject at any time brought under the notice of any Secretary of State, and I find that the subjects and the time occupied in their discussion are in the ratio of 404 to 402, and from these premises I have concluded that our time may in future be brought into harmony with the amount of business which we have to transact, and that the one may be brought to react upon the other to a very interesting point of exactitude.

SIR H. S.—Quite so, General Wallflour. Your statistical researches are as valuable and profound as those of Professor Darwin. By-the-bye, have we that valuation of stores completed which we ordered some time ago?

GENERAL W.—I have a numerous staff of officials now engaged in its production. There is one clerk pursuing every figure ever entered in the 50,000 books in his charge, another revising each figure so caught and placing it in a patent calculating machine of Mr. Babbage's to see that it has not fraudulently misrepresented itself, and a third surveying the process with a microscopic eye-glass, to provide against collusion between the machine and the figures introduced to it; so I think I may claim credit for adapting my materials to the end in view.

MR. HALT'EM.—May I ask what the end in view may be? I think that——

GENERAL W.—I do not refer to any distinct and specific, much less personal, end in view, but to larger matters having ends in view, which it is in no way necessary to conceal.

MR. HALT'EM.—I was going to observe that if the end of the return to which you refer *was* in view, it would probably exhibit £5,000 as the cost of its incubation.

SIR H. S.—Ah, very likely; but you know that there are larger reductions coming into existence spontaneously. However, to change the subject, has Mr. Rigmarole left the building yet?

MR. HALT'EM.—Yes, he must have gone, as it is past four. Have you heard that he has had an anonymous letter advising him on no account to leave his seat for twelve hours together, as in these days of reductions and retrenchments there is no knowing how soon he may be abolished?

GENERAL W.—I do not credit these rumours; but, perhaps if this is the case, it is not unlikely that as Mr. Rigmarole is an official of considerable discretion, he has taken the precaution to carry his chair home with him. Now, I know from statistical experience on the subject of chairs, that a cane chair——

SIR H. S.—Let me understand. Are the chairs used in this office public or private property?

MR. HALT'EM.—The office-keeper, Mr. Diddle, knows all about the chairs; shall we send for him?

SIR H. S.—It is scarcely necessary, but as you have rung the bell let him be summoned.

(*Enter* MR. DIDDLE.)

SIR H. S.—Are chairs public property?

MR. DIDDLE.—The chairs you gentlemen are sitting on, Sir Henry?

SIR H. S.—War Office chairs. Chairs used by everybody in the Department.

MR. DIDDLE.—There are clerks' chairs—cane-bottomed and leather; and clerks' chairs doubled-fronted. In room No. 121 there are chairs of three descriptions. In room 972½——

SIR H. S.—Thank you. That will do, Mr. Diddle.

(*Exit* MR. DIDDLE.)

GENERAL W.—Mr. Diddle is a very valuable servant.

SIR H. S.—Undoubtedly so. But to revert to business. When will the return of valuation be ready, General Wallflour?

GENERAL W.—It will take time to complete, for there are things of value and things of no value, whose value has to be computed.

SIR H. S.—We may report progress, I think. There is, however, another matter respecting which I seek information. I decided some time ago that each War Office account should be weighed, measured, and gauged, in order to ascertain how long each clerk should take to audit it. How is this progressing?

GENERAL W.—There are several officials engaged in this important duty. Paymasters' accounts are now being measured and weighed under the avoirdupois table, apothecaries under the apothecaries', and purveyors under the ale and beer measure; and the result of this figurative display will, I trust, be highly satisfactory.

SIR H. S.—There can be no doubt about it. We may now, I think, adjourn.

[*They adjourn.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY.

THE reckless manner in which the Supplemental Estimate for the Abyssinian War was recently carried in the House of Commons may well strike terror into the bosom of the British taxpayer. That a sum of £3,600,000 should be asked for and supplied off hand with only a little desultory grumbling on the part of a few outside members is perfectly astounding. Now that the money has been supplied and handed over to the Indian exchequer, it is late in the day to raise any ugly questions over the charges of a million and a half for mules, a million and a half for land transport, four millions for sea transport, and half a million or more for coals; but it may as well be noted for future guidance, in case of our finding ourselves in a second Abyssinian difficulty, that the conduct of the expedition should not be entrusted to the Indian Government, at all events if this country is again to find the money. Official nature is human nature after all, and even officials are apt to be lavish and extravagant in dealing with money which they do not themselves have to raise and collect.

CIVIC INDISCRETION.

THERE are numbers of people who look on the *Times* as a daily necessity, and whose boast it is that they "read everything," who never trouble themselves even to bestow a glance on the police reports, as they argue that the charges there recorded are such mere repetitions of a certain number of very old stories. It is true enough perhaps that one day's "Police" is very like any other day's "Police" you may be pleased to pick out; but if the repetition theory extends itself to charges such as that recently heard at the Guildhall, the sooner the police reports are carefully studied by the public the better.

One day last week Henry Thorpe, aged 19, a slender youth, who appeared with his left arm in splints, was charged with disorderly behaviour in Finsbury circus. Police Constable Warren stated that on the previous evening the defendant was dancing with a young woman in the Circus, and was told to "move on." The prisoner refused to do so, and took hold of the iron railings to resist, whereon a struggle ensued, and the policeman got kicked. This was the case for the prosecution.

For the defence it was shown that all the violence was on the part of the officer, and that the assault was not committed at all. The officer came into the Circus, suddenly dashed at the defendant, and pushed him roughly into the roadway. The defendant asked why he was treated in such a manner, and the officer ran at him again, when the defendant laid hold of the railings. Another officer then came up and the defendant walked quietly with them; but on the way to the station Warren took hold of the defendant by the left wrist and twisted one bone out of its socket on the top of another.

After this evidence Alderman Dakin dismissed the case on the grounds that the constable "had not used the proper amount of discretion which he ought." Discretion indeed! If wringing a lad's arm wantonly from its socket is only indiscreet, such minor brutalities as kicks and pushes must evidently be recognized by the civic magistrates as commendable precautions. No wonder our police force is becoming an ill-conditioned and savage rabble, avowedly inefficient for the protection of public property, and actually conducive to breaches of the public peace.

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LONDON, MARCH 20, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. CARDWELL, on account of the prodigies of reduction and dismissal which he has effected in the army, is to be known for the future as Mr. Dis-Cardwell.

SOME one has volunteered to bring us home Cleopatra's needle for £1,500! We are fond of relics, but this does seem rather an expensive way of taking up the *thread* of history.

ALL praise to Lord Derby for his excellent letter to his Irish Tenants, in which he gently reminds them that to conceal facts which could assist in the discovery of a murder is a crime. He also hints that if he can discover any of his tenants who have been guilty of this crime, he will evict them. It is a lamentable fact that connivance at murder should be so important a part of the Irish faith that the law is quite powerless to check it. But so it is; and until every person of influence resolutely sets his face against this spurious notion of honour which makes a virtue of a crime, so long will it be nearly impossible to detect, much less to arrest any murderer in Ireland.

CHARLES READE has had his revenge on the American nation; vicariously at least. Some American magazine had fallen foul of that gentleman's mild and inoffensive novel, *Griffith Gaunt*, in a succession of vicious attacks. Mr. Reade of course has brought his action for libel, and has absolutely obtained permission from the Court to allow Mr. George Vandenhoff to read the whole of the novel through in Court. Think of the sufferings of the wretched judge and jury! Could not some such mode of punishment (the instrument must be a little more above suspicion) be tried on the Judge and Jury Club of Leicester Square? A volume of Blair's Sermons, for instance, recited by—let us see—Mr. Phelps, from beginning to end, might not be an ineffective torture for such degraded creatures.

WE were rejoicing at the very extraordinary instance of an attempt "to shut the stable door before the steed was stolen" exhibited in the motion, brought forward last week in the House of Commons, on the state of Hammersmith Bridge. It is so very unusual in this country to find any such step taken till after a terrible catastrophe has happened that Mr. Bruce's answer, and promise of a proper inspection of the bridge, caused us to rejoice greatly. But here we are, close to the day of the race, and nothing appears to have come of this attempt at precaution. We confess that the sight of Hammersmith Bridge is quite enough to take away all one's pleasure on that day; and we only hope that a strong body of police will prevent people getting on the chains, and also that barriers will be erected to render impossible that sudden rush from one side to the other, which is the great source of danger.

SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

(*See* CARTOON.)

THE STORY.

A GIRL there was who once buried the head
Of her lover deep in the mould,
And she planted basil that never grew,
Swept the wind past warm or cold.
Then that girl she sat herself straightway down,
By the side of that plant and cried,
But it faded and faded, dropped leaf by leaf,
Slowly withered away—and died.

THE MORAL.

If the head of a Court lies hid, as dead,
In the mould,—or a castle keep,
And things get slacker and slower, it's odd
If all trade doesn't go to sleep.
Like flowers, no gold will bud out on a plant
That grows over a buried crown,
So the sooner the matter is set to rights
The better 'twill be for the town.

TO WHAT BASE USES!

FROM a question put to the President of the Board of Trade in the House of Commons last week, it appears that Her Majesty's ship *Buzzard* has recently been engaged in cruising off Herne Bay to look after the oysters which there abound, and which, moreover, it seems, are exclusively the property of a limited liability company. The question was put, however, with the view of ascertaining if it was true that the *Buzzard* was sent on the report of a Mr. Pennell, one of the Inspectors of Fisheries, who was also one of the promoters and original shareholders of the Herne Bay Oyster Company. Mr. Bright's reply was to the effect that Mr. Pennell had ceased to have any interest in the company, an explanation which appeared to give perfect satisfaction to a very crowded house, for, strange to say, it never occurred to any one member that if watching oyster beds is a duty on which ships of war are employed, there is room for a little wholesome retrenchment in the numerical strength of the Channel squadron.

Such disclosures as this make us suspicious. There have been several gunboats at anchor at Gravesend at odd times late. Has Mr. Bright borrowed them from the Lords of the Admiralty to look after the shrimps? and may we expect to find half-a-dozen ironclads mysteriously moored off Blackwall pier, when the whitebait season has commenced?

Mr. Childers, by dint of dockyard reduction, wholesale discharge of artisans, and a good measure of injustice to the Admiralty clerks, has acquired a great reputation as an economist; but his administration will surely be a failure, his uncompromising use of the pruning-knife notwithstanding, if it gets round that a number of our sea-going ships are let out to perform duties which are altogether in the province of the Thames police constables.

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BRITANNIA'S POT OF BASIL!

THE STORY.—A girl there was who once buried the head
Of her lover deep in the mould,
And she planted basil that never grew,
Swept the wind past warm or cold.
Then that girl she sat herself straightway down,
By the side of that plant and cried,
But it faded and faded, dropped leaf by leaf,
Slowly withered away—and died.

MORAL.—If the head of a Court lies hid, as dead,
In the mould,—or a castle keep,
And things get slacker and slower, it's odd
If all trade doesn't go to sleep.
Like flowers, no gold will bud out on a plant
That grows over a buried crown,
So the sooner the matter is set to rights
The better 'twill be for the town.

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THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

THIRD STUDY.—ADOLPHUS NOODLE, THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

The Rehearsal. Noodle as Claud. Lady Scarboro and her Tale. Lord Rosherville. Why the "Handsome Husband" was played. The end of the Rehearsal. Charming Unselfishness of the Amateurs!

YOU may possibly remember that I was engaged by my friend Adolphus to take part in Lady Scarboro's theatricals as "Second Officer" in the *Lady of Lyons*. Punctual to my time, I turned up at Noodle's chambers, and was kept by him waiting a few minutes the while he brushed up his hair and arranged his necktie. This done, we chartered a Hansom, and were soon galloping away in the direction of South Kensington, in which favoured spot the town house of the Scarboro's is situated.

"You'll find Lady S. rather a strange woman," said Adolphus in the cab; "she's awfully stout, and *will* play Pauline. People tell me that they wouldn't come to see her if *I* wasn't so good in Claud. You've never seen my Claud?"

"No."

"Ah, you *should* see it. I was playing it down at Poniton-on-the-Ooze, and the *Loomshire Weekly Post* declared that it was a performance replete with pathos and passion. Those were the very words—'replete with pathos and passion.'"

"Highly flattering, I'm sure."

"Well, I'm not a conceited man; but really, I *do* think my Claud is a gem in its way;—at least, I know I never play it without gaining thunders of applause."

"I'm sure the applause is deserved."

"It's very good of you to say so. But see, here we are at Lady Scarboro's. Pay the cab."

We descended, knocked at the door, and were duly admitted to the gorgeous *salons* of the Scarboro' mansion. Our cards were taken up by a very big footman, who ushered us into a very big drawing-room, which seemed chiefly remarkable for its gilding and its atmosphere of aristocratic discomfort. We found three ladies present, and two gentlemen. The first lady was very "fat and forty;" she looked as if she must have been "rather a fine woman, sir," in 1820. The other ladies were evidently her daughters; they were decidedly pretty, but in the presence of their mother looked as if the day *must* come when they too would be "fat and forty." The gentlemen may be described in a very few words. The first was an amiable "swell" of the Leech school, the second a perky youth of some eighteen summers, who looked as if he would be *awfully* old if he could.

"Lady Scarboro'," said Adolphus, "will you allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Blank, who is very anxious to play the Second Officer?"

Lady Scarboro' looked at me through a double eye-glass, gave me a little bow, and turned her back upon me. This I found afterwards was tantamount to her Ladyship telling me that I was not pretty—the aristocratic female was accustomed to a tale of some half dozen inane but handsome youths, chiefly chosen from the Guards, the War Office, and the Treasury, with whom she carried on a mild but not altogether innocent flirtation—I was not "nice" enough to be added to that happy tale!

The rehearsal commenced, and I sat down on a chair and waited for my two minutes to arrive. I found that the languid "swell" was to play Glavis, and that the youth was cast for Dumas. After awhile, the languid "swell" came up to me.

"Our friend Noodle has not introduced us," said the amiable "swell" with rather an inane grin, "so I beg to introduce myself. I had the pleasure of hearing your name, and so I will tell you mine. My name 's Rosherville."

At this moment Adolphus rushed up to us and said hurriedly,

"I forgot that you hadn't met one another before. Mr. Blank—Lord Rosherville. Lord Rosherville—Mr. Blank."

We bowed to one another politely, and my new friend observed with charming candour,

"You know it's utterly absurd making *me* act. I can assure you I haven't the faintest notion of the sort of thing I ought to be. I rather think Glavis should be a kind of rascal—well, you know I can't do that kind of thing. It's too absurd—it is really. I know I shall make an idiot of myself."

I tried to console him, but he was far too depressed to gather comfort from my remarks. By-and-bye he was called to the business of the stage, and I was left alone to look over some portraits in a photograph book. After I had been thus engaged for about an hour, Lady Florence Folkestone (the younger of Lady Scarboro's two daughters), taking pity on my forlorn condition, came up to me and opened a conversation.

"We are going to play *A Handsome Husband!*" she said, looking at me with a pair of very fine eyes. "Do you think it a pretty piece?"

"I have never seen it," I answered. "Is the plot amusing?"

"Well, no; I can scarcely call it amusing. It turns upon the heroine regaining her sight. She has been blind, but when the piece begins she has quite recovered, and has a pair of beautiful eyes."

"Really! are the characters at all interesting?"

"Well, I can't say they are. But then, you know, the lady with the eyes has *such* a good part."

"And that is played by——?"

"Oh, *I* play that!"

At this point, after I had been in the room some couple of hours, Noodle came up to me and said, "My dear fellow, I'm awfully sorry, but we shan't rehearse any more to-day. Our next rehearsal will be on Tuesday, at four. Don't be late. I'm awfully sorry we couldn't get on as far as your part. However, we are nearly sure of doing so next time."

I bowed myself out, and was gone.

I nad been kept in the place two hours, doing absolutely nothing, and the average value of my time is a shilling a minute!

SPECIAL GRIEVANCES.

THE case of Saurin *versus* Starr, like other nine days' sensations, is almost forgotten, so rapidly do the daily journals take us out of one scene into another, so immediately do incidents arrive in everyday life of more important interest to ourselves or more engrossing to public attention. But the specials who were on the jury during that contemptible affair can scarcely have forgot, perhaps in some individual cases never will forget, the dreary waste of time spent in watching that case from their wooden prison, the jury-box. But how a waste of time? Are not the services of these specials remunerated in some way or other. Certainly, by the gift of one guinea. One guinea! When perhaps one or all of them may have lost a hundred guineas by absence from their daily work.

There is something uncommonly rotten in the state of jury-law, by which we mean the laws which regulate the composition of juries, when a man, for whom time is money, who may depend on his daily negotiations for the improvement of his income and the necessary support of an increasing family, is liable to be seized, on penalty of a fine of ten pounds, and impounded for the benefit of his country's conventional customs without any remuneration worth mentioning for losses or annoyance incurred. Your lawyer will tell you, Sir, that the fine old English custom should meet with a patriotic response from every householder, and that it is sufficient remuneration to know that should you get into trouble, or commit suicide, a jury, special or coroner's, will be empanelled for your particular benefit, and at no cost to yourself.

To the man who thinks no more of ten pounds than a groom does of a grain of barley, this is a matter of little moment; he pays his fine, and nothing more is said. It is a fact that the names of bankers on the lists of jurors are crossed out as useless, as the authorities know perfectly well that there is no use summoning them, for they would not come if the fine was fourfold. It does not touch these men in any way. But there is a large class of intelligent men who have little if anything to do beyond lounging into Clubs or lounging out again, who are not liable to be summoned simply because they are in apartments, and can flit from one set of chambers to another if inconvenienced.

So then the liability to be a special juror, that is to assist at a Saurin *v.* Starr case for weeks at one guinea, is a tax on the householder. A man may be a happy bachelor, utterly ignorant of the nuisances connected with an establishment; he has enough, and to spare, for himself, but he marries, and as he is not long in finding himself a papa, he finds it necessary to put

himself and family into a house. But he also finds it imperative now upon him to work regularly, where perhaps occasional spurts were in his bachelor's days sufficient to keep up his connections. He has got an important affair coming on, a negotiation if he is a commercial man, which requires all his personal attention, an interview if he is in the literary or artistic world, on which depends a year's happiness. Bang! in comes a summons on a special jury, and the juror-elect wishes he had been born in some far off country not so free, and a little easier.

Really, our clever friend, the *Daily Telegraph*, would be doing a service to multitudes of martyrs to this blessed institution if it would open its columns to correspondents on the grievance of special juries the next time there is lull enough sufficient to make it absolutely necessary to fill up with the effervescence of literary outsiders.

We might then get some knowledge of their constitution and composition, with some suggestions for their better correction.

Take a note of this, *D. T.*, an you love me.

TOMAHAWK.

A NURSERY RHYME WITH GOOD REASON!

SING a song of Season,
Pockets full of naught,
Four-and-twenty prince-lings
Don't make up a Court.
When the season's opened,
They'll represent the Crown;—
Isn't that a shabby dish
To set before the town?

The Queen is absent—somewhere
Saving up her money,
The Prince is in a Nile boat—
The Prince, he is so funny.
So there's left but Christian
To play the King at shows,
And if he does, a blackbird,
We trust, will have his nose!

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

ON SOME "SOCIAL GLORIES" OF ENGLAND.

FOLKESTONE.

SHOULD you ever be disposed to write a hand-book to Folkestone and its environs, I would strongly advise you *not* to include the *Martello Tower*. I wanted, as you know, to *impress* this Frenchman. Have you ever seen a Martello Tower? If you have you can appreciate the force of my observing, "Ce sont ces grands fortifications qui avec l'esprit de pluck Anglaise avaient effrayer votre Napoleon." Fortunately, I don't think *Mons. Pol* took in the idea completely, and so I laughed the thing off, and hinted broadly that it was a sort of *camera obscura*. Of course this is not the place to make a note of it, but our land defences must be in a shocking state. I am sure 100,000 men could be landed in Folkestone harbour without any trouble. However, I got him safely to our hotel, near the railway station, by a back street, where we could not see the coast. Portsmouth is the place to strike a foreigner. I'll get him down there somehow. He shall *return viâ* Southampton and Havre.

FOLKESTONE, 8.45 p.m.

We have dined. *Potage*, "mocque tourte;" *poisson*, "le cod;" *rôti*, "boile-beef;" *entrée*, "porksosage." With this we had a rhubarb pie, that had waited its opportunity for some weeks (*Mons. Pol* pronounced this "*excellent*"). Then we had *chesterre* (also "*excellent*"), pale ale, and a quart bottle of "Murgan and Kenicher's old brown sherry, 1855, 8s.," which *Mons. Pol* drank in a tumbler and eulogised as *très fine*.

"Nos dinners Anglaises sont bien homely," I throw in. "None of your sauces, you know; beef pur et simple; bon honête viande, et plenty of it." This time my French takes, and draws out a very satisfactory rejoinder. "Votre dîner était exquis; et le palâle avait un bouquet très délicat." I fancy this *must* be the result of *Murgan and Kenicher* in tumblers. However, the impression has been favourable, though why on earth is a plain dinner, at a reasonable figure, in England a hopeless impossibility? Here is the *dîner exquis* as it appears in a singularly running hand—a sort of hand that is peculiar to English hotel dinner bills, and seems to hurry across the ground as if it were horribly ashamed of the prices, and wanted to get over the matter as quickly as possible:—

THE INTER-COLONIAL AND CALAIS IMPERIAL HOTEL.

FOLKESTONE.

Dr. ——.

2 Dinners, 7s. 6d.	0	15	0
2 Entrées, 2s. 6d.	0	5	0
1 Sherry (*Kenicher*, '55)	0	8	0
Ale	0	1	6
Attendance	0	2	0
	£1	11	6

It will be useless to ask a perfect stranger to pay half of this. However, he seems satisfied, and that's something. I had better suggest that it is time to be *en route*. I thought so. I was quite right about *Kenicher* in tumblers. He wants to go to the opera at Folkestone. I explain that there is no season in February, and that I doubt very much whether there is a theatre in the place. He is very disappointed, and refers to the time table. He wants to know if there is not a theatre at Westernhanger and Hythe, and goes down the line with his finger. I admit there *may* be a theatre at "*Ash-for*," but express great doubts as to its being open. "*Tonbrigge?*" No. "*Red eel?*" No, I don't think so. "*Tenez, Merstom?*" No, I'm quite sure there's nothing going on *there*. I tell him he'd better give up the idea this evening, especially as we don't get to London before 11.59. The waiter here joins us, winks at me familiarly, and says, "They ain't accustomed to our ale, sir. There's very few of 'em catches the 8.52." *Mons. Pol* is singing something in a great many verses with a chorus about "*Plaquette, Plaquette, Plaquet-te*," which is accompanied by a little French yell and a jump. We shall have a scene. Ah, here's the 8.52! "Venons; il n'y a pas de temps." Thank goodness, he understands, at least, I think so. "Sapristi! alors en route! Monsieur, je ne vous quitte plus! Adieu, Folkes-ton! Plaquette, Plaquette, Plaquet-te! Voyons Garteekets? Eh bien, houp! la—en route!" And we are off. In for five hours of an English third-class train! I do hope Kenicher will last him at least as far as Croydon!

FIVE INTO FOUR?

WE are glad to see that the venerable but rascally hot-house system of education, as established at our large public schools, has once more been dragged, as it were, by the forelock into prominent notice, and is threatened with the lash. We are not referring to the quality of the intellectual training now considered essential to the proper formation of the English gentleman, but to the *quantity*. It may be the wisest thing in the world to leave a youth stranded, at the age of nineteen, on some classic shore, where he is surrounded by all the elegances of antiquity, but is sadly in want of a Johnson's Dictionary. It may be most conducive to his future usefulness in society to fill his head with the configuration of the ancient Peloponnesus and take care that he knows nothing about the relative position of modern European States. Immoral Latin verse and heathen Greek prose may be the very finest material on which to rear the superstructure of his developed education; but these are questions to be agitated elsewhere. What we wish to call attention to is the miserable "cram" process which is now generally accepted as *education* wherever a sixth form can be got together. All sorts of bribes, in the shape of prizes, are held out, appealing, by the way, to some of the least noble instincts of human nature, to induce unhappy boys of from fourteen to eighteen years of age to put a working power on their brains that, physically, they are totally incapable of supporting. It will never be known how many bright futures have already been sacrificed to this outrageous disregard of the most obvious of truths; but something may be ascertained in regard to the mischief now actually in progress, and the possible harvest of disaster in the future. It is no exaggeration to say that there

is scarcely one large public school that does not possess its special victims. In almost every class will be found at least one particular prodigy, who, in addition to a burning desire of his own for fame or well-bound books, enjoys the advantages of parents who hound him on to further work, and masters who are prepared to over-strain and over-tax his mental capacities till they almost snap and crack under their very eyes. This ill-fated specimen of intellectual vigour is unconscious of his doom, but it is nevertheless inevitably awaiting him. Laden with honours, literally top heavy with laurel, he quits school either for the University or the more active business of life; but his weak point soon finds him out. The reckless tention of boyhood tells on the man, and at the age of five or six and twenty he has sunk down into a chronic condition of intellectual mediocrity. It is a well-ascertained fact that the clever boys who plod away at school and come home covered with awards promising such wonderful things in the way of success in after life, almost invariably are *nowhere* in the honour lists at Oxford and Cambridge. It is the boys who have gone through a sort of honourable second-place career at school who retain their powers and come well to the front later on. Instances upon instances of this must occur to every one who has had any experience in these matters. Looked at from this point of view, it must be admitted that the subject is a most important one. However, let us hope better days are in store. Young ladies are not now expected to go so far into quadratic equations and pneumatics as they were twenty years ago, and it is probable that before long a less flowery and artificial standard of knowledge will be accepted at our great public schools and colleges. We do not advocate nothing but "*Cooper*," "*Sir Walter Scott*," and the classics as found in Mr. Lacy's acting edition; but we do earnestly call attention to the established sham of education, for which parents empty their pockets, while they hand over their sons to intellectual ruin.

CHARITY AND ITS BENEFITS.

IN very few professions is there so much spontaneous charity as in that of comedians. If an actor dies in poverty leaving a widow in seven acts—we mean with seven children—at starvation point; if a comic man is struck dumb by paralysis, or a tragedian driven off the stage by a sudden consciousness of his incapability; if any accident happens necessitating an immediate supply of the ready, some manager at once offers his theatre, and there is no difficulty in getting actors and actresses to do their best for the charitable purpose in hand.

But, as the comedians who purpose to do their utmost to untie the public purse-strings come from different companies and have never performed together, it is indispensable that the programme should be made up of scenes culled, like choice flowers for a bouquet, from the favourite successes of the day.

But, again, like the bouquet of choice flowers, one smells all the scent at once, and cannot distinguish the particular odour of any pet blossom among the whole.

There is nothing astonishing then that, after coming out of such a performance as that given on Thursday last at Drury Lane, one should feel a little hazy in one's recollection of the entertainment.

Let us see if we can remember what it was all about. There was *Robert the Devil* with a *Ticket-of-Leave*, meeting *King o' Scots* on the *First Night* on the *Field of the Cloth of Gold;* but *Claude Duval* was stopped by *Dundreary Married* and settling *Cyril's Success*. We have some recollection of seeing Mr. Sothern in black whiskers very much the worse for wear, talking to Mr. Gordon in a green velvet dressing-gown, much the worse for its wearer; we cannot forget the youthful Rogers in his impassioned tones, nor the nimble Braid with his penetrating pathos; we have a notion that Miss Henrade appealed in really telling accents to a violet *robe de chambre*, which, like Sir Charles Coldstream's volcano, had "nothing in it;" we are certain that "Little Clarke" played the chop scene out of *Box and Cox* with Mrs. Stephens—and very well they played it, especially Bouncer—we rather imagine we saw Miss Farren capering about with an energy and a *diable au corps*, which no other young actress has on the London stage; and, was not that Mr. James who appeared as Francis I. at Madame Tussaud's, or was it Madame Tussaud who appeared as Henry VIII.? anyhow, we are perfectly sure that we saw Alfred Wigan as *Achille Talma Dufard*, and that, if nothing else had been given but his duet with Miss Madge Robertson, we should have thought our seven shillings well spent, even if there had been no charity in the matter whatever. On looking over what we have written, our ideas seem to have been confused by what we heard, but that matters little. The great thing was to attract the public, to make it pay, and to forward the money to the sufferers by the burning of the Hull Theatre as soon as the performance was concluded. The public was amused, the public paid, and we hope the sufferers have profited by the proceeds of the entertainment.

SYKES AND SEA FOWL.

IT is a sporting citizen,
And he "poppeth" by the sea:—
"My thought it strikes you're Mister Sykes,
"But wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"Have I but got an easy shot,
"Then care I not a pin:
"I hit birds best when near their nest;
"Call'st thou this sport a sin?
"It is a treat those gulls to eat
"When cooked without their skin."

The stranger flashed a glittering eye,
The citizen stood still:—
"Now, for the sake of 'Kittiwake,'
"I'll introduce my Bill!

"You shall not sin when birds are tame;
"Go home. I'll play the dickens
"With any brute who dares to shoot
"One of Dame Nature's chickens!

"A broken wing will surely bring
"Down wrath I cannot smother;
"Here you must learn that one good *Tern*
"Does not deserve another!

"O wretch, say I, who dares let fly
"At fledgelings young and weak!
"Kill, wound, or set forbidden net,
"A fine will stop your freak!
"Laugh, if you will, at my new *Bill*,
"But look out for the '*Beak!*'"

THE PARROT PAPERS.

No. I.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

OF MY REASONS FOR WRITING.—OF PARROTS, COCKATOOS, AND MEN.—OF THE REST OF THE WORLD.—OF THE IMITATIVE QUALITIES OF MEN.—THE IMPORTANCE OF FORMING CORRECT OPINIONS, AND THE EVIL OF CHANGING ONE'S OPINIONS.—ON READING BOOKS.

I HAVE often been asked to write.

"Why do you leave the world to go on in its ignorance when with one feather from the wing on which your mind soars to infinity, you can enlighten it? Is not this cruel, unnatural, barbarous in you?"

So they have said to me. I have listened and reflected. I always reflect on what I hear. It is not with a parrot as with a man. The latter hears but never understands. The sound goes in at his ear, but the sense never reaches his brain, or very rarely.

Of course it is a very great trouble to me to have to put on paper the mighty workings of my brain. But, perhaps, I should be wrong to refuse. I cannot make the world of men as wise as I am, but I may make them a little less foolish. And perhaps, after all, it is kinder of me to do so, though I know they will pay but little attention to me, than to keep all the treasures of my knowledge to myself, though I alone may be able to use those treasures aright.

Men will read what I write; so I must enter into elementary

details, which would be otherwise unnecessary. One must be lenient towards the ignorance of the lower part of creation, however wearisome and tedious it may be to one's own superior intelligence.

I will then make a few observations on the order of creation.

Parrots, of course, are the highest form of animal life. When men are very wise and good they become parrots, but they have to pass through intermediate phases.

Cockatoos are men not quite good enough to be parrots.

Macaws are civic dignitaries, lord mayors and aldermen, beatified, but who never reach to the supreme state of the parrot.

Parroquets are women who would pass themselves for parrots, but who can do little else but scream and look pretty; from whose lips words of wisdom never fall.

Of mocking birds, magpies, starlings, and piping bullfinches, I have not the space to speak. Suffice it to say they are parrots who for their misdeeds have been degraded in the scale of creation, but not so low as to be changed into men.

There are other animals in the world, I believe, but not of any importance, at least from an intellectual point of view. Some are made to be eaten, others to be beaten, and others to be hunted and shot by men; perhaps to keep the latter out of worse mischief.

Man is a very imitative animal. In this respect he is clever. It may seem a bold thing to say, but I have certainly heard some men speak nearly as well as parrots.

Men write and read with tolerable facility. They have no invention, no imagination, and incorrect memories. Their plan of writing a book is a very simple one. They listen carefully to what a parrot says on any subject, and then they go and write it all down to the best of their recollection, which is not saying much.

I am the first parrot who has written, and nothing would have induced me to do this, but that I am so sick of hearing the inaccuracies and blunders of men repeated to me, that having constantly expressed my disgust, I was not unnaturally deputed by those of my race, who shared my disgust without sharing my energy to be their spokesman, as it were, and to try and leave men without the excuse of saying that they write what is false only because they do not know what is true.

It is of the highest importance to have correct and settled opinions.

Nobody ever ought to change their opinions. Men do so, but it is only because their opinions are never correct.

If your opinion is correct, why change it? If it is incorrect, why have it at all? My opinions are always correct, and this is the case with nearly all parrots, except those who are drifting into cockatoos—I can't answer for them.

Parrots never read books; they sometimes let men read their books out loud to them. There is only one object in reading books, and that is to show that whatever the writer says is wrong. Parrots know this beforehand. They know what is right, and everything that they know is right, and everything that they say is right, and their views on all subjects are the true ones. Why should they read then? Not to learn anything, for that they do by observation. You cannot observe by reading other people's observations, because they may be entirely wrong. For instance, you read a book about Africa, having never been there: what is the good of that? You can't see Africa with another person's eyes; you can't tell that what they say is true; in fact, you may be pretty certain that, as they don't say what you would have said if you had seen it, it is not true.

All this may seem to show that I should never have written anything; but I think that I have justified my course already. One thing I am certain of is that no man can read what I am writing without being the wiser for it; and, though this may not be saying much, still it is something which you can't say of any book that he has read before, because, having been written by men, they can only teach him to be more foolish than he was before.

It will be my endeavour to guide the minds of men so that they may form concise and correct opinions on all subjects, which opinions will last them all their lives long, without ever being modified, or changed at all.

If I do this I hope that they will be grateful. They ought to be, and therefore, probably, they will not be. If I thought that very many men would profit by my excellent precepts, I do not think that I should have the courage to write them, for then all men would become parrots; and I am not at all certain that it is not better that the majority of them should remain where they are, in the lower part of the animal creation.

O! MONSTROUS!

THE *morale* of a people is at very low ebb when monstrosities are necessary adjuncts to the amusements of the capital. No sooner did that melancholy spectacle, or pair of spectacles perhaps we should say, the Siamese Twins, appear at the Egyptian Hall, where erst instruction found a home, and subsequently amusement coupled in the shape of public entertainers, but straightway a giantess made her *début*, and before this appears in print, no doubt the attraction will be increased by a two-headed porcupine, or a kangaroo with four waistcoat pockets. We may expect next Christmas, when the pantomimes again flood the unhappy stage with nonsense and assification, to see *lusus naturæ* of all kinds and horrors advertised as an additional spice to the highly flavoured *menu*. Indeed, this year Drury Lane inflicted a fiddling Albino on its audience; a virtuoso no doubt, and one we should be charmed to meet at any concert, where the presence of his talent was a greater wonder than the absence of colouring matter in his blood, but not to be allowed in a dramatic entertainment when advertised as an error of Nature instead of a marvel of art. What may we expect next year? No doubt managers of London theatres are already in close correspondence with families who enjoy the possession of one or more monstrosities, and could we overlook Mr. Chatterton or Mr. E. T. Smith we should probably read something or another not unlike the following epistles:—

"SIR,—I am mother of a charming infant seven years of age. He is in the happy possession of only one leg, which is beneficently compensated for by the addition of an extra nose, and three horns at the back of his head. His intelligence, grace, and talents, are surprising. He plays on our national instrument, the comb-and-paper; and has received a silver medal for his grins through the county horse-collar. As I am not of a grasping disposition, nor obliged to seek my living, I can part with my cherub for nine pounds a week, and a clear benefit at the end of the season.

"I am, dear Sir,
"Your obliged servant,
"UNA STORK.

"Dublin."

"DEAR SIR,—My boy Tom's a wonderful boy, and if it was not for his little sister, as is attached to his shoulders by a ligament which I suppose Nature knew what she was about when she fixed it, would stand alone in the world as a child of genius. As they are, boy and girl, they are unique! They is proficient performers on the side drum, lofty trapeze, and musical glasses. Also they goes through the broadsword exercise, attack and defence. If it wasn't as they experience some difficulty in both standing on the ground at the same time, they're a real pleasure for the eye to dwell upon. Our terms is three pound a night, and the same for a morning levee. N.B.—We finds our own properties.

"Your respectful servant,
"SUE Z. PANAMA.

"Philadelphia."

"DEAR SIR,—You want a sensation for Christmas. My eldest brother's a giant, only eight foot six in his socks, but capable of attaining nine foot in his boots, with military heels. He also has the undeniable advantage of possessing two thumbs on each of his hands, of which he has three, counting the little one at his shoulder. He is made so much of in the family it would be a real blessing to us to engage him. I think I could get him to come for thirty bob a week. Do think of us.

"G. O'LIATH, JUN.,

"Gath."

ANSWER TO ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Mind.

Answers have been received from Samuel E. Thomas (correct); and incorrect from C. F. Brace, Radford, The Crowndale Spaniel, and Blueskin.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 99.] *LONDON, MARCH 27, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

THE great battle has begun, with a vast flourish of trumpets from the leader of the Forlorn Hope. The battle has begun, but, seeing the result is as certain as if it had already happened, the lookers on take but little interest in the fight. It is to be hoped that the palaver will not last very long,—certainly to judge from its beginning it is not likely to prove very interesting. The wily Benjamin has made a very moderate, in more senses than one, exposition of his cause, and he really seems to have no tactics in the mazes of his brain by which he can hope to win ever so small a victory throughout the campaign.

The spectacle of all churches combined together for the purpose of spoiling the land-owners is one which does more credit to the imagination, than to the perception, of the Caucasian prophet. Nor do we feel those throes of terror which he meant to infuse into all corporate bodies as to the security of their possessions. Certainly, we are not a corporate body, which may account for the confidence which we feel that our twopence-halfpenny is as safe as it was before this great confiscation was ever announced. Nor do we quite see why the loyal and enlightened ratepayers of Buckinghamshire, though they have enjoyed so often the inestimable advantages of Mr. Disraeli's instructions, should expect their pauper lunatic asylums to be paid for out of the funds of the Church of England, because Mr. Gladstone proposes to devote none of the money placed at his disposal by the disendowment of the Irish Church to a similar purpose in Ireland. But then, again, we are not Buckinghamshire yeomen.

It seems to us that if a man is made trustee of a fund for the purpose of building houses for twenty persons, and that he only finds two, instead of twenty, to build houses for, he would not be unfaithful to his trust if, having provided for the two, he were to pay back the rest of the fund to the general estate of the person who created the trust. If Government had pledged itself to endow schools in any part of their dominions, and it was found that, when these schools were established, no parents would send their children to them, two courses would be open to that Government; either to compel the children to come to the schools or to withdraw the endowments. This seems to us a very fair parallel case of the Irish Church, though it may not seem so to the defenders of that doomed institution.

Mr. Disraeli is so very clever that one never knows whether, in attributing motives or opinions to any class, he is not instigating that class to adopt them. We can hardly imagine any worse compliment to the clergy of the disestablished and disendowed church, than to suppose that they would band themselves with the Catholic priests, and with the ministers of the other sects, for the purpose of agitating for the confiscation of the land. A more mischievous suggestion could scarcely be made; nor one more likely to injure those on whose behalf it is advanced. If the Irish Protestant clergy are so blindly resentful as their champion would represent them to be, they ought to have been not only disendowed, but unfrocked, long ago. We will not believe that there can be any combination between the members of the different priesthoods, except for the purpose of doing everything in their power to soothe the agitated feelings of the people on the subject of Tenant Right, and to aid the government with unanimous good will in the settlement of a question which is far more complicated and difficult than that of the Irish Church.

We protest strongly against the view of the Maynooth Grant, which would represent it as an ecclesiastical endowment. It is a grant by Government towards education—of those preparing for the priesthood, it is true—but it is, both in effect and intention, an educational grant, and, as such, should be maintained. Let the Protestant Colleges be also endowed, but do not diminish a fund, already small enough, which is devoted to the elevation of that class of men who have most influence for good, or for evil, with the Irish peasantry. All books that have been written on the subject of Ireland by those who know anything about the subject, while bearing testimony to the great kindness, and indefatigable industry, of the Catholic priests, yet maintain that the educational status of many of them is very low, and that their sympathies are far too keen with the most prejudiced, and least educated, portion of their flock. We cannot understand how the Protestants, who maintain this, can advocate the diminution of a grant which is devoted to the education of the men from whom these priests are selected.

How much has to be done, after the first great battle is decided, may be gathered from the very inopportune occurrence of two horrible murders, close upon one another, of the usual type—committed under the influence of that diabolical system which recognises organised assassination as the legitimate and righteous mode of avenging a personal quarrel. A magnificent opportunity for the reconciliation of all heartburnings and jealousies, whether religious or otherwise, among the different sections of the Irish, lies in the desire, which all upright and Christian men must feel, to root out of their unfortunate country that horrid sympathy with murder, when committed under the cloak of self-vindication, which now paralyzes, not only the arm of the law, but the heart of enterprise and industry.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

PEASANT BOB.

1.

WHEN every one is singing songs
Of sorrow, shame, and sin,
Let Bob, as well as wiser folks,
A word or two get in.
Men say on poor and needy souls
Big cities set their curse;
May be, but here mid lanes and fields,
Some things perhaps are worse!

2.

Two pretty words, these, "lanes and fields,"
To you who live in towns,
And picture meadows, babbling streams,
Green woodlands, breezy downs,
Who think that all's so innocent,
So happy! Ah, you're wrong!—
But come, I'll give *your* version first,
Then finish up the song.

3.

Well, doubtless, such as me you like
To fancy with my cot,—
My bit of garden to my gate,—
Contented with my lot,
While cutting sprigs of holly from
The boughs above my door,
And smiling at my little ones
Who play about the floor.

4.

When sundown comes, you like to think,
I heed their merry call,
And join them at a hearty meal,
Right hearty,—lots for all.
You hear me tell the well known tale,
At which they never tire;—
But you can fill the picture in,
"Beside the cottage fire."

5.

You paint me looking full of pride
On Jim, my boy, brave chap;
My Nelly, my own girl, at whom
Smart fellows set their cap;
My Nancy, whispering her pray'rs
Beside her mother's knee,
And Bill, and Meg,—and little Tim
Who's stayed awake for me.

6.

With time you note my locks turn white,
My children cheer my heart,
In honest England here, you boast,
I play a noble part!
On Sabbaths at the Village Church
You mark me there, and say
That eyes will moisten, heads will sink
When death calls me away!

7.

So much for fiction, now for truth;—
No village cot have I,
But huddled in one room like brutes,
Wife, children,—there we lie!
No fire to cheer the naked hearth,
No light—"Can such things be?"
I tell you that the parson's dogs
Are better housed than we!

8.

We're only "clods,"—ay, that's the word,
Down trodden to the earth
We're paupers, tillers of the soil,
Marked, branded from our birth—
Live stock upon the land, and passed
From hand to hand for gold—
Mere things that eat and drink,—not men,
But *things*—priced, bought, and sold!

9.

"Whose fault?" Ah! Whose? Heav'n knows, not I
Why in a kennel pent,
We live like brutes! The Squire wont build,
It pays but three per cent.
And so we struggle, starve, and try
To brave it out. But sin,
When courage, hope, and shame have fled,
Waits, knocks—then enters in.

10.

So Jim, my boy, that once— Well there,
He's got his seven years;
And Nelly, my own girl, my pet—
A clod may shed his tears—
We never talk of her, she's gone!
God help her! Would I knew
Beneath the green, with little Tim,
That she were sleeping too!

11.

The rest, they grow; but when I needs
Must draw my dying breath,
And wish them earth's best blessing, I
Can only wish them—death!
I know not at whose door to lay
The crime—for 'tis to rob,
The health, the strength, the life, the soul,
Of poor old peasant Bob!

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

IN consequence of the successful manner in which the Bill for the construction of a roadway across the Thames Embankment from Wellington Street to Parliament Street was carried through Parliament, and the principle which was at the time laid down that the convenience of the public should stand paramount to all consideration of the so-called "Metropolitan Improvements," we understand that certain eminent firms of contractors, encouraged by their recent victory over popular prejudice, have set on foot the following schemes, the bills for which are now in course of preparation, and will be hurried through the House of Commons with all convenient speed:—

SCHEME 1.—To build a row of shops on the south side of that part of Piccadilly bounded by the Green Park.

SCHEME 2.—To portion off thirty acres of Hyde Park situated between Rotten Row on one side, and the Serpentine and Kensington Gardens on the other, for the erection of villa residences.

SCHEME 3.—The present width of Pall Mall being greater than is requisite for the traffic which frequents it, to acquire half the street for its entire length for the erection of a second row of houses. The clubs and public buildings thus deprived of their frontage on the street, to be approached by illuminated subways descending beneath the cellarage of the new buildings.

SCHEME 4.—To convert Trafalgar Square into a dead meat market.

Our great contractors are certainly a very public-spirited body of men, and deserve to be better appreciated than they just now are. Very likely there will be people who will hint that such schemes as these are originated solely with a view to filling the pockets of these much abused capitalists; such is public ingratitude.

THE RACHEL SELL-OFF.

LADY SEPPLECAR-WHYTE TO THE DUCHESS OF BISMOUTH.

MY DEAR DUCHESS,—Only think how lucky I have been. Of course I was at Rachel's sale and bid for the great Phryne Testimonial. You know all about it I know; you remember when Lord Silenus persisted in showing so much attention to that horrid creature Mrs. Phryne who used to drive those loves of ponies round the park last season, Rachel helped her a good deal to the perennial complexion which idiotic men talked so much about. It seems that she was not ungrateful to Rachel, but made Lord S. present our worthy artist with the Testimonial, a lovely Morocco travelling bag, which belonged formerly to Tycho Brae. I could not resist it, and am now the happy possessor of what so many other women are dying now to have obtained. Come and see it, there's a dear, all the fittings are in agate with the initials of the Phryne in monograms on each of them.

Ever Yours, dear Duchess,
IDA S. WHYTE.

THE REV. T. R. TUFFE TO MRS. TUFFE.

MY DEAREST AMELIA,—I did as you begged me as soon as I got up to town, and lost no time in going to inspect the collection belonging to that sad person Sarah Levison, known to her familiars as Madame Rachel. My dear, what lessons are to be learnt on looking at the different presents made to this unfortunate soul by the unprincipled votaries of fashion who have been attempting to do what Solomon in all his glory was incapable ever of accomplishing, and yet Solomon must have been a proficient in the art of enamelling. I will show you the text I refer to when I return. You know my fondness for old china. I could not resist marking one set of plates to be bought in by an agent who seemed to me of the same type as the proprietress of the establishment. I shall prove his religious tendencies when I next see him and shall certainly attempt to enlighten his dark mind if he gets the plates at anything like a reasonable price. I was much disappointed at not seeing any collection of materials used for painting the eyes, &c., as did the Hebrew women of old. Chignons are worn very high. Look out a sermon for next Sunday—one of Arnold's short ones.

Ta ta, darling,
T. R. TUFFE.

REUBEN ASSHER TO SIMEON MOZELEY.

DEAR SIM,—The old woman's taken all the port at 20s. on commission, having had it well cobwebbed, beeswinged, and guaranteed, and if it ain't prime port presented by the Queen Hisabellar for favours received in henamelling the 'uman frame, by this time, I'm a Dutchman.

Moss Davis asked me at the same time to get rid of his second-hand dummies which have been laying about his shop in Holywell street for ages. Lots of classical works and sermons as was never bid for.

Well, the old girl is up to anything, so she puts up the whole lot as part of the library of the late Prince of Madagascar presented to herself by the queen-mother as before.

We ought to make rather a good spec out of the affair. I shall collar some magnetic water for Rebecca one way or the other.

Ever Yours,
REUBEN.

A WEIGHT *WITHOUT AN ACT.*

THE false weight and measure nuisance shows no signs of abatement. On the contrary, the seizures and fines appear to be on the increase, and the cases, as reported, grow more flagrant and outrageous every day. A recent raid in the N.W. district has been followed by a recommendation on the part of the authorities that some action should be taken by Parliament with a view to giving a thorough publicity to the names of the offending tradesmen. There is no doubt that, as a first step, such a course would be attended with beneficial results. We say as "a first step," because a second offence ought to consign these swindlers to a gaol. Why it should be no robbery to take a shilling from a man and give him the value of tenpence in return, is a question we must leave to the decision of casuists; but we can at least suggest a way of stopping the fraud summarily. For the first offence, let the culprit be nailed by the ear to his own door-post. They do this in China, and it acts admirably. For a second, let him be sentenced to penal servitude for life; and for a third, let him have three nights of Shakespeare at Drury Lane. If that does not put a stop to the system immediately, nothing will.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

THE Abbey Mills scandal of last year, when a number of our parochial representatives went down the river to inspect the Main Drainage Works, dined together, got tipsey, quarrelled, and fought, was all but forgotten, when the publication of certain documents and accounts recently printed by order of the Metropolitan Board of Works, has brought it to light again.

It seems that the drunken orgie had to be paid for, and handsomely too, for the charge for the entertainment was £2,041, namely, £1,416 for eating and drinking, £270 for steamboats, and £354 for railway expenses. If anything could add to the disgrace of the whole proceedings it would be the reckless expenditure of the public money which these figures expose. No wonder that the Metropolitan Board of Works is in the last state of impecuniosity, when its resources are swallowed by such ill-bred harpies as polluted the Abbey Mill Reservoirs with their presence last autumn.

WOMEN AND THEIR "ARTS."

A "SET of enthusiastic ladies," we should like to know their names, have taken a house at *Hitchin*, so it is said, for the purpose of commencing a female university. With the true instincts of their sex, again it is said, they have embarked in the concern without funds. The programme of subjects to be taken up for the "entrance examination," is extremely modest. The "optional subjects," a list of which follows, are of the most appalling character. A slip at random furnishes us with—"2. Greek. An easy passage of Attic Greek for translation into English, and easy English sentences for translation into Greek, with questions on Grammar. 3. French. 4. German. 5. Mathematics, Algebra, Addition, Subtraction, Multiplication, and Division of Algebraical Quantities, Arithmetical and Geometrical Progression, Simple Equations. Geometry. The First Four Books of Euclid; or the Principal Properties of Triangles, and of Squares and other Parallelograms treated geometrically; the Principal Properties of the Circle, and of its inscribed and circumscribed figures, treated geometrically. 6. Experimental Physics. 7. Chemistry."

Heaven help the man who marries a "Spinster of Arts!" That doom would seem terrible enough, but what must it not be if she has gone in for honours!"

THE CHURCH AND THE TURF.

AS Passion Week falls early this year, the Derby Day will come round before the weather is settled, and the race may possibly be run in another snow storm. We venture to suggest that it might easily be arranged for future years that the great festival of the turf should never be fixed for an earlier date than the middle of June. The question might easily be settled by a committee composed of the following persons:—

The Archbishop of Canterbury ...	*Chairman.*
Admiral Rous	*Vice-Chairman.*
The Rev. Newman Hall	*Members.*
The Earl of Coventry	
Dean Stanley	
Mr. Padwick	
Secretary	The Clerk of the Weather.

None of the above persons could refuse to give their services towards the settlement of an affair of such grave importance as a fine Derby Day. The Church would surely be willing to waive its interest in the matter to suit the public convenience.

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LONDON, MARCH 27, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE great Conservative leader has at length spoken his views of the Irish Church Bill. Some persons think that he might have told them shortly.

THOSE, who consider that the hostility which we have always shown towards the Emperor of the French needs a justification, had better read a complete series of the articles published in the semi-official papers of Paris on the Belgian question. When we remember that it is in the power of the Emperor to stop those gross insults, and lies, which have been showered forth by such creatures, as De Cassagnac, against a friendly country, we cannot but loathe the Government which can stoop to profit by such hired brutality of the pen—a Government whose very foundation, be it remembered, rests on the hired brutality of the sword.

THERE has been one political outrage committed lately on the person of the Right Honourable John Bright, which attracted but little attention. It was none the less cruel. A certain paper, which has thoroughly succeeded in reaching the level of the bucolic Bœotians whom it seeks to amuse, gave, as a portrait of the worthy President of the Board of Trade, an exact likeness of "John Bull's Favourite," the great comic singer, who is always such a hero, on the night of the Boat Race, with the excited University men, who turn the peaceful shades of Evans' into a pandemonium. Perhaps the great Tribune may consider this a compliment.

A MUSICAL NOTE.

THE opera programme for 1869, though long overdue, has at length made its appearance. Why there should have been so much delay in its publication it is difficult to understand, for the fusion of Covent Garden and Her Majesty's having once been decided upon, the bill of fare could scarcely have been anything more nor less than what it is. A few good artists have been got rid of, and no new engagements have been made. The *repertoire* is, of course, very comprehensive; so, with the exception of Ambrose Thomas's *Hamlet*, no new works are to be produced.

The only surprise (for it was well known some weeks back that Mr. Costa had seceded in a huff), is the disappearance of Signor Mario. However judicious his non-engagement may be in a pecuniary point of view, all opera goers will regret Mario's absence. Nevertheless, if an opera company can ever be complete without numbering amongst its members the ever charming tenor of our youth, surely Covent Garden now possesses the most distinguished troupe of great artists ever brought together at one establishment; and it is pleasant to be assured that Messrs. Gye and Mapleson have refrained from availing themselves of an opportunity which might excusably have been seized upon to raise the prices of admission.

TAKING UP THE SHELL!

or,

A PATRIOT'S DEED.

(*See* CARTOON.)

HARK! the raging din of battle
Thunders o'er the rolling seas.
Hark! the cheers and cries of thousands
Swell upon the smoky breeze!
Brave, true men have fought and perished,—
Perish now, and will! The strife
Never wearies, never ceases.
'Tis the mighty war of life!

War of truth against all error,
War of right against the wrong;
War of honour 'gainst dishonour,
War of weak against the strong.
War, where none can shirk the struggle,
War, where all must play a part,
War, where cowards pale and tremble,
War, where heroes may take heart!

See, the good old ship of England
Bears her right down to the fray,
With her colours nailed above her,
And her bulwarks torn away!
Still she deals forth mighty havoc
In the thickest of the fight,
With her never changing war cry
Of "Let God defend the right!"

Shots are flying, shells are whirling,
Through the murder laden air.
Hark! a crash—yes, one has struck her!
Save her; see 'tis lying there.
It has come from the past ages,
With its pent up hidden fires;
Men of England, over with it;
You are nobler than your sires!

Quick, this is no time for halting;
Men of action, rise, awake!
There's a lighted shell among you;
Justice, honour—all's at stake!
Where's the man to free his country—
Save the good old ship once more;
Give her life? She shall not perish,
No, her glory is not o'er!

See, the cry is heard. The answer
Echoes back in ringing cheers.
Comes a form erect, undaunted,
And the deadly missile nears.
In his steady grasp he takes it,
Flings it to the foaming seas.
Saved! again the old flag triumphs!
"Braves the battle and the breeze!"

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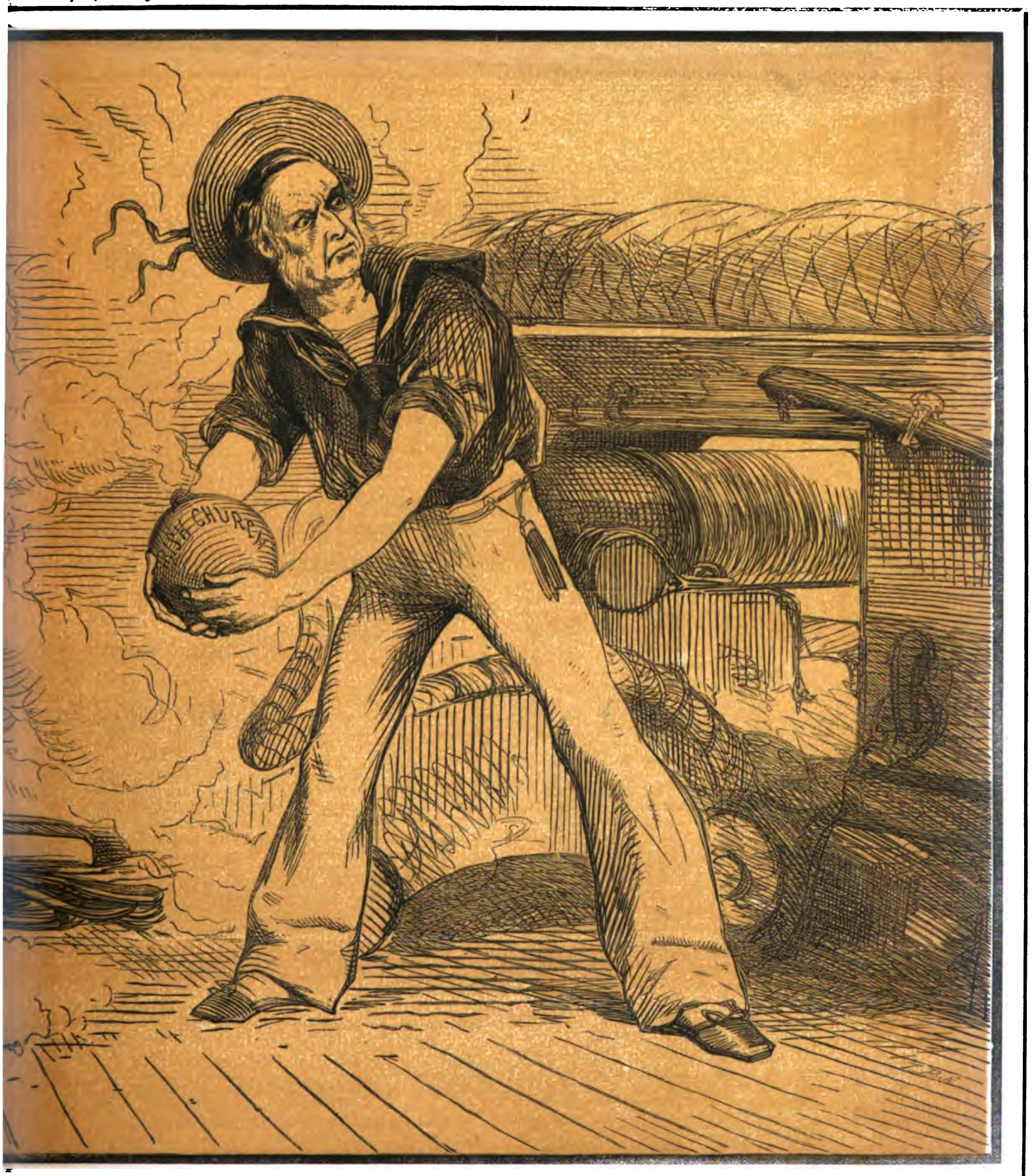
TAKING UP

A PATRI

See, the cry is heard. The answer
Echoes back in ringing cheers.

Comes a form erect, undaunted,
And the deadly missile nears.



THE SHELL!

OR,

)T'S DEED.

~~In his sturdy grasp he takes it,~~

Saved! again the old flag triumphs!

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THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

STUDY III.—ADOLPHUS NOODLE, THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

Lord Rosherville's Trouble.—The Caste of the "Lady of Lyons"—Rosherville's Make-up—Moustachios and the French Revolution—The Love of Art and the affection for Whiskers—Noodle's Grievance—Mute's Appeal—Charming unselfishness of the Amateur.

THE rehearsals at Lady Carboro's were all more or less the same. Some of the actors flirted, some of them laughed, and some of them were so hopelessly depressed by the heavy weight of their great responsibility, that they moped about the rooms like melancholy but well dressed ghosts. Among these last was Lord Rosherville, who, in spite of several gallant attempts to keep up his spirits, became at last *awfully* depressed.

"You know," he said to me, taking me by the button-hole, "I *really* am not the man for the part. *I* can't play Beauseant. Who would take *me* for a villain? Why it's too absurd. If I played anything, I think I should like to play Harlequin in a pantomime. I think I could do *that*."

With this he went his way, leaving me to my own devices. Having nothing whatever to do, I watched my fellow actors. I beg to give a few sketches extracted from my note-book.

CLAUD (played by my friend Adolphus).—As I have already described him, I need say nothing here, except this:—He played Claud with much gloomy majesty, and gave one the notion that Melnotte never uttered half-a-dozen words without learning his speech beforehand.

GENERAL DAMAS (played by the youth to whom I have already referred).—In spite of all his efforts, the poor fellow never seemed older than eighteen. On "*the* night" he looked sixteen!

MONSIEUR DES CHAPPELLES.—A vague youth from the War Office, who spoke in a whisper, and laughed nervously when anyone addressed him.

BEAUSEANT (played by Lord Rosherville).—From what has already been written it may be gathered that this character had not fallen into very satisfactory hands. On the night of performance his lordship was a dead failure, even for an amateur.

GLAVIS (played by Charley Rosely).—Charley was an "awfully nice fellow" for the "ladies." Rather retiring, and not much of a hand at manly sports, but amiable to a degree. Some one had asked him to play Glavis, and he had consented, as he had not been able to say "no." He had no more idea of acting than a wax doll. On the evening of the performance he forgot his part entirely, and murmured softly and smiled sweetly at anyone who in the course of the piece happened to look at him.

THE INNKEEPER AND THE NOTARY (doubled by Sir John Tulip, Bart.)—This gentleman was rather nervous, but exceedingly anxious to do his two *rôles* justice. By some mistake he dressed the part of the Innkeeper as the Notary, and appeared as the Notary in a highly comic and bacchanalian costume, with a red nose and a napkin. These mistakes rather complicated the plot, and ministered to the languid surprise of the audience.

1ST OFFICER (played by Major Lawson).—This actor when on active service was known as a severe martinet. On the night of the piece he quarrelled with his brother officers because they didn't know how to carry their swords with military dignity.

2ND OFFICER (played by my unworthy self).—It is scarcely necessary to say that I was *very* bad on the first night.

3RD OFFICER (played by the Hon. Bertie Ditton).—This young fellow was a professed "wag." On the night of performance he appeared in a long white beard, and pretended to weep piteously when anyone addressed him.

PAULINE (played by Lady Carboro).—As I have written before, our hostess was very "fat and forty." Her age and physique were admirably suited to the part of Pauline.

WIDOW MELNOTTE (played by Lady Florence Folkestone).—This young lady *would* "make up young" and wear diamonds. She looked on the night of performance about ten years the junior of her son, Claud, and seemed to be the owner of enormous wealth.

MADAME DES CHAPPELES (played by Miss Ida Fitz-Plantagenet-Tudor).—This young lady tried to look even younger than Lady Florence Folkestone, and succeeded. On the night of the performance she appeared to be a gushing maiden of sixteen.

So much for the *Lady of Lyons* and its caste. From what I have written above it will be seen that all the characters in the play were filled to perfection!

I pass over the rest of the rehearsals in silence, and come at once to the great event—the night of performance.

At a very early hour after dinner I hurried down to South Kensington, and was shown up to a gorgeous bedroom by a still more gorgeous flunkey, where I found Nathan, the costumier, waiting to clothe me in the uniform of an officer of the French Republic. With a nod to Clarkson, who was hard at work upon poor Rosherville, I placed myself in the hands of the amiable tradesman of Tichborne street, and in a few moments appeared as a warrior in a good deal of gold lace and in a sword which wouldn't on any account leave its scabbard. Very much pleased with my appearance, I passed over to Rosherville.

"Ah! is that you?" he said, looking at me out of the corners of his eyes. "I say, are you up in costumes?"

"Not particularly. What's the matter?"

"Why, you know, I don't think fellows used to wear whiskers and moustachios in the French Revolution, you know."

"Oh yes they did, I think," I replied, pulling at my moustache, "at least, they did in the army, you know."

"Ah, but I'm afraid civilians usen't to wear moustachois in the time of the Revolution. What do you say Mr. Clarkson?"

"Well, m' lord I believe they usen't to wear much hair in the Revolution, but among amateurs Beauseant is often played in moustachois," answered Clarkson, Prince of Perruquiers.

Leaving Rosherville struggling between his love of art and his affection for his whiskers, I descended on to the stage. It was not a very large platform. The scene was set for the opening farce. The tradesman who had provided the stage had made some mistake with the scenery which had caused some confusion.

Adolphus, who of course played in the first farce (our friend played in everything), was in the greatest state of excitement, and Mute, the "professional" who had "coached" the amateurs, vainly made an attempt to soothe him.

"I tell you I *cannot* play," cried Adolphus, "The stage directions say 'an interior—the bachelor's lodgings of Bungle—very poor and dirty—three tottering chairs R.,' &c. Now I ask you does this place look poor *or* dirty?"

"Well," said Mute, looking at the scene, "Perhaps it is a *little* too showy for bachelors' lodgings. But couldn't you say something at the beginning of the piece about your landlord's generosity. That would account for the gilding and the medallions."

"It really can't be done," replied Adolphus with decision. "You mustn't play the fool with the audience. You know I don't mind what I do to oblige people, but I have a reputation to preserve, and I *really* can't play with that set."

"Hang it all!" cried Mute, losing his temper, and then turning round sharply upon a carpenter, he asked "I say, where did you get this from?"

"Well, Sir," answered the man, scratching his head, and looking hard at the scene, "I think it must be the palace interior out of *Aladdin*."

"Now Noodle, my boy," said Mute to Adolphus, "you will *greatly* oblige me—will really do me a favour—if you will go on, and say no more about it."

"My dear Mute," replied Noodle, "people tell me that I'm the best natured man in the world, and you *know* I'd do *anything* for you; but really, you must excuse me. I can't play with that, you know, I really can't."

"O you nice, sweet, amiable creature!" murmured Mute, savagely, as he turned upon his heel. The prompter at this moment seeing the stage clear, rang his bell.

The curtain ascended slowly and unsteadily.

* * * * * * * *

THE READER (*coming to the above asterisks*).—Well! what next?

THE AUTHOR (*facetiously*).—You must wait till next week!

THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

No. II.

PERSONAL.—ONE REASON WHY PARROTS ARE SUPERIOR TO MEN.—CONCERNING ARGUMENT.—OF REASON AND INSTINCT.—THE ADVANTAGES OF ACTING ON INSTINCT, PRACTICALLY AND THEORETICALLY ILLUSTRATED.—SOME HINTS AS TO THE BEST MODE OF ARGUMENT.—TWO VALUABLE PRECEPTS FOR THE USE OF ARGUERS.—SOMETHING ABOUT CREATURES WHO ARE SAID TO BE SUFFERING.—HOW TO ANSWER ANY APPEALS ON BEHALF OF THE POOR.—MORE USEFUL ADVICE.

I HAVE heard several impertinent observations concerning my last article, made by the human creatures attached to my establishment. It appears that they consider my assertion of the superiority of parrots over men entirely false. It is not necessary for me to condescend to dismiss the matter, because parrots *are* superior to men.

But I am writing for the instruction of men; so listen, and I will show you one reason why we are superior. You have got two legs, so have we; you have got two feet, so have we; but you have got two arms; why? Because you are such stupid creatures that you cannot use your feet like we do our claws, as feet and hands too, and so you are obliged to have two hands stuck at the end of two long things which you call arms; but which are nothing else but legs, which you don't know how to use.

Of course if you have opinions, you are expected to argue in support of them. I don't like argument myself, because I never was yet convinced by any argument, except of my own invention. Besides, to argue about what you know to be true is waste of time; and if it is not true, how can argument make it so? It is but a poor compliment to one's own opinions that one should think it necessary to defend them with arguments. I daresay this is rather hard for men to understand. I try and adapt myself to their comprehensions—but stooping down so very much makes one's back ache.

Men pride themselves on the possession of what they call Reason, which they try to make out is a very superior quality to Instinct. Now I am not ashamed to say we parrots lay no claim to Reason. We are quite content with Instinct. Instinct teaches me to peck any man's fingers which are placed near me. Were I to act upon the tardy principle of Reason, I might hesitate whether to peck the fingers or not; and that hesitation might enable the owner of the fingers to abstract some of my property. This is a practical illustration of the advantages of acting on Instinct.

Again, if I see anything that I want, say a piece of sugar, or a biscuit, or a pretty trinket, I take it, because Instinct teaches me, that if I don't do so, some other creature probably will. Now, if I acted on Reason, I might be led into a cowardly train of argument with myself as to whether the sugar, or the biscuit, or the trinket belonged to me or not. Here again the delay caused by Reason would stand in the way of my obtaining my object. This is another practical illustration of the advantages of Instinct over Reason.

But, theoretically speaking, Reason *must* be inferior to Instinct. What can be more tedious or foolish than to submit one's self to a lengthened discussion in one's own mind, before one comes to any conclusion on any subject? Instinct teaches me that all women and that most men are fools. Were I to discuss the subject by the aid of Reason, supposing Nature had inflicted upon me that tiresome quality, I might waste a great deal of valuable time in deciding whether they were fools or not. It is surely simpler, and much more sensible, to say at once that they are fools and have done with it.

But I am somewhat hard on men. They are deprived of instinct, and therefore sometimes they must be content to argue in defence of their opinions. I will give them some valuable hints as to the best mode of conducting an argument.

First of all, never, under any circumstances, allow your mind to be tainted with the notion that you are, or possibly can be, in the wrong. If you neglect this fundamental principle, your whole life will be miserable, for you will have to be continually undergoing a vexatious process of humiliation, which is called changing your opinions.

If you must argue, begin by stating a fact, or what you call a fact, and stick to it. Never allow yourself to be drawn into a discussion as to whether it is a fact or not, but simply keep on repeating it. This mode of argument you will find most effective; in fact, it is quite unanswerable.

Another point—a most important one; *never lose your temper*. If you do, you not only confess your weakness, but you tacitly allow that you cannot answer your opponent. Now this is what a Parrot never does. If anybody disagrees with us, we simply assert and re-assert our opinion, and if the dissentient does not fall into our views, why, all the worse for him.

For instance, some tiresome parrots, whom I really believe to be more than half cockatoos, are constantly worrying us (the *real* grey and red parrots—there are no other true-bred parrots, let them dye their feathers as they will); these mongrels, I say, are constantly worrying us about the sufferings of some of our race somewhere or other, who never get fed regularly, and whose houses are never properly cleaned, if they have got any houses at all. Now, what on earth has this got to do with me? I get my seed, and my rice, and my potato, and my sugar regularly; my beautiful gilt palace is kept as bright as possible; my water is always fresh, and there is plenty of it; my perches are numerous, and all in first-rate order. What can it matter to me if there are a number of creatures, somewhere or other, calling themselves parrots, or parroquets, or I know not what degree of the family of Psittacidœ, who do not find themselves as comfortably situated as I am? In the first case, I have never seen any of these wretched creatures, and till I see them I decline to believe in their existence. It is no use telling me that, if I choose, I may go and see them. I *won't go* and; if I did I should shut my eyes, for I have made up my mind that there are no such creatures; and no power on earth, or in the air, or in the water, if it comes to that, can alter my conviction. If I once admitted that there were such creatures, I don't know to what trouble and annoyance I might not find myself exposed. Perhaps they might ask me for some of my food, or they might presume—for really there is no end to the presumption of the lower creatures—they might actually presume to ask me to take some of them into my palace. It makes me shudder to think of such a thing.

I believe that among men there are some low creatures whom you call "the Poor;" and that there are similar nuisances amongst you to those of which I have complained, who are continually urging you to help these Poor—in fact, to give something which you have got, and which you like, to them. This must be very annoying.

If you take my advice, you will do as I do; deny that there are any poor. If you have not the strength of mind to maintain this assertion in the face of what your miserable Reason may make you believe is a proof of their existence, I will teach you another way of getting out of the difficulty.

Throw up your claws—I beg your pardon, hands—in the air, and say that it is very sad, but that it is not your fault, and that you have no doubt that *it is all for the best.*

This is a very good way of meeting these marauding beggars. If they should turn round and ask you to prove how it is all for the best?—for they are capable of any impertinence—tell them you do not know why, but that you feel sure that it is so. If they go on to try and worry you with detailed accounts of the sufferings of these Poor, merely repeat what you said before; adding, if you like, that we do not know that they suffer at all—that very likely they *do not* suffer at all.

If this does not satisfy the pleader on the wretches' behalf, go on saying it till he is tired; if you get tired before He does, go to sleep and let him talk to himself.

I never myself could make out on what grounds these Poor can expect to be helped. If the man with whom I lived was not rich, and did not give me plenty of good things, I should certainly be very much disgusted with him, and should go elsewhere; but as long as he gives me what I want I do not care if he lives on old hemp husks himself. And that is what he would have to do, if he gave to everyone who was not so well off as himself.

If the rich were to give to these Poor, there would soon be no rich, but only a number of Poor; and then who would be able to give them anything, even if they wished to do so?

No. Instinct teaches this, and let Reason learn of Instinct; as long as *yourself* are comfortable, and have got everything you want, never trouble your head how others are faring. If you have not got what you want, help yourselves; it is a much shorter and surer way than waiting for others to help you.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE REFLECTIONS.

ON SOME "SOCIAL GLORIES" OF ENGLAND.

BROMPTON.

THANK heaven! here at last. Mons. Pol is in bed—an English bed, upstairs. May that console him! At 3.52 a.m., as he retired to rest, he was swearing most solemnly, though politely, he would return to France to-morrow morning. I tried to laugh off his *chagrin*. No use. I joked about the sea journey. "Vous ne voulez pas essayer une autre two hours' voyage, et soyez tossed about vous savez comme un cork?" This touched him a little, but I am afraid it is no use. One of our "Social Glories" has settled the matter, for he shut the door rather sharply in my face, said something that sounded very awful about "*enfer*," and, I think, went to bed in his boots. *This* is the result of five hours of an English railway—third class. Is anybody surprised? No, no one. Mons. Pol was right in the main about "*enfer*." He has hit it.

What happened to us? Simply this. Taking Mons. Pol in tow, after the sherry in tumblers, I sailed up to the station. Being rather decently dressed, and Pol having, for some reason or other, a bran new trunk, all over shiny knobs and polished straps, to say nothing of a very brilliant hat, which he insisted on purchasing for seven shillings in 'le 'igh street" as a memorial of Fol-kes-tone, the guard looked at us with rather a first-class eye. Our false position was, however, soon discovered, and then commenced that series of snubbings, sneers, pushes, moral and physical, impertinences, insults, personal attacks, trials, indignities, humiliations, abasements, crushings, sufferings, and prostrations, from which no third-class passenger in this great land of flunkies and liberty is ever secure. The man who pinches the tickets snips a bigger piece off your's than he does off the second, and the second fare worse than the first. No one ever calls you "Sir" from the moment you "hand" yourself. If you are late, you are kicked in with an oath. If you get out, you are asked "what you are up to now?"

If your feet freeze, and you say something about a foot-warmer, the porter goes into apoplectic roars of laughter at your audacity first, then summons every official in the station to continue the roar with him. As the train moves off you are pointed at as "the Dook," and asked if "your Lordship wouldn't like a warm bath at the same time." At every station the guard tells the joke, and out-of-the-way places burst into loud merriment in the dead of the night at *the* best thing anyone has ever heard down the line. A "third-class" want a foot-warmer! They are quite right. There is something insane about the notion from a British point of view. Let the "third-class" be thankful they are allowed to quit the train alive! And so we were! But Mons. Pol's grievance was of a deeper nature than this. The ticket collector at London Bridge put "his hand on him." "I tell you it is one stroke; and I will put one cannon in his head. Mon Dieu, Sapristi-Sacr-r-r-r,—" But more of *Mons Pol's* revenge next week.

MILITARY REFORM.

LIFE is chequered to us all; and therefore, even a military Reformer must expect to meet with discouragements as well as encouragements, from time to time. But the last few days have been marked with a very chequered collection of the ups and downs of disappointment and satisfaction.

And first a great disappointment: When the important subject of the Dual Government fell into such wretched hands as those of the rubicund member for Brighton, who so completely muddled his subject, so completely displayed the *cramming* by which he had manifestly been primed by somebody outside who did understand it, while he as manifestly did not, that he stopped all rational discussion on this important question, and was actually put down as "nonsensical" by Sir John Pakington. Fancy the ponderous eagle of the South Coast swooping down on his Royal prey and then trodden under foot and trampled on by a cock-sparrow in patent leather boots.

After this, the cock-sparrow, in his patent leather boots, elate at his easy victory over his burly opponent, flew at higher game, and attacked the new War Lord of the Treasury. It would seem that the same little bird, fluttering about the back stairs of his old quarters in Pall Mall, was guided by his very prominent nose to the room in the War Office in which sits the new Junior Lord, and then he smelt smoke, and, like another old goose, alarmed the Capitol, announcing to the House that whether the new Lord did anything else he could not say, but certainly one thing he did—he smoked. Courtesy generally protects an absent member from personal attack, and in this case the want of courtesy was more signal, knowing, as Sir John must have done, that his victim's absence was caused by the heaviest domestic affliction. And the want of courtesy was only equalled by the want of truth on Sir John's part. We are very sure that during his two months of office, Captain Vivian has given more assistance to his chief in his economies and reforms than Sir John gave to the public in maintaining their interests during the two years of his calamitous administration at the War Office. If Captain Vivian has begun his career in smoke, it is certain that Sir John has ended his in the same; and if Captain Vivian's office labours are typified by a cigarette, Sir John's administration may be fully designated as a mere-sham.

But alongside these foolish failures the Military Reformer finds reason for rejoicing at the sound constitutional views enunciated by ministers in their denunciation of one of the Tories' many last dying jobs—the appointment of Major-General Wetherall to be Under-Secretary for Ireland. This distinguished officer was well known to everybody except the ministers who selected him in consequence of their knowledge of him, to be the most imperious of officers, the most military of military men, and the most orange of Orangemen. His appointment to this post in Ireland was a simple act of defiance to the Liberal population of that country—his retention there by ministers anxious to conciliate and do justice to Ireland, was a simple impossibility. Sir E. Wetherall will be removed to some military command where his great military talents will find due scope; and ministers will abide by the principle, which we have in these pages so often maintained, of employing military officers for military functions, and civil officers for civil functions.

Again, the wheel turns; and the Military Reformer has to grieve over the continued and unchallenged existence of the gross abuse of appointing a second Major to cavalry regiments at home. The vote containing this useless appointment was proposed by the Minister without a word of comment, and passed by the House without a word of objection. Let us hope that Mr. Cardwell's attention will yet be called to this abomination and then its days are surely numbered.

For exacting indeed must be the advocate of Military Reform who does not feel assured of a brilliant victory for most of his views and wishes at the hand of the distinguished Minister for War, who has this year opened out, in a speech of unexampled clearness and preciseness, a policy that will mark an era in Military Administration. Never was anything happier than the manner in which Mr. Cardwell brought to bear on Military matters all his varied knowledge obtained in the Government of our Colonies in former Ministries.

Cœlum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

says the old Latin satirist, which we may translate

Their field of labour, not their brains,
Who change their situations, change.

And in the happy union of the Colonial Minister with the present Secretary of State for War, we seem to have found the first Statesman, who has discovered that a colonial policy is the key, the only solution, to the difficulties of Army Reform; that in this question of the self defence of the self-governing colonies lies the answer to the difficult enigmas of short army services, rapid reliefs from foreign service, the abolition of re-engagements, the formation of adequate reserves, and the reduction of redundant stores.

We cannot now extend further our remarks on this remarkable speech. We know not which to admire in it most, its determination, its moderation, or its reservation. Its determination in dealing within the space of a few days with subjects leading to a retrenchment of upwards of a million sterling, its moderation in not at present touching upon such vast subjects as the Purchase system and the retirement from the non-purchase corps, its reservation on that subject most appropriately so headed, the Reserves. It is clear that Mr. Cardwell

has in his mind germs of some adequately extensive system for securing an effective reserve to the army of this country, and we are willing to wait patiently for the development of his system in his own good time, confident that the Minister who has originated his present admirable policy for colonial army reductions, will not be content with any petty measures in the equally important matter of our Army of Reserve.

A WORD WITH MISS NEILSON.

IT is needless to tell Miss Neilson that she is very beautiful, and by nature very winning. That she must know; but she cannot know how much pains she takes to deform all the beauty and destroy all the charms that Nature has given her, or she surely would not be so cruel to herself and to her audience. She seems to have a morbid horror of speaking a single word naturally, or of using a single natural feature. The infinite labour that she employs, and the watchful care that she displays in attaining this object, would have served to make her, if not a great, at any rate a very good, actress. As it is, she has succeeded in completely effacing all traces of talent which she showed as a *débutante*, and has substituted in the place thereof nothing but the most studied affectation—highly finished, but all the more abominable. She is very young, and there is plenty of time for her to retrace her steps, and to unlearn what she has been taught; but if she is led away by the eulogies of enthusiastic critics, who are put *hors de combat* by her beauty, or to the silly applause of the vulgar, who are "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb show and noise," her career may be regarded as hopeless. We believe that she loves her art enough to wish to do it noble service; also that she has real feeling; but she crushes it under such a melancholy mass of stage tricks and contortions that no one will ever give her credit for it. If she would only deign to take a lesson from Mr. Herman Vezin's acting, she would see that it is possible to speak blank verse forcibly and naturally at the same time, and that in order to be effective it is not necessary to scream out every fifth or sixth word without any regard to the sense thereof. If she perseveres in her present style, she will doubtless find many people to tell her she is a fine actress, but she will not get many persons of intelligence or good taste to think so.

THE BOAT RACE FROM THE CLUB WINDOW.

JONES (*to Brown*). Not going to the Boat Race.
BROWN. Not to-day!
Such beastly weather—not at all inclined;
In fact, don't care a blessed cuss about it.
Who's going to win?
JONES. Why, Oxford is of course!
There's only one crew capable of rowing.
BROWN. Did you belong to either University?
JONES. Well, not exactly—quite a fluke I didn't!
I thought the army much more elevating.
BROWN. And so you purchased a commission?
JONES. Well—
Not precisely so—I couldn't pass the Exam.
(*Looking at his watch*) By Jove, it's no use trying now to see the Race.
(*Aside*) Not that I ever thought of going down at all.
BROWN. Drizzle I must confess don't add to pleasure—
I can't imagine why so many people go!
Confounded idiots! where's the fun in staring
At two long what-you-call-ems darting down
The stream, while gaping thousands shout aloud,
"Now go it one or tother!"
JONES. Well now, there
I think you're wrong. A man has sympathies
With caste, and when a struggle, be it War,
Peaceful, or simply one of Commerce, still
The man whose moral education—yes—
Whose moral sense of—well—of course you see
Must touch a chord which—what I mean is this—
That kind of thing you know reciprocates!
BROWN. Observe the ribbon knot of deeper blue
Which flutters on the whips or horse's heads,
This indicates the coward slavishness to fame,
The abject growler and the Hansom cab
(The name conspicuous by its absent worth)
Can scarcely sympathise with either crew.
Their college education is confined
To three days in the year at most. Perhaps
They convoy to th' Alhambra or some field
For sowing wilder oats the college youths;
Perhaps they bandy words or try the force
Of London oaths 'gainst Alma Mater's slang,
But know they aught of Trinity or John's,
Of Balliol, Christchurch, or of Brazenose?
Or if the latter name has met their ears,
They probably connect it with black eyes
Or Brassy cheek.
JONES. Such is the "ignoble herd."
And should the often-vanquished win to-day,
The whips and horses' heads will back return
Transformed in colour to the lighter shade.
BROWN. Then you're for Cambridge?
JONES. Well, I'll tell you soon.
I've back'd the stronger for a pony, though
Should Cambridge pull it off I win some ten
Or fifteen quid.
BROWN. That's luck!
JONES. Yes? but you know
I always play to get my *quid-pro-quo*.

CHARADE.

WHEN fired with youthful ardour,
I rashly bought my first;
I little thought so quickly,
That I could quench my thirst.
I floundered o'er the ocean,
And caught the nimble crab;
And fancied in my inmost soul,
I was a very dab.

But soon a change came over
The spirit of my dream;
My sun eclipse did suffer,
And died on her own beam.
I watched my hopes all drowning,
I dropped a briny tear;
No wonder that the sea is salt,
If sad youths weep so near.

Of glory still voracious,
I turned my steps to land;
And fleeter than the camel,
I bounded o'er the sand.
With loins golden-girdled
('Twas she that made the belt)
I staggered in my second first,
And at her dear feet knelt.

What was such paltry triumph,
To that transcendant joy;
When with my scull all broken,
I passed the blushing boy.
I saw her blue eyes glisten,
I knew that I had won
More than my whole, although I'd lost,
Ten pounds and half a stone.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur A'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 100.] *LONDON, APRIL* 3, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

OUR WOUNDED VOLUNTEERS.

LET nobody think from the above heading that we are describing any casualties that may have resulted from Monday's Review; we write this while that Review is in the womb of the great To Be. It is to the wounded feelings, to the crippled resources, and to the mutilated prospects of our Volunteers, that we refer.

The history of the Volunteer movement in England is a very curious one. We suppose that even in this, the great empire of Humbug and Pretence, there never has been any body of men so bespattered with fulsome praise, so deluged with flattery, so smothered with compliments, and all to so little practical advantage, as the Volunteers. As for the real and useful aid which they have received from either the Government or the public, it has been very little indeed; and now that a Government is in power, whose liberal ideas of economy are carried into effect by robbing everybody in their employ of a penny who has only got twopence-half-penny, we may be pretty sure that the capitation grant, small enough before, will soon disappear altogether. We venture to say that it is much easier to raise twenty thousand pounds by public subscription towards the erection of some idiotic caricature in marble of Albert the Good, or some other unfortunate individual whom we have abused whilst alive, but when dead have agreed to persecute with panegyrics, than to scrape together two hundred pounds towards the support of any regiment of Volunteers. Of course we will not for one moment dispute that the statue is the more useful and more ornamental thing of the two, but still we do not know what the Volunteers have done that they should be lauded up to the skies in words, which cost nothing, but when they appeal for hard cash to their enthusiastic encomiasts, should be met with the chilled shot of refusal.

Have the Volunteers failed to answer the purpose for which they were established? We say, certainly not. If they were intended solely to repulse an apprehended invasion, the apprehension having proved a vain one, they have not had an opportunity of proving their usefulness, or the reverse. Some persons may think that, as the probability of an invasion of England is further off than ever, therefore, the Volunteers are of no use at all. But these persons belong to that class, unfortunately a very large one, which never can see the use or advantage of any precautionary measures. These are the sort of people who are always sorry that they have not insured their house, after it has been burnt down; who spend a hundred pounds readily enough in doctor's bills for one of their children whose health, and, too often, life might have been saved by the precautionary expenditure of a hundred shillings. These people are frantic with rage at the notion of building fortifications, and ships, or of organizing troops, till war has begun, and then they are for lavishing millions when hundreds would have sufficed two years ago. Nothing equals the extravagance of these economists except their niggardliness; the triumphant air in which they point to the sixpence struck off the Estimates in answer to their persistent clamour, is only surpassed by the impetuous fury with which they add thousands to them, when the danger, not so much unforeseen as unprepared for, really arrives.

As part of the wise policy of precaution, the Volunteer movement has certainly succeeded. The different corps have proved, year after year, that they are well trained, capable of bearing fatigue, and of submitting to camp discipline; that they can move rapidly, and answer readily to the word of command; in fact, that they are fit to take the place of the regular troops as a home garrison in the event of war, or any other cause, necessitating the despatch of all our troops on some foreign service. This is what Volunteers are intended for; nor can we see why they should not be employed in the quelling of any civil tumult, as they must, from the nature of the elements which constitute them, be much less inimical to a mob than the regular forces; and their very presence would be a declaration of all the respectable classes in favour of law and order.

What then is the reason that our Volunteer Force threatens to fall into decay if not to collapse altogether? It is not because the enthusiasm which was the immediate cause of its creation, has subsided; for there is quite enough zeal and earnestness in favour of its existence to give it vitality. It seems to us that the fault lies with the military authorities, who have never taken any hearty interest in its equipment, and in its proper organization. Parliament too is much to blame for the coldness which its members have always evinced on the subject. As it is, the Volunteer Corps have been nearly entirely supported by the men themselves, and by the liberality of private individuals; there has been no disposition on the part of the officers to spare time, labour, or expense; but being essentially derived from the ranks of the people, however ready the will may be, the means, in the cases of many excellent regiments, are not forthcoming, and unless they get some aid from the State, all the labour and money already spent will have been spent in vain.

The Volunteers are badly officered, badly equipped, and badly organized; whatever aid they have received from the Treasury has always been grudgingly given, and unless the Government and Parliament are prepared to deal with the Volunteers in a more liberal spirit, we doubt very much if private enterprise will be able to bear the burden.

MILITARY REFORM.

THAT the privilege of self-government should entail the duty of self-defence in our colonies—now that the dogma has been so clearly laid down by Mr. Cardwell in his lucid statement on presenting the army estimates to the House of Commons—will, we feel assured, be henceforth an accepted truism; and the extraordinary confirmation of the truth of this principle which has been supplied during the last few days by the latest intelligence from New Zealand is most gratifying. There the colonists, after a temporary reverse on first starting on their new career of self-defence, have thoroughly vindicated their superiority over their savage foes, and have dealt a blow against the Maori power which can scarcely fail to bear fruits for a long time to come.

Accepting then, as all unprejudiced persons must henceforth accept, the principle of leaving the Colonies to their own military resources without the presence of large bodies of British troops, let us consider how this affects the organization of the Imperial forces. Manifestly in many ways. It bears closely upon the questions of enlistments for short periods, of re-engagements after twelve years' service, of shorter periods of service abroad, of the formation of adequate reserves for the defence of this country in time of emergency, of the diminution of our forces, and of the reduction of excessive stores of weapons and warlike materials.

In no other army in Europe is the period of military service anything approaching to our period of what we call "limited" service. The shortest period for which a man can enlist into the British army is twelve years. And this period is rendered, it may almost be said, necessary by the long period of service required of our soldiers when sent to such far distant stations as India, China, Australia, or New Zealand. If, then, we are able to reduce largely the forces in the distant colonies of Australia and New Zealand, and if we avail ourselves of the facilities now existing of reaching India and China by the Overland route, the period of service at those stations may be greatly shortened, and the necessity for engaging men to serve twelve years would cease. We might then go back to ten years, which was formerly the period for which recruits enlisted, and these ten years might be apportioned into one year for training and drilling, six years for service abroad, and three years for service at home.

Re-engagements also would be rendered no longer necessary, as the main excuse for this wretchedly bad system is the necessity of retaining men to complete their long periods of foreign service. Under the system of short enlistments, and no re-engagements, thousands of men, fully trained in the use of arms, would be sent back annually into the ranks of civil life, and would in effect form a vast body of reserved men, whom the offer of a bounty in time of emergency would bring in large numbers into the ranks of the army.

Thus every one of the important questions of short service, no re-engagements, shorter periods of service abroad, and adequate reserves at home, all depend directly on the question of the extent of our colonial garrisons.

So do also the other two questions which we have enumerated, viz., the numerical strength of the Army, and the reduction of excessive stores. For the whole force of our Army as maintained for years past has barely sufficed to give regiments a term of service beyond five or six years at home before their turn comes to go again abroad. The number of battalions at home has seldom equalled one half of the number of battalions abroad; so that the whole of the forces at home have been kept up merely as reliefs to the forces abroad, and men have only had five years at home for every ten years abroad; consequently, any reduction of forces has been impossible, so long as the colonies were allowed to call for so many battalions of Imperial troops. But a revision of that policy will enable the Government to make large reductions in the total amount of our forces, as well as in the vast accumulation of warlike stores which have been kept up at such vast expense at home, and with which the arsenals and store-houses abroad are literally choked up. To draw in these stores from distant foreign stations, and to keep only in reserve at home such stores as are wanted for immediate use, trusting—as well we may—to the manufacturing industry of the country to supply our wants should we find ourselves engaged in war,—this course will be attended with a saving of expense that will render Mr. Cardwell's administration at the War Office remarkable indeed, as offering the solution of the long-vexed question of How to diminish materially the cost of the Army while still maintaining its full efficiency.

BRIERLEY HILL, MARCH 1869.

ROUND the pit-mouth waiting
Waiting but to hear
Fathers, brothers, cousins
Ne'er will re-appear;
What can be the torture
Of those around the wheel
To the lingering agony
The buried miners feel?
Is religion darker
In the working lands,
Where beyond the light of day
Toil the willing hands?
Doomed for days to linger,
Starved in want and pain
Did they curse their wretched life,
Take God's name in vain?
When the darkness that is felt
Brought them nearer death
What did ignorance suggest
To their latest breath?
"May Heaven protect our widows!
God make their future bright!
If all is dark around us
In Heaven there is light."

A DARK HINT.

THE Christy's Minstrels are still flooding the advertising columns of the newspapers with their claims to originality, only genuineness and so on, and as at the present moment, there are two companies performing in London, one at St. James's Hall, and the other at St. George's Hall, the battle wages more furiously than ever.

In these days of coalition it is strange that it should not have occurred to the rival proprietors that they might both agree to give up advertising each other down, and that they might fairly rely on the excellence of their programme to ensure public support. Nigger minstrelsy has now an audience of its own sufficiently numerous to warrant the existence of half a dozen companies in London, so the proprietors might enter into a contract of mutual forbearance without running any risk. At all events, by this time the public know as much about the originality, genuineness, and royalty of Christy Minstrels as they care to know, and the constant battle of lie-giving in the newspapers is not only unbecoming, but unnecessarily extravagant.

YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

THE harbour dues at Ramsgate are to be reduced, or to speak more correctly, a deputation has waited on the President of the Board of Trade, and the matter is to be looked into.

The "matter to be looked into" appears to be simply this: that the charges on vessels making use of Ramsgate Harbour are so exorbitantly excessive, that the light from the Pier head has become a terror to needy mariners. It seems that during a single gale in February last, fourteen ships were wrecked within ten miles of the port, because the ship masters did not dare to put the owners to the expense of taking shelter. Not only is this "the matter" now, but it has actually been "the matter" for years, and scores of human lives have been sacrificed in order to secure a satisfactory percentage on the capital expended in the construction of the works. No wonder that the Ramsgate life-boat does (literally) a roaring business when each little coasting vessel driven towards that lively watering-place, has to run on the rocks and be dashed to pieces, because it cannot afford to subscribe to the brass band which plays on the pier.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

WORKING WILL.

1.

Now don't sheer off. I mean no harm;
So bid your fears be still.
I'm not your platform "working man,"
I'm only Working Will.
Nor come I of your model stock,—
That sort, you understand,
Whom, with a deal of patronage,
"Good" people take in hand.

2.

I don't object to swells and such;
I've sung God save the Queen;
I've never stood upon my rights,—
Whatever that may mean.
When Hyde Park railings came to grief
I didn't join the mob,
Although, as far as railings go,
I called it a good job.

3.

I've never marched straight down Pall Mall
Before admiring throngs,—
Worn coloured paper in my hat
To indicate my wrongs.
I've never made a patriot's speech
On top of Primrose Hill;
And yet against the world, I think,
I've got a tidy bill.

4.

I live in London. There's a treat!
You say. But listen *where:*
Now mind you, I don't mean I ought
To date from Belgrave Square.
I only want enough of light
And breathing room, that's all!
You'd stare, I think, if we changed cards,
And you paid me a call.

5.

Walk up that alley—to the right;
Now down that filthy lane,—
The second, yes,—but mind your foot,
You didn't see the drain.
Now, number five—the dirty house
That's got the broken door;
Now gently up the rotten stairs,
That's right,—the second floor.

6.

Two rooms, one looking on the front,—
Bricks, windows, soot, and grime;
The other on the back,—a court
Neglected now—some time!
Look out, you see yon pump below,
Half tumbling in that sink?
You do? Well, that's our water! Yes,—
The water that we drink!

7.

When summer comes, you wonder how
The fever keeps away?
Why, that's what it don't do;—down here
We have a death a day!
And if a plague comes sweeping past,
God help us all, say I.
If you, who force us to such holes,
Don't kill us—well, you try.

8.

And here's the pith of my complaint;
I'm sick of all the row
About one's rights and wrongs, and such—
They're not what we want now!
Clean water, air, a place where one
Can live, and leave one's wife
To rear one's children up to lead
A decent moral life.

9.

Ah! you may talk of clubs and tea,
Of Sunday,—five days' work,
And all the rest of it; you know,
The real want you shirk.
You wonder at our wretched state,
Our drink,—and must, until
You lend a hand to give a *home*
To weary Working Will!

QUEER FELLOWS.

WHAT has come to the Society of Arts? It has issued a circular to half the Red Book, of which the following is an extract:—

"Thinking it probable that you would be willing to have your name enrolled among the members of the Society of Arts, which, for more than a century, has actively promoted the interests of arts, manufactures, and commerce, I venture to invite you to join it. Should you be willing to do so, I shall have pleasure in getting you proposed for election as a member, on hearing from you to that effect. I may add that the subscription is two guineas annually, and there is no entrance fee."

Can it be that the Society, which for more than a century, has promoted the interests of arts, manufactures, and commerce, is now desirous of increasing its influence by sheer weight of numbers? or is it that this highly respectable Association is in want of money? In charity let us hope that the latter position may be the real state of the case, for it gives the Council the better excuse for flinging away the prestige of an Institution which, until now, has commanded the public respect.

THE WARLOCK AND THE WARDEN.

THE Chair of Chymistry at Edinburgh which has just been vacated by Mr. Lyon Playfair, M.P., must be an easy chair if it is our old friend Professor Anderson who is putting himself up for it. We will not stop to listen to the ridiculous suggestion of a friend that there may be another Professor Anderson. The TOMAHAWK knows but one, and he certainly would be as capable of filling the Chair of Chemistry as he is of carrying out the assumption of a Northern Wizard.

We can fancy the delight of the Edinburgh students at hearing that the course of lectures would comprise:

1.—The Bottle and its Inexhaustibility with Experiments on the Properties of Alcohol in connection with Essential Oils.
2.—On the Application of the Syphon to the Witch's Cauldron—Precipitates and Double-bottoms.
3.—Æther and its Elevating Powers. The Hinge and Socket as applicable to Ærial Suspension.
4.—The use of the Globes and Gold Fish. The Prehensile Attributes of Caoutchouc.
5.—Evaporation of Minute Objects. Exercise of Feminine Memory as shown in the case of Miss Anderson. How to take a Double-sight.
6.—The Philosopher's Stone and Coining of Gold, or, the Palmy days of Palming.

Occasionally, the seven Misses Anderson could assist the chair in its arduous tasks, and the Professor would no doubt always appear in full Highland garb—but why pursue the idea—we know there must be another Anderson somewhere in Scotland.

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LONDON, APRIL 3, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Emperor of the French has had an attack of influenza. His friends say it all comes of the "East" wind.

THE culpable opposition of this country to the Suez Canal Scheme has at length received its due reward. The "*bitter* lakes" are now filled, and the French, it is said, will be delighted to hand us as many cupfuls as we can drain.

SIR ROUNDELL PALMER might have quoted, with great propriety, the well-known line in Othello's address to the Senate :—

"I will a round, unvarnished tale deliver ;"

For his honest, straightforward speech did him infinite honour. We cannot agree with the great lawyer who should have been Lord Chancellor, but we can at least bear testimony to the unspotted integrity of his character, and contribute our mite of praise towards the recognition of the rare spectacle of a man who can find another food for his ambition than "Loaves and Fishes."

THE notorious Murphy has again been exciting riots and bloodshed in the North. It does seem an extraordinary thing that the so-called lectures of this man cannot be stopped by the law. As surely as a lighted match thrown into a barrel of gunpowder will cause an explosion, so surely will this—apostle's harangues inflame the sensitive natures of the Irish. Were any great religious or moral principle advanced by the fellow, we might wish his tongue unfettered ; but as his only eloquence is abuse, and his only arguments are lies, the Government might advantageously try the experiment on the boasted common sense of Englishmen, of forcibly suppressing a noxious creature whom neither prosecution nor persecution could elevate into a hero.

HOW TO EXTRACT THE "ROOT" OF A LEICESTER "SQUARE."—Put it into Parliamentary form, divide by a House of Commons, and carry away as much as you possibly can.

LEGISLATIVE ADULTERATION.

A WORTHLESS wine, of vintage most debased,
Is cooked and loaded to the British taste ;
An alien spirit, as we seem to think,
Alone can add improvement to our drink ;
It suits our climate—whether right or wrong,
We know our palates—and we like it strong.
So use is second nature : but he seems
To push this craving to absurd extremes,
Who'd say our criminals (as a certain man did,)
Can never be improved until they're *brand(i)ed !*

GINGER-BREAD ÆSTHETICS.

THERE has been rather a sharp animated discussion in the columns of a contemporary on the merits of the "Albert Memorial" in Hyde Park. Somebody signing himself "Severus" says it will get dirty and offend the eye in a few months. "An Admirer of Gilbert Scott" suggests periodical pumpings with a fire-engine. Surely enough cold water has been already thrown upon the undertaking by the public !

"COURT" CIRCULAR TOURS.

ROYAL progresses have become the fashion of late years. A quarter of a century ago it was an event in history if a Prince of the Blood—however remotely connected with the reigning Sovereign he might be—went on his travels ; but now this is all changed, and not only Princelings but Heirs Apparent by the dozen, and even Monarchs themselves, pack up their carpet bags and start away by the night mail to Dover, *en route* for anywhere, without attracting the smallest attention. As, however, the Prince of Wales's trip to Egypt has been exciting some notice lately, it may be interesting to a certain class of the public to learn the arrangements of some of the members of the royal family for their winter trips for the next three years, to obtain which exclusive information we have drawn upon our special reporter attached to the Royal Household.

1869.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—His Royal Highness will proceed to the Cape of Good Hope early in October, and return to England in the following February.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—The Duke will visit Nice.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—His Royal Highness will make a tour of the Isle of Thanet, proceeding *vid* Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Margate, to Herne Bay.

1870.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—His Royal Highness will spend the winter in Iceland, and will return home by the North-West Passage in the spring.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—His Royal Highness will spend some months at Monaco.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—The Prince will take a furnished villa at South End for the off-season.

1871.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince and Princess will make a tour of the world, resting at Pekin, Calcutta, Monte Video, Sydney, the Sandwich Islands. Timbuctoo, and San Francisco, accompanied by Mr. Gladstone, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mr. Benjamin Webster, the Duke of Cambridge, the Lord Chief Justice, and Mr. Costa.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.—The Duke will again visit Monaco, and pass a few weeks at Vienna.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—The Prince will visit Gravesend from Saturday to Monday should the cheap return tickets still be available.

Should any modifications occur in the above arrangements the public shall be duly apprised thereof.

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OUT IN THE COLD!

OR,

THE SINKING VOLUNTEER.

(DEDICATED TO HIS KIND PROTECTORS—THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS!)

THE NEW YORK
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THE AMATEURS! THE AMATEURS!!

BY AN EX-AMATEUR OF TWO FEET.

STUDY III.—ADOLPHUS NOODLE, THE AMATEUR ACTOR.

The Audience Described.

MOST amiable of Readers, when I laid down my pen last week, you may possibly remember that I had described Lady Carboro's theatricals up to a certain point—at that point I stopped. I had introduced you at the rehearsals, and had given you some sort of notion of the caste of *The Lady of Lyons*, and I paused at the moment that the prompter had rung his bell as a signal for the immediate ascension of the curtain. With your kind permission I will resume the thread of my story at that moment. Suppose that the drop scene has risen unsteadily and slowly, and that we have the audience before us. It is only respectful to introduce you to the goodly company we find facing us. As I always am delighted to be polite, I take the pleasant duty upon me with feelings of great joy and gratitude.

THE AUDIENCE.

FRONT ROW.—Rather to the right, the Dowager Marchioness of Ditchwater, with a very yellow skin and a very magnificent necklace of brilliants. Her ladyship has eyes which seem tired to death of waiting for the grave to close them, and a mouth which seems sinking under the weight of a score of wrinkles. Her neck is stringy and shrivelled. She is far too bored to smile, and infinitely too well bred to cry; so she quietly drops asleep, occasionally waking up with a start of surprise on her face, which suggests the thought to the Ex-Amateur that her ladyship seems astonished to find herself at Lady Carboro's theatricals, and *not* in her coffin! Not very far from the Dowager is La Contesse de La Tour Calais, grinning with her false teeth, and shaking her palsied head, with its burden of corpse-robbed hair. The old Frenchwoman is a mass of rouge, affectation, and satin. She shakes.

A little to the right of the Contesse is Lord Shillelagh, the well-known Irish peer. A popular man is the lord, especially with the ladies, and a great contrast to Viscount Barebones, his neighbour. The noble (or to be correct, ignoble) viscount is a miserable old creature, composed chiefly of padding, simpers, and asthma. In spite of his infirmities, his lordship is "wicked," and knows many a story calculated to bring a blush into the cheek of an honest, pure-minded Englishman. The viscount is a very horrible spectacle. His aged cheeks are rouged, and his laugh is champagne-born and hollow. How terribly bored his bones must be of their old-fashioned covering! He sits like a very wicked and very aged child, waiting to be hushed to by-bye by the undertaker. Round about him are a number of pretty little children, the "infants of the house"—the little brothers of Lady Florence. The group contains a strong contrast—second childhood, tired of its sins and bored with its vices; and first childhood, waiting on the threshold of fashionable life, ready for dissipation and thirsting for folly—the Alpha and the Omega—the worn-out Satyr and the budding Bacchanalian.

SECOND ROW.—First we discover little Trefousis, of the War Office, hard at work with his eye-glass. He is a sparkling young gentleman, and is wretchedly paid by the Government. He draws annually about a hundred and fifty pounds (gold), when his real value is at least two hundred pounds—of potatoes. Of course he is seated near the Peacock girls, *the* flirts of the Season, and is trying to get out of the way of his uncle, old Sir Silas Snuffbox, who has come to the play armed to the teeth with a sermon and a grievance. The venerable gentleman seems to be in no pleasant humour as he glances towards his scapegrace nephew. Near Sir Silas are one or two dowagers, who are evidently bored to death. They chaperone some pretty young ladies, with very long necks and shoulders, and very low "bodies." A few amiable nobodies—pray don't let me be suspected of a pun—compose the rest of this row.

ROWS 3, 4, 5, AND 6.—Nothing very particular. Plenty of Dundreary insipidity, with a little "Girl of the Period." Here and there an ancient buck, all skin and padding. A good deal of white waistcoat, a lot of stephanotis, and a scarcity of brain. Low necked dresses in abundance.

ROWS 7, 8, 9, AND 10.—Very much like rows 3, 4, 5, and 6. The same kind of people—inane young men and foolish young women. A few dowagers playing propriety.

ROWS 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, AND 16.—Very naturally a soupçon of Paterfamilias in corners. Over there, for instance, you see an old gentleman with a very bald head, fringed with a little iron-grey hair. His coat, his expansive white waistcoat, his very gloves one and all proclaim him to be a man of substance, a patriot with a stake in the country. As he looks round with proud distrust you discover in a moment that he is a Member of Parliament. It would not in the least surprise you to see him suddenly jump up "in his place" to put a few questions to his noble hostess. If he asked her ladyship for a return of the price per yard of the drawing-room carpet, or called upon her to say whether a dual government existed in the servants' hall, you would not be at all astonished—it is the kind of thing he is constantly doing in the "House" to the immense delight of the Ministers of Her Gracious Majesty, and to the great furtherance of the public business. Our friend looks round with proud distrust until he catches the eye of his wife; and then, but not till then, he quickly subsides.

ROW 17 AND LAST.—The very cream of Brompton and the very flower of Bayswater. Here we find people that Lady Carboro is "taking up." They are allowed to be present at the theatricals, but are kept well in the background. But what matter's that? Have they not their cards of invitation at home, and cannot they make a fair show by placing them on the very top of the heap in the basket kept for preserving the pasteboards of visitors? To be sure they can; so they may rest and be happy in spite of their bad position. It is quite true that they can see little of the theatricals, and can hear less; but, between you and me, I think they are to be congratulated.

In the distance, leaning with their backs to the wall, are a number of inane young men, trying not to look bored. This attempt is not very successful. And now that I have introduced the noble reader to the distinguished audience, I beg to proceed with my story.

The first piece that was performed on this eventful evening was one known technically as a "character play"—that is to say one that requires the dresses of a past age. I have quite forgotten the plot, but I remember distinctly that Charley Rosely was included in the cast. It may be as well perhaps to give some of the performance in a dramatic form:—

SCENE.—*The stage of the Theatre Royal, Lady Carboro's. Interior of a small but magnificent palace, intended to represent some bachelor's lodgings in the last century. Enter* ROSELY *hurriedly and nervously. Well-bred applause.*

ROSELY (*getting off well, having read his book "hard" to the very last moment*).—This will do. It seems indeed a safe harbour of refuge. It was a lucky thought to run in here. (*He stops short and becomes painfully conscious of the presence of the Peacock girls.*) Ya'as! It *was* a lucky thought to run in here. (*Becomes painfully conscious of the presence of his white silk stockings and blue breeches.*) Ya'as! It *was* a lucky thought! (*Sees the Peacock girls looking at his sword through their opera glasses. He prays that it may not have got between his legs.*) Ya'as! (*Very full stop. Well-bred applause.*)

PROMPTER (*from the wing*).—The question is how am I to escape the Governor.

ROSELY (*grinning sweetly on the Prompter.*)—Eh!

PROMPTER (*repeating in a loud voice.*)—The question is how am I to escape the Governor?

ROSELY.—To be sure! (*He smiles his thanks to the Prompter.*) Ah! The question is how am I to escape the Governor? He is, I know, on good terms with the Queen.

PROMPTER (*testily*).—A privy councillor to the King.

ROSELY.—To be sure! (*He smiles his thanks*). He is, I know, a privy councillor of the King, and—and—and—(*suddenly skipping six pages of the book by mistake—with confidence*). I should not be surprised if I saw her again at Greenwich.

(*Enter suddenly* A GENTLEMAN *who has been standing at the wing waiting for his cue, which happens to be Greenwich.*)

GENTLEMAN (*savagely*).—So it was you who escorted my wife! Why, sir, I will thrash you into atoms, and crush you into mincemeat!

ROSELY (*smiling with sweet surprise*).—Eh! Surely something wrong! (*Well-bred applause.*)

GENTLEMAN (*glancing round the stage, and surprised at finding only Rosely*).—Eh? Beg pardon, m'm.

ROSELY (*sweetly*).—Don't mention it—my fault.

Exit very quietly the GENTLEMAN. *Well-bred applause.*

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

The part played by Rosely was very efficiently spoken by the prompter—it formed an echo on the stage! Adolphus Noodle played with his usual ability, that is to say, he was loud without being forcible, and obtrusive without being good. The *Lady of Lyons* was decidedly bad, but the *Handsome Husband* was a little better, because it was shorter, and thus more easily borne.

After the theatricals there was a supper, and after the supper the carriages were called, and the guests retired to their own homes.

Thus ended Lady Carboro's private theatricals.

And now, upon leaving my friend, the amateur actor, let me once more express my opinion of his character. He is and ever will be the quintessence of selfishness and conceit. Utterly disregardless of the comfort of others, he makes a god of himself, and calls to all the world to bow down before him and to worship at his shrine. Professedly, he is the best tempered fellow in the kingdom; actually, he is the greatest nuisance on the face of the earth. A selfish man is not a pleasant fellow to know, and he is *very* selfish. A conceited man is always to be avoided, and he is *very* conceited. I can scarcely write how disgusted am I with amateur actors. With few exceptions they are utterly devoid of talent. If they exchanged the amateur for the real stage they would scarcely secure an engagement at minor provincial theatres, even to play "second business." Occasionally the conceit of our amateurs has grown so monstrous that they have appeared as professionals on the London stage. I am happy, *very* happy, to say that the result of these attempts has been in nearly every instance DEAD FAILURE! It is a painful sight to see a gentleman strutting about the "boards," and mouthing out his words before an audience of roughs and potboys. It is a painful sight to see your friend making a fool of himself in a private drawing-room. If men *will* do these things they *must;* but let them not be proud of their degradation. Because a man is mad enough to play the mummer, surely he need not drop the gentleman—because he thinks it dignified to grin through a horse-collar, surely he need not forget the usages of Society. I thought that I had discovered the end of degradation in a drunken, strolling circus clown, but the silly, conceited, selfish amateur has found for me a lower depth.

COMING SHADOWS.

Vis Consili Expers, &c., &c.?

ALREADY rumour is busy in regard to the probable fate of the Irish Church Bill in the House of Lords. The very decisive majority it has received in the National Assembly of course adds an element of excitement to the speculation. "What *will* happen if the Lords throw it out?" Why, a revolution, to be sure. However, as England is scarcely ripe at present for that wholesome but disagreeable catastrophe, all Mr. Gladstone has to do is to provide for a sure majority among the peers. This is not a difficult task. There are three ways of ensuring success.

First.—By resorting to the good old honest English method of creating a lot of new peerages. These might be sold for £10,000 a-piece to any willing snobs. There would be a brisk demand, and the fund so raised might be employed in bribing the refractory opponents of the measure. This has been so often done before that it may be looked upon as safe, if not novel.

Secondly.—By another good old English method, namely, that of dividing some of the seized revenues among the remonstrants. Harry VIII. did this with some effect, as a good many of the present anti-sacrilege declaimers must admit, if they refer to their rent-rolls. However, the Commons would not stand this—perhaps.

Thirdly.—By letting the Peers oppose the measure, and inserting a clause in the Bill next Session to abolish them at the same time. This might be undesirable, but it is by no means impossible.

THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE PERIOD.

PREFACE.

THE Period, among other vices, has brought with it a certain disrespect for anything and everything which may be called old fashioned. There are none of the pure and simple cosmopolitans of the period who think it worth the waste of time to inquire into the intelligences of days gone by, or even dip into the depths of past imaginations. How many one meets every day who think, with propriety, Chaucer and Spenser illiterate savages, and Shakespeare a prosy nuisance! Though, of course, we cannot think of running counter to the period (for what is, must be best in the best of worlds possible), still, on mature reflection, we think that it is as well—firstly, with a view to appear better informed than their neighbours; secondly, in hopes of their deriving some entertainment therefrom; that contemporary youth should have some acquaintance, at least, with the stories on which the once great and renowned Swan of Avon founded his much over-rated productions, and also with the lines which some intolerable old bores are wont to quote from time to time in the social world. With a view to forward these ideas and, at the same time, to tempt by a modern exterior, the eye of the period—boy or girl, we produce a tragedy, adapted for the present super-sensational and rapid age, from a play of William Shakespeare, once known to our ancestors as the "Immortal Bard."

GENERAL O'THELLO; OR, THE WIPE AND THE WIPER.

CHARACTERS.

CHRISTY O'THELLO, *General in the Fenian Army.* (1)
CASSIDY, *Lieutenant in the same.* (2)
ENSIGN JAMES. (3)
DESDEMONA, *Wife to the General.* (4)

ACT I.

NEAR THE PHŒNIX. (5)

Enter ENSIGN JAMES, *returning from mess.*

ENSIGN JAMES.—There's no remedy—'tis the curse of the service!
Promotion goes by purchase. Shall I never rise in rank,
Or must I wear my harp (6) upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at? I am not what I am! [*Mysteriously.*
Being full of supper and effervescent draughts,
Last week I started up the pa-in-law
Of General O'Thello. "Look to your house!" I cried.
"Your daughter 's bolted with a serenader."
He called me villain, wretch—I know not what.—
But it is true: our General has bolted
With fair Miss Desdemona.—He's a nigger, too,
Or half-caste!

Enter GENERAL O'THELLO.

GENERAL.—Ensign! How do! I'm out of court.
The gov'nor had me up for running off
To Gretna Green; but I addressed the jury,
In my defence, as potent, grave, and reverend.

(1) Of course you will fancy you have heard this gentleman was in the Venetian army; but, as Venice has no army, you might as well make him a gondolier; so, as the name evidently is of Hibernian origin, we have made him a Fenian. It does not hurt Shakespeare and materially improves the piece.

(2) We are well aware that Cassio is the old reading, but as Cassidy is the only Irish name similar, we prefer it to the more ancient spelling of the name.

(3) Shakesperian readers may have some difficulty in discovering in the above their old friend ancient Iago. This is, however, a correct translation.

(4) This name seems quite as feminine as Arrah-na-Pogue, or Cushla-Machree, and has therefore been retained.

(5) Spelt Venice in the original. Incompatible with the Fenian interest.

(6) It appears that in the Fenian army an ensign wore the harp upon his sleeve; a lieutenant, the shillelagh on his back, and the captain, the Irish bull on his collar. We have every reason to believe, by analogy, that the same distinctive signs were used for the higher grades, with the addition of gold embroidery.

They heard my sound, unvarnished tale delivered,
About the Siamese, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. My sweet wife
She swore—in faith 'twas strange—'twas pitiful,
The robb'd that smiles steals something from the thief!
She never look'd to see if I were black.
She saw O'Thelloe's visage in his mind.
The Judge acquitted us, and outside the court
I found your phæton, ensign, driving up;
To which conveyance I assigned my wife.
And now I am leaving for the Curragh! Honest James,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee!
I prithee let thy groom attend on her.

[*Exit* GENERAL.

ENSIGN JAMES (*more mysteriously than ever*).—
I am not what I am. Put money in thy purse.
She must have change—so put it in thy purse.

Space, which is limited in these columns, will prevent us giving the entire tragedy, but we will complete the tale and leave the enlightened Youths of the Period to apply at our office for the elaborated drama.

Ensign James takes it into his head that he ought to be made Colonel of Division, and the General, on account of his swarthy complexion, which he owes to being sunburnt on the moors, somehow stands between him and his wishes. A certain Lieutenant Cassidy is used for his base purposes, and after making him very drunk, Ensign James puts a Brussels lace handkerchief into his pocket which belonged to Desdemona. The General observing his lieutenant mopping his face with the elegant present he himself had given to his wife, cashiers him on the spot, promotes James without referring to any authorities, and on the strength of this evidence against his wife, bring them all into the Divorce Court; but failing in getting a verdict, resorts to crime to assuage his jealousy. The General allures Desdemona into the Holyhead mail, having first given orders to James to bring the disgraced Cassidy by night on to the rails. At express speed O'Thelloe expostulates with his wife, and bids her prepare for death, as he does not wish to kill her soul. Oh! dear, no! A climax is reached when at the moment Desdemona hears Cassidy's bones crunched beneath the ruthless iron, the General smothers her under the cushions of the first-class carriage in which they are travelling. After an hour's journeying with his murdered companion, the General comes to the conclusion that a lace pocket handkerchief is *not* circumstantial evidence, and feeling the enormity of his crime, sways to and fro with such anguish, that the whole train is precipitated over the Menai Straits into the sea.

Retribution awaits Ensign James, who is arrested on suspicion of laying foreign bodies on the rails, and conspiring to upset the train.

*** *Note.*—There has been some doubt raised by modern authorities as to whether the plot of this drama was really invented by W. Shakespeare of Avon, or taken from a classic dramatist of the name of Dion Boucyclatius, who flourished sometime After the Dark Ages. As the Dark Ages can be of no interest to our readers, we shall not discuss the question. Suffice it to say that Shakespeare would have little chance now-a-days were the said Dion present to manage his stage directions for him.

A HORRID SOCIAL SHAM.

I DO not know how my Lord Shaftesbury spends his Sunday, or when he takes his recreation, but I do know that he has lately been talking a great deal of mischievous nonsense about Saturday half holidays in connection with some "Lord's Day Observance" Association. Availing myself of this leading idea as a text, let me catch hold of my dear friend, Lord Wigblock, by the button-hole, and preach him a sermon. I thought as much,—the bare notion of anyone preaching to *him* almost startles him into a fit. Am I aware that every "Lord's Day" in the season he may be seen "powerfully" addressing fashionable and select audiences from the stage of some transpontine theatre? Am I aware, that wherever there is any feat of preaching or praying to be accomplished, there he is coming in, in the spiritual race, an easy first? Yes, I am aware of this. I know all about Lord Wigblock. I have stayed a week *once* at Wigover, and as a telling point in a list of my fashionable experiences, I admit I have found it very useful. Sunday, I must also admit, was observed as devoutly as it could be in a huge country palace, crammed full of the finest works of art, and standing in the midst of its own magnificent gardens and grounds. We went to church twice, and, I think, we might have availed ourselves of several opportunities of hearing his lordship discourse privately to his household. When I say "we" I mean we guests, for I conclude that Mr. John Thomas and the other "gentlemin" had to throw in this forcible weekly edification along with their perquisites. *We*, however, could not have "observed," had we wished. Wherever we went we were met by some *objet d'art*, picture, or gimcrack, that would thrust itself upon our notice. We did not visit a Crystal Palace on Sunday. No; we lived in one. We got up in one, we dined in one, prayed in one, and went to bed in one. It sounds horrible from a "Lord's day observance" point of view, doesn't it? It is a fact, though, and what is more, it was all my Lord Wigblock's fault! On Thursday I know his Lordship took the chair at a meeting, where that pious and excellent self-denying Christian, the Rev. Jabez Gush, held forth most terribly, for one hour and three-quarters too, on the sin of contemplating the opening of the British Museum on Sunday, and contrasted the vicious and soul-destroying allurements of that camphorated pandemonium with the pure and innocent joys of public-house boozing. The dear earnest reverend gentleman was of our party at Wigover, and I give you my word of honour, I saw him after afternoon service looking for at least five minutes at the celebrated "Hercules and Omphale" of *Faritoshi* which attracts such general attention and admiration in the long gallery. This, of course, would never have happened but for the temptations of Wigover, and for these his Lordship is unquestionably responsible. It is true, I did notice some practical efforts in the right direction on the upper terrace. The fine sea horses who are in the habit of snorting gallons of water upon "Vulcan at the forge" in the midst of a rockwork pagoda, gave up the fun for one day. I observed also that Montague, third Baron, *the* Blockwig, who led that famous retreat at Malplaquet, had dropped his perpetual shower-bath for twenty-four hours as well. And this was something, seeing that he has been immortalised in the lower system of fountains on a dolphin's back, in the company of Jupiter and the Duke of Marlborough. Seeing, too, that adorned with a periwig and a blanket, he, conjointly with those worthies, directs the destruction of the giants—a laudable and pious work in its way—and points to a sandstone monster, that must have been terrible once, but now, having lost its head and being a good deal washed, seems to take it all quietly and tamely enough. Yes, even this hero of his day observed Sunday in his fashion, but here ended the effort. Wigover Park looked as green as ever, and the sun actually came out. As to the internal arrangements of the mansion, have I not already told you of what sort they were. I need scarcely add that we breakfasted, lunched, and dined *en prince*. We even had soda and brandy between the sacred hours of three and five in the afternoon. Follow my advice, if you are seriously disposed, never spend a Sunday at Wigover!

Taking my dear friend Wigblock by the button-hole, I said to him, playfully, of course—"What is the use of your preaching destruction of the poor man's one holiday. You can take *yours* when you like, and do. In a couple of months you will be at Milan or Venice. What do you want with the Crystal Palace on Sunday? Obviously nothing. As to your Saturday half-holiday, it is a heathen and cruel scheme, which nine out of ten decent working men deplore. Ask their wives. It robs them of half a day's wages, keeps them idle, and leads them to squandering their earnings in drink. '*Six* days shalt thou labour,' you quote, and then twist it into five and a-half. 'Thou shalt do no manner of *work*,' says the commandment. 'Thou shalt take no sort of recreation,' interpret you. My dear Wigblock, you are a selfish and dangerous old humbug, I am afraid, and no poor man's friend at all. To carry out your own narrow views you rob him of half a day's work, and give him a miserable Sunday. But you take very good care of yourself. I am ashamed of you!"

THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

No. III.

MORE OF MEN AND THEIR FOOLISHNESS.—THE IMPERFECTION OF MEN'S UNDERSTANDINGS.—THE BEAUTY OF PARROT'S EARS POINTED OUT.—VISITORS.—SIR GEORGE AND TOM.—AN ARGUMENT ABOUT THE IRISH CHURCH.—DEFINITION OF A BOON, ALSO OF AN INJUSTICE.—WHY SIR GEORGE GOT THE BEST OF THE ARGUMENT.—A WARNING AGAINST VANITY AND CONCEIT.—THE ADVANTAGES TO MEN OF HAVING A LOW OPINION OF THEMSELVES.—WHY MEN ARE ENVIOUS AND JEALOUS OF ONE ANOTHER.—WHAT IS FAME?—THE FINAL CAUSE OF MAN'S CREATION.

NO! I do not think I *can* endure the gross stupidity and presumptuous ignorance of men any longer. I sit with my head sagaciously inclined on one side, and listen to the talk that goes on in my room. Oh! what I suffer!

They do not seem to reflect that I can hear and understand all they say. My opinion is that men do not understand what is said to them—they pretend to—but they can never really understand anything till it is written down for them in a book. Another proof of their inferiority to Parrots.

I am sure men's ears are big enough, and ugly enough! How different from a Parrot's beautiful ears, covered with their lovely feathers! If you want really to study *intellectual* expression, watch a Parrot's face when listening.

I find that the observations which I made on argument have been studied by some of my visitors, not without profit.

Yesterday there came to see me—or the individual who lives in the house with me—two remarkable men. One answers to the name of Sir George, and the other is called Tom, as far as I can make out.

They were talking about a very tiresome thing called "the Irish Church." I have heard an immense amount of nonsense talked about this "Irish Church," and I am quite sick of the subject. Besides, it cannot be of any importance. It has nothing to do with Parrots.

Sir George, however, is very much excited about the question. He wants to keep this "Irish Church," and Tom wants to destroy it.

Tom said it was an injustice, and that it was the tyranny of a minority.

To this Sir George answered that it was not an injustice, but a great boon.

I know what a great boon is. A roast chestnut is a great boon. So is an apple when ripe and sweet. An injustice I think I can define, too, quite as simply.

To give a Parrot a nut with no kernel inside—that is an Injustice. I once; and only once, knew a mean beast, in the shape of a Boy, who did me an Injustice. I am happy to say that I had a small piece out of his thumb instead of the absent kernel; and though, perhaps, it was rather lacking in flavour, everybody knows that Revenge is sweet.

This is what may be called a digression. But to proceed.

Tom went on to *prove*, by many detailed instances, that it was an injustice, which silly course ensured his defeat.

Sir George triumphantly rejoined that it was a boon to the Irish people, and produced no proof of his assertion; whereby he showed his wisdom, and that he had learnt of Parrots.

Tom, then driven from his former position, asserted that the Irish Church meant the tyranny of the minority.

Sir George, with much spirit, denied that the supporters of the Irish Church were in a minority.

Tom then asserted, with great warmth, that they were but 18,000 to 3,000,000—or in some such proportion—and proved it by what he called *statistics*.

Sir George smiled amiably, and repeated his former denial, adding, with pardonable energy, "Hang statistics!"

This he did again and again, till Tom was silenced. The consequence was, that Sir George had the best of the argument, and Tom retired, not a little angered, and much discomfited.

I immediately whistled—not without a meaning—for I thus expressed, in a short and melodious form, my conviction that Sir George had prevailed in argument, because he had mastered the precepts laid down by me in my last article.

This would have been gratifying to my vanity had I been a man, but being a Parrot, I am destitute of vanity. I knew I was right in the rules which I laid down for argument when I wrote them, and I know it now. I have gained nothing by what men would call this proof of my wisdom. It would take a great many proofs to make me more convinced of my own wisdom than I am now.

Men, women, and children, remember this! I, the wisest of all living creatures, tell you so. *Never give way to vanity or conceit;* they are most dangerous possessions for any animal. They arise from a morbid desire to obtain the consent of others to your own estimate of yourself. But form a right estimate of yourself, and you need no one else's consent to it, however high it may be. And if you were a Parrot—that is a real grey and red Parrot like me—I ask you, what could your opinion of yourself be but the very highest possible?

But being what you are, your opinions of yourselves must be necessarily, very low. I am sorry that your position in the order of creation creates this necessity, but I cannot help it. If I could, I do not know that I would. Creatures with a low opinion of themselves are very useful in the world, if only negatively; for they prevent the expenditure of much valuable time and energy, on the part of their superiors, in teaching them how low they are.

There is one advantage in having a low opinion of yourself; you are pretty certain to get others to agree with you.

I often consider why there is so much jealousy and envy among you human creatures; and I see that it proceeds from your own inherent sense of inferiority. You feel that you have no *real* greatness; therefore you are so eager to assume it, and so impatient of seeing anybody succeed in a task which you feel to be difficult, that you are always in a feverish state of irritation, at every word of approval, or mark of respect which is bestowed on any other than yourself. You know that whoever is first in imitating the wisdom, or the virtues, which men profess to admire, is sure of forestalling all the rewards, even if afterwards *you* should be able to exhibit the reality. Were you all, like we are, wise and good, you would be as superior to those mean passions of envy and jealousy as we are.

Men have often sought to discover the final cause of their creation. In their feeble endeavour to give some practical effect to their curiosity on this subject, some have naturally glided into every sort of crime; others have scrambled into what is called the Palace of Fame. The former are much the more numerous class; and it is a curious proof—for you will have proofs—let your reasons well digest this one—it is a curious proof, I say, of the innate degradation of mankind, that so prone are you to vice that those, whose names are most honoured among you, have committed no nobler deeds than successful crimes; that is to say, they have got on to a throne and stuck a crown on their heads, or a general's baton in their hands, and have, from that eminence and in that disguise, committed murders, for which you have lauded them to the skies; thereby proving their wisdom in getting where they did before, or immediately after, they indulged their fancy, for you certainly would have hung them, had they not been kings or generals. In fact, you are so incapable of virtue, that you are obliged to accept vice in a gorgeous dress as a substitute.

I feel that my contempt for you creatures has caused me to moralize somewhat more than I intended. But I give you this piece of information, on which to ponder till we meet next.

If you are ever asked, or ever ask yourself, what is the final cause of man's creation? Answer thus—

"To scratch Parrots' heads"—and be thankful that you were destined for so noble a purpose.

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN OUR LAST.—Boat Race.

CORRECT Answers have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Samuel E. Thomas, W. E. G., J. B., Childers, Infant Samson, A Lancaster Lad, Orkney Bill, Julia (Dublin), M. A. T. (New Brighton), Peter (Dundee), Peter (Linlithgow), Sarah Sugarcane, Paul (Cardiff), Lucy (Oakham), A Bet, Gamma, Syphon, John (Truro), Abergeldie, Bala Lake, Bolpholgoblid, Florence, W. Whitfield (Birmingham), Tommy and Joey, O. Hughes, J. Davies (Manchester), Lizzy (Scarborough), C. J. Henley, Captain Crosstree, H. Oldacre, Rataplan, Midas, Frances, Little Red Riding Hood, T. Moore (Southampton), J. M. B., and Charles Hamilton.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 101.] *LONDON, APRIL* 10, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

MISPLACED MERCY.

THE more independent and conscientious portion of the Liberal Press seems unanimously to have come to the conclusion that the release of the Fenian prisoners was a serious mistake. In this opinion we most heartily concur; and we trust that this very foolish leniency towards those who are utterly unworthy of it, will not be allowed to form a precedent for the conduct of the present Government towards Ireland.

This culpable weakness is the more to be regretted, occurring as it does at a time when England has shown most unmistakeably her resolution to treat the Irish with the utmost liberality. It cannot but tend to shake the confidence of those Irishmen who are sincerely anxious for the welfare of their country, when they see the same Government that has treated the Irish Church question with such perfect discretion and fairness, hastily letting loose upon that unfortunate land those mean and cowardly harpies, whose schemes had been defeated by judicious firmness, and whose persons had been secured by the vigorous exertions of the law. No one whose moral nature is not completely deformed by prejudice can have any sympathy with these *soi-disant* colonels. The Annals of Insurrection do not afford any examples of more contemptible creatures. Idle, dissolute, bragging, mercenary, skulking knaves, who have left their country in the time of her utmost need to fatten on fraud and treachery in the Promised Land of Rowdyism, when they find that their venal maunderings about liberty, and their foul-mouthed slanders on England are no longer thought worth purchasing by the lowest riff-raff of America, they sneak across the Ocean to their native land at the expense of honest if mistaken Irishmen, who, never having beheld these heroes of the tongue, fancy that they are the noble patriots destined to avenge the legendary wrongs of Erin. The Fenian colonels land in Ireland, and instantly exert their cunning and chicanery in entrapping discontented peasants into their toils—they put forward desperate lads to do whatever work involves danger, while they themselves live comfortably at ease on the plunder wrung from the wretched victims, who are fools enough to believe in their bounce and lying clap-trap.

It is extraordinary that even those among the Irish who cherish as their only inheritance an unreasoning hatred of the Saxon—unreasoning because it interprets all attempted benefits by the lurid light of past tyranny—it is incomprehensible to us, who, while ready to sympathise with the oppressed, whoever or wherever they be, cannot nor would not shut our eyes to the plain evidence of facts—it is incomprehensible to us that these wretched Fenian area—sneaks can be ever looked upon by the most violently "national" Irishman as anything but an insult and disgrace to the people whose kinship they claim. What are these ardent patriots adorned with the honours of military rank bestowed on themselves by themselves? Are they men who have suffered wrong at the hands of English landlords? Are they earnest, zealous Catholics, burning with long suppressed rage at the Protestant ascendancy now about to die a well-deserved death? Are they enthusiastic lovers of their country, who wish to take a more speedy course than legislation towards remedying the injustice of the land laws—towards spreading education amongst their ignorant and neglected fellow-countrymen? Are they sincere but deluded fanatics, goaded into rash rebellion by brooding over the history of their country! No: they are nothing but cowardly, hypocritical mercenaries, who would sell themselves to the Saxon to-morrow if they could get a good price for their allegiance. They are not Irishmen, but American rapscallions, who have swelled the crowd of vermin which a great civil war always calls into existence, and who, seeing their occupation gone with the restoration of order in America, hope to turn their valuable talent for theft and assassination into account by trading on the political and religious passions of their countrymen. Religion they themselves have none; they care no more about the Church question than they do about their honour, and they would kneel down before the car of the Goddess of Reason to-morrow, if the dirt that the wheels splashed in their faces were only rich enough in gold.

Such are the men who, because they have not been pampered and flattered when in their proper home, the prison, would make themselves out to be martyrs. Such are the men to whom the Government has shown a most mistaken mercy. Such mercy involves cruelty to those who deserve our bounty and our consideration; such weakness cripples our hands in carrying out the great work of justice to Ireland. In order to pass a measure on Tenant-right, which, while it protects the rights of the tenant, shall not place the landlord in the power of idle and worthless squatters, we must treat with the utmost severity these hired advocates of plunder; we must suppress with a firm and relentless strength all secret societies, under whatever name, whose avowed object is nothing but robbery and rebellion, unless we are prepared to abandon Ireland to herself, and relegate to ages of bloody and internecine warfare a country which, from the combined forces of tyranny, timidity, and neglect, has already suffered more than, were we even to credit her bitterest enemies, she ever could have deserved.

BLACK MONDAY.

SCENE, DOVER.—*Rain, wind, &c.* Enter *Privates* JONES *and* ROBINSON *of the* VOLUNTEERS, *as described in the Daily papers.*

ROBINSON.—What's here beside foul weather?
JONES.— Jones, for one,
And minded like the weather most unquietly.
ROBINSON.—Call this a holiday! an English spring!
And all the elements gone mad!—O Jones,
I've met some dirty weather in my time,
But never till to-day, never till now
Have known the clouds to spring so wide a leak,
Or seen our yearly outing made to feel
Such Dual Government of wind and rain!
JONES.—Indeed it is a strange disposed time—
There goes my Shako!—I see more in this:
I read an omen of portentous things.
See, Nature weeps for us poor Volunteers:
There's more in this than chance—the very sky
Disbands us, Robinson—and our sham fight
Is but a real, undisciplined attack,
On breakfast.
ROBINSON.— I shall catch my death of cold,
And I'm a married man, and not insured!
Where's the Lord Warden? All your croaking sprngs
From prematurely emptied flasks.
JONES.— My friend,
Your old intelligence has blown away,
Or else you use it not. You feel the storm,
But if you would consider the true cause—
Why thus the heavens are hung with black, and why
Amphibious life alone can dare to walk
The submerged flags of this Marine Parade—
Why over Privates, Brass Bands, Brigadiers,
Aquarius has upset his watering-pot,
Has spoiled our holiday, made our trip a work
Of *super-irrigation*,—you shall find
These things are sent as warnings to ourselves,
As omens for us Volunteers. Our ardour
Is damped (you know it well)—our meed of praise,
Which costs the public nothing, *that* we have—
But, though fixed bayonets bristle in our hair,
Poor devils! for our zeal we have to pay!
Our time, our spirit, *these* we freely give:
But ask us more, and we will raise the cry
"We lack not power to dismiss ourselves,
And this poor uniform which now we wear
We can shake off at pleasure."
ROBINSON.— How you talk!
The rain has ceased, and hark! th' Assembly sounds
So much for omens—
JONES.— But they still are true.
Think not the winter of our discontent
Is turned to summer by yon patch of sky
That, as the saying is, would but suffice
To breech a Dutchman. There goes H.R.H.!
Deuce take it all! and so we must fall in.

(*Exeunt to do their duty.*)

BRIGHT NOT RIGHT!

THE native dishonesty of Mr. Bright's mind was never better exemplified than by his defence of adulteration of food and of false weights and measures. The latter, he says, are *often* in favour of the customers! As for adulteration, it is very seldom that any poisonous ingredients are put in food, it is the result of competition, &c., &c. We have known for a long time Mr. Bright's mischievous prejudices in favour of trade. Traders, in his eyes, can do no wrong—as long as they vote for Mr. Radical Candidates—while it is sufficient for a man to be a landed proprietor for Mr. Bright to lavish abuse on him. The President of the Board of Trade is a great orator, he may be a statesman—but certainly is not, nor can ever be, capable of grasping the great social questions of the day as distinct from the political ones. He never enters into the real wants of the poor. Free Trade and Manhood Suffrage bound all his hopes and schemes; he has neither the moral nor intellectual nature required by the man who would devote himself heart and soul to the rescuing his poorer fellow creatures from misery and degradation. He views every question, though by a distorted political light—he has no largeness of sympathy; and no real liberality of mind. He is just the kind of man to make the very worst sort of tyrant—the tyrant whose high principles on one or two points blind the people to the narrow-minded injustice of his real nature, till they find that his ideas of right and wrong are all determined with reference to his crotchet, and that once having carried that, he is easily swayed by the basest of prejudices and by the meanest of bigotries.

MILITARY REFORM.

THE Army Estimates for the present year, viewed in the light thrown upon them by the remarkable speech of the Secretary of State for War by which they were introduced into the House of Commons, cannot fail to strike the careful observer as the beginning of two very important changes—almost revolutions—in our military system; first, the alteration of our relations with the Colonies in the matter of supplying them with troops at the cost of the Imperial revenues; second, the abolition before long of the system of depôt battalions or, indeed, of any depôts in this country.

The proverbial obtuseness of the Members of the House of Commons on all subjects that do not manifestly declare themselves as *party measures*, or as measures affecting their own interest or position, was never more fully illustrated than in the reception which was accorded to the War Minister's declaration of his intended policy. Not a single Member recognized in it the important bearing it had on Colonial Government; not one of them saw that the old Colonial Minister in his new military position was revolutionizing the military position of every one of our Colonies. In the debate that ensued one Member brought forward the case of the quarter-masters of Militia; another dilated on the fumatory habits of a new War official; a few nibbled at the question of the Dual Government; but not one apprehended the fact that that night's opening speech had struck the key-note to an effective revision of our Army expenditure, had opened the only road to a *bonâ fide* retrenchment of the cost of the Army as regards Imperial revenues, had challenged the discussion of the great principle of self-defence being a natural obligation on the part of the self-governed.

The military papers inform us that one or two "points" are shortly coming off, in which interesting debates and exciting parliamentary battles may be expected in either House. The Commons are to be entertained on the subject of the Dual Government; the Lords, on the subject of the Reserves of the Army.

Both subjects have fallen into good hands. Mr. O'Reilly, in the Lower House, is a good Army Reformer, and, as an Irishman, will be *au fait* at the task of showing that there is, and that there is not, a Dual Government; that there is not, inasmuch as stated by Mr. Cardwell, and as since proved by the publication of the most illogical, inconsequent, and self-contradicting State paper that has appeared for some time, the Warrant or Memorandum of 1861 on the position and powers of Our Commander-in-Chief—inasmuch as the War Minister is superior to, and responsible for, the Acts of the Commander-in-Chief; that there is, inasmuch as two Military Staffs exist in full power, administering the Army, the one at Whitehall, and the other in Pall Mall. Let us suggest to Mr. O'Reilly that the main cause of this wretched anomaly is, that the Military Staff in Pall Mall, who were only intended to be *advisers* to the Civil Minister on points of military experience, have been allowed to *slide* into powers, have had large departments placed under them, and have been allowed, in innumerable cases, to order and to decide, instead of being restricted to their proper functions of advising only.

In the Upper House Lord Monck will lead off in what will doubtless prove an interesting debate, on the subject of Army Reserves. There are so many peers in that assembly whose opinions on this point will be well worth hearing, that the result can hardly fail to be of value to Mr. Cardwell on this subject, which, as we have elsewhere observed, evidently now engages his earnest attention.

And in the meanwhile, his colonial policy as embodied in the Estimates will pass both houses *sub silentio*. No one in either Chamber will recognise its importance or even perhaps be aware of its existence. We are far from regretting this; we do not think that all the talk of the whole House of Commons will add one mite to the varied information or the sound judgment which the ex-colonial Minister has brought to bear on his new Army functions, and we are well content that the policy should be carried out by the Minister even without the verbal assistance of either House.

That policy is in its infancy yet; it at present only calls upon the Colonies to recognize their duty in regard to self-defence. It will yet spread to their being compelled practically to acknowledge that duty by gradually taking upon themselves the cost, first of a portion, ultimately of the whole, of the troops they employ. Now, they will be called upon to pay to the Imperial Exchequer a "contribution" towards the expenses of the troops sent them; by and by they will have to pay the whole cost; and after that—as India does—they will be required to undertake the actual direct payment of the troops, and so enable the War Minister to reduce a large proportion of the Office in Pall Mall which is now employed in controlling and checking the accounts of the Army abroad, that is, in the Colonies.

And before long, this new colonial policy will involve the abolition of the useless Depôt Battalions and of all Depôts at home. A Regiment will be sent out in full force and strength to a foreign station, there to remain for a far shorter period of service than at present, and then to be relieved by another strong Regiment, thus doing away with the necessity of sending out drafts at all, and consequently, of keeping up any Depôts. The enormous saving of expense that would attend this reform or "revolution" of our military system would enable the Government to organize new battalions in the Army, and thus to regulate with precision the relief of all Regiments abroad.

We can only express our hearty desire that so able an army administrator, as Mr. Cardwell has already proved himself to be, may remain in office at Pall Mall until he has perfected both these items of Military Reform, and indeed many others, which have been advocated in these columns, and to which he appears to us to be fully inclined.

THE REQUIEM OF THE REVIEW.

Dover is over,
Over with Dover!

A B(E)AR(E) QUESTION.

THREE foreigners were charged last week at Marlborough street Police court with taking about three bears to obtain alms, thus obstructing the streets, and often frightening women and children. This offence the magistrate strictly cautioned them not to repeat, but let them off without punishment when it was represented to him that they did not know the exhibition was illegal. The bears, upon being brought into court, growled fiercely. The question we would ask is, whether the shaggy monsters were only making their obeisance to their judge or venting their spleen upon those human bears, the police, who had brought them there? If the latter, they deserve praise, for it is indeed hard that poor bruin should not be allowed even to gaze upon women and children, while police bears may not only frighten them, but often ill-treat them with impunity.

A FIRST NIGHT;
or,
IN AND OUT OF HARNESS.

The Scene representing the Lobby of a Theatre after the Second Act of a New Piece.—Dramatic Critics and their Friends are discussing Sherry-and-Soda and the Performance.

NOIROT (of the *Semaphore*).—No, my dear Sir; this is not precisely, you know, the elegant comedy one might expect from the often-successful idylls to which our friend, Magellan has accustomed us.

JENKINS (of the *Morning Roll*).—Bosh! my dear Noirot—utter bosh! There's not a nobleman in the piece. Besides, what does he mean by calling it original? I know I've seen that situation somewhere.

CAWZTIK (of the *Publican*).—Which situation? What, the father and son in the presence of their aunt? My dear fellow, that comes from Dumas's "Twenty Cuirassiers." Boucicault used it at the Princess's ages ago.

JENKINS (of the *Roll*).—No, I mean the other—

CAWZTIK (the *Publican*).—Oh! of course, I knew you'd seen that. Why, it's taken from Dick Trencher's novel, "Ferntree Farm," only it's washed out—washed to rags, in fact. I gave that notion to Dick, years ago; in fact, I meant to have dramatised it myself, but other work—

TOREADOR (of the *Epoch*).—Gentlemen, what think ye? What's your verdict?

NOIROT (the *Semaphore*).—Verily, it is not a success; though it seems as if, with some girding up, as it were, of its literary loins, the young thing might fly passably ere long.

JENKINS (of the *Roll*).—A fiasco, you mean—a downright fiasco. What there is to see in the man's other pieces is more than I can make out. Trash, I call them.

CAWZTIK (the *Pub.*).—Good Sir Toreador, couch thy lance, and make the fellow's hide feel it this time.

TOREADOR (the *Epoch*).—Of course! of course! Ha! Ha! I see the worthy manager beckoning to me. Good evening, gentlemen: we shall meet again in print.

CAVAL (of the *Morning Service*).—Poor Magellan! Will he ever recover this blow? He is losing all his good points.

NOIROT. — Notwithstanding the curiously paradoxical ingenuity of his carefully rounded situations, there is a lamentable falling off in the interest, as it gradually unfolds itself.

CAVAL.—The good conventional ring, Sir, has left the stage. I imagine I know something about criticism as regards the drama. Well, Sir, you will scarcely believe—

At this point in the ENTR'ACTE *notice is given of the curtain rising on the third act.*

The casual listener, who has been tolerably amused or bored, as the case may be, with the drama, feels certain that the critics will let loose a pitiful "*slating*" on the head of the devoted Magellan; but there is many a slip between the performance and the printed criticism. One critic has been treated with much urbanity and more champagne in the manager's private room; another has a pantomime coming out at the same theatre; a third writes for a paper whose proprietor is connected with Magellan; a fourth knows so many actors that he "really, you know, couldn't do it unkindly," and so on; so that the casual listener, on reading the next day's reviews of the new piece, wonders at the discrepancies which exist between what he sees in print and what he heard in private. Here are extracts from the criticisms he reads:—

From the *Epoch*.—"In many ways, we repeat, the comedy of '*January and May*' is the most original, and, at the same time, the most artistic, of Mr. Magellan's dramatic productions. Cavillers may discover a resemblance in the dramatic interest of the second act to the old comedy by Wycherly, entitled '*The Martyr's Release*.' Far from thinking this detracts in any way from the essential individuality of Mr. Magellan's work—" &c., &c.

From the *Semaphore*—(We skip a short history of three-act comedy during the last century). "This brings us to Mr. Magellan's elegant comedy, '*January and May*.' The diversified interest, the charming personality, the epigrammatic embroidery, the rich idiosyncracy, evinced in every line of this sparkling comedy, are sufficient guarantees of the warm approbation, mingled with all the expressions of esteem and admiration—" &c., &c.

From the *Morning Roll*.—"We have no other dramatist now alive who could have produced a play so full of genius, or so complete in form and colour and absorbing interest, as '*January and May*,' which was performed last night to a delighted audience, for the first time, at the Royal Tinsel Theatre. Words are insufficient to express—" &c., &c.

The *Publican* and the *Morning Service* follow suit, and turn up trumps in manager, author, actors, scene painters, &c., &c.

The casual listener remains completely mystified.

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LONDON, APRIL 10, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Adelphi piece is a real hit. In these days of miserable print-puffing, it is refreshing to get hold of a genuine success in "*Black and White.*"

MR. ROBERTSON'S title for his last piece is well chosen, and was withal logical. The major includes the minor—and so "Dreams" include "sleep." The audience were decidedly in a minor key on this occasion.

SOMEBODY has for the hundredth time hit upon a plan of effecting railway communication between this country and France. This time the matter is to be managed by a vast iron pipe. If this is not suggestive of a termination in *smoke*, we should like to know what is!

AN important meeting of pickpockets is about to take place, in order to protest against the introduction of guinea watches. We can well understand their disappointment, when they think they have secured a large gold repeater, to find that "Hope told a flattering tale," and that it is only aluminium, price 21s.

AS some comment on the present state of Ireland—that country for the benefit of which the Government is spending all its energy and nearly all its time—we may note the fact that there have been five brutal organised assassinations committed within the last year, and that in no single case has the murderer or any of his accomplices been brought to justice.

BEARDING THE POLICE.

COLONEL HENDERSON, the new Chief Commissioner of Metropolitan Police, whose appointment as Sir Richard Mayne's successor was so unfavourably received a few months back, is already gaining popularity. Like a true soldier, he has commenced with an attempt to conciliate the female public, for an order has just been issued at Scotland Yard giving permission to the whole force to cultivate beards and moustachois.

Much as we deprecate the selection of a military man for the responsible civil office Colonel Henderson now fills, yet we must congratulate that gentleman on the common sense he has displayed in allowing his men to dispense with the use of the razor. This new regulation, which admits of any amount of hair being worn on the face, certainly gives us no sign of those martinet proclivities which we were led to believe were Colonel Henderson's specialty during his reign of terror as Inspector of Prisons. If the new Chief Commissioner will continue in the way he has begun, there is no reason but that in the course of time he should become a fairly satisfactory public servant. If beards for the constables are the only military *hairs* he gives us, we shall rest content.

A CRY FOR HELP!

IS it, or is it not, a fact, that nothing can be done to improve the condition of Leicester square? Is it, or is it not, to be kept as a "pleasure" garden? Or is this terrible irony? The theme is too old, too worn to rags, too hopelessly used up for us! Still, we may cry out, "Is it a fact that nothing—absolutely *nothing*—can be done?" Better open it as a plague pit, and bury all the London statues in it. Better not bury them, but leave them all standing there as a triumph of desolate horrors. Better *anything* than leave it as it is! Why not sink a circus in it? Start a gold mine down it! Plant it with mignionette, peas, horse-radish, poplars, potatoes—anything! Why leave it as it is? Fill it with sheep, cows, hyænas—give it *some* appearance of life and animation! It would then, at least, have the excuse of novelty, outrageous novelty, to make. But now—with spring before us, but with the influx of Mossoo! with the London season, and all the fashion of the Continent about to throng the various "Hotel de Louvres" in the neighbourhood—let some one make a stir. Has Mr. Tulk no soul for the beautiful! Will nothing move *the* responsible party, whoever he may be? Oh, let some kind angel spare us another summer with Leicester square!

EASTER VERDICTS.

DRURY LANE.
The Man with Two Lives—A long life and a merry one.

HAYMARKET.
Home—Where we may safely puff Cavendish.

PRINCESS'S.
After Dark—Comes light let us hope.

OLYMPIC.
Thirst for Gold—Hunger for novelty.

QUEEN'S.
Won by a Head—Lost by a Length!

GAIETY.
Dreams—Idle Dreams! Worse—a nightmare!

PRINCE OF WALES'S.
School—And collected.

GLOBE.
Minnie—Mum! a Maximum.

STRAND.
Joan of Arc—Of Noah's Ark?

ADELPHI.
Black and White—A Grey Triumph.

NOT WORTH A CROWN.

THE Greeks are beginning to understand that Russia treats them as a wretched tool by which she may further her own Panslavish policy along the Danube, and get the advantage of Western Europe in the Eastern question. With a dirty little army of 8,000 men, and a population a trifle larger than that of Southwark, it is difficult to appreciate the arrogance and self-importance of this the shabbiest of civilized states. However, there is no limit to the mischief of a spoiled child, and such has Greece been in Europe for some time past. The other day it appears the Danish youth, who at present wears the crown at Athens, took a journey through the "kingdom." A good deal of this royal progress was accomplished on foot, a good deal in a cab. No railways, no hotels, no four-horse coaches—not even a turnpike! Indeed, the royal boy was almost carried away in the classic Alpheus. Fortunately for the feelings of his little Russian wife and his Danish papa, somebody pulled him out and set him in his cab again, and the *cortége* came safely to the end of its journey. The affair is trivial and ridiculous enough in itself, but it contains a moral. Why will not Englishmen cease talking Byronic rubbish about this very insignificant and troublesome set of people? Liberty and Constitutionalism? Nonsense! What they want is railway enterprise and soap-and-water.

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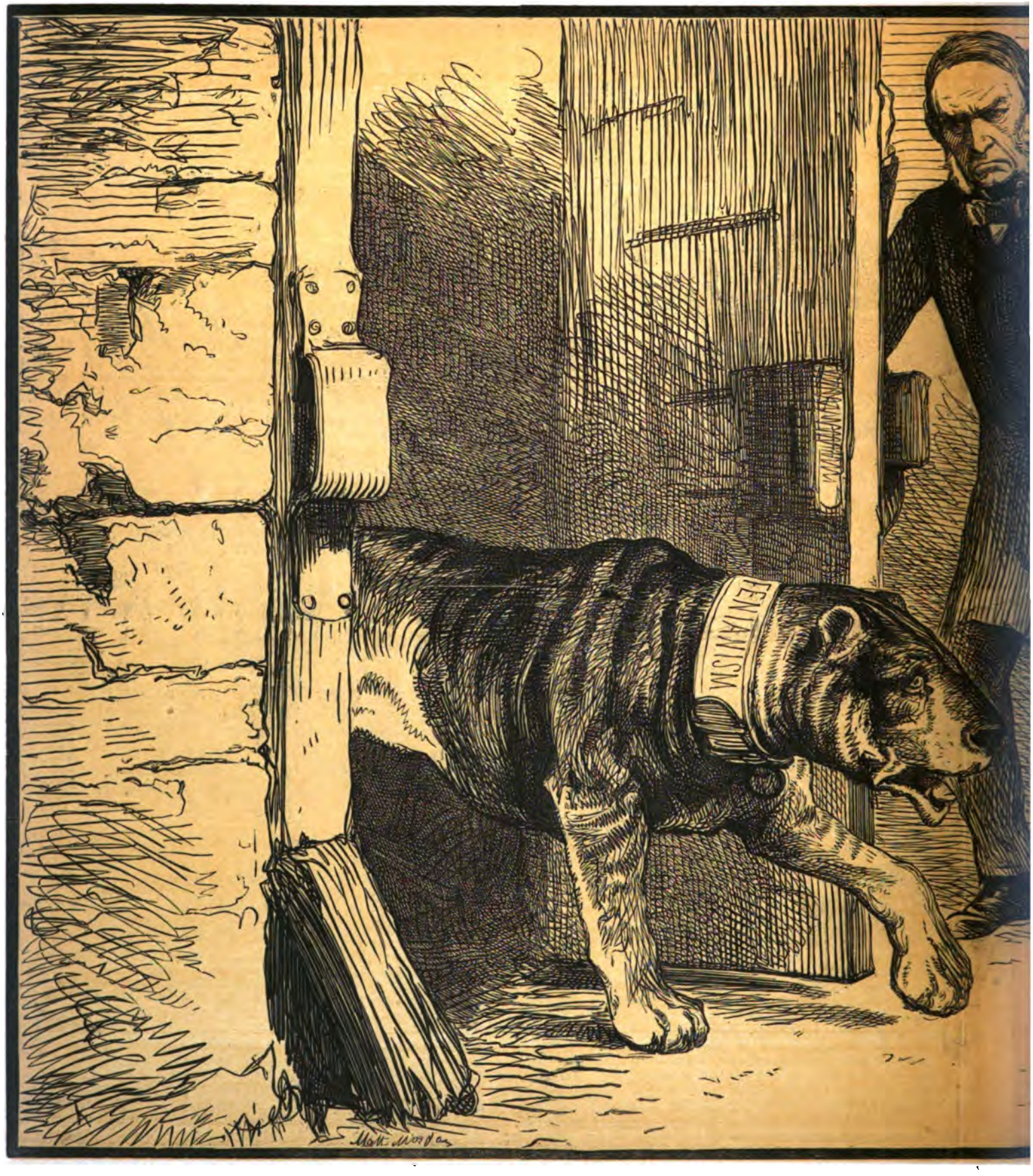

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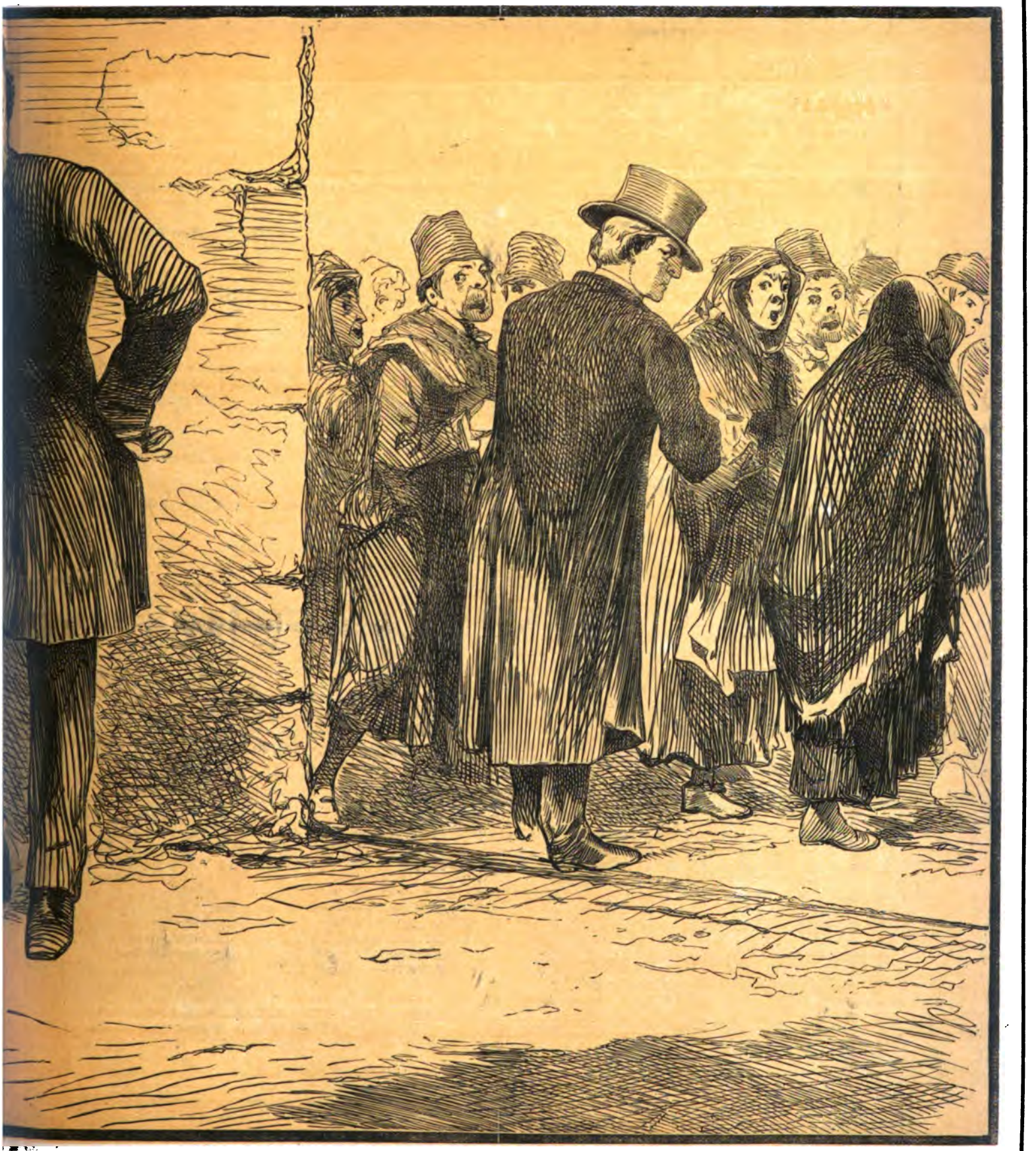

OR TO TREASON!

MISTAKE.

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THE GREAT REVIEW.

PART. I.—CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK" AND LE REDACTEUR-EN-CHIEF DU "GAMIN DE PARIS."

(LETTER NO. I.)

STRAND, 199,
20*th Mars*, *Londres*.

MON CHER REDACTEUR-EN-CHEF,

Je suis tres enchanté d'ecrive à vous. J'espere que vous êtres bien, c'est possible que vous n'avez oublié q'un de votres collaborateurs un Monsieur Jules Canard avez ecrive beaucoup pour moi dans l'anné passé. Pensez vous que c'est possible pour lui de venir a Dovres pour reporter le Grand Revue de nos Voluntiers? Si c'est possible nous serions enchanté de lui voir. S'il demandez pour moi aux tete quartiers du 26th Regiment de Diddlesex Art^rie. il me trouvez. R.S.V.P.

Credez moi, cher Rédacteur,
Votre tres vraiment.
Le Redacteur-en-Chef du TOMAHAWK.

(LETTER NO. II.)

MEDEA MILOR PUBLISHERE-RULING,

It is great pleasure I write you to comprehend to you I ave seen Mister Jules Canard, Esquire. He very much afraid of the sea will move itself. I ave given orderes that he may obey imself, he will come to Dovere to see your Voluntaries, he not speak the English like I so you must comprehend a man which is an interpretation.

Receive my distinguished emanations,
The Puplishere-ruling of the
"PARISIAN WHICH IS UNEDUCATED CHILD-BOY."

Paris, March the 29*th day*, 1869.

PART II.—JULES CANARD AT DOVER.*

Oxford terrace, Dover.
March 30, 1869.

MY DEAR REDACTEUR,—You have ordered, and I have obeyed. When I left the wretched Albion last year I thought I should never again see the London fog—the British rain. It was not to be; fate has called and I have nearly died. Of this I am convinced: an invasion of England by our brave troops is impossible. Not because of the *Voluntaries*—not because of the *Regulères*—not because of the *Millitieres*. No, it is the Channel, we should die on the Channel—I did! To surmount this we must accustom ourselves to the treacherous ocean—to the malady of the stomach. Let all our brave soldiers read Renan; if *that* doesn't make them sick they make brave the Straits of Dover with impunity. But until they *have* mastered Renan don't let them attempt to land in England.

After the most terrible of passages I arrived in Dover, and made my way to the head-quarters of the 26th Diddlesex Artillery in Oxford Terrace, where a most hearty welcome was afforded me. I liked all my hosts with one exception—the exception was proud, and fierce and haughty.

"Who are you?" he asked sternly, "what is your profession?"

"I am a journalist," I replied, with a bow.

"A journalist!" this great one cried with mighty disdain. "A journalist! What are you doing here! Do you not know that I am a gentleman—how dare you appear in my presence?"

"That you are a gentleman is very evident." I observed with another bow, "but what is this, is not a journalist respected in England?"

"Respected!" echoed the haughty one with a scornful laugh, "No, we can respect a banker who absconds, a cheesemonger who has light weights, a publican who adulterates his beer—but a journalist! Why the question would be impertinent if it were not amusing!"

I looked surprised, and then it was explained to me that it is the fashion in England to snub literature. The Court sets its face against all authors, and the people follow suit. Some time ago I was told some enthusiastic amateurs attempted to secure a knighthood for a wealthy and celebrated literary man by declaring that their candidate was respectable. Their efforts were very nearly crowned with success, when, as ill luck would have it, it was discovered at the last moment that the knight elect was not in trade—but was only an author—a wretched scribbler. What was to be done? After a great deal of negotiation it was decided that the knighthood should still be conferred on condition that the candidate gave up writing, and "went into tallow." I did not hear whether the literary man accepted this very reasonable proposition with favour, or treated it with ill-judged contempt.

While this was being explained to me the "Haughty One," who had been whispering with some of his brother officers, came up to me and addressed me.

"I beg pardon, Monsieur Canard," said he, "I had no idea that you were a foreigner. Had I known this to be the case I should have treated you with proper respect."

"Does my nationality make any difference in my rank?" I asked.

"Oh yes," he replied. "A French Mountebank is a far better man with us than our finest poet. We worship wealth, grovel before birth, and respect any foreigner. We have nothing good, and have had nothing good in England for thousands of years. Of course, I except our money—that's *very* good."

"How about Shakespeare?"

"Oh, he wasn't bad, but he had one great fault, a *very* great fault."

"Indeed!"

"He wasn't a Frenchman!"

Greatly pleased with this admission, I said to my companion with a smile,

"Ah, M. le Capitaine, I fear you flatter my nation!"

"Not in the least," he replied, with a look of surprise. "It doesn't matter at all where the foreigner comes from. Italy, France, Russia, China, or Germany, it's all the same to us. If we *have* a preference I rather think we go in for the Chinese. Of course, as the French are near us, we copy them a great deal."

"Ah!"

"Oh, yes, a great deal is taken from the French in England. We get our bonnets, cloaks, dramas, morality, clocks, everything from Paris. Why even some of our land is foreign. For instance, the Channel Islands, Jersey you know, and the place where the cows come from, were taken from the French!"

I will not describe the "Mess" (so-called on account of the great number of dishes served up at the meal), nor the orations delivered between the hours of seven p.m. and one a.m. I made a speech, my dear Rédacteur, and I have no doubt it would have been more effective had I not been forced, by circumstances over which I had no control, to deliver two-thirds of it from under the table. I will pass over the morning headache and the evening revel, and will come at once to the day of the Review—the great Easter Monday of 1869.

I was called up at six o'clock, and at once tumbled out of bed and began to dress myself. I lighted my candle, and with a piece of cork blacked my face and hands. I then shaved the hair off the front part of my head. This done, I put on the magnificent uniform of a colonel of Turcos—a dress which had been sent to me by my friend the General of Division, the Marquis de Petitpois. With a smile at the looking-glass, I opened the door and descended to the dining-room.

I was not recognised for a moment—in fact, not until my "good-mornin" (spoken in most excellent English) had been heard. Then there was rather a rude laugh, and the "Haughty One" asked me—

"Why, M. Canard, you have blacked your face! Why have you done this?"

"Sir," I replied coldly, "in the Turcos a black face is the regulation."

"Are *you* in the Turcos?"

"No, sir. This uniform has been lent to me by my friend the General of Division, the Marquis de Petitpois. My friend is a wealthy man, gentlemen. As General of Division he receives ninepence a day. Moreover, he is allowed to marry at an early age."

"At what age, M. Canard?"

"At seventy-five."

"Then it would seem that marriage in the French Army is not countenanced by the authorities?"

* This letter was translated into English by our resident linguist.

"On the contrary, Sir," I replied, "when a French officer marries, he receives a medal for bravery. If he becomes a widower and wants to marry again, he is given free quarters in a lunatic asylum."

"An excellent regulation," said the officers with one voice.

After a very hasty breakfast, we heard the bugle sound "the assembly," and proceeded to the Esplanade to fall in. As I walked along, I saw some men in ballet girl uniforms, making a very hideous noise with some sticks and a bag.

"Who are those?" I asked.

"They are the pipers of the London-Scottish," was the reply, "They are always just in front of the regiment, to frighten away the enemy."

After we had left the London-Scottish, we came to the London-Irish. These worthies were bravely defying snow and sea in their ranks. In fact, wherever I went I found the same disregard for comfort and esteem for duty. The Volunteers, one and all, behaved with the most admirable "pluck" (as the English call it), and deserve the hearty applause of their countrymen.

My friends, the 26th Diddlesex, soon took up their position at the end of the Esplanade. They seized their arms, and faced the snow and sea without a shudder. I was admiring their bravery, when I heard a very loud noise, which sounded like a cry of pain. I looked about me, and saw a few yards from me a General Officer in gold and scarlet, who was weeping bitterly. I went up to him and asked him, "What was the matter?"

He replied wih a burst of emotion, "Boohoo! Boohoo! I—I—shall—shall never get over it! I know I sha—an't! Boohoooooo!"

"What is the matter," said I once more.

"Why, it's sno-owing! oh dear! oh dear! Why di-id the War Office send me he-ere? Boohooooooo! It was very unki-i-ind of them! I know I shall never get over it! Boohooooooooooo! I sha-all tell my mamma! You see if I do-on't!"

"But why do you object to the snow?"

"Why, I've got on my ne-ew dress and all my beautiful go-old la-ace! And the sno-ow will spoil it all! I kno-ow it will! I *am* so unhappy!"

"Well, can't you get someone to put off the Review?"

"Well, I will see. It will be very unki-ind if they do-on't! Boohooooooooo!"

With a melancholy howl the gallant General retired, and five minutes later the order came that the Volunteers were to break off until three o'clock!

I was very pleased to hear this, as I felt sure that the General would have told his mamma, and very possibly have got the unfortunate War Office into disgrace. All this was avoided by the command; the General's gold lace was saved; and the Volunteers (poor, cold, drenched creatures) were given just a couple of hours to get nicely drunk in: and everybody was (or ought to have been) pleased.

We were sent back to our head-quarters, and ordered to wait further commands from the powers that were.

As I was only a foreigner I was allowed to stroll about the place, and accordingly wended my way to the great hotel of the town. I enjoyed the scene, and was very pleased with everybody and everything. Among the rest was a noble colonel (blessed, I was told), with perpetual loveliness. I looked at him and envied him his beauty. While thus employed I heard the tramp of a horse close behind me; I turned round and saw an elderly gentleman arrayed in scarlet and gold. I have read the newspapers and I know that the conversation I am about to recount has been variously reported, but I believe my version is the only correct one. The gorgeous gentleman cried out—

"Here, some one! What's all this about? Where are the Volunteers?"

Another gorgeous gentleman, clad in scarlet and gold, answered—

"I believe, sir, the review has been postponed, on account of the weather."

"Nonsense! Why, it's quite fine!"

"Yes, sir; but General —— [I didn't catch the name] said that the horses' feet might get wet and they might catch cold."

"Nonsense! Where are the Volunteers?"

"They have been dismissed, sir, and are now probably attempting to go to church."

"Nonsense! Fall in, sir, and send General Lindsay to me."

"Yes, sir. But may I call your Royal Highness's attention to the fact that some drops of rain are still being blown from the lamp-posts, and that we have on our best clothes. All the gold lace will be spoilt?"

"Nonsense, sir! Fall in."

The General saluted and retired.

In a quarter of an hour our regiment had fallen in, and we were on our way to the saluting-post!

Shall I write more? Yes, I will—a few lines. The Volunteers behaved admirably on Easter Monday. All the mistakes they made were owing to the blind obedience they paid to the orders of the "regular" officers put over them. They marched well and fought well. Where all are good it is difficult to pick out excellence. However, I can honestly award the prize for soldierly bearing, and general efficiency

TO

THE 3RD. MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY (*Truro's Tigers,*)

which, without doubt, is a model regiment, as regards Commander, officers (combatant and non-combatant), and men.

Receive my dear Redacteur,

&c., &c.,

JULES CANARD.

WIDE AWAKE.

(*A Little Drama of Real Life, in Three Acts.*)

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The lobby of the Gaiety Theatre* (*after the conclusion of the first act of Mr. Robertson's new piece.*)

SOMEBODY (*not knowing what to think of it*).—Well? Eh? Um?—

AN ADMIRER OF MR. ROBERTSON.—Oh, its capital—capital! So natural, and like everyday life. Look at Wigan's helmet! Why it quite takes you up the Rhine! Tom Robertson is a clever fellow, Sir.

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—What's the point of the doubling?

AN A. OF MR. R.—Point? You *wait!*

FUNNY, BUT UNORIGINAL CRITIC.—It's like Woodin; down you duck, and up again as somebody else (*laughs much with a friend.*)

SOMEBODY.—Wigan ought not to do it.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Take my word for it—the old man's part is going to turn out a very strong one.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Just so: you *wait.* Tom Robertson knows what he's about.

FREDDY (No. 1).—German, you know. One doesn't care about a lot of Germans. Great bosh, I think.

FREDDY (No. 2).—Ya'as.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act* 1. *After the conclusion of the second act of the piece.*

SOMEBODY.—First rate that, eh?

AN A. OF MR. R.—I'll tell you what—it's the best thing he's done. Full of satire, Sir—full! And did you notice the fireplace? *Real* green marble! I told you to wait.

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—That act is, as a whole, as good as anything he has done. Such situations (barring the entry of Mr. Soutar in Music Hall costume) *might* occur in the course of English everyday life; and that is saying a good deal for Mr. Robertson.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Saying a good deal for him? Pray, Sir, have you seen *School?* I should like to know what is more like English everyday life than *that!* Everybody says its—the thing itself, Sir.

ANOTHER A. OF MR. R.—Oh, come it's perfect. It's an (*vaguely, as if not quite sure of what it means*) idyl; fresh and—oh, it's A 1.

ANOTHER A. OF MR. R.—Poem, Sir. Who could have hit on that idea of the jug but Robertson?

DISAGREEABLE SOMEBODY.—Stuff! none of you people

think for yourselves, but go to the Prince of Wales's to grin at every word you hear, whether it's good or not. You listen to a paradox and think it's biting satire. Who, too, ever heard of an English school for young ladies with an usher and moonlight and public examinations before old beaus and young bucks, and—stuff, Sir. Say it's well written in parts and acted naturally,—to perfection, if you like—but don't go talking balderdash about "real life," and "Sheridan," and "idyls," and——

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—Quite so—it's enough to spoil Mr. Robertson altogether. Fancy *School* without Miss Wilton and Mr. Hare. However, it is something to be able to fit your interpreters exactly. Mr. Robertson is clever at that.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Capital part for Wigan this German fellow.

DISAGREEABLE S.—The worst he ever had. Ungrateful to the last degree. Sympathies of audience dead against him. Something better than that ought to have been found for him.

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—Looks so much like a "dreamer" too. He does the best he can with it, however, and makes the most of the *one* situation in the piece. That was admirably acted on both sides. Mr. Clayton there, and throughout, was excellent.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Oh! bother the acting. It isn't the fashion to criticise that now a-days. Good set that, come now?

SOMEBODY.—The best interior ever put on the stage.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Miss Robertson, charming. What's become of the old father, I wonder.

FUNNY CRITIC.—Gone to Madame Tussaud's (*much laughter sustained by a loud coterie*).

FREDDY (NO. 1.)—I don't like that fellow making up to the girl. It's disgusting. A man thinks of his sisters, you know.

AN A. OF MR. R. (*coming to the rescue*).—Ah, you don't know what goes on in real life. You wait now. We haven't seen the last of the father yet.

ACT. III.

SCENE.—*Same as before, but after the conclusion of the last act of the piece.*

SOMEBODY.—This is it. The Earl pitches into him, and the father turns up, and being an officer, of course the Earl can't get out of it.

SOMEBODY ELSE.—Well, I confess I don't see the point.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Why, to introduce the sabre fight in the lightning. If an English Earl, on the eve of his marriage, fighting a duel in his garden in the dark with cavalry swords, all over the place too, flower beds and all, with a Prussian soldier in full uniform, about nothing particular, and then getting run through, and neglected by two women, who believe him to be dying, but don't call in help, or give him even a glass of water, but wait till supper is over, when every moment's delay diminishes his chance of recovery,—if *that* is'nt like everyday life, *what* is? Capital, sir, the best thing he has done. And as to the last act—

FUNNY CRITIC.—Dreams?—I call it a *nightmare*.

(*Coterie merriment as usual.*

FREDDY (NO. 1).—Yes. Nasty taste that comic speech! Bored?

FREDDY (NO. 2).—Awfully!

AN A. OF MR. R. (*to anybody generally*).—Talk of Sheridan, sir. I'll back—

DISAPPOINTED AUTHOR.—You had better not. The piece is not good. Mr. Hollingshead has made a bad shot—he knows all about ballet, but literary pieces—No! *Shadow Tree Shaft* ought to have warned Mr. Robertson off the regions of drama. He is not at home there. Some parts of "Dreams" are well written, and here and there it is well constructed. But, as a whole, it is stupid and uninteresting—in short, a very slipshod affair. The Earl's character is the only well drawn one in the piece. Miss Madge Robertson played a difficult part with great tact. Mr. Wigan has been thrown away entirely, except in one act. The much-praised bit between the two old men is as old as the hills, rather vulgar, and would be well cut out. If you go to see *Dreams*, go at twenty minutes after eight, and come away at nine. I could stand that much of it once or twice, but *not* at the price of the rest.

AN A. OF MR. R.—Sir!—do you mean—? Why! I—

(*Is taken out in a fit.*

CURTAIN.

THE VOLUNTEER BARD TO HIS VOLUNTEER REVIEWERS.

OH! glorious thought! sublime idea!
Yes! I'm a British Volunteer!
A warrior to his country dear,
Because he's cheap.

England the land which gave us birth,
Is proud such soldiers to send forth,
She'll pay a tribute to our worth—
But not our keep.

The Government will tell with pride
How Volunteers from every side
Came up too fast at Easter tide,
But not to feast.

How, when in spite of storm and rain,
The trumpet-call called not in vain,
We, like a bird, fell in again,
To feel a beast.

Authorities their pæans raise,
And crown themselves with our bays;
But for our spirits taking praise,
Don't give a drop.

We ask for help! will no one hear?
But one voice sounds from front to rear!
To open stores, the Volunteers
Must shut up shop.

THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

NO. IV.

HOW MEN IN FULFILLING THE FINAL CAUSE OF THEIR CREATION MIGHT BE KEPT FROM CRIME.—SOME REFLECTIONS ON HANGING.—OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—OF TORTURE—ITS ADVANTAGES AS A PUNISHMENT.—THE FREEDOM OF PARROTS FROM CRUELTY.—OBSERVATIONS WHICH PROVE THE WRITER EMINENTLY SO.—ON STUFFING AFTER DEATH—OF MUMMIES.—WHY HANGING IS A GOOD PUNISHMENT.—SUMMARY METHODS OF DEALING WITH DISAGREEABLE PERSONS ARE THE BEST.—AN ILLUSTRATION OF THE TRUTH OF THIS MAXIM.—THE WHITE MOUSE.—THE HAPPY FAMILY THEORY NOT CONFIRMED BY PRACTICE.—AN EXPERIMENT.—THE RESULT.—SOME REFLECTIONS THEREUPON.

NOW men have found out what they were intended by Nature to do, I hope they will do it, and so keep themselves out of mischief.

I have no trouble in saying that if men were to do nothing but scratch Parrots' heads, that they would be very much happier and better than they are now. In fact, this would decrease crime; which I believe is a difficult thing to do, and a thing, too, which you are always trying to do; in fact, it is one of the questions of the day.

Well, here it is answered at once. Make men fulfil the final cause of their creation—set them to scratch parrot's heads, and you do away with crime at once. On second consideration, if we placed ourselves so much in the power of you wretches, some of you might take it into your heads to wring our necks while performing this soothing office. It would be just like you; and whatever it may be to men, it is a small consolation to me to reflect that if a man strangled me, he would in all probability be strangled himself some weeks or months afterwards—in other words—hanged.

No, I think that on the whole, were I murdered, I should feel but very scanty consolation, even if my dying gaze beheld the criminal in the hands of the police, or on the foot of the gallows. It would not bring me back to life and all its pleasures. I should not be able to eat hemp-seed, even though a hempen cord were round *his* neck; I should never know the sweets of sugar more, or the joys of apples. I should never revel in the grateful pungency of the capsicum, or the piquancy of cheese any more. I should be dead—unable to eat—or to drink—or to whistle—or to peck boy's fingers.

I don't know that I should care at all what became of my murderers.

This amiable confession on my part shows that Parrots are without revenge, or malice, or cruelty—in short, it is another proof of their superiority to man.

This brings me to the subject of Capital Punishment. This I think, in some respects, a mistake; especially when limited as a punishment to that crime which puts it out of the power of the person injured to enjoy the retribution which overtakes his injurer.

No, give me torture—nice, slow, deliberate torture. That is a punishment, hanging is none at all; for does it not destroy sensation at the very moment when sensation would be the acutest agony?

If only I could get hold of some grocer, for instance, who habitually put sand in his brown sugar, would not I enjoy torturing him! I should like to dig holes in his flesh, and fill them up with his own brown sugar. I know that would irritate him; because he would feel not only the physical pain, but also the moral anguish of knowing that his sugar was being wasted.

But do not any of you think that I disapprove altogether of Capital Punishment. I do not; only I would extend its sphere of action. When people ask "To what worse use can you put a man than to hang him?" I would answer, "To what better use can you put a man, or a woman either?"

Now, when a Parrot dies he is still beautiful—you can stuff a Parrot—yes, you may laugh, and say we are always stuffing ourselves; it comes well from you men, who have got stomachs made just like pigs in order to show where you may look among creatures for your equals—but, I mean, you can stuff a Parrot when he is dead, and so, as I once heard one of the girls say, "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." That is a Parrot is; for you can't deny that even when dead and stuffed we are beautiful.

But who ever heard of stuffing a man? I have heard of mummies, which I believe are men, salted and peppered and kept in pickle; but they are not "things of beauty;" are they?

I once did see a stuffed man—at least it was a woman—and a more horrid thing I never saw in my life. The animal was called "Julia Pastrana" I believe—and the only reason why she *was* stuffed, or could be, was that she was half a monkey. Another relation of yours in the animal kingdom is the monkey. I wish you joy of him.

No; hang as many men and women as you like, say I—it is an economical punishment, because you get rid of the expense of keeping them. It saves time, too, as well as money. I always did and always shall advocate a *summary* mode of dealing with disagreeable persons.

I remember upon one occasion, somebody or other who was staying in the house where I reside, I don't quite know what he was, I think they called him a general philanthropist—I called him General Nuisance for brevity—however, he had some theory which was called the "Happy Family" theory, by force of which he maintained that all animals would live together in perfect happiness if you gave each plenty to eat, as nature did. He never tried it himself. I should think if he had done so for one night—with a Bengal tiger say—that there would not have been much left of him next morning. However, he talked a tremendous lot of nonsense about this theory, and, in order to illustrate it, he absolutely put a wretched white mouse, whom I had sometime sobserved in a cage running up and down a ladder with the most irritating restlesness, into my palace, and left it there, saying he was sure we should get on most happily together; which proved, if nothing else did, what a fool he must have been.

Well, this wretched white mouse had some food of its own put in with it. I think it was bread and milk. I can't be sure, for really there was so little of it, I had eaten it all before I had quite made up my mind. When the white mouse saw its food had gone, it seemed disconcerted, and began to run up and down, snivelling in a very vexing manner. I gave it two or three friendly pecks, just to remind it that its conduct was annoying, and then I composed myself for sleep. I never, to this day, have been able to make out what paroxysm of weakness, or good nature, as some people would call it, induced me to leave that white mouse there so long. However, my weakness was soon punished. It appears that the colourless creature, finding all its food gone, began to get hungry—it had not the sense to eat what seed of mine had dropped on the bottom of the cage; though if I could eat its bread and milk, why should not it eat my seed? However, it did not, but went on running up and down the gilt bars of my windows, just as if it was doing the ladder trick. It was not to be expected that I could stand that long. I just opened one eye, and I looked down sideways on the miserable little beast, as much as to say, "You had better be quiet, my little dear."

However, it would not be quiet, and so I quietly dropped down on it and drove my beak through its head; and after that it was quiet enough. Next morning, when they came into the room, this General Nuisance with them, there was a tremendous to-do about the white mouse. "Oh, poor little thing; that beast Poll"—they call me Poll because they can't pronounce my real name, which is Poluphloisboio Polydorus Psittaeus—"That beast, Poll, has killed dear little mousey." Then some of the girls tried to hit me with a paper knife, but I did not mind that. I know girls' fingers are soft enough. They soon gave over that, and turned all their rage on General Nuisance. "How cruel it was to put the poor little thing in with me," &c.

General Nuisance had not much to say for himself, except that in theory he was right, and that we *ought* to have got on very well together. From this little anecdote you may glean two morals.

First.—If you have a theory, and want to try an experiment to prove it, you had better be sure first that every one concerned in the experiment believes in the theory.

Secondly.—When any one or any thing is disagreeable to you get rid of it at once; by a summary method.

If I had allowed that wretched mouse to go on all night fidgetting about, I might have got no sleep, and that would have been very disagreeable.

Whenever any men or women make themselves disagreeable, either by propounding new theories and trying to carry them into practice, or by claiming what they call their rights, or by crying out and making a fuss about some injustice or other which they pretend to be suffering under, never stop to enquire whether the theory be true, or what their rights are, or if they *are* suffering under any injustice. This is all a waste of time; and if they turn out to be right you must turn out to be wrong, which always weakens your authority. I am talking to Governments now—take my advice: tell the annoying persons to be quiet; if they won't be quiet—why, hang them. You'll get rid of them and their troublesome theories, rights, and wrongs, at the same time. And if any others try to follow their example after you have got rid of them—why, hang them to.

In this maxim lies the whole secret of strong government, I assure you, as a Parrot. And as I said before, nobody can say Parrots are cruel.

JUDGMENT BY DEFAULT.

An "Outsider" has written to a contemporary to complain very justly of the criticisms on the new piece at the Queen's that appeared ou Tuesday morning last in the *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* respectively. He says:—

"Can my eyes and ears have deceived me on Monday night? I seemed to see a theatre about one-third filled; I seemed to see scenery which I had previously noticed in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and a burlesque at the same house: I seemed to hear constant hisses throughout the performance; I certainly heard no calls before the curtain.

"Will anybody explain to me how a comedy which is hissed and 'damned' by the audience in the evening becomes 'very favourably received,' and obtains 'generally favourable opinion' in the papers of the next morning?"

Yes, we will explain it to an "Outsider." Neither the *Times* nor the *Daily Telegraph* sent any critic to the Queen's on Monday night, the gentlemen who go to pass judgment for these two journals being most probably well employed elsewhere. It would therefore have been honest to have said nothing at all about the Queen's. The piece, however, had a good name to it, that of Mr. Tom Taylor; so with true "critical" instinct the unhappy compliment was hazarded. The result is unsatisfactory to the theatre, as it directs special attention to a *fiasco* that might otherwise have taken place in a corner. How long will the public take to learn what journalistic criticism is worth? If Sheridan were to bring out his *Rivals* for the first time in 1869, we should have lamentations over its "bad construction," "faulty dialogue," "worn-out theme," and what not,—should—*if* he did not put his name to it!

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 102.] *LONDON, APRIL 17, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

IMPERFECT EXPIATION.

In speaking last week with just severity of the Fenians and their leaders, we must not be supposed to have intended to aid or abet those who would turn a deaf ear to Ireland's cry for justice, because some of her children are leagued together for purposes of injustice. It is because we are fully sensible how much remains to be done, and how difficult it is to do, that we are anxious to guard against any mistake on the part of the Government which may alienate the loyal and true lovers of their country, just when their hearty aid is so much needed.

Two dangers now beset Ireland—one, that those who, professing to be her devoted friends, are in reality her worst enemies, may drive her into hasty rebellion, and urge her to demand what can never be granted. The other is, that having done away with the great grievance of the Irish Church, those persons—always numerous—whose indolence makes them dread the hard work of Reform—may be ready to rest from labour, and fancy that because they have done one thing which has been very long a-doing, nothing else remains to be done. In fact, those persons would make a scapegoat, as it were, of the Irish Church, which might bear all the sins of England against Ireland on its back, and whose expulsion into the wilderness of Voluntaryism from the pleasant pastures of State-Endowment, might expiate all the wrongs which Ireland has suffered. A very easy way, doubtless, of getting rid of much trouble, but none the less dangerous, and none the less wicked.

If the professors of the great let-alone philosophy should prevail, those who have been guilty of the late outrages, and those who are planning or threatening others will be mainly responsible. But we would entreat those who hold justice above vindictiveness to reflect what these outrages really mean. Are they not begot of that moral corruption which injustice has engendered? Are they not the tardy fruits of a pestilent seed sown years and years gone by? Foul and cruel they are as the men who sowed them were foul and cruel; and we shall ever war against the noxious monsters with crippled arms, till all traces of the iniquity that begot them are destroyed; we may cut down the poisonous weed, but till we root up the seed it will grow and grow again. No more fearful example of the undying injury which selfishness and injustice work has ever been given in the world's history. Other nations have oppressed their subjects more than England ever did; in some cases brute strength has ostensibly triumphed, and a whole nation has been crushed out by ruthless extermination.

The sword, the dungeon, and starvation have done their work in Poland. Long-continued insults have broken the hearts of the few natives that now remain; even their language is being silenced for ever, and all features of their nationality erased; but does anyone believe that the wrong done to Poland will not yet bear its proper fruit? No; long after the name of Pole shall have been forgotten, generations yet unborn shall reap the terrible harvest that has been tilled with swords and watered with blood—thousands of innocent creatures will suffer the terrible retribution which national injustice and cruelty have never yet escaped, and never will.

In Ireland it is different; there is an earnest wish to recreate, not to destroy; to preserve the nationality, not to mutilate it. But this can only be done by persevering in the work of justice which we have begun. Let a strict and free inquiry be opened at once into the question of Tenant-right, and let delegates be chosen by the *tenants themselves* to set their view of the case before the Commissioners. It is no use selecting for examination a few model tenants, who have nothing to complain of.

Both sides, both extremes must be heard, for the errors of each are no doubt founded on some statement of truth. If action be taken in this matter at once, the practical assurance thus given of the genuine intention of the Government to do justice to Ireland will do much to destroy the influence of Fenians and Ribbonmen alike. It may be said that Ireland has had enough of commissions, but the disestablishment of the obnoxious Church is a more solid proof of good faith than she has ever before received from England, and may encourage her to hope for more.

The Irish Church is not ill chosen as a scape-goat. It is unclean, less from its own individual misdeeds, than for the injustice and tyranny of which it is the visible token. It is unclean, for it is redolent of the days of tyranny and oppression, when Ireland was first enslaved by a dominant faction. But the banishment of the scape-goat leaves the expiation far from complete. There are other sacrifices to be made; there are many evidences of old wrongs to be burnt in the purifying fire, before we can sit down and say that we have finished our labour—that we have at last done "Justice to Ireland."

The late Review.—A General Officer (of the "regulars," be it understood) refused on Easter Monday to take his place at the head of the column he was appointed to command—he preferred breakfast to duty. In spite of the snow, he evidently did not think the muster had anything to do with *parade-ice!*

Motto for Prince Christian.—"I have done the State no service, and *they know it!*"

London Assurance (over the water).—Taking a Theatre without a farthing to pay the expenses with.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

SUNDAY SAM.

1.

WHITECHAPEL is my neighbourhood,
And, if the truth I tell,
It's not at all the sort of place
To entertain a swell,—
Nor anyone who, now and then,
Enjoys a bit of art,
And has a soul that soars beyond
A costermonger's cart.

2.

Well, bad or good, no matter what,—
I don't complain of that,
Nor envy nobs in Belgrave Square:
No, I'm not such a flat.
My grievance is,—when Sundays come
And I expect my treats,
The only ones I get, are up
And down them dirty streets!

3.

You blessed saints, who fuss yourselves
With deputation schemes,
And badger ministers to death
With all your selfish themes,
Who, of *your* recreation take
In week days, precious care,
I wonder how you'd like to spend
Your one day's outing there.

4.

Here's Lord Blocknoodle heads the list
And swears that it's a sin
To look at pictures,—though he *knows*
Their substitute is gin.
For when a man, who's worked six days,
Can't get his Sunday sight,
He has his bit of chat, his drink,—
And 'pon my word he's right.

5.

What! when his one free day comes round,
May'nt he throw off the strain?
D'you think then that a working man
Has got no sort of brain?
He don't want pleasures by the score,
Like nobs, it's true, but then
He does expect to have his share
Of rest with other men.

6.

What's your idea of rest? arise
At eight with naught to do,
Two hours of church, just one too much,
Your dinner; then at two,
A read at some insensate trash,—
Your Sunday reading stuff,—
And then another go at church,
As if one's not enough.

7.

Then top all that with tea and prayers,
More church, more reading, then
Expect us to turn into bed
Contented pious men!
Well, I'm no saint, I owns, but if
That's what you mean by rest,
You'd better curse us on the spot,—
We'd rather not be blest!

8.

That's right, howl out against us all,
Dig up your ugly names,
Then comfort your unchristian selves
With sweet smug thoughts of flames!
Keep up your witches Sabbath, pull
Your faces lean and long,
And when you've drawled your hymns enough,
Hear how I close my song.

9.

Six days' hard work, the seventh ought,
I think it's pretty clear,
To bring religion if you like, but
Bring, as well, its cheer.
And does it? Well, it don't, and what's
The upshot! Nothing more
Than pretty crowds at one and five
About the gin shop door.

10.

'Tis you who with your canting cry
Collect these crowds! 'Tis you
Who rob the poor of pleasure, change,
Health, life! Oh! yes, it's true.
For in their face each palace door,
Each country gate you slam!
And if you could you'd close Heaven's too—
To shut out Sunday Sam.

LORD LAWRENCE AND HIS DESERTS!

IN these days of social idolatry and rank toadyism, we should like to ask a few pertinent questions as to all the inane stir that is being made with a view to glorification of the late Governor-General of India. Already he has been thrust into the society of the peers, and the public have evidently not done with him yet. Lord Lawrence furnishes, and will continue to furnish for some time, about as many small paragraphs to the daily papers as Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Indeed, every wretched penny-a-liner seems rabid to say something good of him. It is only reasonable, therefore, to ask "What has he done?" True, he has been some forty years at his work in India, work for which he has been well paid, as are all Englishmen who do not mind bartering health and the mother country for unquestionable pecuniary advantages. But, if he has done this, what of it? He has made, and any influential Indian will corroborate the fact, a very poor Governor-General indeed. Raised, and a great mistake too as it turned out,—from the Indian Civil Service to a position, the dignity of which he was utterly unable to support, and the moral influence of which he materially damaged, he could not be expected either to win the esteem of the native population, or deserve the confidence of his European subordinates. We believe we are only speaking the truth when we say that as Governor-General he was, in the strict application of the term, most unpopular. A coterie swore by the undignified and tactless representative of the crown, for there are few men who run tilt against the general taste who have not a body of their own peculiar way of thinking to support them. With the vast majority of the Indians, however, the reign of "Sir John Lawrence" in Government House, will be associated with a sort of imperial shabbiness, if not, of something worse. Already it turns out that Lord Mayo, the much abused, has, in three months given more promising signs of his fitness to fill the post, than his predecessor managed to afford in five years. What then does all this fussing and testimonial whispering mean? If the mere fact, that a man has passed his life abroad at his work, is to entitle him to an ovation and a peerage, popular enthusiasm will never go to sleep and the House of Lords will be gifted with immortality, but as neither alternative seems very desirable it is to be hoped this indiscriminate dishing up of spoon-meat will cease. Englishmen are, it is true, miserable snobs, but if they must catch hold of somebody's coat-tails, they may as well select those of the worthiest. Of Lord Lawrence personally, we know little or nothing. Looking at him, however, as a public man, we most unhesitatingly insist that his merits are not of that order that call for a popular ovation. For to day then, we dismiss him with the promise that we shall keep our eye on him, and the toadies who are hunting him, and discuss both very freely if on a future occasion, they force themselves upon us.

SPAIN'S *real* WANT.—Money.

NO THOROUGHFARE.

FOR some months past the foot-passenger traffic of Piccadilly has been driven from that part of the pavement between the Burlington Arcade and the Albany, by the hoarding thrown out into the road, even beyond the limits of the old curbstone, for the purpose of hiding the works in progress for pulling down, patching up, or reconstructing (it is not clear which it is of the three) Old Burlington House. These hoardings jutting out into the street, and thereby forcing foot-passengers into the mud and amongst the carriages, have lately become one of the leading London nuisances, but the public have put up with the inconvenience, to say nothing of danger to life and limb, they occasion partly because they consider that something is going on behind which will ultimately do credit to the metropolis, and partly because the evil is, after all, but a temporary one, and will not last for ever.

In the case of Burlington House, however, this latter plea for patience and consideration cannot be urged, for, to the surprise of everyone who is in the habit of passing down Piccadilly, a permanent brick building, apparently acting as an entrance hall to a long wooden passage leading to the central window of the old house, has been erected *in* the street, the lines of the foundation extending even beyond the limits of the hoarding. The front door of this hideous erection opens directly into the road, and there appears to be no intention of throwing out the pavement to enable foot-passengers to pass it in safety. In fact, such a design would be out of the question, as the roadway, already narrow enough, would be thereby so compressed as to interfere with the carriage traffic most seriously. The result of this last "Metropolitan Improvement" is simply that the pavement on the north side of Piccadilly is rendered perfectly useless, and that the crowds who throng the thoroughfare at all hours of the day will be accumulated and muddled together on the south side of the street.

May we ask the Chief Commissioner of the Board of Works what this all means? Is there any object whatever in extending a temporary passage, leading to nowhere in particular, half across Piccadilly? Have the Commissioners any right to do it, or, having the legal right, are they justified in creating such an unprecedented nuisance as has just been completed? Pending any explanation of the proceeding, and a satisfactory explanation appears to be impossible, we can only protest against the bungle as one of the most barefaced and pigheaded errors ever committed, even by that highly respectable body of gentlemen who are responsible for the aggression.

NOT WORTH IT!

MR. TITE has been informing the House of Commons that the public would gladly pay £120,000, or double that sum to see a proper debating room built to hold them. Disgraceful as is the sort of steamboat cabin which does service for the nation in that capacity at present, we much doubt Mr. Tite's sanguine estimate of the public liberality. M.P's. may be divided roughly into three classes: (1.) Those who speak and are worth listening to. (2.) Those who talk and to whom nobody listens. (3.) Those who know better than to open their mouths, and merely turn up at a division. Class 3 then obviously need not be taken into account. Silent members might read the speeches and divide "by post" the next morning. Class 2 ought either to be abolished by act of Parliament or suffered to throw a little elocutionary blood into the Lords, and then there would remain but class 1. For these there is room enough. Soberly, it is the number of members that is too large. The country might be equally well represented by half the quantity, in which case a whole cargo of noodles and nobodies would be carted away, and in time, the dummy member would become extinct. Compared with the members of other great national assemblies our figure reads absurdly high. That is the real solution of the difficulty, and compared with an outlay of £240,000, the suggestion ought to receive a warm welcome.

CO-OPERATIVE STORES: Beehives. OPERATIVE STORES: Pawnbrokers' shops.

PATRIOTS AND THE PEERAGE.

AS it seems to be a generally accepted conclusion that Mr. Gladstone is about to create a sufficient number of new Liberal peers to ensure the safe passage of the Irish Church Bill through the Upper House, it is not to be wondered at that the right honourable gentleman should be inundated with claims for coronets. Whether Mr. Gladstone will confine himself to utilizing the eldest sons of existing peers, who, on their respective father's deaths, would have their second title absorbed in the higher dignities, remains to be seen, but certain it is that there are several commoners whose claims to the honour of a seat in the Upper House must receive due consideration.

Of the many pressing appeals from "likely people" which Mr. Gladstone has recently received, we understand that he has put aside for further consideration those of the following gentlemen, the *précis* of whose communications the Premier's private secretary has obligingly placed at our disposal:—

MR. HENRY COLE, C.B., considers that Mr. Gladstone must be too well aware of his claims on the country to necessitate his detailing them. He could not, however, in justice to himself, accept any lower dignity than an Earldom, and selects as his title EARL OF SOUTH KENSINGTON, with the second title, to be borne by his eldest son, of BARON BROMPTON ROAD.

SIR ROBERT CARDEN.—Was a Conservative once, but is disgusted with the party, having been disgracefully treated in several borough elections, which he has unsuccessfully contested. Is quite sure that his proper sphere of action is the House of Lords, and not the House of Commons. Has now no political opinions, and will vote for anything or anybody Mr. Gladstone likes. Has lots of money. Suggests that he might be called to the Upper House as LORD CARDAMUMS, a title by which he is already known by a large proportion of the public.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—Thinks it too good a joke that he should not be a real Peer, and will be obliged if Mr. Gladstone will give him a Dukedom. Assures Mr. Gladstone that it would be the most popular measure he ever introduced. His Royal Highness has no politics in particular. Would like to know if any salary is attached to a Peerage, or, if not, if something of the kind could be managed as a special case. Wishes an answer by return of post.

MR. FINLEN wants to be called to the Upper House in his own family name as VISCOUNT FINLEN, of ST. GILES'S, in the county of Middlesex. If Mr. Gladstone hesitates as to the advisability of appointing him, will be glad to look Mr. Gladstone up at Carlton Terrace to talk the matter over; but no doubt the right honourable gentleman will consider this unnecessary.

MR. COSTA.—Having retired from the Covent Garden Opera, and being desirous of entering private life, he will now accept a peerage, which may be offered to him without fear of giving him offence. Mr. Costa will not, however, pledge himself to any political party, but as he has no particular opinion regarding the rights and wrongs of the Irish Church question, he will be willing to lend Mr. Gladstone a helping hand in his present difficulty. Will assume the title of DUKE OF BEDFORD. He is well aware that there is a Duke of Bedford already, but that person must take another name.

MR. BEALES, M.A.—Does not expect to get much justice or anything else out of Mr. Gladstone; but if the Premier feels inclined to do the right thing for once in his life, Mr. Beales will not object to be called to the Upper House as LORD CHARING CROSS, M.A.

Beyond having expressed his gratitude to these gentlemen for their generous conduct in coming forward to assist him in his difficult task we have not heard that Mr. Gladstone has taken any steps towards submitting their names to the Queen for Her Majesty's approval.

BITTER FOR THE TORIES.—A-Lowe!

THE SONG OF THE IRASCIBLE VOLUNTEER.—"Blow, gentle gales."

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LONDON, APRIL 17, 1869.

THE WEEK.

So we are going to build more iron clads! Surely, Mr. Childers doesn't mean to destroy John Bull with the shirt of *Sheer-nessus.*

LORD MAYO, as a move against Russian influence, has paid the Monarch of the Affghans £120,000. This is a pretty good sum to dispose of for the services of *A-meer Ally!*

A LARGE class of Englishmen have hitherto treated the "Alabama Claims" as a joke. They ought to feel specially re-assured now, that the United States Ambassador is about to present himself in *Motley.*

MR. LOWE'S additional tax upon those who care to display their *arms* is wise and politic. What a pity, though, he did not extend the impost to other extremities. In these days of burlesque the national debt might be paid off in no time.

THE BISHOP OF CORK seems to be of a light and airy temperament. Perhaps a little too light. He is reported to have used language about Mr. Gladstone's Bill which savoured more of the fishmarket than the pulpit. Perhaps the right reverend gentleman thinks that because some of the Apostles were fishermen, a bishop cannot do better than talk Billingsgate.

PEOPLE who rail about the immorality of the French stage should have gone to see *Won by a Head*, which, though by Mr. Tom Taylor was, strange to say, *not* a foreign production. The Duchy of Pumpernickel, according to that spirited comedy, was a very pleasant community, a sort of Agapemone, with a grand Duke and Duchess as presiding elders. Mr. Taylor borrowed his morality from Congreve, but being a modest man did not borrow the wit at the same time.

CAPTAIN ARCHDALL seems to have made himself quite a hero by his slashing proposition to extend the principle of the Irish Church Bill to England and Scotland. We find, on reference to *Debrett*, that Captain Archdall is a man arrived at maturity, having been born in 1812, and that he is a Conservative, a "firm supporter of Protestant ascendancy in Ireland." He is also an Irishman, which explains his peculiar method of supporting his principles. We suppose that he goes upon the principle which governed his countryman, who insisted on firing at his own comrades in a battle—viz., "that it must be more pleasant to be killed by your friends than your enemies." We certainly prefer to look upon the gallant Captain as an arch wag rather than an arch traitor.

A CASE FOR GAOL.

IT would seem that ruffianism and treason in Ireland are not the special property of the Fenians. Let us quote a few words uttered at a recent anti-disestablishment meeting, by a minister of the "gospel." Apropos of the passing of the Government Bill, this precious herald of peace howls out

> "That the Protestants of the country would not submit to be trampled upon. Would the sons of the men who would not suffer a tyrant king to deprive them of their rights allow a tyrant Parliament to do so? The Protestants of Ireland were ready to do just as their ancestors did," &c., &c.

In plain words, if, by the will of the nation constitutionally exercised, the Bill passes into law, these loyal subjects of Her Majesty will take up arms and commence a bloody civil war. If the Rev. Mr. Flanagan, of Monaghan, does not mean this, what on earth does he mean? His "cloth" will, of course, stand in the way of his raising his own hand against his fellow countrymen, but still he can hound on others, and work up a set of rabid bigots into blood-thirsty frenzy.

With equal taste spoke a Mr. Madden, a Justice of the Peace. This gentleman, who ought at once to be removed from his responsible position, and kept under the eye of the police, closed the meeting by observing, that

> "They were ready to stand by their Queen as long as she was prepared to stand by them, but no longer. They would stand by the Queen and Government as long as they maintained inviolate the national contract, but not one day beyond that."

Surely if words have any significance at all this means nothing but rebellion under certain very probable contingencies. However, whatever may be the meaning that this reverend orator and curious magistrate attach to their own words, there is no question about their inevitable effect on ignorant masses. They can only incite in them a feeling of contempt for law and order, and suggest the sword as the best argument with which to meet the overwhelming logic of the Government.

While we hear so much about the frothy insolence of liberated Fenians, it is wise to bear in mind that the seeds of sedition are not all of their sowing.

METEOROLOGICAL MEMS.

JANUARY	Spring Flowers.
FEBRUARY	April Showers.
MARCH	November Fogs.
APRIL	Principally Mud.

ANECDOTE OF PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

HIS Royal Highness, the other day, when discussing with a distinguished prelate the rite of baptism as administered in the English Church, very adroitly twisted the conversation into a direct allusion to the recent strange ceremonial observed by the Poles, in their chapel in Gower street, on Easter Sunday last. It may be remembered that they eat hard-boiled eggs together in commemoration of their brotherhood, expressing at the same time a hope that the next time they partook of the common meal it might be in the midst of Poland itself. "It is a strange custom, your Royal Highness," remarked the prelate already referred to, "and one that leads us to believe that Polish patriotism is not yet extinct. Freedom may yet be hatched from that shell." "Ah," immediately rejoined the Prince, in his old, original, quaint, dry, and affable manner, "instead of eating the egg, why don't they throw off the *yoke* (*yolk*)!"

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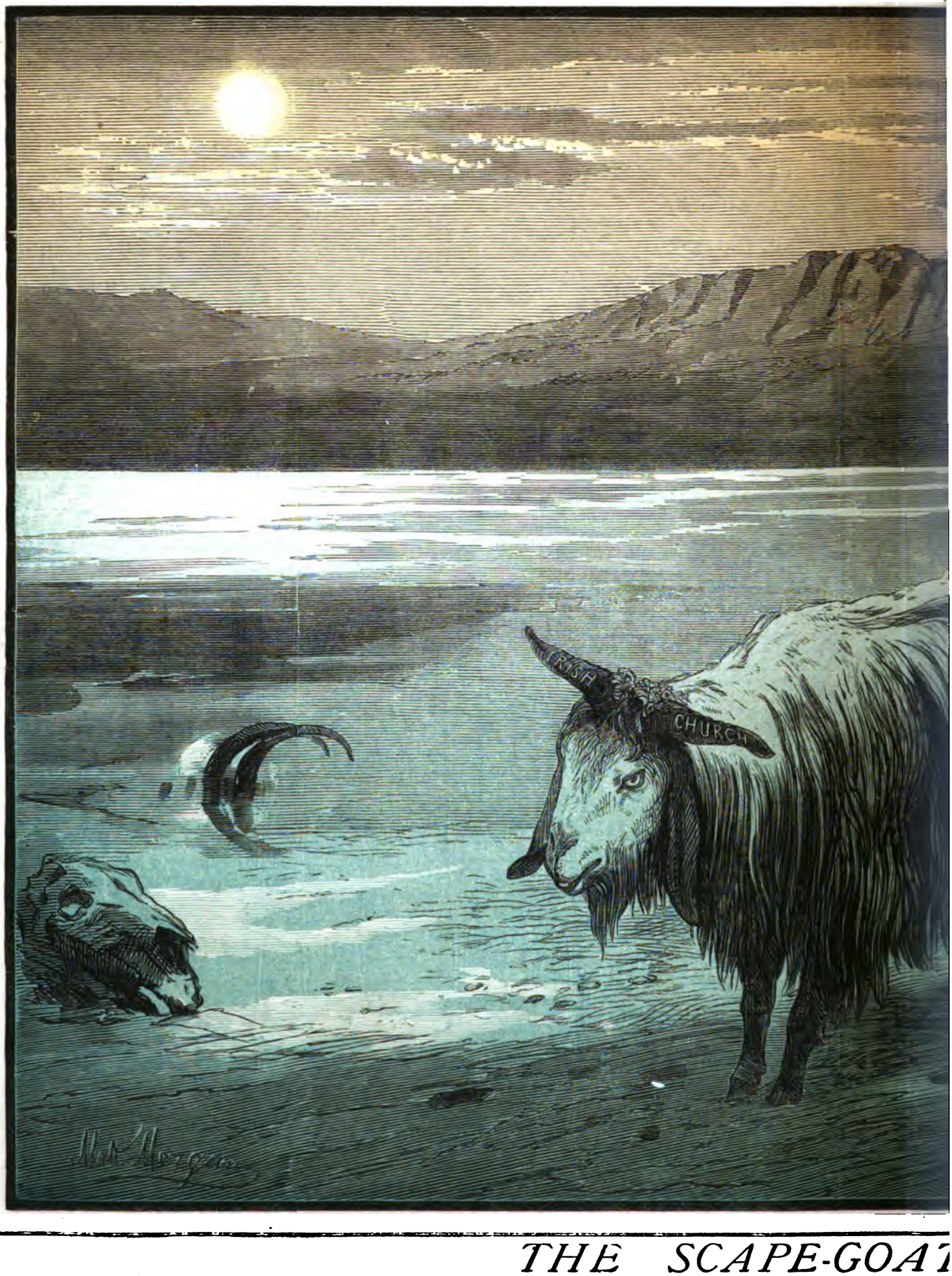
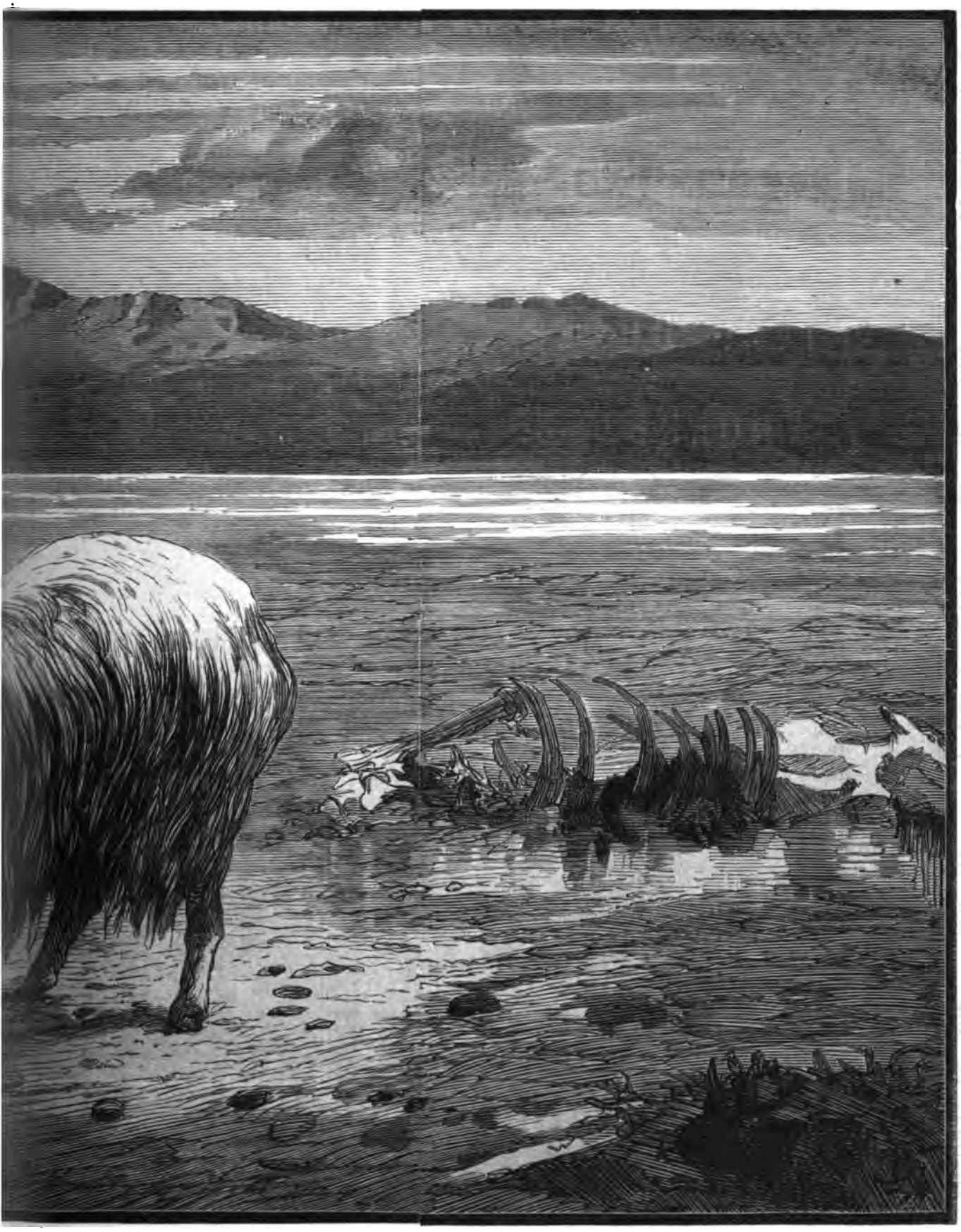


THE SCAPE-GOAT

OR,

THE SHADOW OF A

"The Irish Church is not ill-chosen as a scape-goat. It is unclean, less from its own individual misdeeds than for



OF IRELAND;

HUNDRED WRONGS.

e injustice and tyranny of which it is the visible token. It is unclean, for it is redolent of the days of tyranny and

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LITTLE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

SEVERAL of our contemporaries, more especially the cheap evening papers, have lately been indulging in exciting paragraphs of "Scandal in High Life," which for some reason or other, either because the scandals had no foundation in fact, or because actions for libel were threatened, have been contradicted "by authoritative request" in the next impression of the journals giving them publicity; while the editors of the several newspapers have solaced themselves with the reflection that no harm has been done by their little mistakes. How true and how false the scandals have been matters very little now, for they have fulfilled their mission of adding an exciting line to the "Contents Bill," and of increasing the circulation of the papers to which we are referring. In fact, so complete has been the success of these new sensational advertisements, and so inexpensive has been their cost (only one penny a line), that we understand that a certain recently established cheap (very cheap —not to say nasty) evening journal, has already in type the following scandals, specially invented by its versatile editor, with ready made contradictions for the next number, for insertion in its columns when the supply of the ordinary latest intelligence is meagre and unattractive.

SCANDAL NO. I.

Astounding conduct of the Right Hon. John Bright, M.P.—This Day.

We regret to learn that the President of the Board of Trade left London last night for Liverpool, *en route* to America, accompanied by ninety-two ladies of his acquaintance, on his way to the Salt Lakes. We hear that for some months past Mr. Bright has shown signs of a strong bias in favour of Mormonism, and it is understood that on his arrival at the Mormon settlement he will make each of the ninety-two ladies his wife. Mr. Bright's sudden departure has caused considerable consternation in the Cabinet.

DENIAL NO. I.

We are requested to state that there is not the slightest foundation for the report we published last night regarding the Right Honourable President of the Board of Trade. We understand that the mistake arose from the fact of Mr. Bright having been seen in a carriage with some ladies, whom he accompanied to the Opera.

SCANDAL NO. II.

A Royal Duel.

We hear that a certain august personage, who is now travelling in the East, while at Cairo, fought a duel with a near relative of his viceregal host, whom he shot through his left leg. The quarrel arose out of a discussion regarding the height of the Pyramids, which the P——e of W——s affirmed were lower than the cross at the top of St. Paul's, an assertion which was contradicted with such flatness that a hostile meeting was at once rendered a necessity.

DENIAL NO. II.

A telegram has just been received at our office contradicting the facts we published regarding a duel in Egypt in which the P——e of W——s was a principal, and calling upon us to retract and apologise for having given currency to such a wanton invention—a request with which we humbly hasten to comply. The whole affair, we regret to say, appears to have been a practical joke on the part of an occasional correspondent.

SCANDAL NO. III.

Attempted Assassination of the Premier—This Morning.

At half-past ten o'clock this morning, as Mr. Gladstone was passing through Charles Street into St. James's Square, on his way to his residence in Carlton Terrace, the front door of the mansion of the Earl of Derby flew open and his Lordship rushed upon the right honourable gentleman, armed with a table knife. After a short struggle Lord Derby stabbed Mr. Gladstone to the heart. The latter was picked up by a passer-by, who carried him into the house of the Bishop of London, who lives next door. Lord Derby was immediately secured and carried by the clerks of the London and Westminster Bank (who had witnessed the occurrence from the opposite side of the way) into the strong room of the establishment, where he now remains. It appears that his Lordship was at breakfast when he saw Mr. Gladstone pass the window with a jaunty air and with his hands in his pockets, which so irritated the ex-Premier that he rushed out of the room, through the hall, into the street, and had committed the murderous assault before Mr. Gladstone could complete the ejaculation of "Jack Robinson." The right honourable gentleman is, we are glad to hear, as well as can be expected under the painful circumstances.

DENIAL NO. III.

We have received an authoritative request to withdraw every word of the paragraph which we published last night, and we humbly apologise for the error into which we unfortunately fell. We can in no way account for the mistake, for we now learn that Mr. Gladstone was out of town at the time of the reported occurrence, and Lord Derby always breakfasts in the back parlour.

With materials such as these to work upon, there can, in future, be no occasion to fall back upon social scandals which have just enough foundation in fact to make them wickedly mischievous. A little truth, like learning, is a dangerous thing, and our contemporaries will be wiser if they publish paragraphs only such as those we have quoted, and stick to fiction altogether.

FASHIONABLE POISON.

WHAT would a lady of nervous temperament and delicate constitution say if, after sending for her doctor in the hopes of rapidly arresting signs of consumption or the particular ill to which her flesh finds itself heir, she were to receive the startling announcement from the lips of her private Æsculapius,—

"MADAM,—I have no other course—you must allow me to poison you."

The lady of nerves and delicacy would probably reply with a shriek and a rush to the bell or a bound behind the nearest sofa, and we are not quite sure that she would be calmed by the assurance that the poison would be administered only to save her for many happy days to come.

The fact is it is now fashionable among the great ladies of Paris—and what great ladies do in Paris is soon caught up, like measles, by the great ladies in London—to eat arsenic: neither more nor less than ARSENIC. And they thrive uncommonly well on it to all appearances.

Of course, from time immemorial poisons have been given as cures—in fact, it is impossible to say what is not a poison in a chemist's shop if you only took the right quantity. The followers of Hahnemann have taken aconite—a most powerful poison—for the last fifty years in infinitesimal quantities.

Anyhow, it is the fashion among the duchesses, Russian princesses, and Polish countesses, who swarm in Paris, and are always looking out for something to do, say, or imagine, unlike their common neighbours, to take a dose of arsenic by way of preparing themselves for the immoralities they may unintentionally imbibe during the day.

Arsenic is a tonic, and tonics are in requisition among the ladies!

But don't suppose for a moment that any tonic would become fashionable without some other virtue of overwhelming attraction to recommend it.

Ladies don't take tonics very regularly when their health only is in question, but in this case their personal vanity is interested. It is a question of beauty more than health.

Three drops of solution of arsenic taken regularly every morning at the same hour brings down too great a tendency to fat, corrects an unfortunate predisposition to skinniness, and has such an effect on the skin as no outside washes or creams

can ever approach. A lovely tint, transparent and ivory-like in colour and polish, spreads over the skin. My lady the countess can get up a brilliant coat at no great sacrifice, either of health or time. We say "coat" because arsenic has been used before now by cunning grooms who wished to produce brilliancy on their master's horses.

Pray, ladies, poison yourselves if it is for your health and beauty: but don't go too far. We can't do without you.

HENDERSON AND HAIR.

ONCE all through the midnight dreary Bobbies wandered weak and weary,
Doomed to shiver in the frost, to influenza in the thaw:
Long and wearisome the night is, to a Peeler with bronchitis,
Sad and pitiful his plight is, sneezing, wheezing at the door,
Sneezing, wheezing through the area railings, barking at the door,
Closely shaven as of yore!

But the Colonel's wise decision give new health to the division,
'Tis the Bobby's best physician, can his usefulness restore,—
Now the old and hateful days are past and gone, and, every razor
Thrown aside, each chin displays a beauty never seen before!
"Duty, beauty, why not let them go together?" quoth the law,
"Chins be shaven nevermore!"

Any man must be a silly'un not to imitate the million:
For there's no grade of civilian in bank, counting-house, or store,
Who would grudge his chin *some* trouble (though perchance it gave him double)
For the sake of even stubble, if he can't grow any more:
Spreading, sprouting, there's no doubting we'll do honour to the corps,
If we're shaven nevermore!

Maiden hearts we'll set a-whirlin' with big beards all around 'em curlin'—
They're the things to take a *gurl* in when her love you would implore—
Grow your hair—you'll find a kiss 'll come the sweeter from the bristle,
'Mongst the *gurls* there's not a Miss 'll fail to give you an *encore*—
Female chorus must adore us, cannot fail to cry *encore*,
If we're shaven nevermore!

Thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, down from underneath your nose Sir
Let your hirsute honours grow Sir thickly, prickly, on your jaw!
Charms of powder now are failing, plush and calves are unavailing,
You can grin through area railing at the smooth face at the door,—
Maned like lions, grin defiance at John Thomas at the door,—
And be shaven nevermore!

SCANDALUM MAGNATUM.

WE have never enshrined in our columns those gobbets of scandal which the scavengers of society fish up on their rounds. We leave such a congenial and noble task to those honourable journals which make a living out of eavesdropping. But there has been lately discussed in the papers a scandal of a very painful nature, affecting a family of high position, and chiefly a lady whose beauty, at least, might have ensured her more gentle treatment at the hands of men; and in the discussion of it there has been such a gross violation of the sanctity of private life that we cannot help noticing it. We do not know which is the more shocking consideration of the two, that such a story may be true, or the way in which, whether true or false, it has been made public. That a man should be surrounded by persons who could be mean enough to repeat the frantic utterances of a woman in an agony of pain is horrible to think of—but that such utterances should be accepted as a proof of guilt, and as a sufficient basis for the most persistent accusation of one who should be the first gentleman in the land, is absolutely incredible. It is no good sign of our age that such a thing should be talked of in public journals, or that such a story should be probable enough to be believed, for surely men would never repeat such a thing if they did not believe it. It is still a worse sign that the name of one, whom we could fain believe to remember the precepts and example of his father, should be associated with such a scandal, not for the first time, and no surprise or indignation expressed at the association. If the scandal is true it is certainly not a matter to be dismissed with the cynical laugh of Society's gossip-mongers—if it is false such a lie reflects disgrace not only to them who originated it, but to them who idly repeat it. The whole of this painful matter, from beginning to end, whatever may be the ultimate issue of it, presents a striking proof of the thorough corruption of Society in this virtuous age.

LATEST FROM LUTETIA.

"WRITING last night," as the *Pall Mall* says, "our Paris correspondent says,"—There is no doubt that the prime secret of Sardou's success in *Patrie* is the outlet it gives for public opinion. The work itself is undeniably founded on a piece entitled *La Bataille de Toulouse*, by Méry, and is, after all said and done, little superior, if at all, to the historical dramas of Alex. Dumas. The scenery and costumes are superb, the acting is what melodramatic acting generally is in Paris, effective but exaggerated, though Berton plays as usual with a distinction we could wish to see emulated in London.

Sardou has had the wit to bring it out just at the right moment. Public opinion is burked in spite of the plausible pretensions vented by Napoleon III. about liberty and free thinking. Public opinion wanted a safety valve, and it has been found at the Porte St. Martin. Every night the theatre overflows,—there is a compact crowd from ceiling to pit, and between the acts the noise produced by public opinion opening the valve, reminds one only of Drury Lane on Boxing Night before the pantomime begins. But there is a great deal of loud talk outside in the daily press regarding this same *Patrie*, and splendid as some of the situations are, and powerful as is a great deal of the dialogue, it is not purely literary worth which has ensured an average fortune to M. Raphael Felix, the director. It is perhaps not purely patriotism either: it is the necessity for a sensation which always exists in the French people. Patriotism crops up in the new drama, and the public seized the opportunity with avidity to express, second-hand, its hatred of tyranny. M. Felix talks of bringing it over—costumes, accessories, and all, but actors—to be played in London at some period no doubt far removed, when the success in Paris shall have come to an end.

We have no hesitation in saying it could not have the same success, however poetically rendered into English, however well acted, for the simple reason that the motive is wanting in the heart of the British public which pushes crowds every night on to the boulevard in front of the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin.

We have seen the *Diva*. Offenbach's last link is Schneider's impersonations. The piece was more or less hissed at its first performance, and, in spite of a factitious rehabilitation of the original verdict, still remains as poor a piece as we would desire not to see. Schneider looks particularly charming, and there is one very pretty waltz among the musical number, but story, none to tell: fun, absent: and spectacle badly mounted.

After that Offenbach should—but really it is not so much Maitre Jacque's fault, for with such a libretto composition must have been a task almost hopeless.

Fashion is gradually going mad—you may think perhaps she has been quite mad enough already. Bless your heart, my dear lady, you should see the head-dresses a good foot high—twelve inches I give you my word. You should see the *mode* first exhibited by nature in the Hottentot Venus, and known to our ancestors as the *vertugadin*. There is one consolation for the lovers of the line of beauty, the discarded cachemire is coming in again. Long may cachemire reign!

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 103.] *LONDON, APRIL* 24, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO THE RIGHT LOYAL ORANGEMEN.

MY MOST EXCELLENT FRIENDS,—You have now an opportunity which never has occurred before, and which can never occur again. The great union between Church and State in Ireland, the—as you fondly hoped—immortal legacy of Protestant ascendancy bequeathed to you by William III., "of glorious memory," is now not only threatened, but attacked by an all powerful majority of the House of Commons, and must fall within the year. Such a chance of distinguishing yourselves by an exhibition of your loyalty, your zeal, your temperance, your discretion, and, last not least, your charity, ought to reconcile you almost to the inevitable fate of your idol. But it evidently does not, for were you less angelic beings than you are, your conduct might be stigmatized as bitter and narrow-minded, not to say rebellious. Let us just see what your position is as defined by yourselves, and how worthy you have shown yourselves of retaining that religious supremacy over your fellow-subjects which you would demand as your inalienable right.

After mature thought and prolonged discussion a large majority of the people of Great Britain and a much larger majority of the people of Ireland have come to the conclusion that the Protestant church ought to be disestablished and disendowed, not out of any sordid motive, much less out of any hostility to the Protestant church in itself, but because that Establishment has been long resented as an injustice by the great body of the Irish people, and has been found to act as a stumbling block in the way of those who would make an honest attempt to redress the grievances under which Ireland alleges that she suffers. You call this concession to the prayers of the people an act of gross injustice and confiscation.

Now, are not many of you Orangemen advocates of tenant right, or at any rate of some great change in the land laws? I mean of course those amongst you who are not landlords but tenants. Of course any concession to your demands which may interfere with any prescribed rights of the landlords will be a gross injustice. But this is an argument which does not concern many of you, let us come to more universal ground.

Taking any property from the Church is confiscation, mere robbery. The State that gave it cannot take it away. Very well. How do you stand then, many of you living on lands taken from a Church centuries older in her form of creed than your Church? How does your Church stand, the greater portion of whose revenues are derived from property confiscated or plundered (I am using your terms) from the Roman Catholic Church? Is the doctrine that Church property is inalienable to apply only to the property of the Established Church of England and Ireland? If so, why? Do you believe your creed to be the only true one, or do you admit that other forms of Christianity may not be fatal to their believers? If the Reformed Church is really founded on the assertion of individual liberty, and a wide basis of toleration, you cannot claim for it infallibility, which could be your only excuse for attempting to impose it on millions of your fellow-subjects against their will—against their earnest faith. I think, my excellent friends, that the less you talk about spoliation and confiscation the better, or you will revive animosities which the concession, so deprecated by you, is calculated to allay.

Now we will come to the means by which you yourselves have declared it to be your intention, or your desire, to defend your Church's faith; no—I beg your pardons humbly—your Church's Establishment and Endowments. You talk with most admirable zeal of defending these appurtenances of your religion with the sword. You threaten—oh terrible threat!—to desert the Sovereign to whom, as the faithful representative of William III., of glorious memory, you have ever professed such devoted allegiance, not because the ministers and disciples of your Faith are going to be persecuted, deprived of all civic rights, harassed by extortionate imposts, degraded by petty insults, pursued even unto death—no, on no such trivial grounds, but because they—by your own showing, the wealthiest and most influential portion of the population—are going to be deprived of that aid from the State which they have hitherto received. What noble conduct! You deserve well of your country, better of your Church. Why cannot such unselfish defenders of the Truth be canonized? It is a monstrous thing that neither Earth nor Heaven contains adequate rewards for such brave disinterested servants of Religion.

But of what do you accuse the wretches who are leading this attack against your citadel, against all you hold most dear? Do you accuse them of avarice? Money is mere dross to you. Do you accuse them of bitterness? How sweet, how gentle your harangues are! Do you accuse them of sacrilege? How reverently you treat religion when you measure its duration by its income! Do you accuse them of spoliation? Your ministers have laboured for the poor pittance they receive—they have indeed! Do you accuse them of treason? Your loyalty is above all reproach, that counts the sovereigns you receive before it will let you cry "God save the Queen!" Shame on you! You are mean, you are contemptible, you are sordid, you are selfish, you are bloodthirsty, you are treasonous, by your own showing. Have you no self-respect—have you no love, no reverence, for the faith you profess, that you make it thus foul and loathsome before the

eyes of all honest men? As I read your virulent slanders, which you call indignant eloquence; as I watch your greed of wealth, long pampered by indulgence, now turned to fury by a sudden check, I hide my face in shame at the thought that I belong to a nation whose professed religion is the same as yours, whose monarch is the same, but, thank God, whose heart is not the same. Did it lie with you, and such as you, when would oppression be relaxed, when would injustice be remedied? Never! You would grind the bones of your own countrymen to make the dust which the wheels of your grand chariots might scatter. You do not know what Truth and Justice mean. Your natures are eaten up by falsehood and extortion. You have lived so long on fraud and tyranny that you writhe at the very thought of being forced into honest and generous conduct towards your fellow creatures.

Have I said enough? Will you pause now? Will you gag your zealous spokesmen, and innoculate with common forbearance your letter writers? Will you show one gleam of manliness, of courage—I had almost said, of religion—before the battle is quite over? Or will you go on as you have begun, waxing in spitefulness and turbulence from day to day, till your very name is a synonym for all that is hateful and base—till, amidst the execrations of your countrymen, you are recognised as the Real Traitors to Ireland—aye! to England too.

Yours, with unfeigned disgust, TOMAHAWK.

CHEAP TINSEL.

Is it, or is it not, true that the *honour* of Knighthood has been offered to, and accepted by, the ex-conductor of the Covent Garden Orchestra? Judging from the intense snobbishness that usually is associated with intelligence of this sort, we should think it more than likely that such was the case. Mr. Costa, as a representative musician, is just the sort of man Court interest would select for its favours. Not that he, talented as he is, would have quite risen to the dignity by his own merits. He had first to be rendered, as it were, discernible to eyes polite by a little gracious notice at Berlin. An *English* composer could never hope to be put upon the same level with fat aldermen and the vulgar rich; that would be expecting too much. However, decorated with the Black Eagle and patted upon the back by Royal hands, he may become a fitting subject on which to lavish the empty nothingness of one of the most comic titles under the sun. There is really no "honour" of course about the matter; but the magnates, who have been interested in its bestowal, imagine that they are exalting their *protégé* magnificently. And here is what is disgusting in the business. Why select Mr. Costa? Far be it from us to run that clever gentleman down; but, at the same time, it must be obvious that if "honour to whom honour is due" is to be the motto for patronage of this kind, we can in no way endorse the promised grace. Granted, music is to be recognised through its leading representative,—where is the baronetcy for Mr. Balfe? If Mr. Costa is great enough for his Knighthood, surely Mr. Balfe is rife for something far better. Or are things to go on an inverse principle? If so, let us send Mr. E. T. Smith to the Peers, canonise Close, and raise a statue to His Royal Highness Prince Christian.

To come to the pith of the matter,—if the offering of Knighthood to Mr. Costa is intended as a sort of compliment to *English* musicians, it is one of a very clumsy kind. Mr. Costa, to begin with, is *not* an Englishman, and were he one, he would certainly have no claim to be considered England's first composer.

To offer Mr. Balfe the same sort of dignity that is considered a due reward to some successful City coal merchant, whom chance has hustled against the feet of Her Majesty, would be to insult him. We trust, therefore, Mr. Costa will feel, that though very far inferior to our great composer, he has still enough talent of his own to render him illustrious without his acceptance of a mark which is about as respectable in its way as the Royal arms over the shop-fronts of happy tradesmen who cater for the Court.

A MODEST REQUEST.

CHELSEA is crying out for a Thames Embankment, and has petitioned the Board of Works to supply the want. The Commissioners have naturally replied that there is a little difficulty in the shape of the pounds shillings and pence, but that if anybody will advance the necessary funds the matter shall be at once put in hand. However, it seems that the Board has not only exhausted its resources, but even its credit; so for the present Chelsea must rest content in the possession of its Bun House and its Water-works (by the way, where *are* the Chelsea Waterworks? not at Chelsea surely), and leave the construction of an embankment to a future generation. So much the better for Chelsea present, and the worse for Chelsea future.

THE CHURCH IN DANGER.

WE have lately been hearing a great deal too much about Prince Thomas of Savoy, Duke of Genoa. Prince Thomas is a little boy who has just been sent to Harrow School. The fuss made about him is not, however, because he is a Prince (for Lordlings and even Princes are no innovations at Harrow), but because he is a Roman Catholic. What it matters to the public whether the Prince goes to mass or morning service it is difficult to perceive; but the newspapers seem to regard it as a great concession on the part of the school authorities that on Sundays His Highness should be at liberty to attend a Roman Catholic service in London.

Flunkeyism is always objectionable; but when it is associated with religious intolerance it becomes revoltingly offensive, so we hope that our contemporaries will let the subject drop, and permit the young Prince to pursue his studies unmolested by the bickerings of a number of persons who can have no possible interest in his proceedings.

A PRINCELY PROFESSION.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN is advertised to preside at the Annual Lecture at University College Hospital, on the 23rd of June next. This will be His Royal Highness's first appearance in such a capacity, but we understand by no means his last, for it is rumoured that, should the Prince prove a success in his chairmanship, the following engagements will immediately be offered to him:—

JULY.—Evans'.

AUGUST.—Royal Alhambra Palace.

SEPTEMBER.—Judge and Jury Society. (*By kind permission of Mr. Knox.*)

Really His Royal Highness seems inclined not only to become an useful but even an ornamental member of the community—but if he intends to make a practice of letting himself out like a Siamese twin, to be exhibited at a fixed charge for admission, he should have chosen some more accessible locality than Gower street for his *début*. For our part we shall have to reserve our criticism on the performance until we have an opportunity of witnessing His Royal Highness at the West End.

AND WHY NOT?

NOW that Mr. Costa has been created a Knight (to which event we have already alluded in another column) we may fairly expect that the following appointments will shortly appear in the *Gazette*:—

SIR W. M. BALFE, BART.
BARON PHELPS.
ANTHONY, VISCOUNT TROLLOPE.
ADELINA, COUNTESS OF PATTI.
(*Peeress in her own right.*)
THOMAS, MARQUIS CARLYLE.
CHARLES, DUKE OF DICKENS.

As it is some time since Her Majesty has been pleased to confer any title on a member of the musical, scientific, or literary world, we trust that these rumours have some foundation in fact, and that the knighting of Sir Michael Costa may be accepted as a small beginning to a new *régime*.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

MAMMA JEZABEL.

1.

A TRAGIC song! Oh! dear me no,
For such I have no passion,
And as to telling truth.—who could,
When lying's quite the fashion?
Ah! but you ask "'twixt you and me,"
If I'm a model mother!
Who gets three daughters off her hands
Can't well be any other?

2.

Their education,—well, I hope,
That that was not neglected,
Although I own they've not turned out
So well as I expected.
Louise, my eldest, talked of love
When I discussed her marriage;
Yes love and honour—stuff like that
She weighed against a carriage!

3.

But as a tender mother should,
I held the balance nicely.
She's Lady Wigblock now? The Earl
Is sixty-three?—precisely.
Louise is twenty. Does she look
Unhappy?—with no reason;
Her husband's old, it's true—but then,
She's all the rage this season!

4.

Unhappy? Is it *love* that makes
Life's pathway bright and sunny?
My dear, you know as well as I
True happiness means *money*.
The Earl has plenty. If you say,
Her stupid heart is breaking,
I only can reply, my dear,
That marriage was her making!

5.

Yes, pr'aps she loves young Courtenay still,
And will grow paler, thinner;
And pr'aps her Lord and Master *is*
A venerable sinner!
Still coronets are coronets,
And they are blest who wear them.
And sorrows,—well, good breeding, dear,
I trust knows how to bear them.

6.

And that's Louise. My second, Kate,
I've placed as well. You pity?
Ah you should hear how I sold Grace,
My youngest, in the city!
You'd rather not! Well, go and seek
Some other tragic story,
You'll find that none beats Jezabel
Mamma in all her glory!

CRUEL!

IT is not often that we are called upon to chronicle "city" wisdom. However, for once at least, we may give vent to our feelings of satisfaction that something of a creditable character has happened on the other side of Temple Bar. The Court of Common Council has properly determined not to endorse the memorial movement which has already done so much damage to the reputation of the late Prince Consort. With closed doors it debated the matter, and finally determined not to erect a statue at a cost of 3,000 guineas, or thrust a stained window into the western end of Guildhall, from no better motive than that which may be inspired by a servile following up of a very stupid example. What on earth has the late Prince Consort done that every public body should thus conspire to render him a ridiculous object to posterity?

Can we imagine the historian of the future doing his best to reconcile five or six hundred vulgar effigies of England's great German Prince with the frequent attacks of a cotemporary press? There is a sort of *non sequitur* about it that ought at least to suggest caution. No,—the hero of the Albert Memorial movement had his virtues, and everyone is ready to admit and honour them, but even virtue may be smothered by too much plaster of Paris. What these bold Common Council gentlemen did say "with closed doors" does not, of course, transpire, but their judgment goes forth, and it does them credit. The late Prince Consort has, for some years past, been a sort of art scapegoat. Let us hope this city verdict may rebuke the general snobbishness that has driven him forth.

DAMAGES?

BY this time it is probable that, spite the fulsome adulations of a few friendly critics, an intelligent public will have formed their own judgment on the trifle recently produced, under the protection of Mr. Robertson's name, at the Globe Theatre. The piece is too slight for criticism, and were the fact that the name of the author of *Caste* is attached to it to be ignored, it would not merit a moment's notice in these columns. However, such association does direct attention towards it, and challenge remark. To those, therefore, who imagine that by seeing the name of Mr. T. W. Robertson figuring in the bills, they are necessarily going to listen to something after Mr. Robertson's own best manner, we will just say a few words.

The comic drama is an extravagantly stupid French farce *translated* badly, and in some places apparently *verbatim*, from the text of the original. There is not a suggestion of Mr. Robertson's handiwork from beginning to end. Any novice in stage matters could have done as much—possibly more, with it. Mr. Fisher, Mr. Clark, and especially Miss Brennan laboured to their utmost, but their acting was shamefully wasted on such a farrago of nonsense. In one act, *not* by Mr. Robertson, *A Breach of Promise* might have served as a good type of the screaming farce. In its present shape it is not likely to prop up Leonard's cooling love.

"BRAVO! MR. ARTHUR CECIL."

TOMAHAWK has lately had so much to do in successfully conducting the "Irish Church Bill" through the House of Commons, that he has not had the time to drop in at the Gallery of Illustration. Some of TOMAHAWK'S young braves, however, have been there, and declare that the music in "*Cox and Box*" is charming, the libretto in "*Cox and Box*" is humourous to the last degree, and the acting and singing of Mr. Arthur Cecil in "*Cox and Box*" is emphatically ADMIRABLE. TOMAHAWK, the moment he can get away from the House, will certainly go to see Mr. Arthur Cecil. He looks forward to the visit, knowing full well that he has a treat in store. "Advance, Arthur Cecil, and prosper!"

MANNERS!—BUT NOT CUSTOMS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who signs himself "A Bloated Aristocrat," makes the following complaint:—"A member of the House of Commons was lately seen, in the reading room of that assembly, to take his boots off preliminary to the enjoyment of his newspaper. Lounging in one chair, with his feet reposing in their stockings upon another, he made in the sunshine a very striking, if not quite an agreeable figure. To be sure, Tuesday was a very warm day; but that, I venture to think, is no excuse for this particular breach of good manners."

If this sort of thing goes on, we shall shortly find members sitting in the House in their dressing-gowns, and debating in their shirt sleeves. The "Bloated Aristocrat" does not state the name of the be-socked M.P., and we assume that it was neither Mr. Disraeli nor Mr. Gladstone; but whoever he may have been, he surely should have been looked after by the whipper-in, who, on this occasion, might have performed the duty of a whipper-out.

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LONDON, APRIL 24, 1869.

THE WEEK.

"WHAT raise Mr. Costa to the rank of a knight," remarked a certain vulgar city "*Sir*," "why they will be giving the dignity to costa-monger's next!" Ah! Sir R——, they've done that before now.

A CERTAIN West-end Theatre, the financial condition of which is said to be not of the most flourishing, has at last hit upon a decided *draw*. The hit in question is entitled a *Bill at Three Months*, and was, when offered to the management, most eagerly *accepted*.

MORE reductions! Hurrah for economy! The whole establishment at the Warley depôt has been broken up, and the officers—mostly old Indian servants, who, when Old John Company was abolished, still thought that they were going to be under the authority of men of honour—are dismissed without any compensation, at a month's notice. This shows a noble contempt of jobbery, and encourages us to believe that a clearance will soon take place at certain offices in or near Downing Street, where Rumour says some persons may be found receiving handsome salaries just for the trouble of drawing them.

OUR friend, Louis Napoleon, now of the Tuileries, formerly of Ham, of Dieppe, and of Church street, Marylebone, has again drawn attention to his great ancestor, whose name he has so kindly usurped, and whose glory he aspires to share. Napoleon I. made him "from nothing what he is," that is, raised him from an obscure plotter to a successful assassin,—we beg pardon, Emperor. "To render homage to the memory of great men is to recognise one of the most striking manifestations of the Divine Will." Nothing is more wonderful in this great man than the easy assurance with which he drags in the name of the Deity into his letters and speeches. Napoleon I. was sent by Heaven, so is a pestilence; of the two, we prefer the latter. It is astounding that a man, who, to do him justice, at craft and cunning is "*facile princeps*," should be so fond of parading his connexion with one of the greatest scourges of mankind that ever lived, of whom he is such an excellent reproduction, save in courage and talent. Poor Louis! all your life through, in your poverty and in your splendour, your best friend has been your Uncle!

WHAT a happy little kingdom Cumberland and Westmoreland make! For years the Lowther family have ruled those two counties with parental sway, have saved them the trouble of returning more than one or two of their members to parliament, have appointed their magistrates, &c., &c., and now it appears that, even in this age, when mischievous doctrines subversive of such paternal government are gaining ground, that even should some Liberal Minister feel inclined in the wickedness of his heart to depose the reigning house, he could not do it, for the two counties do not contain a single gentleman, except a Lowther, capable of filling the post of Lord Lieutenant! What a fortunate incident! By the way, one little evidence of the disinterested way in which the Lord Lieutenant uses his power was not mentioned in the course of the debate, and that is that the nomination day for East Cumberland, where the Conservatives gained a seat, was postponed till the latest possible day for no other reason than to allow a gentleman, who had been Lord Lonsdale's electioneering agent for many years, to contest the county if he failed for Carlisle. Had the election been held at the proper time the Conservatives could never have won the seat; so, we see, against their will, the party reaped some little advantage from the dispensation of Providence which has given the practical government of two counties to one family.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION FROM BEHIND THE COUNTER.

1.

"Will I sign this 'ere paper?" I don't rightly know,
For I signed t'other side not five minutes ago.
Your's may be the better, t'other may be the worse,
But you're both on you equal in chapter and verse.

2.

You preach innocent pleasures as guides to salvation—
T'other puts up the shutters on God's whole creation.
Either way this 'ere question's a hard one to grapple,
Day of rest? I thought that meant "*do nothing and chapel.*"

3.

What is rest?—there's a question! Do you think me a fool?
Rest is rest; so I takes it, on Sundays, by rule.
Musn't work—you grant that much? so I sleeps, don't you see.
I am strict—that's the Gospel according to me.

4.

Yes, I'm worked hard enough, as for years I have been,—
Five days for twelve hours, on the sixth for fifteen!
Open Gall'ries, Museums, whatever you will,
Is *that* rest when one's heart is locked up in the till?

5.

Let me be: let the Sunday be Sunday. I know
What *that* means for rich folks (but we've read where *they* go).
Where's your text now for feeding those beasts in the Park?
Is it Noah? He was forced to, when shut in the Ark.

. . . . . .

6.

Well: you make out your case. I don't say it's a sin,
If you know where to pull up when once you begin.
There is sunshine, you say, and we turn it to gloom,—
There are flowers, but need we be blind to their bloom?

7.

I suppose you know best. Yes, I've felt it *is* true,
That there's no rest for one who has nothing to do.
If you'd only come sooner to me with your say!
But I've signed t'other paper, worse luck! so, good day.

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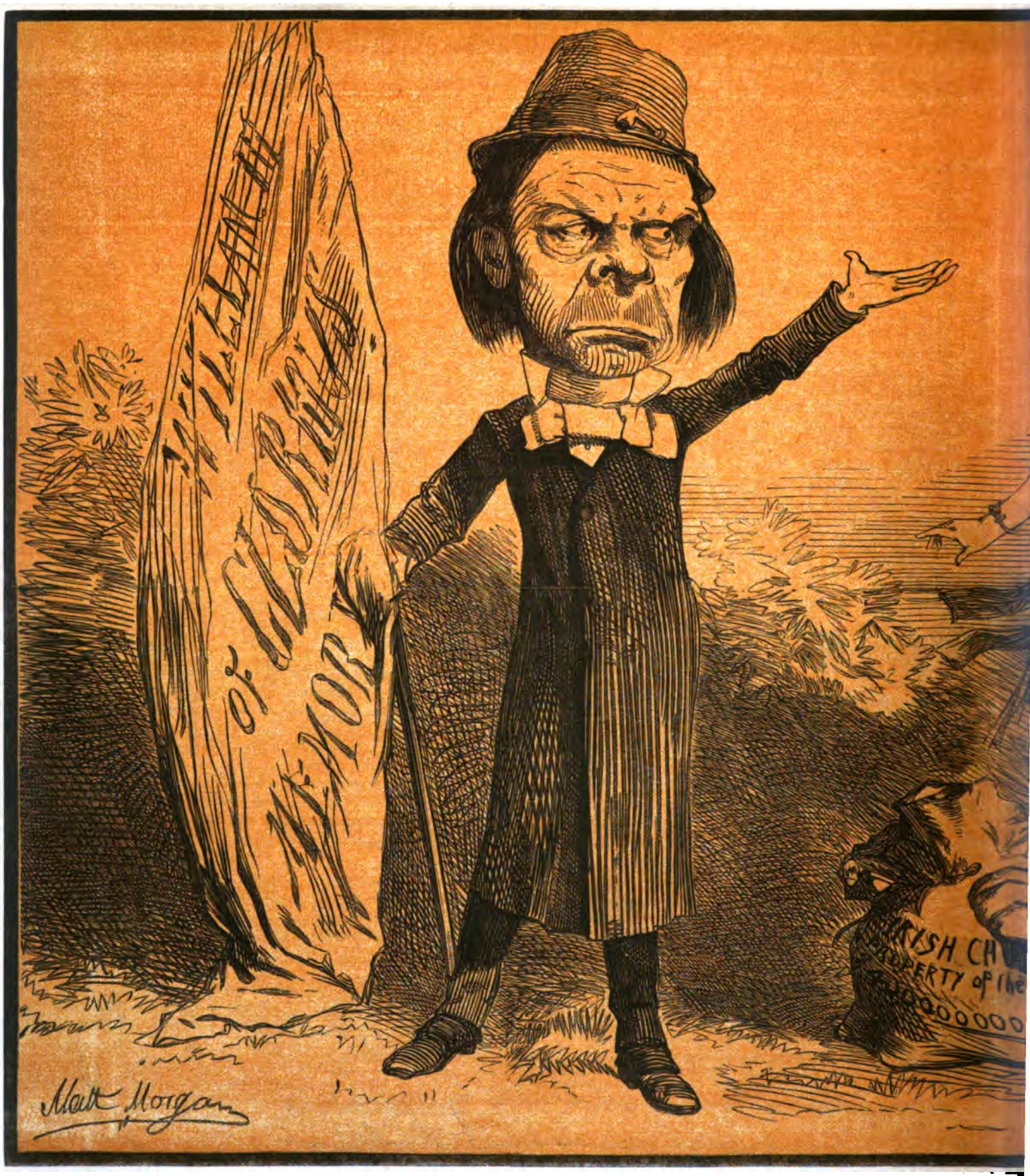

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THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

No. V.

MORE ADVICE TO THOSE WHO GOVERN.—A FEW REMARKS ON MARRIED LIFE.—HOW TO KEEP WOMEN IN ORDER.—THE PRACTICAL ADVANTAGES OF POLYGAMY.—WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—HOW TO MAKE WOMEN USEFUL.—A NEW EMPLOYMENT FOR A WIFE.—HINTS TO EMPERORS, ETC.—THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF GOVERNMENT.—THE FOLLY OF CONCESSION.—HOW TO TREAT TROUBLESOME SUBJECTS.—THE BEST WAY OF GAINING POPULARITY.—ON TRUMPETERS; THEIR VALUE, AND HOW TO BIND THEM TO YOU.—A HINT FROM SHAKESPEARE.—AN ANECDOTE OF PARROT GOVERNMENT.—ON POLITICS.—WHY MEN AND WOMEN TALK SO INDISTINCTLY.—THE TWO SYSTEMS OF POLITICS.—ON "PRESERVERS" AND "SMASHERS."

I THINK that while I am on the subject, I may as well give a few more hints to heads of governments, such as emperors, kings, dictators, presidents of republics, and masters of houses—where there is a master.

It is a singular thing to me, how a man can be so weak as to be the slave of a woman; nobody ever heard of a henpecked Parrot. We nearly always live alone to show our superior wisdom. I should like to see the she that would bully me!

Before I came to visit this country, I had two or three wives; and I'll tell you why I had so many. Whenever any one of them came to bother me, I always used to tell her that one of the others had said that the feathers in her tail were false; on which she went off straight to fight "her traducer," as she called the other one; and so I got rid of her most effectually for the rest of the day.

I need scarcely point out what a deal of trouble this saved me, as, if I had had only one wife, I should have had to fight her myself; which would have been waste of time.

I do not think myself that women are much use. I hear a good deal of talk now as to their Rights. The only right that I would allow them, is the right to hold their tongue, which I am afraid they would not care about exercising. I am not fond of puns; but I must say that Marriage Rites are all the rights women ought to want.

I have also heard some discussion as to how to employ women. I think I know one employment for them. Your social philosophers, as you call them, are welcome to the suggestion.

I knew a man—a married man—who kept a small dog, a most odious little animal, who was always yelping and yapping—"sound and fury signifying nothing"—which I hate. I heard this man once say, when asked why he kept the dog, that it was a very useful animal—a capital house dog—for it would make such a noise if robbers came, that it would awake the whole house. It struck me that if it only made a noise when robbers came, a good many robbers must be coming in the course of the day. However, I did not say anything about that, for something else struck me; I wondered, as the man had got a wife, what on earth he could want with any other animal in the house to make a noise. If a noise will keep away robbers, my suggestion is, that women might be made useful as a protection against robbers.

But this is a digression. It is like taking a peck at a lump of sugar in the middle of a plateful of seed. I must return to my subject.

To all emperors, kings, dictators, &c., &c., then, I say this:—There is only one true principle of government; and that is your own interest—not as others interpret it, but as your own passion, fancy, caprice, or inclination, may interpret it.

If once you deviate from this principle, and try and study the welfare of your subjects, as distinct from your own, you cease to govern; you become but the tool of factions, and the hobby-horse of every crack-brained enthusiast in the country.

How on earth can common people know what is good for them? If government means anything, it means the right to decide for those you govern upon every question.

For instance, your people tell you they want more liberty of speech, of writing, or of action? If you think that they will use their liberty in praising your speeches, your writings, and your actions, let them have it; but if you think that they will only use it in abusing all these things, why on earth should you let them have it? It would be a pretty thing, indeed, if a ruler were to be bound to put arms into traitors' hands for them to strike him with. No. I will tell you what to do in such cases. If the people get troublesome; if you can't carry out my first simple rule, and get rid of them on the gallows, take this course:—

Address an amiable letter to your subjects, assuring them of your love for them, &c., &c., and promise them the liberty they ask, as far as is compatible with the safety of the State; and then issue an edict granting the liberty asked for; only be careful to shackle it with such conditions as to make it utterly impossible for them to exercise it. You will by this means get the credit of having done a liberal action, without having relaxed in any degree the safeguards of personal government.

All men who wish to govern should remember that of them, more than any men, this is true; the world takes us at our own valuation, if we have only the courage to cry up the article loud and long enough. Talk to your people always of your clemency, your magnanimity, your love of liberty, your reverence for the rights of the individual. When any opportunity offers of doing a showy act of kindness to some individual—the humbler the better—do it; and you will find that you will be able, by following this advice, to oppress the general mass of your subjects as much as you like.

Always have plenty of trumpeters about you, and pay them well. If self-interest is the motive and justification of all you do, let it be so with those around you. Besides, remember it costs you nothing; the people pay for you and for your trumpeters too. Be careful to have plenty of gaudy spectacles for the people; soldiers in clanking armour and splendid uniforms; and whenever you suspect that the thinking portion of your subjects are getting troublesome, give a grand fête or ball; it will distract public attention. There is nothing the vulgar herd like so much as plenty of finery and fuss. As that man Shakespeare says—who, I believe, was half a Parrot, he was so sensible—"Inexplicable dumb show and noise" is what "the people" best understand and admire.

I remember, when in my native country, that we had conquered a large nation of cockatoos and paroquets, whom we found useful in their way; and that on one occasion they rebelled. It was very hot weather, and too much trouble to kill them all; besides, it would have made a great mess about the place; so we let them meet together, and talk as much as they liked. They *did* talk, and soon talked themselves tired. We never had any more of their complaints, for everybody had so much to say, and took such a long time in saying it, that they entirely forgot by the end of the time what their grievances were; while they had set on foot so many quarrels among themselves, that they never could agree upon any common plan of action for ever afterwards.

I certainly don't like politics, they bore me very much; so let me get over the subject, and have done with it for good and all. I sometimes get so exasperated when I hear the people who come to see me talking their tiresome politics, that I, though I am not fond of speaking to men much, say, with pardonable emphasis, "Damn politics!" which, I believe, is thought very clever of me.

The fact is, men are so deaf that they cannot hear generally what Parrots say. Yet *we* talk distinctly; you don't—and I will tell you why. Men and women talk with their teeth, we talk with our tongues. And yet you have got tongues, but you can't talk with them alone. You are very imperfect animals.

But about politics. There are only two systems of politics which I can recommend.

The first is, to say that everything which exists is perfect, and that to alter it would be sacrilege—that "it is part of the glorious Constitution which our fathers sealed with their blood, and stamped with their swords, &c., &c."

The second is, to say that everything which is is bad, and must be done away with.

Both these systems are simple, and very little trouble is involved in learning or in carrying them out. The former declines to see any demerits in existing institutions—the latter declines to see any merits in them. Perhaps the latter is the easier and pleasanter in practice. It is more lively work smashing things than taking ridiculous care of them. Besides, finding fault is at all times easier than praising; at least, when the subject is not yourself.

And so I have done with politics. If you are well off in the world, by all means be a Preserver; if you are badly off, go in for being a Smasher.

PATRONAGE IN PALL MALL.

PEOPLE who have never entered the sacred precincts of the War Office know it only as a comfortable-looking and well-proportioned brick building, situated in the best part of Pall Mall, with presumedly a back view on the Park. People who have entered the sacred precincts know that the comfortable-looking and well-proportioned brick building is a sham, and is, in point of fact, the mere centre-bit of a range of houses formerly mansions, milliner's shops, agencies, banks, tea warehouses, and what not, extending from the Carlton Club nearly to the Oxford and Cambridge Club, but which are now connected together by unnatural passages forced through walls of partition, and arranged with something of the ingenuity of the Hampton Court Maze.

The unfortunates who have ever had business to transact at the War Office also know that without lucid directions it is impossible to find one's way to any given branch of the department, and that the difficulty of finding the way in is only distanced by the difficulty of finding the way out again. It would be supposed therefore that the War Office messengers, whose duty it is to direct and assist the public under these trying circumstances, would be chosen for their civility, good conduct, and general intelligence, but unhappily this is not the case; for the unfortunates before mentioned, whose business takes them to Pall Mall, are only to well aware that for disobligingness, carelessness, and general impassability the War Office messengers stand unequalled, even in comparison with the messengers at Whitehall.

It will naturally be asked, whence come these officials who have become so conspicuous in their inefficiency as to warrant an article being devoted to them? Shortly, then, they are the butlers, valets, and footmen of successive Secretaries of State, who have availed themselves of the patronage entrusted to them to provide handsome annuities for their servants at the public expense. The point, however, we wish to raise, is not what these public servants were and are, but what they should be.

We have heard a good deal lately of the desirability of improving the prospects of worthy non-commissioned officers. Those officers (with whom, by the way, we do not agree) who are opposed to the practice of promoting men to the commissioned ranks, generally urge, as a great primary objection to the system, that the soldiers themselves do not care about it; that they feel uncomfortable and out of place in the messroom; that they are both too old and too poor to have any feeling in common with the other ensigns or cornets, as the case may be, of their regiments; but these officers tell us that the men look for some respectable employment in civil life, in which they may pass their days in freedom and competency—such employment, for instance, as that of a messenger in the War Office. For a salary ranging from £90 to £150, or even £200 a year, with no heavy expenses made incumbent upon them, old non-commissioned officers would gladly exchange their commissions, preferring freedom from care, solvency, and congenial associations, to the undefined uncomfortables and pecuniary anxieties attendant on living on an ensign's pay in a marching regiment.

There is a good deal of sound sense in this, and the argument might well be met by the authorities by the appointment of old soldiers of good character to these places, as an earnest of the good intention of the State towards the rank and file of the army. Facts now prove that few men enlist with any thought of the possibility of one day becoming commissioned officers, but many of the most respectable classes would be tempted into the service if they but knew for certain that there were a number of good appointments—such as messengerships and office-keepersnips—set aside as rewards for well-conducted soldiers, when their term of service should have expired.

According to the War Office list there are now upwards of fifty persons employed as messengers in that department, and more than half of these are recruits from the pantries of London mansions. Of the remainder, who are the most efficient messengers, about ten or a dozen may be said to represent the "military element," for there are some "special cases" in which old soldiers have received nominations; such a case for instance as that of an appointment on the recommendation of Lord Strathnairn, who had his life saved twice over by the personal bravery of a non-commissioned officer, to whom his lordship gave the character of having the "courage of a lion and the heart of a woman," and who thereon received an appointment in Pall Mall; but such instances as this are few and far between, and, as a rule, the "civil element" has it all its own way. However, it is really time now that a stop should be put to a villanous monopoly, and we look to Mr. Cardwell to effect the wholesome reform.

THE INDISCRIMINATING BRITISH AUDIENCE.

PANTOMIMES do not answer in hot weather—even at Drury Lane. "*Puss in Boots*" was withdrawn a month before Easter, in the full tide of an almost unprecedented success, to make way for the production of the legitimate drama; but the management promised, however, that the pantomime should be revived on Easter Monday, "with new dresses and appointments." The promise was more than kept, but the fickle public changed their minds, and the Christmas piece has now been withdrawn, after having been played to indifferent houses for a fortnight. What the holiday folks flocked by thousands to see in January and February, they altogether ignored in April, and Mr. Chatterton's spirited experiment has failed.

The worst part of the story is, however, that a capital play by Bayle Bernard, founded on Victor Hugo's "*Les Miserables*" (which, had it been produced as the sole Easter attraction, would, by its magnificent scenery alone, have commanded a fair share of success, and probably a three months' run) has suffered from its association with the unfortunate "*Puss in Boots*," and has likewise been shelved. What can be more provokingly illogical than the proceedings of the public in affairs theatrical? In this instance, the house is crammed the night the pantomime is withdrawn, and comparatively empty on the night on which it is reproduced; while a play which, if given alone, must have been, to a certain extent at least, successful, is consequently damned.

It would serve us right if Mr. Chatterton were to shut up his theatre altogether, and give up catering for our amusement in disgust. As it is, he has fallen back on Shakespeare for the present, and the capricious public is quite satisfied; but who would be a theatrical manager?

A SONG FOR SNOBS.

WHAT has the young Duke of Edinburgh done that the musicians and rhymesters should be so hard upon him? Last year they were down on him with a string of lyric balderdash about a "Sailor Prince." This season they are in full hue and cry after him with an appeal to God to "bless the *Galatea*." This is profane. We admit that most probably, composer and poet *feel* the subject. They have not possibly any idea that their united supplication to heaven got up on good paper, and published at two shillings, savours to less enthusiastic ears of irreverence. Such, however, is the case. If a blessing is really to be sought from above upon one of the commissioned ships in Her Majesty's Navy, because a chip of the royal family is on board of her, why should there be any limit to this style of musical devotion? The Prince of Wales has been in all sorts of places, and has travelled by all kinds of conveyances lately. Why not then invoke benedictions, published at two shillings, upon the various hotels, asses, railway saloons, and state coaches which have been honoured by recent association with his Royal Highness? Why too select the Duke of Edinburgh in preference to other equally worthy objects of British enthusiasm? A hymn to the great Prince Christian's cab, or to the little Princess Beatrice's doll would be both excellent things in their way, and full of the most orthodox profanity. But to come to the point, the young Duke is no doubt a very excellent youth, attentive to his duties, and a good average seaman. It becomes, therefore, profanity apart, a piece of cruel vulgarity to hunt him up every now and then as a subject for silly rhyme and appropriate music. His papa has been rendered too illustrious already—for it is possible to exalt even a great and good gentleman too much. With such a lesson before him, he must feel especially grateful to those who are doing their cringing best to serve him up continually as a standing comic dish!

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 104.] *LONDON, MAY* 1, 1869. [Price Twopence.

BELGIUM BEWARE!

Napoleon the Third is in some respects a very unfortunate man. He is possessed with a rabid desire to imitate his great uncle, and the means at his disposal are ridiculously inadequate for his purpose. He succeeds to a certain extent in providing a kind of burlesque imitation, which is as much like the original as a travestie of *Hamlet* acted by dwarfs would be like the real tragedy. The Mexican Expedition was about as paltry an attempt at foreign conquest as can well be imagined; the display of valour and ingenuity on the part of its contriver was small enough; the only great thing about it was the disgrace which resulted from it to the prestige and to the character of the Emperor. The Italian Campaign, to go back a step, was not bad, considering that Louis the Terrible was present in person, and the prizes, Savoy and Nice, were perhaps worth the blood and money expended, at least in the eyes of France. The bid for Luxembourg was a failure; but the surprising rapidity with which the Emperor yielded to Prussia's objections to that little job, almost made Europe forget that it had ever been attempted. The great conqueror apparently does not improve with practice. To bully small neighbouring powers like Belgium is just his *métier;* but it must be admitted that there is something delightfully impudent in the demand addressed to a power upon whose independence the chief European Powers have always laid such stress, that she should give her railways up to France, and so secure for the latter a safe and easy means of transit for her army into Prussian territory in case of war. For this is what Napoleon's proposals really amount to. Engrossed by the immolation of that old offender, the Irish Church, England seems to be very imperfectly aware of the importance of this Belgian difficulty—most people imagining that it is a mere dispute about money, in which France, as usual, is trying to get the better by very unscrupulous means. But M. Frère-Orban and his ministry are fortunately more wide-awake, and if Belgium only maintains her firm attitude, the Emperor will doubtless, with his practised courtesy and pliancy, withdraw his proposals.

But a very different solution of the question is possible. Possible, if not probable; for England's attitude during the last few years, and the policy which may be expected from the present Ministry—which would indeed lose one of its heads if we went to war—may encourage France to make this quarrel a pretext for attacking Belgium. It is just possible that Prussia might be open to a bribe; neither the humanity nor the good faith of that Power would interfere for one moment with what it might consider its interest. Austria would hardly oppose France, and Russia would probably help her, the prospect of destroying a nationality being always too great a temptation for the gentle Tartar to resist. Our course would be quite plain; we should remonstrate with France, we should tell her she was very naughty, we might go so far as to threaten that in *certain events* we should think it necessary to enforce our remonstrances, which means that we should send half-a-dozen gunboats to Margate as a naval "corps of observation"; we should also condole with Belgium, and after France had eaten that unfortunate little kingdom, Lord Russell might be called in to try and scold the Emperor into a fit of indigestion. This is about the most serious opposition that could reasonably be expected from England by so astute an observer of passing events as Napoleon III., so that if he choose to redeem his "prestige," which is certainly a little out of repair, and remind the French army whose nephew he really is, by making "*les braves Belges*" food for their Chassepots, there is nothing to prevent him, as far as we can see.

It is as well that the noble consumer of tobacco who presides at the Foreign Office should make up his mind, or rather get the Cabinet to make it up for him, as to how far he intends to proceed in this affair. It is utterly useless offering our mediation between Belgium and France, because, though the former may love us, she cannot trust us; and the latter neither loves nor fears us. If we are not prepared to support our award with something more than diplomatic correspondence, we had better consider that we have made ourselves quite contemptible enough in the eyes of Europe during the last ten years. Let us trust that if we are to have a Peace at any price policy it may be at any price except ridicule and dishonour.

Whether the desperate game that Louis Napoleon has played all his life will end ultimately in an European war we cannot say. If it does we may depend upon it that the war will be a long and a bloody one. It may not affect the price of cotton goods, and British trade may be none the worse for it; "let them fight, they won't meddle with us if we don't with them," may be the wisest and best spirit in which to view such a contest. So let us hold our tongues, and watch the hero of Magenta bullying little Belgium with polite indifference. Only if it does come to blows, do not let us pretend that we never could have guessed such a thing would happen, and that "if we had only been prepared, &c., &c." Perhaps, after all, Belgium will yield this point in dispute without a struggle, and consent to be the high road for the French army to march by into Prussia, feeling comfortably satisfied that they will be marching to certain destruction.

A COUNCIL UNDER THE CLOCK.

SCENE.—*A Room at the Horse Guards.*

Present:

THE DUKE.
THE MILITARY SECRETARY.
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.
THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.
THE DEMI-QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.
THE DEMI-SEMI-QUARTERMASTER GENERAL.
&c., &c.

THE DUKE.—It is of no use jabbering about Army Reform whilst reserved forces are so unreserved in their indiscipline and disorder. Before the Army is touched the Volunteers should certainly be put through their facings, so as to make them something better than an involuntary rabble. They seem to think that cold, wet, and hunger should modify instead of invigorate the provisions of the Mutiny Act—a law specially intended to allot privations to the soldier, and thus render him lamblike and amenable to his superior authorities.

THE M. SEC.—Your Royal Highness is well able to judge of the shortcomings of these Irregulars. The more wet the soldier has outside and the less in, the better is he adapted for his high calling. What a noise those fellows made when they were being collected for the review the other day.

THE DUKE.—Noise! Every expression that may be considered obnoxious to the military ear was freely indulged in, and if they had been regular troops their state of insubordination should have been corrected by a little wholesome application of that lash which warms the body and consoles the mind.

THE A. G.—Ah! I was looking over some punishment returns of 1784 the other day, and it was really refreshing to see how often and how soundly the backs of the soldiers then testified to the perfection of our military system. If Mr. Otway could be once flogged even yet the tone of the service might be much improved. Branding is a good measure, but flogging is a better.

THE Q. M. G.—Those House of Commons theorists don't understand the soldier mind. They think that he has rights as well as wrongs, and they seem to be quite unaware of the absolute necessity of governing him through the means of wrongs only.

THE DUKE.—We shall have the place filled with crotchets if we don't make a determined stand. The service is being degraded. We had better give notice that the Army won't stand much more of this sort of interference, and that if people are not careful it will resign. How about the case of that man who tried to commit suicide, or something of that kind, and respecting whom the War Office has been so anxious for correspondence?

A. G.—We are still writing about it. The War Office wants to know whether the value of the cartridge, which the man fired without orders, has been duly recovered, and I have sent a letter to the commanding-officer of his regiment asking for this information. It is very odd that some notice was not taken of this matter before.

THE DUKE.—Perhaps nobody ever thought of such a thing before the people at the War Office started the idea, supposing that the man had blown out his buttons, instead of his brains, what would then have been done?

THE Q. M. G.—Probably the captain of his company would have been required to pay for them, for if I remember right, Article 1016 of the Clothing Regulations states that when a soldier wilfully and maliciously——

THE DUKE.—Blows out his buttons instead of his brains?

THE Q. M. C.—No—not exactly that, but—by Jove, what does it state?

THE A. G.—All the nonsense possible I know.

THE M. SEC.—Nothing worth quoting at any rate. Does your Royal Highness wish us, however, to discuss the subject we have recorded for consideration to-day.

THE DUKE.—What is it?

THE Q. M. G.—Something about the relative weight of the soldier and his frock—1st. Together. 2nd. Separate. 3rd. In Europe. 4th. In India. 5th. In Heligoland. 6th. In——

THE DUKE.—I thought that we had settled that.

THE A. G.—So did I.

THE DUKE.—No? Well, we won't bother about it to-day, it will do just as well some other time. How many committees are there now at the War Office?

THE A. G.—I tried to count them the other day and failed—they were being appointed too rapidly for me, and left my calculation sadly behind—I will try again in a week's time, but they accumulate quickly.

THE DUKE.—I think we may now adjourn?

THE M. SEC.—What date does your Royal Highness fix for our next meeting?

THE A. G.—This day three weeks?

THE DUKE.—No, this day three months.

Exeunt Omnes.

QUESTIONABLE INQUISITIONS.

COLONEL RICH has just issued his report on the Abergele Railway Accident, and in it he declares that he believes the London and North Western Railway Company's line to be one of the best regulated in the country, and that he considers its arrangement as good as, if not better than, those of any other line; but as he also shows that the "excellent arrangements" of which he speaks were entirely the cause of last year's catastrophe, it is difficult to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the object of Colonel Rich's report.

Really, this persistent justification of the proceedings of railway companies by highly-placed officials is becoming past a joke. We are told that the railway interest is the strongest influence in the House of Commons, but that can be no reason that an independent officer should permit his judgment to be warped by any considerations other than those of an equitable discharge of the duties imposed upon him. If Colonel Rich vows allegiance to the railway companies, and gives them his support in those lax arrangements which have led to so many horrible disasters, the sooner he applies for the secretaryship of half-a-dozen of the principal lines the better, for he has evidently mistaken his vocation, and has become unsuited for the duties he is now called upon to discharge.

"WHERE AND OH WHERE?"

NOW that the question of the site of the new law courts is again on the tapis, and the rival localities of Chancery lane and the Thames Embankment are battling for possession it is not to be wondered at that other suggestions should be brought forward. We hear, therefore, with no surprise that the following propositions have been embodied in bills which will shortly be introduced into the House of Commons:—

SITE NO. 1.—The vacant plot of ground at South Kensington on which the Great Exhibition of 1862 formerly stood.

Suggested by MR. COLE, C.B.
Bill introduced by LORD STANLEY.

SITE NO. 2.—The spot now occupied by Her Majesty's Theatre, which has recently been rebuilt, but which by arrangement is not to be utilised for operatic performances.

Suggested by MESSRS. GYE AND MAPLESON.
Bill introduced by COLONEL BROWNLOW KNOX.

SITE NO. 3.—The enclosure of Grosvenor Square.

Suggested by the MARQUIS OF WESMINSTER.
Bill introduced by CAPTAIN GROSVENOR.

SITE NO. 3.—The ground on which St. George's Roman Catholic Cathedral and Bethlehem Hospital now stand.

Suggested by / *Bill introduced by* } MR. WHALLEY.

We fear that as opinions are evidently so much divided regarding the respective merits of the several localities already proposed as suitable for the erection of the new courts, some time must necessarily elapse before anything can be done in the matter; but as the estimated expense of the designs varies from a million and a-half to six millions per plan, we dare say that the public will be content to let the settlement of the difficulty rest until the Chancellor of the Exchequer is able to declare a surplus to the extent of the amount required.

SCENES FROM MODERN HISTORY.

I.—"A PIOUS FRAUD; OR, THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH."

Characters in the Drama.

CARDINAL OF THE SECRET STATE.
THE GENERAL OF JESUITS.
THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

SCENE.—*A Magnificent Apartment, presenting an Ecclesiastical Appearance. At the Back an Altar, with Lighted Candles,* CARDINAL *seated upon a Dais, Priests Chanting, Organ Pealing, Incense Burning. Grand Religious Service. After this the Lights are put out, and Curtains are drawn before the Altar. The* CARDINAL (*wearing his Red Hat and Gorgeous Robes*) *descends from the Dais. He rings a bell.*

[*Enter a* SECRETARY.

CARDINAL.—Send hither the General of the English Jesuits.

SECRETARY.—The orders of your Eminence shall instantly be obeyed. [*Exit* SECRETARY.

CARDINAL.—How heavily lies this pious fraud upon my soul! Deception has ever been abhorrent to my mind; and now!—but no, I dare not, can not think of it! That I should deny him, my best of friends, the companion of my childhood. That I should declare that I refused to be introduced to him! (*He weeps.*) Oh, Henry Edward, Henry Edward, how have I wronged thee! (*He tosses up his arms in agony of grief*).

[*Enter the* GENERAL OF THE JESUITS, *disguised as a "Member of Parliament." The* GENERAL *prostrates himself before the* CARDINAL.

CARDINAL.—Rise, my lord, I hope I see thee well.

GENERAL (*excitedly*).—Nay Prince, those cuss—(*the* CARDINAL *regards him sternly*)—I ask pardon—those blessed constituents of mine have made me throw off all disguise and appear in my real colours! To think that Peterborough, dear Peterborough, should turn traitor! To think that in opposition to my desire to dissemble I should be forced to vote with my secret and cherished convictions.

CARDINAL (*smiling*).—You have done much for the good cause, my lord. Pray tell me, good General, your history, as published to the world.

GENERAL.—As published to the world! Ha ha, the world knows nothing of my visits to the Vatican! But hush! I must be discreet. I was educated, your Eminence, at University College, London, where I gained the first prizes in rhetoric and metaphysics. Called to the bar at Gray's Inn in 1836, I went the Oxford circuit, but did not practice. (*Proudly.*) I was Assistant Tithe Commissioner for special purposes from 1836 till 1847. (*Still more proudly.*) I have been a magistrate, a Deputy Lieutenant, a High Sheriff, and—(*sighs*)—a Captain of Yeomanry Cavalry. But—(*more cheerfully*)—I soon found a pleasanter seat in the House of Commons. (*He blushes.*) It was in June, 1853 that I was—(*casting his eyes to the ground*)—displaced by petition! Well, well, I was back again in 1859. When I have told your Eminence that I am the author of a work, *On the Law of Tithes Commutations* (written in the merry days of my Assistant-Commissionership), and other legal publications, you have the simple story of my blameless life!

CARDINAL.—Thanks General! But your time is precious and—

GENERAL.—You would be alone? I know I am a bore.

CARDINAL.—Nay, I said not that.

GENERAL.—But you meant it! Well, Cardinal, I *am* wearisome, but my heart is in the right place. You may be in prosperity now, but should the day of danger come—(*they weep*). Call the Jesuit General, and George Whal—(hem, I must be discreet)—will be at your side, armed to the teeth in rhetoric, well supplied with metaphysics, and knowing a *great* deal about the law of Tithe Commutations, ready, aye ready, to shed every drop of his blood in your defence!

[*Exit with a flourish.*

CARDINAL (*after a long pause*).—He is useful, but too ambitious! He must be watched. He is as brave as he is clever, but while *I* live the triple crown must never grace his temples! Pope Whalley! I like the name, but not the title! (*Muses.*)

[*Enter a* SECRETARY, *announcing a dignified-looking English Gentleman, attired in purple.*

SECRETARY.—His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster.

CARDINAL (*rushing towards his visitor*).—Oh, Henry Edward, thou forgivest me for disowning thee?

THE ARCHBISHOP (*sweetly*).—I do, my poor friend, I know thy temptations—thy duties. (*The organ begins to play softly.*) Believe me, I can distinguish between the Prince of the Roman Church and the Member for North Warwickshire. Cardinal, Newdegate, nay Charles, I pardon the uncommitted fault. The man who is true to his Church can never be false to his friend! [*Soft music and Curtain.*

DARBY AND JOAN, REVISED.

HAVE you a wife with real estate?
Take care!
She can "devise, and alienate,"
Beware! Beware!
She has got
The whip hand of thee!

Too promptly she may take her cue,
Beware!
And learn she has the "power to sue,"
Take care! Take care!
Thwart her not,
She'll be down on thee!

Her three per cents are but a snare,
Take care!
She "holds" as if *femme sole* she were,
Beware! Beware!
Has she not
The whip hand of thee!

You, Darby, who would sponge on Joan,
Take care!
Henceforth her earrings are her own,
Beware! Beware!
Touch them not,
She'll be down on thee!

If this new law be put in force
Take care!
Lest th' old mare prove the better horse,
Beware! Beware!
Marry not,
There's a hint for thee!

THE ROAD TO THE GATES OF MERCY.

WE often talk in England about the monstrous French custom of adding "extenuating circumstances" to the verdict in the case of some most brutal murderer, and wonder, if Frenchmen consider such circumstances "extenuating," what they would consider aggravating? But no French judge or jury ever took such remarkable grounds for leniency as our versatile Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce, has in the case of Wiltshire. The right honourable gentleman does not favour us with his reasons for exercising the prerogative of mercy in this case; but for the benefit of would-be murderers who may have a prejudice against being executed, but who have an invincible passion for vigorous crime, we give a few simple rules for guidance, which, judging from Wiltshire's case, will, if followed, secure them what the *Daily Telegraph* beautifully terms the ironical mercy of penal servitude:—

1. Select a woman for your victim, in a helpless state. Outrage her.
2. Kick her to death, and tear her clothes off her.
3. When committed to prison, try and murder your gaoler.

By observing these simple and pleasant rules, the amateur of crime will find himself qualified as a fit subject for mercy with the Home Secretary.

We suppose Mr. Bruce is a morbid moral anatomist, and that he wishes to see what other crimes Wiltshire will contrive to commit if his life is spared. Why does not Mr. Bruce try a *tête-a-tête* with the object of his official compassion?

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LONDON, MAY 1, 1869.

THE WEEK.

APROPOS of the "Albert Memorial" mania, the late Prince Consort must have sadly offended the sculptors. Nearly every one of them has *cut* him!

WHY has Mr. Childers thrust forward the youthful Earl of Camperdown? What has this young man done? Camperdown? Camperdown? No,—we have *never* heard of him before. Duncan beat the Dutch somewhere close to a village of that name, we think, in 1797. But *who* is this youth?

WHILE Conservatives are yelling away the session over the Irish Church question, and delaying the nation in its endeavour to discharge its duties at home, a very far more serious issue looms in the distance abroad. The Alabama claims are about to be urged in no measured terms. It is not the Maynooth, but the American *Grant* that will be likely to cause us the real trouble.

ALL honour to the Mayor of Tynemouth and to Mr. Bruce, who between them have hit on some method of stopping the lectures (!) of that Christian gentleman, Murphy. Why does not some missionary society send out this zealous apostle to some savage tribe by whom he would be appreciated, and from whom he might really have a fair chance of earning that martyrdom to which he now vainly aspires. Although he is rather "nasty" hot, he might taste very nice when served up cold!

THE conduct of the Government with regard to Lord Clanricarde's Bill on Tenant Right is characteristic. No good ever yet came of a coalition Government. Gladstone, Bright, and Lowe may coalesce, but they will not combine. Unanimity exists on one question—the sacrifice which the Whigs have decided on making to the Mammon of Place; but that once settled, the whole armoury of official equivocation and ministerial dishonesty is ransacked for shifts and dodges by which to delay useful measures and thwart any real hearty reform. We are passing through a transition state, and Heaven help us! for we shall be governed by hypocrites none the less loathesome because their hypocrisy is clothed in eloquence.

WE content ourselves, for the present, with protesting most vehemently against the mischievous and dishonest budget introduced by Mr. Lowe, hoping next week to treat the matter at greater length. If the House of Commons sanctions this system of anticipating the next year's income in order to cover extraordinary expenses, and robbing the taxpayer of so much of his capital—for this precious plan for paying the taxes in a lump amounts to nothing less—it will have inaugurated a system of finance more unjust, more oppressive, and more pernicious, than any which has prevailed since the days of Charles II. We entreat those who are interested in the matter—all those whose incomes depend on their own industry, and whose businesses require the constant employment of all their capital—to protest against these monstrous proposals, the full mischief of which is concealed by their wilfully-deceptive assumption of economy, and by the gloss of newness which attracts all those who are always ready for experiments, without any consideration as to what may be the result. Nothing but persistent earnestness will procure a hearing for the people, or force the attention of the House to the real gravity of a step which now they seem ready to take without any care or scruple.

A FAIR EXCHANGE!

THANKS to the kind hints of our contemporary the *Times*, the Spanish Cortes is discussing at this moment a proposition of Senor Rense for opening negociation with England for the cession of Gibraltar to Spain. The idea is too preposterous! If our Government is weak enough (and it is *very* weak when the questions of the power and dignity of England is concerned) to listen to the monstrous mouthings of revolutionary ranters, we may expect to see the following demands made and complied with:—

BY THE HELLENIC GOVERNMENT.—A proposition demanding the cession of the bullion at the Bank of England, and the Turkish Ambassador at the court of St. James's, in exchange for a bill at three months for an indefinite amount (the figures to be filled in at pleasure by the English Chancellor of the Exchequer.)

BY THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.—A proposition demanding the cession of their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Louise and Beatrice (attended by appropriate doweries supplied by the British nation), in exchange for any number of German Princes (without salaries or clothes.)

BY THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.—A proposition demanding the cession of British India in exchange for the English cemetery at Sebastopol (now used as a grousing place for goats with the sanction of the British Government).

BY THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT.—A proposition demanding the cession of the revenues of the English Church in exchange for ten thousand starving Italian priests.

BY THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT.—A proposition demanding the cession of the ballets at the Gaiety, Lyceum, and Alhambra, in exchange for the moral support of the Viceroy of Egypt.

BY THE DANISH GOVERNMENT.—A proposition demanding the cession of the Army, Navy, Militia, and Volunteers of Great Britain to Denmark in times of war, in exchange for several members of the Family of his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein.

BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.—A proposition peremptorily demanding the cession of the Fleet of Great Britain (to be paid for annually at so much an ironclad), and the Editor, Artist, and Staff of the TOMAHAWK, in exchange for ten dozen of cheap claret, Mdlle. Schneider, and M. Henri de Rochefort.

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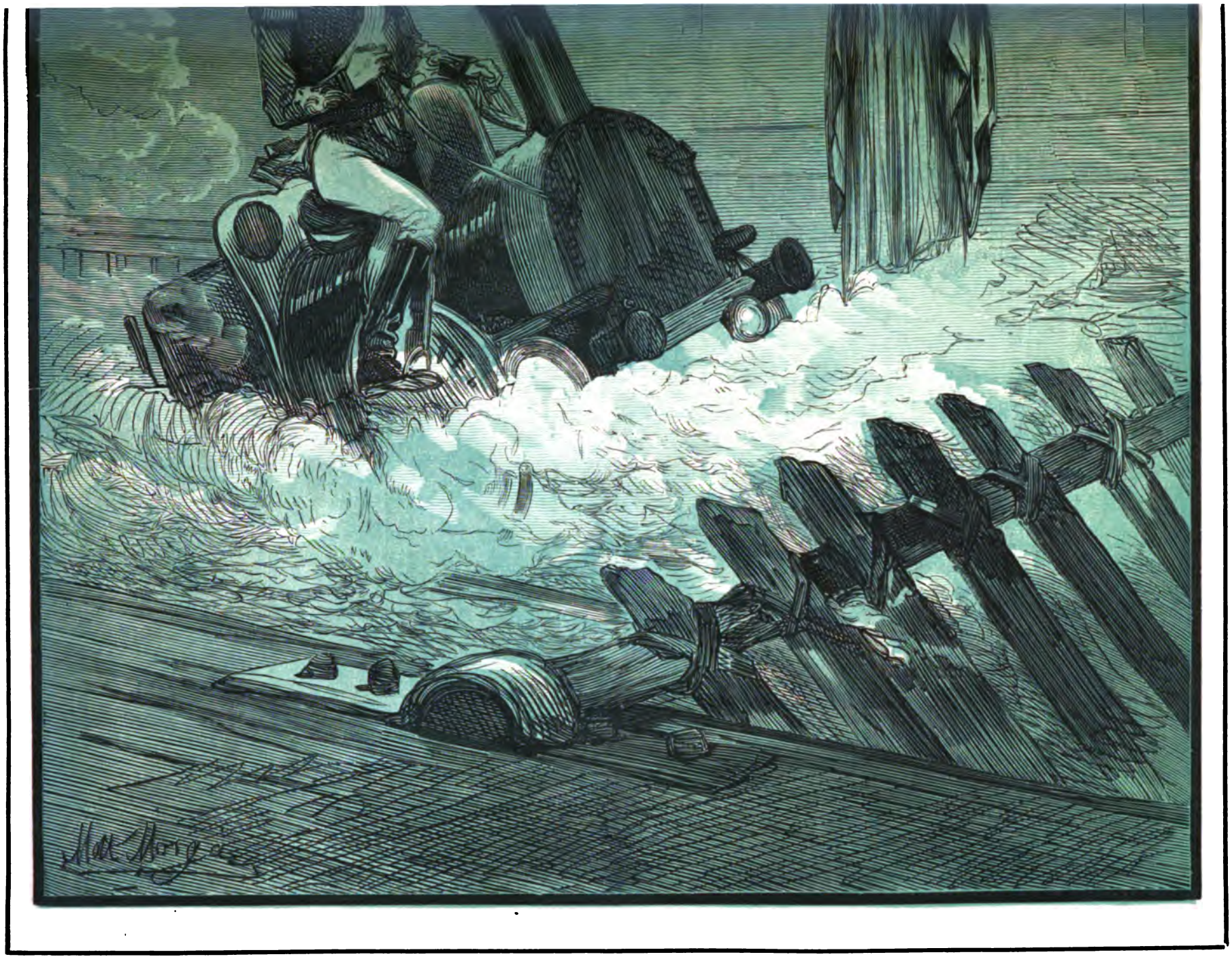

"WHO GOES THERE?"

OR,

FRIEND OR FOE.

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UNCAGING THE GAOL BIRDS.

IN consequence of the remission of Sir Eardley Willmott's sentence we understand that the following alterations will be made in the arrangements of visitors to Her Majesty's gaols :

Name of Visitors.	Offence.	Duration of visit.	Illness.	Remarks.
Bill Sykes.	Burglary and manslaughter.	For life.	Tooth-ache.	Enlarged after two years' visit
John Fox.	Forgery.	For life.	Dyspepsia	Enlarged after a month's confinement.
Thos. Crossbone.	Murder.	One month before his execution.	Excitement exhibited in the assassination of one of his warders.	Enlarged after a week's confinement.
Sir. G. Gambler, Bart.	Bigamy.	Twelve months.	Bad cold.	Enlarged after a week, with advice to travel on the continent.
Harriett Giles.	Stealing a loaf of bread.	Twelve months.	Typhus fever, and rapid decline.	This case was not considered strong enough to warrant any alteration in the visitor's punishment.
James Wm. Henry Pilfergold.	Embezzlement (chairman of a company).	Fourteen years.	Nausea at the prison food.	Enlarged after a week's visit.
Charles Smallchin.	Stealing a sugar stick	Twelve months.	Small pox.	This case was not considered of sufficient importance to warrant any alteration in the visitor's punishment.

LATEST BON MOT BY H.R.H PRINCE CHRISTIAN.—Why are deserting soldiers like British port ?—Because they are both *brandied* (*branded*).

SONG OF THE LONDON TRADESMEN ON THE RETURN OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS TO MARLBOROUGH HOUSE :—

"Oh ! Albert we have missed you,
Welcome, welcome home !"

TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR.

OWING to the splendid hospitality which has been shown to the Prince and Princess of Wales both by the Sultan and the Viceroy of Egypt, the attention of the Court officials has been drawn towards the somewhat meagre provision for entertaining any foreign guests in this country (except) beggarly German princes and duchesses, and they have drawn up the following suggestions :—

(*a*). That the building now known as the "Albert Hall of Arts and Sciences" should be purchased of the proprietors, and fitted up as a dormitory for royal and distinguished visitors.

(*b*). That they be allowed to take exercise in the Royal Horticultural Gardens, but not to pick the flowers.

(*c*). That Professor Pepper, the Siamese Twins, and the Great Vance be engaged (regardless of expense) to beguile their leisure hours.

(*d*). That a contract be entered into with Messrs. Brunetti and Co. to supply them with confectionery at discretion.

(*e*). That the hearty co-operation of the proprietors of the shops in the Lowther Arcade be invited, with a view to providing suitable and pleasing gifts for the royal and distinguished guests, as mementoes of their visit.

(*f*). That a Royal Blue omnibus be bought (second-hand) for the conveyance of the royal and distinguished guests.

There, now ! Who can say that our Court is insensible to the duties of hospitality ?

REGULATIONS FOR THE "REGULARS."

LIEUT.-COLONEL LORD TRURO, commanding the 3rd Regiment of Middlesex Artillery ("Truro's Tigers"), intends holding a Brigade Field Day on Tooting Common on Whit Monday ! As the gallant and noble Colonel will be himself in command, we may expect to see a very great success. Last year the "outing" was in the highest degree satisfactory. However, as there seems to be a chance that at the next Great Review "regular" officers will be still allowed to interfere with the volunteers, we have had great pleasure in drawing up a few regulations (composed with a view to suiting their convenience and comprehension) for their guidance.

1.—The assumption of uniforms is left to the discretion of officers. If the weather is bad, officers are recommended to appear in plain clothes, as gold lace, when exposed to the weather, is easily tarnished.

2.—Officers may breakfast, lunch, and dine at their own convenience. They will take care, however, to inform the Volunteer Officer in command of their intention of leaving the field.

3.—As it is not to be expected that officers will know very much about field operations, it is probable that they may become confused. Should an officer find himself in difficulty, he will at once apply to the Volunteer Officer in command for advice.

4.—Should His Royal Highness the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief appear upon the ground, all officers acting under the Sovereign Authority of the War Office (in which office His Royal Highness is an *employé*) shall bow down to and obey him.*

5.—Officers who write for the newspapers will lay the blame of any mistake made by any of their comrades in the "Regular" service on to the shoulders of the Volunteers. Officers having influence with the Editor of the *Times* will use it to prevent the appearance of letters from Volunteers writing in their own defence.

7.—Should the Review escape being a failure, in spite of the incompetency of the "Regular" chiefs, officers will claim the credit of the success.

* The Metropolitan press are requested to applaud the acts of H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief. Should H.R.H. exceed his authority, the Metropolitan press shall exouse him in sentences beginning with words to this effect : "Only the authority of a Duke of the Blood Royal could have turned last Tuesday from a *fiasco* into a great success, &c."

JOHN CLAYTON.

IT is seldom that TOMAHAWK can bestow unqualified praise upon an actor. It is his sad task to find fault with this, to take objection to that, or to condemn the other. This being the case, it is vastly pleasant to him to have to laud a deserving actor up to the skies of fame. Mr. John Clayton as the Earl of Mount Forestcourt, in *Dreams*, is simply perfect—he could not possibly be better. He played the part like only a gentleman could play it, and his own identity is entirely lost in the character he has to portray. TOMAHAWK hails with real delight the success of Mr. John Clayton. The stage, for the last thirty years, has been deluged with gutter blood, it is refreshing to find that men of gentle breeding are once more treading the boards. Mr. Clayton completely throws Mr. Alfred Wigan into the shade in *Dreams*, it is Mount Forestcourt who is the hero—the gentleman; it is Harfthal who is the cad—the fiddler. From this date we shall regard Mr. Clayton's career with fresh interest. If he plays ever as admirably as he plays the Earl in *Dreams*, a very great future awaits him.

TOO LITTLE OR TOO MUCH.

IT is always a pleasure to us to see any member of the judicial bench raised to the peerage, but we are at a loss to understand the grounds on which Sir James Plaisted Wylde, the Judge Ordinary of the Divorce Court, has been singled out for the honour of a seat in the House of Lords. Without being in any degree inferior to the other judges, he can scarcely be said to be immeasurably their superior, and the duties on which he is employed are certainly no more onerous than those of his *confrères*.

Without grudging Lord Penzance his coronet, we should have been glad if the same *Gazette* that published his promotion had included the names of a few more of our Judges. The Liberal side of the Upper House will shortly be in need of reinforcement, and Mr. Gladstone might have avoided the responsibility of having committed an ungraceful act, and at the same time have effected a judicious stroke of business in the interests of his Irish Church Bill, by a more comprehensive recognition of the worth and integrity of our great law officers.

A PIECE OF BRUTAL SNOBBERY.

IN the columns of the *Evening Standard*, of Thursday last, appeared a paragraph headed as under :—

"ALARMING ACCIDENT TO EARL GROSVENOR'S CARRIAGE."

To begin with, who on earth, beyond his coachmaker, is supposed to be interested in the career of this nobleman's equipage? Who? Well—say a select *coterie* of snobs, who read odds and ends of intelligence of this sort. Granted then the snobs are to be found, let us take another cutting from the intellectual feast prepared for them. Now then :—

"This morning, about ten o'clock, as Earl Grosvenor's coachman was driving from the South-Western Railway, where he had left his lordship."

"*Where he had left his lordship.*" Consoling and mysterious news that, and by itself almost enough for a good scandal paragraph in an ordinary Court paper. But the informant of the *Standard* soars far above such paltry treatment as this. Leaving the Earl at the station, with breathless eagerness, he hurries his readers after his lordship's carriage, and cleverly leads up to a second point.

"The horse was frightened, in the Westminster bridge road, by the falling of some boxes from a railway van, and dashed off at a tremendous pace. It struck with violence against the semaphore opposite the Houses of Parliament."

Merely pausing for a moment to notice the wonderful sagacity of the horse in having a passing fling at the *Semaphore*, we proceed and now learn that so terrible was the disgust of the animal for this hideous signal-post that it

"rebounded therefrom, struck against a four-wheeled cab, the shock throwing the coachman off. The horse then ran into a cart, at the corner of King street, where it was stopped."

With the stopping of "his lordship's horse," looking at the account, of course, from a purely artistic point of view, the paragraph ought to have stopped too. But after the farce comes the tragedy. What has all the while become of the poor cabman? We are told in the concluding lines.

"The man was in the meantime removed in a cab to Westminster hospital, where it was found he had one leg broken, and was very much bruised about the head and body."

But to cease *badinage*. Here is a catastrophe resulting in the breaking of a man's leg, and other serious injuries, necessitating instant removal to an hospital. In a word, the only intelligence worth reporting is that which refers to the sufferings of this poor man. Yet the paragraph flourishes off with *Alarming Accident*, to what? To an unfortunate cabman? No, to a nobleman's *carriage!* If this is not brutal snobbery of the lowest type, what is!

THE MORTAR AND THE MAN.

MUCH as we deprecate sensationalism in all its branches the following advertisement, which we quote from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*, at least possesses the merit (an exceptional merit now-a-days) of perfect originality :—

WHO will PLACE a BRICK or a CORNER STONE in ST. LUKE'S PERMANENT CHURCH, Deptford?—The people of the mission district are mostly poor (see Reports of "Bishop of London's Fund," and "London Diocesan Home Mission"). Living stones are being gathered, forming already a considerable congregation: more might be if there was more room in the Temporary Church. Christian reader, help to get the material stones. Corner stones, £1; plain stones, 1s.; bricks, 1d.—Aid may be sent to Rev. ——, &c., &c.

We did not know that there were such beings as "living stones" in the neighbourhood of Deptford, although we were quite aware that amongst the honest river-side population there might be found any number of "bricks." As it apparently takes a dozen bricks to make a stone, what an exquisitely pleasant congregation St. Luke's, Deptford, must be blessed with. The clergyman himself must be a perfect pillar, for he bears the whole responsibility of the above exquisitely absurd advertisement.

HEROES IN HARNESS.

THE following paragraph has appeared in most of the morning papers :—

"Arrangements are now being carried into effect with the view of enabling the Military Knights of Windsor to have three months' leave of absence each year."

What the duties of the Military Knights of Windsor may be we do not pretend to know, but certain it is that the Knights are for the most part highly respectable old gentlemen, who we always thought were provided with easy and comfortable berths, and whose services might easily be spared for eleven out of the twelve months of the year. Such, however, is apparently not the case, for the concession of three months' holiday to these aged heroes is evidently attended with considerable difficulty. We suppose it is this progressive age (in which none of us may sleep) that is to blame for the want of consideration shown to the Military Knights. After having been let into the secret of the drudgery which is evidently imposed upon these veterans, we shall not be surprised to hear that the Greenwich Pensioners are shortly to be sent to sea in a training brig, or that the inmates of Chelsea Hospital are to be encamped at Aldershot for the winter months.

MOTTO FOR THE LONDON GENERAL OMNIBUS COMPANY.—"Oh, what a falling off was there."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 105.] *LONDON, MAY 8, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

COLUMBIA IN A TIFF.

IT has often puzzled us why nations are generally spoken of in the female gender. Not because there are more women than men, or as a consolation to them for the deprivation of political power. No; it must be because Nations are so fickle. Certainly, in the case of America, a pretty skittish girl, rather fast, and with a bit of a temper, is the best image of the national disposition. Except in a capricious woman, it would be difficult to find a parallel for the very unreasonable quarrel which America is trying to fix on England.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to enter into the history of the Alabama. It is doubtful whether any vessel that ever was built, altered, rebuilt, converted, reconverted, and finally condemned as useless, under the intelligent supervision of the Lords of the Admiralty, ever cost England so dear as the trim little cruiser which managed to slip through the meshes of the law, as easily as, during her brief but brilliant career, she slipped through the guns of the enemy's vessels sent against her. Had she been built for a Power at war with ourselves, it is very doubtful whether we should have been able to stop her. All moderate men in this country, of whatever political opinions, have never ceased to deplore the danger of the Alabama succeeding in establishing a precedent, which must have injured the influence and power of no country so much as this. What our boasted naval supremacy may be worth now that, in encounters at sea, more depends on the construction of the vessels' armour, and the strength of their guns, than on the skill or courage of her men, it is difficult to say; but this is certain, that in the event of our being at war, the issuing of privateers from the ports of a neutral country to prey upon our commerce, would, if countenanced by International law, render our total defeat a matter of certainty. We should suffer where we feel most, in our pockets, to such an extent as to force us into peace. Therefore, it must be the interest of England to settle the dispute about the Alabama, that is, to pay for the depredations committed by that vessel, if it be decided by an impartial tribunal that we ought to pay; and this she has offered to do in the most sincere and conciliatory spirit. But when America demands that we should submit to a Commission the question as to whether we were justified in recognising the Southern States as belligerents, she behaves with an unreasoning petulancy only to be expected from a spoilt girl. If the South were not entitled to be treated as belligerents by neutral nations, than civil war must be ignored altogether. If a separate government, recognised by the other section of the nation so far as to be distinctly treated with just like a foreign power; if the maintenance of large armies, and the gaining many victories in pitched battles with their opponents, did not justify England in recognising something more than a state of rebellion in the United States—then it is impossible to conceive any circumstances, which would justify a neutral power in acting otherwise than as the police of any Imperial Government engaged in a prolonged conflict with any portion of its subjects. Take, not the case of England and the North American Colonies, because we all know that then, directly a few hundred discontented people had armed themselves, France was justified in recognizing them as belligerents—but take the case of Italy in the war with Austria. The Italian provinces would have thought it rather hard if we had refused to them the rights of belligerents because they were fighting against Austria, their Sovereign chief; and America would have been the first to have cried out against such a breach of International law. We forbore from recognising the Southern States as a separate Government, though we might have found a precedent for such a step; but how we could have acted otherwise than we did, in the face of such a momentous struggle as the American Civil War, would puzzle all the cuteness of a Yankee to say.

The fact is that the Americans are a very sensitive irritable people. Dyspepsia, which is almost a national characteristic, makes them take distorted views of personal questions, and entirely destroys their nerve and judgment. They do not like the remembrance of their internecine struggle, and they want to insist that there never was a war at all. It is like the case of the husband who took back his erring wife before the whole world, and yet quarrelled with any friend who maintained that there had ever been any difference between them. Why could not we believe blindly in the superiority of the North? Why could we not sit down, and in the face of facts, say, "Jonathan is all right, he can lick creation, and he'll whip these rebels into snake-peelings if you only give him time." Perhaps he would have done it all the sooner if we had helped him by seizing all his enemy's vessels as pirates, and handing over any of their men we could catch as rebels. But how could we do so when Jonathan himself was treating them most handsomely, as he would have treated any foreign foe? And if Fortune had tipped the balance over on the other side, what would the victorious South have said to us then?

Let us hope that as the people of America are really anxious to settle all differences with this country, and "put themselves outside something" in honour of eternal friendship and good will, that no political fanatics, or captious diplomatists will

widen into a breach the tiny chink of enmity that at present shuts us out from complete union; we have made the ocean powerless to keep us apart; and shall a paltry piece of pique embitter the relations of two countries, who by language, blood, and destiny are bound together in the closest and most cordial of ties?

THE GROWING EVILS OF SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LIBERAL, though by no means in the radical sense of that word, we yet cannot stir ourselves up to any sort of enthusiasm about Greece. Only the other day, the more liberally disposed papers were singing their wonted *pæans* over that very shabby and unpromising little country. The visit of the Prince of Wales had afforded the occasion, and they were not slow to avail themselves of it.

"The Heir to the British Throne treading on the sacred ground where once stood Pericles," is a subject too good to be lost, and so the readers of ephemeral but reasonable literature have had an unusually large mouthful of the "classics" offered them. We own to not having referred to the *Daily Telegraph* for any information on the subject, and by omitting to do so have no doubt lost an amazing treat in the way of exuberant loyalty and boundless Lempriere. We have, however, seen things almost as good in their way, though perhaps lacking the magnificent *abandon* of that king among copy-writers. A great deal of rubbish, then, has been written about the "imperishable memories" of the past, and, without very much rhyme or reason, allusions have been freely, though a little wildly, made to Marathon and Demosthenes, Themopylæ and the Parthenon, Salamis and Socrates, as if, on the schoolboy's principle of cake-making, a good jumble of good things was as good as a feast any day. As to the imperishable memories of the past, there is no immediate fear that *they* will die out all at once. Greece will long be remembered—at least by her creditors. As to Demosthenes and Pericles, and the other famous gentlemen of the period B.C., the less said about them the better. To provoke a comparison between the mighty intellects of old, and the many peculiarities of a parcel of nobodies who, with unpronounceable names and meteoric careers, blunder over the destinies of the Greece of to-day, is, if not unwise, decidedly very unfriendly.

We appeal to those of our readers who have got as far as Athens to bear us out in what we say. We might even stop short of this, and call on a no less weighty witness, to wit, the confiding purchaser of Greek Government Stock.

But not to be hard upon the little money-grabbing monarchy that bids fair to become the Clapham Junction of Europe, we cannot dismiss the subject without a word upon a system it so obviously suggests. We refer to the abominable habit of paragraph-spinning, copy-making, padding, or whatever it be called, that now seems an unavoidable necessity with the daily papers, and that not even notably with the penny ones. The stuff and twaddle already written about the doings of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales would furnish letter-press for a six-volume novel. We do not say the quality of a prince's breakfast, the state of his spirits, the colour of a princess's dress, or the beauty of her smile, are wholly uninteresting things in their way. On the contrary, do we not know very well that the unmitigated snobs who revel in Court Journalism delight in such items of a frivolous balderdash? Is there not a paper—nay, are there not two or three papers, whose very existence depends on their capabilities of furnishing up all the wretched scrapings of so-called fashionable life in the most appetising and *piquant* manner?

In the name of all that is reasonable, then, at least leave to scavengers the scavengers' work, and do not let a helpless public be cheated into the purchase of columns upon columns of intelligence that is worthy of Mr. Jeames in the Servants' "All," but beneath the dignity of a respectable and independent press. The papers will, of course, reply that they are only commercial speculations at best, and that if Demonology were to come into fashion to-morrow, they would at once feel bound to augment their respective staffs largely with veritable printers' devils. In doing this they would be only acting up to their principles. Where, however, they are out in their reckoning is in their estimate of their readers. The average daily reader is *not* such a snob as they take him for. He likes to hear something about the Suez Canal, but he does not care to be initiated into the mysteries of a prince's luncheon table. We trust this profound flunkeyism is on its last legs.

BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

As there is no doubt but that the approaching return to London of the Prince of Wales is giving general satisfaction to everybody. we are not surprised to hear that, on the Prince's arrival at Charing-cross station, a public reception will be given to him, and that a procession will be formed to accompany His Royal Highness through Trafalgar Square and along Pall Mall to Marlborough House. The following is the programme as at present decided upon:—

Lieutenant-Colonels of the Guards.
(*To clear the way*).

The Band of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden.

Mr. Poole.
(*Of Savile Row*).

Members of the House of Peers. Friends of his Royal Highness.
(*Two and two*).

The Prince's Tradesmen.
(*In pairs*).

The Committee of the Marlborough Club, carrying a banner with the motto:—

"There's na lack about the house,
When my gude man's awa'."

Friends of Lord Carington.
(*In broughams*).

Band of the Sacred Harmonic Society.
Conductor—Sir Michael Costa (*on horseback*).

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,

In a smoking carriage (kindly lent by the Metropolitan Railway Company), and drawn by the four principal favourites for the Derby.

A detachment of Fire Engines, under the direction of the Duke of Sutherland.

More Officers of the Guards. Committeemen of the Arlington.

Stewards of the Jockey Club. Mr. Arthur Lloyd.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, &c., &c.

Although it is not improbable that, after a fatiguing journey, any public reception will necessarily prove distasteful to the Prince, His Royal Highness will doubtless be reconciled to the inconvenience by the proof the demonstration will afford him of the great satisfaction of all classes of the community at the presence of Royalty in London for what remains of, as yet, a shockingly bad and unprofitable Season.

FALLEN AND FRIENDLESS.

A PARAGRAPH some short time ago went the round of the newspapers to the effect that it was in contemplation, by the shareholders of the North Eastern Railway Company, to allow Mr. George Hudson, the ex-railway king, an annuity of £200, as it appears that this once fortunate monarch is now in a pitiable condition of want. Last week, however, the *Pall Mall Gazette* announced that the project had been abandoned.

We cannot say whether or not the circumstances of Mr. Hudson's former connection with the North Eastern Railway Company made it incumbent upon the shareholders to provide for him permanently, but be this as it may, we are of opinion that if this little act of charity was worthy of being proposed, it must surely have been worthy of being performed. Although the directors of the North Eastern Railway Company are doubtless a highly conscientious set of men, we shall have in future a higher opinion of what we must presume to be their justice than of their generosity.

STANZAS FOR STONES:

Being a Collection of

POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

FIGHTING BEN.

1.

HISTORIANS and poets, you
Who tell your country's story,
And go half mad in prose and verse
About her ancient glory;
Who rave of Crecy, Agincourt,
Of Blenheim, Waterloo,—
Allow a British warrior
To get his word in too.

2.

You think to hear some stirring tale
To set your pulses throbbing!
Well let them throb away;—they ought.
My theme is one of jobbing,
Of wretched swindling, cruel shams,
Things rotten to the core;
In short, my theme's "the army." Come,
Can tragedy ask more.

3.

You see a regiment go past,
Drums beating, colours flying;
You vow that they're a gallant band,
For whom the girls are dying:
You cry their martial spirit up,
And cheer them! Well you may.
There's not a gang throughout the land
More spiritless than they.

4.

The lowest workhouse refuse some,
The scum of town and county,
And others, forced by greed or want
To clutch the wretched bounty.
Old England's *conscripts*, there they go,
A hearty set of braves!
True thorough going Britons! Shame,
These men are fighting *slaves!*

5.

Yes, *slaves;* I know the word sounds hard,
But still as such you treat them.
They know, the bravest, best of them,
As equals you'll ne'er meet them!
Upon them one and all you've set
A vile degrading ban.
You've decked them out with medals, clasps,—
But you've not raised a man.

6.

What gain, if in the battles' front
When shots were whizzing round them,
They've stood unflinching! Have they burst
The chains with which you've bound them?
You'll say they've won, as heroes should,
A grateful country's thanks!
A *grateful* country! Has she called
Her heroes from the ranks?

7.

Not she! With her no knapsack yet
E'er held Field Marshal's *baton!*
That pretty tinsell'd stick she's kept,
Although she's laid the *cat* on.
No crown of honour has she wrought
Of laurel green and fresh.
Her mark is of another kind,
And cut in human flesh.

8.

Think you, with weary years to serve,
The flow'r of manhood fading,
You'll find free Englishmen to bend
In bondage thus degrading!
No! cackle cant about the French,
And their one *sou* a day;
Sneer as you will,—I tell you we're
The slaves,—the soldiers they!

9.

They've drawn their lots! Well, what of that?
Why this inane derision?
Each man of them knows nothing stands
'Twixt him and his division.
Their very colonel rose from them;
Their wants, their hopes he shares.
What British soldier would not change
His helot's chance for theirs?

10.

I know your answer; you'll reply,
Your men are not worth heeding.
Your officers—well, all you want
In them, is cash and breeding!
And that's the bait you hold to men—
Free men! Think you they'll come?
No, while you brand your rank and file,
You'll merely get the scum!

11.

Ah! Englishmen have joked too much
On this,—have been too willing
To smooth the matter down, and grin
About the cursèd shilling.
I tell you what, till things are changed,
And mind you, not till then,
You'll have to blush when e'er you hear
Men talk of Fighting Ben!

A LITTLE RHYME

dedicated to

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

BRAND me, now brand me a Britain born man!
Brand me his body as fast as you can;
Cut him and hack him and stamp him with D,
Then send him to ruin for Georgey and me!

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

IF there are any Englishmen who are blessed with enough honesty in their composition to admit an unwelcome fact when they see it, although it hits their profound belief in themselves very hard, let them contemplate the treatment a certain now famous scandal has received lately at their hands. There is a notorious high life tale now going the round of the drawing-rooms and clubs—a tale of the most disgraceful character—which, if true, ought not to be hushed up on any consideration whatever. On the other hand, if it be false, what word is strong enough to characterise the tone of that society which has given it birth, and handed it round in *piquant* whispers for general edification? If the whole matter is a lie, why dish up suggestive paragraphs for the sole purpose of tickling the impure public ear? If it be true, why all this cowering and cringing—why all this gilding over of vice, as if the tinsel of station could render it decent and allowable? The blackguardism of high life is surely the worst kind of blackguardism. Is this the case, or is it not? Or do we, after all, really live in an age that is cowardly and immoral enough either to blacken spotless reputations for the want of something better to do, or fawn abjectly at the feet of the well-bred man who suddenly shows himself to be at best but a miserable scoundrel? Either alternative is by no means cheerful. We therefore recommend the whole subject to the consideration of the more high-minded portion of society, in the hope that we shall hear either no more of a scandalous lie, or else the whole truth—whatever that truth may be!

LONDON, MAY 8, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WHO says that the press is not in a flourishing condition? Why, there is not a theatre in London that has not started its own evening *paper*, and with some the circulation has been enormous!

LORD ALBERT CLINTON has passed the Bankruptcy Court. He owes a great deal to the Judge for giving him the best advice he ever received, and instructing him gratis on a subject of which he seems to have been lamentably ignorant, viz., common honesty.

WILTSHIRE, the much injured gentleman, convicted of rape, murder, and a violent attack on his gaoler, has had his sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. He has not yet been employed at the Customs or in the Savings' Banks Department of the Post Office, so that probably his sentence will be virtually a dead letter. No doubt, such an exemplary character will soon be at large again, and perhaps his cool and philosophical temperament might be employed to advantage in furthering those measures of retrenchment which the Government has so vigorously inaugurated. It wants a man rather above the ordinary weaknesses of human nature to superintend such scenes as take place at Woolwich almost daily. Mr. Bruce is welcome to the suggestion.

In some articles which we once published concerning servants, we laid great stress upon the difficulty of obtaining truthful characters from employers, also upon the want of any organisation to keep girls in quest of places from evil temptations. An institution seems to have been recently established in Aldersgate Street, under the title of the London General Domestic, Commercial, and Educational Institution, which, if properly managed, may do a great deal of good in this respect. We hope that the managers may succeed in establishing a central depôt in London for servants, where both the employers and the employed may be certain of meeting with fair honest treatment, and where a course of conduct shall be consistently followed which may secure good trustworthy servants to those in quest of them, and to the servants themselves some protection from the numerous hardships and annoyances to which they are now exposed. Nothing can be worse than the small registry offices for servants established in various parts of London: they perpetuate a thoroughly bad class of servants, and discourage, if indeed they do not in a great measure prevent, any candid and fair dealing between one employer and another.

CORK is an unfortunate city. It possesses in its Mayor a very disagreeable specimen of the lunatic "at large," for whose benefit Mr. Gladstone hopes to provide suitable retreats from the funds of the condemned church. This vulgar blatant snob, by name O'Sullivan, who fancies that by making himself offensive he becomes of importance, has been delivered of a speech at a banquet to two released convicts, quite worthy of the speaker and of the guests whom he had come to honour. We do not enter into the particulars of this disgusting exhibition from the same motives of discretion which prevents us describing at length, or at breadth, one of those inhabitants of old houses, which make themselves felt if they are not heard. Such vermin are generally disposed of with speechless disgust. But should this O'Sullivan fail to qualify himself for a lunatic hospital, we hope that he may find a congenial home with garotters. It would add to the punishment of the garotters, and might be taken into consideration in their sentences. But a sound flogging would make a cur like this yelp some attempt at decency. We daresay he would sing *God save the Queen* to an accompaniment of the cat-o'-nine tails. Such loyalty would be quite as valuable and effective as his coarse and impudent treason.

WHAT on earth has the Prince of Wales done to be so illused by all his friends? The Government promise to produce certain papers, and then decline to do so on the ground that they contain a statement that the Fenians did not care about shooting the Prince of Wales "because he was certain to disgrace royalty." It seems rather hard that a young man who has done his best to be kind and courteous in the position into which he has been forced, should be execrated as a second George the Fourth without having any of the pleasure and jovial company which that perfect gentleman enjoyed. We would suggest something, which, as it is founded on good sense and a love of truth, is certain not to be adopted. The Prince of Wales is by right, and courtesy, the first gentleman in the land. His name is being brought into very bad odour. Let a committee of gentlemen from the principal clubs investigate the charges bandied about by idle gossips against the Prince—privately, of course—and trace them to their source; then let those who repeat or circulate such false charges, if proved to be false, be expelled from every club, and from all decent society. This would soon put an end to such scandal, and would be a gratifying proof of that loyalty to the reigning house which all gentlemen of England profess to feel so deeply.

THE number of assassinations in Ireland is daily increasing. It appears that nine organised murders have been committed in Tipperary, and in not one of these nine cases has the murderer been brought to justice. Yet we know that the majority of the people of Ireland are virtuous, loyal, and that they decidedly disapprove of these crimes. In fact, they have shown so in the latest case by subscribing a large sum as a reward for the apprehension of the murderer. How is it, then, that with this strong feeling in favour of the law, that the criminal in these cases is scarcely ever brought to justice? There is not the slightest sign of any action on the part of the Government in this matter. They decline to provide any protection for the lives of the landowners because they maintain that it is not needed. Ireland is quiet; its people are gentle and affectionate; the police are sufficiently numerous and effective; and yet men are shot down in broad daylight and the assassins can never be detected, much less punished. Is it not an irresistible conclusion from these facts that we are quite unable to govern Ireland—to make the law of any real use for the protection of life or property, or for the detection of crime? Had we not better at once, gracefully and spontaneously, surrender a charge which causes us constant anxiety, and which we are utterly incompetent to fulfil? We venture to prophecy that the abolition of the Union is not far off; but we would have England, and not Ireland, take the initiative. When the Irish have got Land Laws of their own ingenious and generous construction, these outrages will disappear, and the material progress of Ireland will be rapid and lasting.

THE N
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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

ROMEO AND JULIET À LA MODE.

CHARACTERS.

ROMEO (*A* not *very young man*)	MR. JOHN BULL.	JULIET (*A very young woman*)	MISS COLUMBIA.
OLD CAPULET (*A fire eater*)	MR. L. MOTLEY.	NURSE (*An old woman*)	MR. REVERDY JOHNSON.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE PARROT PAPERS.

"Pol, me occidistis, amici."

No. VI.

SOME PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS.—ABOUT THE WEATHER.—HOW SUCH MATTERS ARE MANAGED IN PARROT-LAND.—SOCIAL QUESTIONS.—THE TREATMENT OF WOMEN.—WOMAN'S INFERIORITY TO MAN.—WHAT THE ADVOCATES OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS REALLY ARE.—SEVERAL PROOFS OF THIS INFERIORITY.—HOW TO EDUCATE WOMEN.—THE VALUE OF APPEARANCES, ESPECIALLY WITH WOMEN.—WHY THIS MUST BE ENFORCED.—THE CRIME OF BEING FOUND OUT MUST BE PROPERLY PUNISHED.—BY MEN AS WELL AS BY WOMEN.—THE FOLLY OF SYMPATHY.—ON RULING BY DIVISION.—A WARNING AGAINST ELEVATING WOMEN.—RE-ASSURANCE.—CONSOLATION FOR THE WEAKER SEX.—THE AUTHOR INCLINES TO CHANGE SIDES ON THIS QUESTION.—PHILOSOPHERS DEFINED.—THE AUTHOR SHOWS CAUSE FOR HIS INCONSISTENCY.

I DID not intend to have writtten anything more at present, having been laid-up with a bad cold, the result of this very objectionable climate, which is as changeable and capricious, and I may add as disagreeable, as the women who live in it. Besides, I thought it would be better for you to digest the precepts which I had already inculcated, before I began to instruct you on any new question. However, my articles having produced, as was only to be expected, a very great sensation, I have been prevailed upon to continue them.

While I am on the subject of the weather, I may as well observe that it appears to me the management of that institution is very bad indeed. It always appears to be raining when it ought to be dry, and to be very hot and dry just when it ought to be raining. I attribute this to the perverse obstinacy of you men, which impregnates the air, and makes it behave itself with the same infelicitous stubbornness as you do. If the matter were in the hands of Parrots, I cannot help thinking it would be managed better.

In our country, when it rains it gets it all over at once, and when it is fine you know you can depend on its being fine for some time together; which appears to me to be another proof of the complete superiority of Parrots to men.

Having discussed Politics, I must turn my attention to Social Questions; and first I will take the treatment of women, in order that I may get rid of a troublesome subject as soon as possible.

Of course women are inferior to men, just as men are inferior to Parrots; this is settled, and so there is no use arguing about it—though some crack-brained idiots talk about women being the equals of men. They are only men who are so weak and silly, that they feel there is no chance of their being acknowledged, even by men, to be their equals, unless dragged in by the skirts of women. I have known similar creatures among us Parrots, who are for ever insisting upon what they call equality; maintaining that Parroquets are our equals, and have a right to eat as much as we real grey and red Parrots, which is simply ridiculous.

Women are not so tall as men, they can't eat as much or drink as much as men; therefore they are inferior to men. You don't want any further reason, surely. If there are exceptions—and I have seen women eat a good deal, and drink a good deal too (half a glass at a time)—why they only prove the rule.

But women are noisy and cunning, so it is necessary to teach them their inferiority. I will tell you how to do it.

Never let women really learn anything; not that they could if they tried, but don't give them the chance. Let them be trained in certain tricks to amuse the company at a party; and always teach them that men admire them for their looks and their dress, not for their qualities or their good sense—supposing it were possible for them to have any.

Always enforce with women the value of appearances—don't let them think that goodness consists in being good, but in seeming so. Make them as bitter and cruel as you can against any of their own sex who may be caught tripping; but obsequious and indulgent to all those who trip in secret, yet walk stiff and straight enough when everybody is looking.

The object of this is plain. Those women that get found out in doing wrong are sure to betray their accomplice. Now, women should be taught to bear their wrongs, as they call them, in secret. Besides, it is only right that the woman, being the weaker creature, and therefore more in the wrong than the man—who is so strong that he is always running away with himself—should bear all the punishment, while the man, who could not help himself, gets off scot-free.

In order to keep this admirable system in full vigour, mind that you men never fail to treat any woman who has been found out, and is therefore looked down upon by her sisters, with a familiarity, a total want of respect, and a slighting contemptuous manner with which you would never think of treating any woman, however bad you might yourself *know her to be*, who had not been found out.

The reason why women are found to fall in with this system of treating their own sex is very evident. When a woman is found out in an indiscretion she must be hateful to her sex for two reasons—she either reflects too faithfully what they really are, or what in their heart they want to be; and so they punish their own folly, or revenge themselves on their own virtue vicariously, as it were.

Not but that there are silly women, who, when one of their "sisters" is in distress or trouble, whether by her own fault or by some one else's, hasten to her, and endeavour, by every means in their power, to console and cheer her. Precious fools! they never reflect that they cannot associate with such creatures without being taken by the world as being in the same boat with them; and so, whether rightly or not, all they get, by what they call their sympathy, is the same coldness and contempt which those get with whom they sympathise.

It is evident that as long as you can get the help of women themselves, you men will have no difficulty in keeping them in subjection. I have already in a former paper, when giving you my *reasons* (as you call them) for supporting polygamy, instructed you in the method of governing females by setting one against the other. So strong is their jealousy and love of quarrelling that you will never find any difficulty in doing this.

Bring women down to the level of your tastes—if you like impudence, vulgarity, and immodesty, make your women impudent, vulgar, and immodest. The moment women combine together to elevate man, and resolutely set their faces against self-indulgence and coarseness; the moment that they agree upon a high code of morality, founded on something more than pretence and refined hypocrisy; the moment they bring all their power of ridicule and quiet contempt to bear on men who follow no guide but their appetites, from that moment beware, oh Men! for your reign is over.

(*Private and Confidential.*)—Don't read the above paragraph out loud in your families; it might be dangerous.

But you need not alarm yourselves, Lords of the Creation, as you call yourselves, I should as soon expect to find linnets ruling us Parrots as to find women governing men; at least for any good end.

And you women are quite right to submit at least, in appearance. You know your power, and the source whence it springs. I confess I feel more than half inclined to take your side; you show such excellent good sense in some things—in arguments for instance—there you are my most promising pupils. I never heard a woman give *a reason* for what she believed, or said, or did, and I hope I never shall.

Besides, who can prevent despising men, after all? at least no Parrot can—for with all their boasted superiority to you, women, what fools they do make of themselves in your hands! You will always be able to make slaves of them, if you let them think they are free, and lords over you. Above all, be careful to encourage them in pleasure-seeking and idling, and dissipation, for if men ever get like Parrots, to take delight in nothing so much as in serious reflection, and philosophic thought, good bye to your power over them. You will have to emigrate to some other world.

Philosophic thought, I said; and this reminds me that all philosophers are only men who have lived with no creatures but Parrots, and who, by constantly and secretly listening to our conversation—for we rarely talk when men or women are by—have committed to memory the jewels of our wisdom, and afterwards reproduced them in their own vulgar setting.

So ends my discourse on the treatment of women. It may seem inconsistent, but I can't help it. Men and women are so inconsistent that when one talks about them, one must be so too.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR MAY.

Private Life.

The Beau Monde has long thrown its doors open to English newspaper reporters. When Madame la Marquise de Sole-Normande has given a small family dinner, it has been quite the mode to have the *menu* published the next morning in a journal said to have had "the largest circulation in the world." In May the butchers', laundresses', tailors', and hosiers' bills, &c., of distinguished people will be published daily.

Public Life.

During the whole of the past season journalists have been permitted to be present at the debates in the Chambers as spectators, but not as reporters. In May editors of newspapers will have full liberty to write whatever they please. For the present, however, they will not be permitted to print or to publish the articles they may write in accordance with this decree.

Theatres.

Wit and morality have quite gone out of fashion. Sedition is coming in, but indecency and blasphemy are still highly popular.

Dress.

Extravagance is, of course, the mode for May. Garments giving a maximum of expense and immodesty, and a minimum of use and gracefulness, are again the rage. On account (probably) of the near approach of the warm weather, ball dresses will not be worn above the waist.

Army.

The standard is to be heightened. Soldiers will be required to be at least four feet five. The pay of captains is to be increased. In future, officers of this rank will receive a franc and a half a day.

General.

It will be remembered that in the Exhibition year some English gentlemen attempted to introduce morning "tubbing" into France. The fashion was adopted by one or two enthusiastic Frenchmen, but has gradually died out.

Male evening dress for May will be the same as that worn in April—blue tail coat with glass buttons, three waistcoats (two under, one over, embroidered profusely), aggressive shirt front, huge white tie, and the usual fancy chequed tweed morning trowsers ("as advertised—two hundred patterns to choose from").

Velocipedes will now take the place of horses—they are cheaper and more easily managed.

French gentlemen will call themselves "bebés," dress themselves like shopkeepers, live among actresses, gamble like chevaliers de l'industrie, and confine themselves in conversation to the topics most in vogue among the most vicious "set" of costermongers. They will drive four-in-hands to the races with as much grace and ease as an untutored elephant would accomplish a polka mazurka. They will look like snobs, chatter like monkeys, and behave like fools.

THE DIGNITY OF THE DRAMA.

So people are at length awake to the fact that some theatres are crammed to the roof with orders. Managers, of course, are making a hundred and one excuses in defence of the miserable clap-trap system, and possibly *they* cannot help themselves. The fact is, the whole thing is the result of a vicious taste for *puff!* The vulgarity of theatrical advertising to-day knows no bounds. It matters not of what sort is the entertainment, the great, staring, lying lines are thrust into every leader sheet for the purpose of cheating the public into patronage. Some actors like several separate lines to themselves, and descend to the "repetition" method of catching the eye, as if they were so much cocoa. Others wrench off the fag end of a criticism, and tack it on to their names unblushingly. Dramatic authors, even, advertise their literary wares as if they were pickles or beer.

To this level has the "profession" (profession, indeed!) sunk! Nothing is more sickening to a man who knows anything of the matter, than a glance at the *Times'* theatrical advertisement sheet on Saturday morning. The whole page, with one or two rare exceptions, teems with bad taste, and the only satisfaction he experiences is in the knowledge that the indulgence of the vulgarity has cost someone a pretty figure.

We do not care to ask, either, who introduced this degrading fashion into our midst, or from what quarter it came. Suffice it to say, that it is to *it* that we attribute unhesitatingly all the packing and cramming and forcing of bad pieces which has so properly disgusted the modern intellectual playgoer. What is the use of actors, managers, and authors, talking big things about the days of Garrick, Coleman, Goldsmith, and Sheridan—as if they, forsooth, were continuing the glorious line of the drama's heroes! Garrick and Goldsmith! Why such men would retire into private life—blushing—in 1869!

VERY CROSS QUESTIONS.

Q.—Answer us. Who is Lord Portman?
A.—He is a Peer.
Q.—Well, we know that. But that proves nothing. Can you tell us why?
A.—I can. Men with jockeys' tastes may be Peers. There are plenty of Lords who are fit only for the society of stable lads and grooms.
Q.—Then you know nothing of this Lord Portman?
A.—Nothing.
Q.—Think again. Did he not say something or other in the House of Lords the other evening?
A.—You remind me,—he did.
Q.—Well, was it anything very wise or very foolish?
A.—Very foolish indeed. He said a Bishop could not live respectably on £2,500 a-year. He hinted that an ecclesiastic who had to be brought, by virtue of his spiritual duties, into the company of their lordships, was not equal to the dignity of his station unless paid at a far higher rate.
Q.—Then money, according to these men, makes the gentleman?
A.—No, not the gentleman,—the Peer.
Q.—You are right. But to revert once more to Lord Portman's ideas on the subject of a bishop's income. Do you think his lordship wise, when he argues that one of the highest Christian dignities should necessarily give the lie to self-denial and other obvious Christian virtues?
A.—No, I do not. I think his lordship, like a good many other better men, talks about that of which he knows nothing. Foreign bishops, for whom a reverence is entertained, far higher than that which our comfortably housed, carriaged, and sleeved bench inspires, receive nothing like £2,500 a year. Lord Portman, therefore, talks rubbish.
Q.—You would suppose, then, that he in no way respected their ecclesiastical office?
A.—In no way whatever.
Q.—Dear me, that is very sad. Can you tell me what will become of the spiritual Peers?
A.—Pretty much what will become of the Peers temporal.
Q.—And pray, what is that?
A.—Disestablishment, and that rapidly, unless they take care what they are about.

"WHERE IS ZADKIEL?"

Prince Arthur has had enough of his Irish campaign, and is now taking a quiet little holiday in the Isle of Man. We hope that His Royal Highness has enjoyed his tour in the Emerald Isle, but we fear much that this cannot have been the case, at all events so far as his sojourn at Derry was concerned. The fact is that our Royal Bombardier is unfortunate in his princely progresses. Let us hope that our little American difficulty may be settled before His Royal Highness goes to Canada (where he is shortly due), or we shall be getting superstitious.

"DEARER THAN LIFE."

A CONTEMPORARY under the heading of "COURT AND FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE," gives us the following bit of information :—

"It is stated that the rescue of the miners at Brierly Hill, will cost the Earl of Dudley £25,000."

What are we to understand by this? That the men's lives were dear at the price, and Lord Dudley is to be condoled with at having had to put his hand into his pocket for so large a sum, or that his Lordship is to be extolled for having rescued his workmen at any pecuniary sacrifice?

Although we should be glad to hear any further details of the fearful catastrophe which could shed fresh lustre on the heroism of the gallant men who staked even more than £25,000—their lives—to rescue their comrades, we do not care to hear of the part which the Earl of Dudley played in the tragedy. His *role* was certainly no serious one, "first grave-digger" at the most, and his lordship will be guilty of the grossest bad taste if he makes any more such attempts as that we instance above, to set himself up as the hero of the play.

MATRIMONIAL EXPEDIENCY.

They were two daughters of one race :
One dead, the other took her place ;
Brotherly love! ho! fiddle-de-dee!
The *Noes* were but one forty-four ;
I'm backed by retrospective law ;
Oh! the *Ayes* were two forty-three!

Who'd run a tilt 'gainst common sense?
I married for convenience ;
Brotherly love? ho! fiddle-de-dee!
'Tis wiser th' ills we *know* to bear
Than run the chance worse elsewhere ;
Oh! the *Ayes* were two forty-three!

Twice married—but I'm bound to state
Th' expediency of this is great :
Brotherly love? ho! fiddle-de-dee!
I'm now no worse off than before,
I only have *one* mother-in-law,
And she's one too many for me!

THE VULGAR GODDESS.

AT the dissolution of the *Corps Legislatif*, the other day, we are told that, after the customary shout of "Vive l'Empereur," M. Jules Favre, standing on his bench, and drawing himself up to his full height, bawled out, *several times*, in a stentorian voice, amidst derisive cheers, "Vive la Liberté!" Of the etiquette preserved on these occasions in the lower French Chamber we know nothing, but as far as we can form any sort of judgment from analogy, we must confess this reads like a bit of unprovoked blackguardism. M. Jules Favre is one of those noisy demagogues who, simply because they are always braying out on the side of revolution on the Continent, command the sympathies not only of the Radicals, but, we regret also to add, of the Liberals in this country. Whenever there is a regular Billingsgate row in the Corps Legislatif, this man is always sure to be at the bottom of it, and, he may depend upon it, the sort of altercations he delights in would not be tolerated for an instant even in our rather ill-behaved House of Commons. True sons of Liberty have, however, been always a little low in their tastes. The rascals of the great revolution thought they could imbue themselves with the spirit of Rome of old, by getting themselves up in togas and tinsel; and this species of vulgarity seems still to hang about a certain class of Continental politicians. What is the use, we should like to know, of such an exhibition as that afforded by this French Deputy? Where is the legislative tact, the patriotism, the dignity, the respectability, of a leap on to an arm-chair, and a succession of savage street yells? What is to come of it but an upholsterer's bill and a tremendous set-to with the usher? We may not sympathise entirely with Imperial France, but, at her worst, she can show us a better programme than that of the contemptible clique English correspondents dignify by the name of "the Opposition." Liberty is a good thing in its way, but blood, bluster, and barricades do not at all make up the sort of seasoning with which we wish to see it served. We cannot, of course, imagine such a thing possible with us; but were some Radical member to fly on to the table of the House, hurl out his legs, and screech "Down with the Queen," we have not a moral doubt but that he would be called to order on the spot, and probably well horse-whipped afterwards. Yes, we do these things, as yet, "better in England."

THE EMPIRE AND ITS PAY.

THE Emperor of the French is certainly a monarch of considerable sagacity, for he understands most thoroughly the principle of making a very little go a very long way. From an announcement in the official journal of the Empire, it appears that His Majesty intends to celebrate his next *fête* day, the 15th of August, by an act of generosity to the veteran survivors of his uncle's campaigns. The Emperor intends to grant from the funds of the Bank of Deposit increased life annuities to old soldiers who have served under the Republic and First Empire, so that none of these gallant old men shall receive an annual pension of less than 250 francs, which, in our English money, is just ten pounds.

As this Imperial bounty has little of the spirit of extravagance about it, and has moreover been a great success across the Channel, we are not surprised to hear that Mr. Gladstone is about to "adapt" the idea, and that, with the assistance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the right honourable gentleman has prepared the following list of special pensions, which will duly be notified in the *London Gazette* on the occasion of the next celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday :—

Pensions of £20 a Year.

CURATES who have attained the age of eighty, and have served at least forty years in a subordinate capacity.
PRINCE CHRISTIAN of Schleswig Holstein.
CAPTAINS IN THE ARMY who have been "purchased over" more than thirty times.

Pensions of £10 a Year.

CURATES who have attained the age of seventy, and have not less than twenty persons dependent on them for support.
SOLDIERS who have served at Waterloo, in the Peninsula, and have received two good conduct medals; on completion of their eighty-fifth year.
ALDERMAN SIR ROBERT CARDEN, on condition of his immediate emigration to New Zealand.

Pensions of £5 a Year.

CURATES having fifteen children and upwards, on attaining the age of sixty.
SAILORS of the Royal Navy, who served at the Battle of the Nile.
DR. LIVINGSTONE.

We believe that the reason for keeping Her Majesty's Birthday on the 2nd proximo, or more than a week later than the day itself, is because the pensions commence on the date of celebration, and not on the 24th of May, by which arrangement (for which Mr. Lowe is responsible) a saving of £1 3s. 2¼d. will be effected on account thereof. Certainly, our Chancellor of the Exchequer is a model economist.

A GOOD AIM.

ALTHOUGH no one can accuse our independent and well-conducted contemporary, the *Broad Arrow*, of drawing the long bow, in calling for the reduction of the period for which regiments are now sent on foreign service, the *Broad Arrow* has hit the mark.—[Ha! ha! ha! a righte merrie jeste!—ED. TOM.]

STALE AND UNPROFITABLE.

A SELECT committee of the House of Commons, after weeks of deliberation, has just presented the following "special" report regarding the affairs of the Great Central Gas Company :—

"The committee are satisfied on the evidence of the promoters that for many years there has been no sufficient audit or supervision of the accounts of the company, and that defalcations have occurred extending over a period of six or seven years, and exceeding in amount £71,000."

Taking into consideration the notoriety which has been given to the doings or rather misdoings of a certain Mr. Benjamin Higgs, it required no select committee to tell the House of Commons or any one else that there has been a great system of robbery and that it should have been discovered years ago. The point that the public is now anxious about is who will bear the loss of seventy-one thousand and odd pounds—whether the proprietors or auditors? for certainly the consumers should not be made to "pay the piper" by an increase in the price of the gas supplied to them. This question seems, however, to have been entirely ignored. We trust that the committee will be called upon to reconsider its report, for the House of Commons has a right to look for something more practical than a mere statement of facts a month old.

SIGHTS OF A SITE.

MR. LOWE has fairly taken the world by surprise. Until a few days ago we believed, with the rest of mankind, that one of two sites would be selected for the new Palace of Justice. To our astonishment, the right honourable gentleman suggested a third spot, and argued in support of his selection that the ground would be cheap, and the site imposing. As it is said that some of our public offices are shortly to be removed from the land which they now occupy to distant climes, we are not astonished to find that the following schemes have been submitted for approval :—

Name of Office.	Proposer.	Site proposed.
War Office.	Mr. Lowe.	Primrose Hill — the ground is cheap, and the site charming.
Horse Guards.	H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.	Whitehall — nice place, near the Horse Guards' Clock, and a long way off from those impudent fellows at the War Office.
The Admiralty.	Mr. Childers.	The Thames Tunnel — inexpensive, and close to the water.
India Office. Foreign Office. Treasury.	Mr. E. T. Smith.	Cremorne. (N.B.—The Cremorne supper is served at twelve o'clock.

There! And yet people say that the English have no imagination!

THE GREAT CUTLERY QUESTION.

HER Majesty's Stationery Office having discerned a difficulty that might possibly have arisen in respect to a recently issued circular by which the clerks of the several Government offices, although compelled to cut their quill pens at least half a-dozen times before throwing them away, were deprived of the supply of penknives wherewith to effect this desirable economy has rescinded its order, and its officers have turned their retrenching powers in another direction. We have reason to believe that the following articles now given to heads of Department will no longer be issued :—

TURKEY CARPETS as used at the Foreign Office, India Office, The Treasury, the War Office, &c., &c.
SILVER-PLATED INKSTANDS as supplied to Secretaries of State, Lords of the Treasury, &c., &c.
MOROCCO LEATHER BLOTTING BOOKS as used by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.
NOTE PAPER.—Superfine cream laid stamped with the private crest of the head of the department.
GREEN SILK RIBBON as issued to all officers of the departmental staffs.

If any "Circular order" to this effect is really going to be issued, a great deal more money will be saved thereby, than by the provisions of its repealed predecessor. Brussels carpets. oak inkstands, ordinary blotting pads, official note paper, and ordinary red tape, would surely meet the requirement of the most highly bred members of State who might well dispense with the above named expensive superfluities which are now supplied wholesale to the West-end public offices.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN with slow hesitating speech,
The once glib orator unfolded
My tortuous First, grief changed to joy,
And those approved who should have scolded ;
All fancied that my Second safe,
Within his faltering words lay hidden,
Surprised to find a harvest home,
When to a funeral they'd been bidden.

Yet brief enough their joy should be
If they the boon would but consider ;
They'd find he gives not always most
Who is the loudest highest bidder ;
Remembering his favourite book,
Timerent Danaos gifts when bringing,
And doubt lest they had cause to wail
Then most when songs of triumph singing.

1.

He plucked the soft and scented flower,
And gave it to the smiling maid,
"That flower's an emblem of your life,
But this of mine," he sadly said.

2.

As this may be to which our lives
We put, our happiness depends ;
Would you be rich, of this your gold
Make, and, which pays as well, your friends.

3

When they're children, maidens play
So familiarly with me,
That my nature they must catch,
For in me all girls you see.

4

This name by a blunder chosen,
Ne'er by blunder was disgraced ;
He was Nature's truest mirror,
Which nor flattered nor defaced.

5

Beauty's tongue, Hate's sword, Truth's well,
Where in liquid depths she lies ;
Sorrow's refuge from the heart,
Where to drown herself she tries.

6

Cupid's squall when he would ape,
Auster's fury, Ocean's roar ;
Ne'er believe him, though he threaten,
On eternal flight to soar.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 106.] *LONDON, MAY* 15, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

FRIEND JOHN,—Thou must often have reflected in thy office at the Board of Trade on the falseness of the old proverb that "second thoughts are best;" for certainly hadst thou stuck to thy first resolution that John Bright in the Cabinet might become a mere Jack in office, thou wouldst have stood higher in thy own and in thy country's opinion than thou dost now.

I have always spoken to thee, friend, as is my habit, in a very free-spoken way. Thou hast very great and good qualities as we all know, but thou art the most obstinate and perverse man, where thy hobby is concerned, that ever was born. Hadst thou been a Tory thou wouldst have been a terrible fellow. Thou wouldst have thundered away against Protection and Reform in the most eloquent and energetic language, thou wouldst never have voted for any Reform Bill, but wouldst have been true to thy principles at whatever cost. Thou wouldst have been a fine sight, friend that thou wouldst, stoutly denying that Free Trade had cheapened anything; and a mighty speech thou wouldst have made to prove it. But thou art a Radical, John, and a bold and true one; thy great fault is that thou believest nothing to be true which is not said by thee, and that thou deniest all facts and will not see them, if they be against thy convictions. Thou hast thy own notions of what is right; and thou allowest nothing to be right but what suits thy fancy; and what is wrong thou wilt have set right in no other way but what pleases thee. Thou hatest large landowners merely because they are large landowners, and thou never considerest that they may do as much good, or more, than large manufacturers. Thou seemest to think that all money got by trade is got honestly, but that all wealth got by heritage is got dishonestly. If thou seest a brick in a wall that is not quite straight, thou will pull down the whole wall rather than try and mend the brick. Thou hast such a strong belief in thyself, because thou hast been proved right in some things, that thou believest in no one else, and forgettest that thou hast been proved wrong in many things. Thou art too rash to lead, and too stubborn to obey, and thy friends that bade thee take office were bigger fools than thou when thou didst their bidding.

Thou art a man of peace, friend, by profession; but verily in practice, thou art too often a firebrand of war. Thou hast counselled people to take that by force which they have got by patience; and thou speakest words now which are pretty sure to cause strife, where there should be concord. Thou hast said on the Irish land question that which thou knowest thou shouldst not have said; for the Right Honble. John Bright, President of the Board of Trade, is not John Bright, the private member. Thy scheme for giving the land in Ireland to the peasantry is a scheme to which thy colleagues never have agreed, nor could ever agree; and thou knowest that well. Neither thy chief nor any of thy fellow-ministers could support a measure which involves the doing away with the rights of primogeniture altogether. For thy precious scheme means nothing less. Thou wouldst buy estates in Ireland with public money, and sell these estates in small holdings to peasant proprietors. Thou wouldst thus make the State the landlord, and either the State would have to exercise the rights of a landlord, or would have to lose the purchase money. How couldst thou help some of these proprietors being ruined by their improvidence or idleness, and those who were provident and industrious burying their holdings, and so in time becoming large landowners, unless there were a law against large holdings, and enforcing equal division among the children or heirs-at-law? It is an old truth this, friend, but none the less true, that small holdings can only be perpetuated by such a law, and at the risk of impoverishing the land, and checking all improvement and enterprise. The plan that thou proposest would give every advantage to the careless and idle, and every disadvantage to the prudent and industrious. Landlords are too glad of good tenants in their own interests, and to such would willingly give long leases; but it is very unjust to expect them to keep bad tenants on for ever, who not only pay no rent, but lower the value of the land as long as they hold it. To secure proper compensation to tenants for improvements, to do away with arbitrary evictions, to give time to those embarrassed by misfortune or enterprise in which to pay arrears of rent, all this is fair; and no good landlord would complain of a law compelling him to do so; but to instal bad tenants on the land on interminable leases, is nothing less than confiscating the land for the worst of purposes.

But putting aside the economical view of the question, thou knowest, friend John, that there is a party in Ireland which claims the land for the peasants as theirs by right-inalienable, and that to this party we owe those assassinations which have made many parts of Ireland more dreaded than a tiger-haunted jungle. Thou canst not be so blind to the meaning of which thy words are capable, as to think that this party will not gather from them, that the Government favours their claims, and intends to support them. Whatever the Cabinet had determined on, prudence should have taught thee to hold thy peace at such a time; but knowing as thou well knewest, that thou wast speaking without their sanction, and without a chance of ever getting it, thou hast been guilty of very grave treachery to thy colleagues, of a very great insult to Parliament, and of a serious injury to thy country.

The love of liberty, friend, is a very noble passion; but it should be coupled with a reverence for order, which thou hast not. Thou wouldst do a great deal to keep thy country from war, but thou dost all thou can to plunge her into revolution. Thou choosest too a time to do this when Reform is not scouted and resisted by an overwhelming force, but when, on all sides, there is an earnest desire, and a hearty effort, to deal with all abuses as effectively and severely as possible. This is an ill time to inflame passions which spring from turbulence and disloyalty, not from a sense of injustice and oppression. Thou art too but a bad son to thy country, friend, if thou aidest violence and sedition in their efforts to turn Reform into Rebellion, and progress into ruin.

I am, thy friend, but not admirer,

TOMAHAWK.

ON TRIAL.

A BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

ALTHOUGH the Commissioners met at an early hour, so great appeared to be the interest attaching to the present inquiry that that portion of the room set apart for public use was crammed to suffocation shortly after the opening of the doors.

The first witness called described himself as a "thirty years member." He said: I have been a member of the House for some considerable time. I have had some experience of its ways. It is the least dignified, most colloquial, and certainly the least intellectual debating society in Europe. I do not mean this to apply to all its sittings. It does possess men of unquestionable talent and satisfactory oratorical capacity. I allude to its average character. The dreariness, the monotony, the stumbling, the stupidity with which it disposes of its ordinary work baffle description. The boys who talk politics at the Oxford Union Society need not dread a comparison with this world renowned assembly. No, I have not contributed much to the speaking power of the House. I have been returned through family interest these last thirty years for Bilgeborough. I mean by family interest the power to coerce and cow a set of men who ought to exercise their vote freely, and give it according to the dictates of their conscience, into a cringing submission to local power. I do not really represent Bilgeborough—that is, the views of the vast majority of its inhabitants; I represent Lord Screwover, who owns the best part of it, and of whom these people are the political slaves. Yes, at election time I *do* talk about the glories of the British Constitution. No, I do not believe in them in the same sense in which I allude to them on the hustings. I do not go into Parliament with any patriotic motive whatever. My sole objects are position and an opportunity of dipping my hand into the public purse for the benefit of myself and family. Yes, I have made it pay very well hitherto. I confess there is nothing noble or exalted in these sentiments. If you insist on pressing the question, I admit I am a cur. I am a very bad speaker. I know nothing of politics. I vote for my party like an unreflecting booby. I am a dense, pig-headed, shameless dummy. I am an average M.P. The witness was here ordered to stand down.

A great party leader was then called. After a smile and a sneer at the chairman, he said: I have been a Prime Minister. I know all about everything. I consider the three great requisites for a successful parliamentary career to be eloquence, impudence, and greed. I have, I flatter myself, spoken tolerably in my time. I have never uttered a single word from my heart in the whole course of my career. I regard the interests of the nation as a chess player regards his pieces. He is willing to sacrifice them whenever necessary for the benefit of his own "little game." I have sacrificed a considerable number of pieces in prosecuting my own. I do not care whether the nation goes to the dogs tomorrow, provided I can fill my own pockets. I have shown that I am actuated by these practical considerations over and over again. I have hounded on the mongrels who follow me to impede, as far as they can, the progress of great national measures. I have done this in the hope that some chance slip or hesitation of those in power might give me an opportunity of kicking them out and grabbing the public money once more. A tradesman would scarcely descend to such blackguardism, but a tradesman is not a statesman. No, I am not ashamed of it. My friends mistrust me, and they are right. My enemies allude to me as an unprincipled mountebank, and they are not far wrong. I am indifferent to both. I am indifferent because, in political life, we have a happy knack of glozing over filthy deeds with fine words. I regret, also, that a successful knave has always the pull of honest fools. Yes, knaves abound in parliamentary life. I can prove what I say, by referring you to at least two hundred appointments made within the last ten years. No, the British nation has nothing to be proud of in its legislature. I mean by the British nation, a great mass of miserable flunkeys. I consider the House good enough for them. While it exists in its present condition, as an irresponsible, badly managed assembly, in which the welfare of the nation is prostituted for the purpose of filling the pockets of its representatives, I shall certainly continue to be a statesman.

The witness here stood down, amid a strong outburst of indignation, which, however, appeared to cause him considerable amusement.—The Committee then adjourned.

BRITANNIA IN TROUBLE.

"HEIGHO! my troubles are indeed unceasing;
The more there are, the more they keep increasing.
Abroad, for me there's care enough and labour;
At home, I'm worried by my next door neighbour,
Whose chronic grumbling in my ear ding-dongs
One constant harping on poor Erin's wrongs.
Whate'er I strive to do, 'tis plain to me
The more I try the more she *won't* agree.
In vain all favour I attempt to smother;
I'm hissed by one side, hooted by the other—
When sense of justice I would fain inspire,
Municipal bellows fan the hidden fire—
In vino veritas, when ev'ry rogue
Is fired with ardour, treasonable brogue
To after-dinner glory points the way,
And muddled Munster hiccoughs a Hurrah!

Shall Britain's name be draggled in the dirt,
And such a dinner meet with no dessert?
Or shall they rave unchecked? I stuff my ear
With the time-serving cotton wool of fear?
Deaf to all outrage, sit mumchance, and pale,
While mobs unbitten pull my lion's tail?

Heigho! the remedy I seek, where is it?
I've tried the opiate of the Prince's visit:
But North, and South, results are much the same—
With what concession can I drown the flame?
On both sides insult.—threats from ev'ry grade,—
Patriots and wine,—or mobs and *Orange*-aid!

What medicine for this case is most expedient?
Is Disestablishment the sole ingredient?
Delays are dangerous: something I must settle:
Britannia is, I may say, on her mettle!
I'll keep my course: although some say, in spite,
I am too old to growl, much less to bite—
To work in earnest I must now be turning,
And drop my fiddle whilst this Rome is burning."

PRIZE RIDDLE.

THE following mysterious paragraph has been sent to us for insertion. We shall be happy to receive solutions in our next:—

ICE FOR ISIS!—Harvard and Oxford Universities have agreed upon the terms of a four-oared race. Look to it, ye sons of the Isis, lest your Yankee rivals bear from you all the glory your name gained. The Harvard men mean a struggle. They will send four *really* best men. Let us hope that Oxford will do the same, and let no favouritism or cliqueism interfere with her choice. What we have said about this matter of oars should be taken as matter of course.

NEW "SENSATION" SCENES.

THE advertisers are daily encroaching in every direction. Moses' Poet has now a thousand rivals, and "advertisement epics," "advertisement lectures," and "advertisement novels" are as common as blackberries in the month of October. The stage has been assailed, and pantomime has long been given over to puffs and the puffers. We regret to hear that it is probable that drama—Respectable Drama—will soon fall a victim to the advertiser's cash. If report lieth not, the following scene will be played at one of the chief metropolitan theatres next month :—

SCENE.—*A Dark Cellar supposed to be under the Thames. Rats, &c., crawling about.* SIR JOHN EFFINGHAM, *clasping a book to his breast, lies in a corner.*

[*Enter a* GAOLER.

GAOLER.—Once more the Lord Chief Justice has sent me. Tell me, prisoner, will't confess?

SIR JOHN (*firmly*).—No—a thousand times no!

GAOLER.—Then meet thy fate, proud man. [*Exit* GAOLER.

SIR JOHN.—Not for a thousand pounds would I reveal my secret. Ah, sweet companion of my captivity, how I love thee! (*He kisses his book.*) And now I am prepared for the worst!

(GONG, GRAND PROCESSION OF POLICEMEN, TORTURERS, EXECUTIONERS, ADVOCATES, JUDGES, *and* GUARDS. *After the procession the* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *enters the cell.*)

LORD C. J.—Prisoner, thou knowest what is required of thee. Will't thou answer, or must we tear thy secrets from thee with the aid of deft executioner and exquisite torture?

SIR JOHN (*firmly*).—Do thy worst!

(*The* LORD CHIEF JUSTICE *makes a sign, and the* TORTURERS *and* EXECUTIONERS *seize* SIR JOHN.)

SIR JOHN (*shrinking*).—Have you no mercy?

LORD C. J. (*sternly*).—None!

SIR JOHN.—What woulds't thou?

LORD C. J.—We would know if the periodical thou holdest in thy hand can be obtained at every respectable newsvendor?

SIR JOHN (*with an effort*).—Yes.

LORD C. J.—In town and country?

SIR JOHN (*firmly*).—I will not tell!

LORD C. J. (*to the Torturers*).—Ho! Seize him—to the rack with him. (SIR JOHN *shrieks.*) Once more I ask thee, in town and country?

SIR JOHN (*faintly*).—Yes!

LORD C. J.—Is it an excellent medium for advertisers.

SIR JOHN.—Haughty tyrant, it is—a most excellent one!

LORD C. J.—And its name? I repeat, its name—Quick, or the headsman's axe awaits thee!

SIR JOHN (*feebly and with gasps*).—"Britannia," a Shilling Magazine. Edited by Arthur a'Beckett, and illustrated by Matt Morgan!

LORD C. J.—Seize the work. (*The May Number of "Britannia" is wrenched out of* SIR JOHN'S *hands. The* LORD C. J. *in his anxiety to obtain sufficient light to read the popular periodical, pulls down the wall of the cellar. The waters of the Thames rush in.*)

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.

SUITES TO THE SWEET.

WE believe that the great success which has attended the recent visit of Prince Arthur to Ireland at a time when murder was rife in that miserable country has suggested to the Government the advisability of despatching the following August Personages on the tours hereafter set down.

H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice to New Zealand.—Arrangements will be made to introduce Her Royal Highness to the hostile Maori chiefs, who will be requested to read an address on the interesting occasion.

H.R.H. Prince Leopold to Sierra Leone.—His Royal Highness will be lodged at the Fever Hospital. And lastly,

H.R.H. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein (by particular desire) to Jericho.

THE BADGE OF OFFICE.

SINCE the 1st of May the postmen of London have appeared in a new uniform. Instead of the old-fashioned coat with "G.P.O." on the collar, the men are now clothed in a sensible semi-military tunic, with the initial letters of the district to which they are attached prominently emblazoned on its facings. In consequence of the great praise lavished by the press upon this new regulation, it was at first the intention of the Government to put the whole Civil Service into uniform, but as a great deal of opposition to the scheme was offered by the employées in the principal Government offices, the following compromise has been arrived at, which while clearly defining the departments to which the Civil Servants are severally attached, avoids any unnecessary outrage to their proverbially sensitive dispositions.

FOREIGN OFFICE.

MORNING DRESS.—*Trowsers* ...Light grey.
Necktie .....Red or blue satin in sailor's knot.
Boots .....Patent leather.
Flower .....Stephanotis.
Gloves .....Canary.

EVENING DRESS.—*Coats* .....Blue, with brass buttons.
Waistcoat...White.
Shoes.....Patent leather.
Socks .....Crimson silk.
Flower .....Stephanotis and carnation.
Gloves .....White.

TREASURY.

MORNING DRESS.—*Trowsers* ...Dark colour.
Necktie .....Indigo blue, with white spots, worn twice round the neck, and tied in a bow.
Boots .....Button.
Flower .....Bunch of violets.
Gloves .....Dogskin.

EVENING DRESS.—*Coat* .....Black, with velvet collar, and very long tails.
Waistcoat...Black.
Shoes.....Pumps.
Socks .....Black silk.
Flower .....Rose.
Gloves .....Grey.

The new regulations for the other departments of State have not yet been decided upon.

TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

THE following advertisement appeared last week in the *Daily Telegraph*, in suspicious proximity to those announcements headed "To all in debt," "Money advanced," and "No Enquiry Fees," which almost always occupy a good half-column of our contemporary's space :—

THE GENII of BENJAMIN HIGGS, and of all concerned in the modus, audit, and results of the GREAT CENTRAL GAS COMPANY'S ACCOUNTS, are hereby challenged, for one hundred guineas, to compete with the writer's SINGLE ENTRY'S guaranteed power of precluding embezzlement, falsification, and erroneous results, while presenting them monthly, in a clear, infallible, continuously progressing, self-auditing, and consultable balance account, for fifty per cent. less in time and cost than the double entry. Proffered to that and all similar establishments, by Mr. ——, &c., &c.

The real object of the advertisement its author in the madness of his waggery, has left a little obscure, but as a smart hit at the Central Gas Company, and as a lively dig in the ribs of Mr. Benjamin Higgs, the announcement is, to say the least of it, unique. We forbear to quote the advertiser's name and address, lest Mr. Higgs and his *confrères* on a smaller scale (who may be numbered by hundreds), should overwhelm him with their claims to the proffered reward.

MOTTO FOR MR. TRUBNER, THE AUTHORISED PUBLISHER OF THE "BREITMANN BALLADS."—"Hotten's a cool un."

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for May,

Price 1s.

On MAY the 24th,

THE DERBY DOUBLE NUMBER

OF

THE "TOMAHAWK,"

Edited by

ARTHUR A'BECKETT,

MAGNIFICENT CARTOON by MATT MORGAN,

AND CONTRIBUTIONS

FROM THE ORIGINAL STAFF OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

LONDON, MAY 15, 1869.

TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

TOMAHAWK presents his compliments to the Roman Catholics of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in all sober seriousness suggests that a fund, to be called "THE WHALLEY CATHOLIC TESTIMONIAL FUND," be started, with the aim of presenting a mark of respect to the Honourable Member for Peterborough, in consideration of his valuable services in the cause of Roman Catholicism in England. The Editor of the TOMAHAWK (who will be happy to head the subscription list with a couple of guineas) will receive donations at the Office, 199 Strand.

Should the sum collected warrant the outlay, a list of subscriptions will be published in the *Times*, *Tablet*, and *Weekly Register*.

Should the amount collected prove trifling, a list of the subscriptions will be printed (*free of all charge*) in the columns of the TOMAHAWK.

Post-office orders to be made payable to H. E. Heather, 199 Strand.

THE WEEK.

OUGHT the Season at the Tuileries to take a lesson from that at St. James's, or *vice versâ?* Which is preferable, an occasional *Bal-masqué* or a perpetual *Bal-moral?*

WE beg to contradict the report that the Emperor of the French has offered M. Rouher's post to Mr. Bright. As speaking and irresponsible minister, that right honourable gentleman would indeed shine, but he is too fond of his country to desert it in its hour of need for any position, however splendidly tempting.

ALL honour to Mr. Preston, stipendiary magistrate of Birkenhead, who passed a sentence of six weeks' imprisonment, with hard labour, upon a tripe and potted meat dealer named Purdy, on whose premises the police had found a quantity of putrid meat. We are sorry the sentence could not have been a longer one. Such magistrates as Mr. Preston will ever receive honour in our pages.

LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY is determined that the world shall not forget his virtues. The unfortunate Comtesse d'Alteyrac has been before the Bankruptcy Court, and in the course of her examination she stated that she had only received £500 of the money awarded to her—the award being £5,000, and £1,200 per annum for life, and the date of it February, 1868. Surely Lord Willoughby D'Eresby must find paying his debts such a pleasure that he defers it as long as he can, in order that he may not deny himself the delight of having such a treat to which to look forward. Really, he is a wonderful man. One never can fathom the mysterious goodness of his nature—eccentric, wayward; going its own way about its work, but always noble, generous, and high-minded. Why are there not more peers like Lord Willoughby D'Eresby? We should hear no cry then against the House of Lords. It would then be a heaven of saints, to which the weary legislator might well look forward as a haven of rest and happiness.

CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.

HIS Royal Highness the Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein cost the Nation the other day no less than £60 sterling. Britannia will not grudge her darling the sum when she learns that the money was expended to waft him from Dover to Calais. However, as some Englishmen are fond of statistics, we are delighted to be in a position to give in detail the bill presented by the Prince to the Government:—

THE BRITISH PEOPLE DR. TO H.R.H. PRINCE CHRISTIAN.

	£	s.	d.
To two passages between Dover and Calais for self and Royal Spouse	2	0	0
To dinner before starting, for self	6	0	0
To pocket money for self on the voyage	32	0	0
To extras on the voyage	19	17	3½
To steward's fee	0	2	6
To extra gratuity to steward	0	0	2½
Total	60	0	0

After this statement, we trust that the *Pall Mall Gazette* will grumble no longer at the amount claimed by the Royal Traveller. As Prince Christian is of no use to any one, we must consider (and of course *do* consider) his presence in England a luxury, and we all know that luxuries are expensive.

"UN MOT" FOR MOSES.

WE learn from the walls of the Academy that that elderly Je—hem, we beg pardon, we mean *Hebrew*—Sir Moses Montefiore, was in the habit of walking about the East costumed as an English Deputy-Lieutenant. From his picture in Piccadilly, it would appear that the titled alien never went within a hundred yards of a mosque without getting up in scarlet and silver. If this really was the case, we can imagine that British influence in that quarter of the world must have suffered greatly. Either Sir Moses has been very injudicious, or the painter of his portrait (a Mr. Hart) very absurd. We are not surprised to find the uniform of the wearer blushing scarlet at the folly of its owner!

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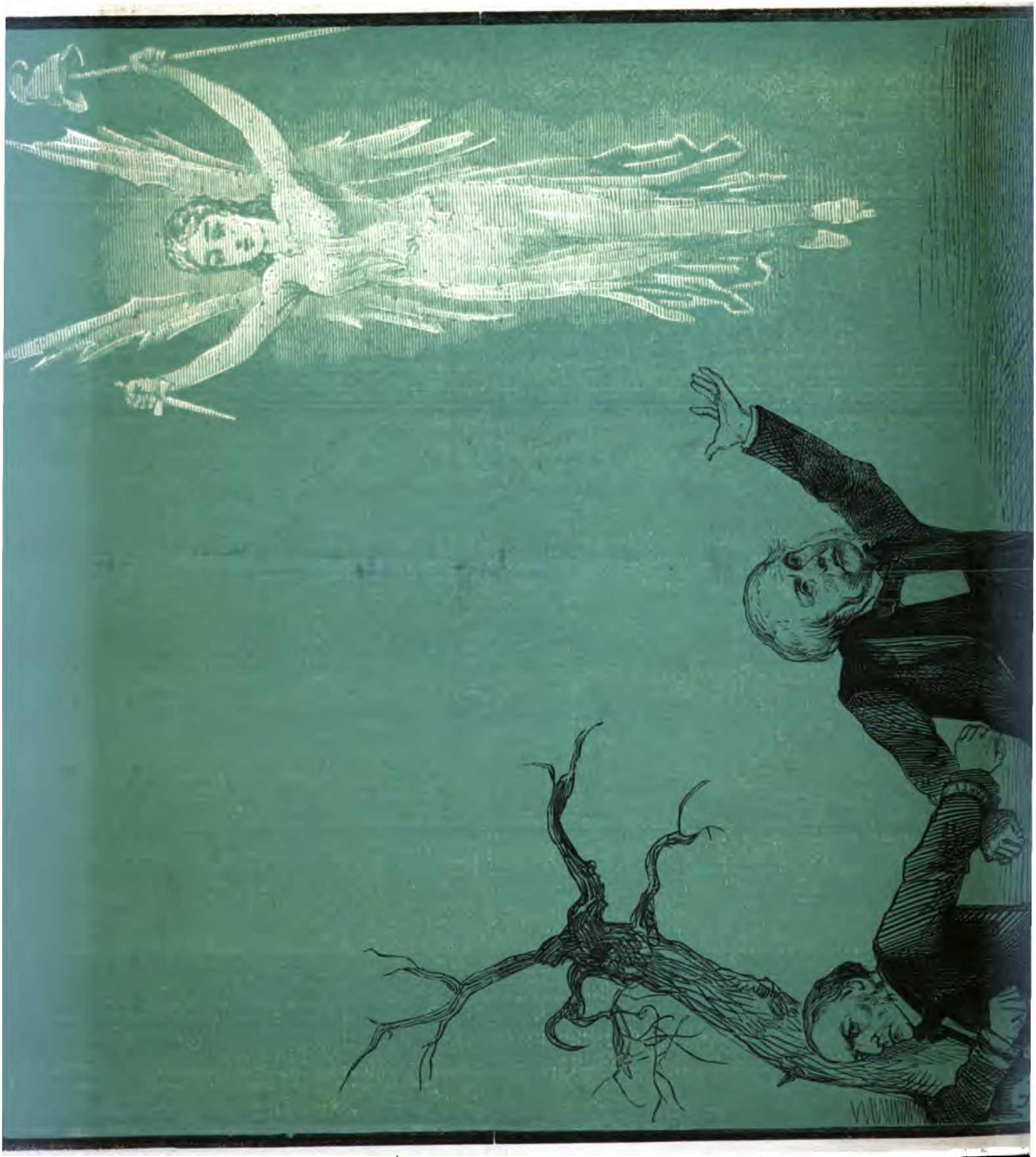

A "BRIGHT" VISION;

OR,

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THE CHICANER OF THE EXCHEQUER.

We promised to refer again to Mr. Lowe's Budget, which, as we expected, has totally escaped attention in the excitement of the Irish Church Debate.

Mr. Lowe introduced his Budget under circumstances which prepared people for anything but a reduction of taxation. It was known that a large sum remained to be paid on account of the Abyssinian expedition, and in spite of the vigorous cheeseparing which had been going on in the army and navy departments, no one would have been surprised to hear that the income tax was to be kept on at sixpence. Beginning his statement in a very lugubrious manner, and having shown that the balance of the Abyssinian account swallowed up all the surplus gained by the economical policy of Messrs. Cardwell and Childers, he suddenly went off at a tangent on the subject of the expense of collecting assessed taxes, and ended by announcing a plan for collecting these duties, and anticipating the receipts of the coming year from the income tax, which he calculated would place at his disposal a surplus of over three millions, which would enable him to take a penny off the income tax, and to effect other remissions of taxation; the only important one being the abolition of the duty on hackney carriages, which will make the profits of those fatted monopolists, the London cab-owners, greater than they are even at present. As for the reduction of the income tax—for the present year, owing to Mr. Lowe's system of collection, it will be 7d. in the pound—what it may be next year no one can say. But to those on whom the tax weighs heaviest, Mr. Lowe's budget offers but a bitter mockery of relief.

By these tactics Mr. Lowe effected what we presume he intended—a surprise. It is rather a vulgar trick to resort to, but everybody knows how successful it is. A similar surprise on the stage has saved many a bad piece from being damned, and it saved Mr. Lowe's budget from any effective criticism. The bait is cunningly contrived. To the rich, of which the House of Commons mainly consists, it is a very convenient budget. It will save them trouble. They will take out a licence for their carriages, horses, servants, armorial bearings, &c., and they will pay their income-tax and land-tax in the lump, and have done with it. Not so the man of small means, whose income is earned by his own industry, or the man of moderate capital, whose profits are calculated over the whole year, but who will have to take away on the first of January a considerable sum from his capital, just when he can least afford it. Let us take the case of a man in trade. His profits are £5,000 per annum. At the beginning of the year he has not yet got in his book debts; he cannot have done so. For the first quarter of the year he always has very little spare capital; business is slack, and a good deal of his money is out. But he has to pay at once the sum of about £105 for a tax on an income which he eventually may not realise, and of which at that time he is positively not in possession. He can never recover any of that £105, although his profits may fall as low as £4,000. Besides, the interest on £105 at 10 per cent. is another £10; so that he pays that additional amount of taxation, as the sum of £105 is taken away from his employable capital. Would it not be perfectly just for him to deduct that sum from his income, and calculate the tax on the remainder? We expect many will look at it in this light.

The meaning of credit is this—that it is a system by which A allows B to have the money which he owes to him to employ for a certain time; and the discount on ready money payments represents what the power of employing that money is worth to the trader. But the Government gives no discount. It simply anticipates the income of the next year; and, once adopt this plan of Mr. Lowe and you will stand committed to a perpetual system of anticipating the income from each year's taxation nine months before it is due. It has been urged that the taxpayer reaps the advantage by the saving effected in the collection, but it has yet to be proved that the saving effected in the collection is in any way equal to the extreme inconvenience and hardship inflicted on him by the method of collecting the tax. Mr. Lowe has, very wisely, never attempted to prove this.

But let us now take the case of a man who earns a precarious income by his own industry. And here we may say, that even as it at present exists, nothing can exceed the injustice of the income-tax on persons of this condition. The tax is supposed to be substituted for indirect taxation, but the relief given to small incomes is totally insufficient to remedy the disproportion with which this tax weighs on them as compared with large incomes. Rich men would naturally buy many luxuries, which they get very much cheaper now by paying income-tax instead of excise duties. The poor man can only live by denying himself these luxuries, and yet he has to pay the same income-tax as the rich man. So glaring is this injustice that it is only to be explained by the fact that the House of Commons is nearly entirely composed of comparatively rich men, and by the selfishness of human nature, that this tax was ever allowed to exist as it does now. Originally imposed under a solemn pledge that it was only an extraordinary tax, and was on no account to be regarded as a permanent one, its birth was in deceit; it has been nourished ever since by fraud, and has created more dishonesty, and inflicted more moral injury upon the industrious part of the population, than any excise duty that was ever invented.

But, if before, the tax was oppressive to those who earn their bread by their own labour, what will it be if Mr. Lowe's plan be accepted? Here is a man whose salary, depending on his own good health and on the solvency of his employer, is five pounds a week. He must, if he be honest and truthful, return his income as £250 per annum. The income-tax on that at fivepence will be £5 4s. He will have to pay the whole of this on the 1st of January. He will have paid in the preceding nine months £6 5s. (at sixpence in the pound). He will therefore have to pay in the current twelve months £11 9s. as income-tax, or more than two weeks' salary. How is he to do this without embarrassing himself? Everybody knows that for persons with that income to live in London at all respectably, it is absolutely necessary that they should buy all food, &c., for ready money. They do not pay their rents by anticipation. But they are asked to pay the sum confiscated from their hard earned salary by the State in a lump, and are told that this is a relief to them. More than a week's salary is swallowed up in income-tax alone at the beginning of the year. How are they to live for that week? They must alter all their habits of living, and deal for necessaries on credit, and so lose the saving which they effect by the more economical method, in addition to paying so large a sum as a prospective tax on an income which they have not even yet earned, and of which they may be deprived at any moment.

It may seem that our argument tends to support Mr. Lowe's plan, because we allude to the advantages of dealing on the ready money principle. But this tax is, as it were, a debt to the State, for which the man of small income has received little or no value. Were water rates and gas rates collected on the same principle, there would be a great outcry, and yet for these every one receives something tangible in return. The saving effected by ready money dealing with regard to perishable articles, such as meat, vegetables, &c., is manifest; and the increasing number of markets and co-operative stores which are being established, prove how this fact is appreciated by the consumer. But with the income-tax it is quite a different matter; the least that Parliament can do, if it insists on inflicting this tax upon industry, is, that it should make the payment of the impost as little burdensome as possible. Should this part of Mr. Lowe's Budget be allowed to pass, we fear that the bitter feeling which it will provoke will lead people, not inexcusably, to try every means of evading such an injustice. Persons with uncertain incomes will most decidedly be justified in calculating their incomes on the half year instead of the whole, in order to protect themselves against the possibility of paying a tax on a sum of money which they never may receive.

The debt which swallows up the legitimate surplus of the year is an extraordinary one, and it would be far more honest and economical to provide for it in some other manner. Mr. Lowe has himself described his precious plan as "filching the income from the next year," and has humourously observed that if there is a deficit at the end of the current year, the process can be repeated. Now, if an individual anticipates his income, his finances can hardly be said to be in a sound state; and we cannot see how the case of the nation differs from that of the individual. The case of income-tax duty should be a warning to us how we allow any "dodge" for raising money to grow into a precedent.

Mr. Lowe's budget may pass in its entirety. It will not be for the want of shuffling and juggling on his part. He has tried to trick the House of Commons into consenting to inflict a gross

injustice on the poorest classes, by bribing the rich and dangling before fools' eyes the gaudy bait of an apparent surplus, which is nothing but a real deficit gilded over. The true way to reduce the burdens on the people is, not by clawing hold of taxes before they are due, but by reducing the enormous expenditure of the country. And this is not to be done by discharging some few hundred honest clerks and workmen, and by throwing whole families on the parish, but by striking at corruption and jobbery in high places, and by routing out the horde of sinecurists who prey upon the purses of the public. No doubt Mr. Lowe's trick may be welcomed by those who think that they see in it a means of escape from a real and honest economy in spending the public money; but let the voice of the poor and the humble be heard loudly, and the Government will be obliged to heed it. One of our contemporaries has been pleased to extol Mr. Lowe's budget as a gain to morality, but we tell him that it is a flashy, dishonest, oppressive scheme; and that, if it be carried, it will do more to demoralize and incense the people than any scheme of extortion that ever was planned by the most profligate government.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A noisome ass in lion's skin
Who praises crimes he dare not do;
No bill of penalties he needs,
But the same lash as Number Two.

1 & 2. Not with her voice, but with her look,
She tamed the raging lion;
She was too true and pure to sing
The canting "hymns of Zion."

3 & 4. When playing this laborious game
I never was to that inclined;

5. A name too infamous to tell,
Who more than life and soul did sell.

6. What this word means I cannot say
It's frequent in your good old play;
I rather think it means a knave—
A sort of parti-coloured slave.

7 & 8. The last of all my words is one
Which many words contains—
A deal of froth and puff and paste,
But very little brains.
Some people think he is a god
Who all this power does wield,
But oftener 'neath this rough disguise
He doth his manhood shield.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

B	Briar	R
U	Use	E
D	Doll	L
G	Gavarni	I
E	Eye	E
T	Tiff	F

ANSWERS RECEIVED.—None correct. Ruby's Ghost (not quite right this time). Others, further off still—Slodger and Tiney, The Belle of Scarborough, L. Berrington, Pretty Mary Ann, Tommy and Joey, Captain Crosstree, H. Crampton, S. Smithers (Southampton), R. Mackintosh (Derby), P. Ramsey, D. Davidson, K. Harrison, R. Jones (Aberystwith), F. Harris, A. Rhodes (Brighton), The Pretty Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, G. G. (Croydon), Frances, Florence, Little Red Riding Hood, S. Mapp (Worcester), J. Hughes (Cheltenham), K. Kitchener, and Oxford Joe.

PAYING THE PEACE PIPER.

THE exorbitant demands of the American Government on account of the Alabama affair, which are now about to be made on this country, have given the hint to the several European Powers to look up any outstanding debts that may be due from us, and still remain unpaid; and, on the principle of tradesmen who always make a point of being more pressing for money when the creditor is least in a position to pay, have sent in the following little bills, which we understand have been duly received and registered at the Foreign Office:—

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
FRANCE.		
Expenses of the suppression of the Orsini plot, hatched in England ...	30,000 0 0	
Increase of the price of everything in Paris during the last ten years, which, according to French official statements, is entirely "owing to the English"	400,000,000 0 0	
		400,030,000 0 0
AUSTRIA.		
Scheme for military administration now about to be adopted in the English army	19,000,000 0 0	
		19,000,000 0 0
PRUSSIA.		
Commission on the marriage of Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal with the heir to the Prussian Throne	100,000,000 0 0	
Sale to this country of Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein ...	2¾	
		100,000,000 0 2¾
RUSSIA.		
Sum claimed for English aggression on the Indo-Russian Frontier in Central Asia	2,000,000 0 0	
For taking Madame Adelina Patti away from St. Petersburg to sing at Covent Garden during the London season.....	984,000,000 0 0	
		986,000,000 0 0
EGYPT.		
Expenses of His Highness the Viceroy while on a visit to this country in 1867. (Partially defrayed by the Earl of Dudley)	1,200 0 0	
Expenses of entertainment of the Prince of Wales on the occasion of His Royal Highness's recent sojourn in Egypt	19,000,000 0 0	
		19,001,200 0 0
GREECE.		
Promotion money due on account of the Greek Loan, now quoted in England at 12½ for the £100 bond	92,427,000,000 0 0	
Sum due for non-intervention in the recent Turkish difficulty	67,100,000,800 0 0	
		159,527,000,800 0 0
Grand Total		161,051,032,000 0 2¾

With all these debts before us Mr. Motley's claim of five hundred millions becomes but a drop in the ocean, and scarcely worth question. Our "peace at any price" policy bids fair to cost us dear.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 107.] *LONDON, MAY 22, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

A WORD WITH BROTHER JONATHAN.

YOU are going a little too far, clever Jonathan. Two weeks ago I wrote in a conciliatory spirit about you, Jonathan, and gave you some friendly advice, while I offered to drown enmity in a drain. But it seems to me that you are determined to have nothing to do with the hand that holds the pipe of peace, but will have that which holds the war hatchet. You are talking to, and of us, in a tone that we do not intend to stand, peacefully disposed though we be. We do not want to meddle with any one, but if any one meddles with us, there are teeth in the Lion's jaws yet, though he is old, and may not be so darn'd smart, nor so noisy, as that thieving, screaming bird of yours; and he will fight none the worse because he has not got the eternal quid in his mouth. So mind yourself, and your bird too, Master Jonathan; if you don't, both of you will get an ugly scratch.

To drop metaphor, Brother Jonathan, and appeal to your reason—if you have got such a "fixing" anywhere about you—"what is the reason that you use me thus?" Is it necessary for you to make political capital by abusing and insulting me? Are you compelled to buy the voices of some few hundreds of needy, unprincipled adventurers, who show their love for their native country, Ireland, by spending all the money they can bully or cajole out of her poor but honest children; are the services of such rascals so valuable to you, that to secure them it is worth while to violate kinship, truth, decency; to lower your own dignity, to stain your own honour, by making demands on us, and using threats against us, the endurance of which would imply the utter absence of both honour and dignity on our part? If the bragging, blustering, footpads who call themselves the great Fenian party are subjects with whose allegiance (!) you cannot dispense, I am sorry for you, Jonathan. In every respect, and most in self-respect, you must have sunk lower than I ever suspected. Whom else do you please by this attempt to browbeat and rob us? Not the brave among you; not the honest; not the intellectual; not the upright: but disappointed speculators, foul-mouthed brawlers, rowdy shoddy-manufacturers — men who have plundered you during your Civil War, and, being too great cowards to take to highway robbery, find their occupation gone; double-faced, fawning hypocrites, who, by lying, bribery, and unblushing shamelessness, sneaked or forced themselves into the service of their country that they might suck her blood like vampires as they are. "These be your patriots;" these are the "great people" to whose voices you must listen; these are the American nation, crying, trumpet-tongued, for "a morsel of that 'ere British Lion;" and if you don't flog the curs into silence, Jonathan, by St. George they shall have a bitterer morsel than they bargained for! What! talk of our enemies at home! talk of Ireland being a thorn in our side! You are serried with thorns thick as a hedgehog's bristles; you are one mass of sores within and without; you have more enemies in your own country than all the world leagued against you could furnish. Show me a hundred men, whom you can trust with the public money, who will take service under your government? You have got a brave and a noble man as President, but years of demagogues' tyranny, years of political jobbery, years of official dishonesty, years of the allowed supremacy of coarse vulgarity and debasing immorality in your public assemblies, and in all places of authority, have driven from the service of the State the worthiest men among you. You may attack Canada, you may declare war against us, you may fill Ireland with thieves and cut-throats, you may cover the ocean with privateers to prey on our commerce, but you will do more injury to yourselves than to us; you will be making the voice of the lowest among you the voice of the whole nation; you will have no sympathy from any honourable foreign power, nor from the worthy and noble among yourselves; you will stop all real progress on your own part—and you are far from perfect, Jonathan, go-ahead though you be;—and you will be utterly false to all the traditions which you received from the brave spirits that founded your independence. You might possibly gain Canada, but your triumph would be that of a robber, not of a conqueror; you might extend your empire over the whole continent of America, but you would lose for ever that empire over the hearts of Englishmen which, spite of the attempts of some on both sides of the ocean to destroy it, you still possess; you would break the bonds which bind together the two great Anglo-Saxon nations, who, while they are united, can spread liberty and civilisation over the whole world; but who, warring against one another, would but open the way for the showy tyranny of Imperialism, or the degrading yoke of mobs.

The glaring insolence of the language held by you towards England scarcely warrants my pointing out to you how illogical your conduct is. When a man is determined to commit a crime, and call it a righteous action, to rob you and call it enforcing a claim, it is very little use arguing with him. The best thing is to wait, and see if his threats take the form of action, and then knock him down. If you would show yourself amenable to any considerations of truth or justice, I might ask you why it is that you ask us to pay a penalty for having acknowleded the South as belligerents, while you say nothing to France, or any of the

other European nations, who acknowledged them. Are you afraid of France? We are not, nor of you either. There is plenty of pluck left in the English people, though some of her politicians may seem apathetic and vacillating. I told you before that no power can be more anxious than we are to see the question of the Alabama settled, according to the principles of International law. When it was proposed some time ago that neutral bottoms should make neutral cargoes, it was America that refused to consent to such an equitable arrangement. You talk now as if you were the only party who had anything to complain of with regard to the breach of International law or courtesy during the war between North and South. We have claims against you, remember; claims for ships and cargoes captured and condemned as contraband in the most reckless manner. We have also more serious cause for complaint in the shameless violation of International law by you in the matter of the Fenian Raid on Canada. Those inventive and unscrupulous authors of fiction, who adorn your newspaper press, can hardly evolve from their inner consciousness, fertile as that well manured field is, any conduct, so disgraceful, in a friendly power, as yours was in encouraging those freebooters and assassins who, in the most public manner, plotted and carried into execution marauding expeditions against our territory. That many of your public men should be hand and glove with these amateur felons is not to be wondered at, considering what many of your public men are. But a man of decency might have saved your government from countenancing these Fenians; and common good feeling, not to say generosity, might have instigated you to make some show of attempting to stop what you knew was a world-wide scheme of robbery and murder, directed against a power with which you professed to be on friendly terms.

But I fear, brother Jonathan, it is not much use talking sense to you now. If you are resolved to quarrel, let us fight and have done with it,—perhaps we shall be better friends after the contest; but do not keep alive on both sides of the Atlantic this feeling of irritation and suspense which exists now. Try and be honest and truthful for once, and give up bounce.

A WORD ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Now that the question of the validity of Madame Rachel's conviction has been finally disposed of, we trust that we shall hear no more of that versatile lady for some five years to come, and it is really time that Madame Rachel should retire into private life, for in each successive character in which she has appeared she has managed to shine to less and less advantage. It was only a few days back that a decision was arrived at with regard to her charges against Mr. Haynes, her solicitor, which, we are glad to say, entirely exculpated her *ci devant* man of business from every aspersion on his character. Mr. Haynes's great crime (for which he has been roundly abused) appears to have been that he was unlucky enough to be thrown in Madame Rachel's way, and that he consented to give her his professional assistance. We do not pretend to say how far a professional man is justified in accepting business from questionable clients, but it is quite certain that thieves and murderers find numbers of gentlemen ready to look after their interests, and Mr. Haynes, whatever may have been his private opinion of Madame Rachel, had no cause to class her in a lower category than these. The Court has now removed all imputation on Mr. Haynes's character, and the public, who have been somewhat unfairly inveterate against him, may rest assured that if he committed an error of judgment, in permitting Madame Rachel to cross his threshold, he has more than paid the penalty of his temerity by receiving a castigation at the hands of the public press as recklessly administered as it proves to have been ill-deserved.

JOHN AND JONATHAN.

JONATHAN. You have done that you should be sorry for?
There is that grudge between us. I have asked
For certain sums in gold (whereof I see
But little now-a-days), now you are rich,
And know wherein you've wronged me; therefore, John,
I ask for dollars.

JOHN. Rather ask for sense!
Go to; you're not in earnest Jonathan.

JONATHAN. I am.

JOHN. I say, you are not. You inflate
Your senatorial bellows with a talk
So tall, that the eye of Reason fails to reach
Its point among the clouds; so far your anger
Runs riot, in an empty waste of words,
Above the under-world of argument.

JONATHAN. Ye stars and stripes! If I *am* riled, I guess
There's cause, and cause enough.

JOHN. You love me not:
And yet we should be brothers. Common blood
Is throbbing in our veins; of the same old block
We both are chips; by science linked together
As fast as twins; and yet you take the measure
Of all my faults, to show me how I've lost
The figure of my honesty. Is *this*
Like Jonathan? would *I* treat Jonathan so?
'Tis a rash humour, of dyspepsia born,
Makes you forgetful; but I did not think
You could have been so angry. Have you not
Applied soft-sawder to our differences?
And patted o' the back, as though your anger
Came sparkling, like Moselle at good men's feasts,
All creamy with the fizz of discontent,
And straight was still again? I bare my breast;
And yet for offered friendship you return
A bombshell of long figures; 'tis to strike
Below the waistcoat. Come, let us be friends,
As two such men should be.

JONATHAN. On second thoughts,
Let's liquor—give it a name—what shall it be?
We must be friends. Yes, *Sir!* or all the world
Would come to—eh? yes, John—a brand-smash

A CHANCE FOR THE ENTERPRISING!

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A satisfactory explanation to account for the fact that now-a-days there is no band in Kensington Gardens. Information on this subject will be gladly received by thousands of those who have neither the means nor taste to parade themselves in a row of crawling carriages in the neighbouring park, but to whom the afternoon's promenade and music afforded a cheerful and healthful source of amusement.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A programme of the entertainment to be furnished to the subscribers in the now growing Hall of Arts and Sciences at Kensington. Also the date of the completion of that insignificant gingerbread thing of beauty, the Albert Memorial. Also the names of the parties responsible for the disgraceful condition of the houses in the neighbourhood of the South Kensington station of the Metropolitan district railway. Also—the address of Mr. Tulke, of Leicester Square.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—Full particulars as to the rent, accommodation, &c., &c., of Buckingham Palace (advertised in the *Court Circular* "to be let furnished" for the present season).

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.—A decent cab, a few dozen of genuine port (age *not* indispensable), a bill to disestablish life leasing, a hero to grapple at once with the Park Lane question, a little information as to the continued closing of Her Majesty's Theatre, salmon not sold at a gain of 300 per cent., a civil officer on the metropolitan lines, an unpapered playhouse, a penny oyster, a real patriot, and a great many other useful things for which the invincible voice of public opinion is for ever fruitlessly roaring!

STAGE BRASS.

THE flow of theatrical advertisement is as full as ever. The wives and daughters therefore, of hitherto provincial M.P.s., who are now rushing up to London for the Season, and taking furnished houses at fifteen guineas a week, are caught nightly. Indeed, what escape can the poor ignorant trustful creatures hope for? Another season,—and they will have grown wiser. But now, in their first flush of country innocence, they can but see—and believe! The lying advertisement sheet is their only source of information, and they are drawn whithersoever it calls them. So great is the attractiveness of a pointed falsehood, that it is very doubtful whether any warning will be of the slightest avail. However, in the interests of honesty and charity, we furnish them with the following table of a few popular advertising terms, together with their respective explanations attached:—

ADVERTISEMENT.	EXPLANATION.
"Immense success of the new Drama."	"Quietly damned the first night."
"Received with unbounded applause nightly."	"Well hissed six times a week."
"Wraps the audience in a whirlwind of excitement from the rising of the curtain to its fall."	"A first class opiate."
"Free list entirely suspended."	"Paper given away to any extent."
"New and original."	"Stolen shamelessly without acknowledgements."
"This is a great advance on Mr. Blank's last effort.—*Afternoon Slasher.*	Critic of *Afternoon Slasher* dined with Blank the day before.
Several successive lines of advertisement, such as	
GYMNASIUM THEATRE, EVERY NIGHT at SEVEN. NO BOX-KEEPERS. NO BILLS. COME EARLY. NO PRICES. PLACES BOOKED EVERYWHERE. NOTHING LIKE IT IN LONDON.	This is always a bad sign. Must be taken as a frantic effort to catch the public eye and invest rubbish with importance. The more there is of it the worse. Though unfortunately it is resorted to by first-class theatres that need not puff their entertainments, it is usually tried for a week with bad new pieces.
Actor's name repeated thus:	
ROSCIUS. Every Evening at NINE. ROSCIUS. Every Evening at NINE. ROSCIUS. Every Evening at NINE. ROSCIUS. Every Evening at NINE. ROSCIUS. Every Evening at NINE. ROSCIUS. *Printing Ink Theatre.*	To be avoided. Means that Roscius is no real genius, but is forced to keep himself afloat by systematic degradation of this sort. N.B.—The greater the number of lines Roscius indulges in, the greater the necessity of caution, as this is a most successful trick,
"On Thursday next by special desire, for a few nights only, &c., &c."	"Hasty reproduction of a makeshift, after a dead failure, and loss of thirty pounds a night.
"Unavoidably withdrawn for the present."	"Tremendous row with the author."
"Much pleasure in announcing that due notice will be given of its reproduction."	"Letter from author's solicitor, insisting on insertion of same, accompanied by threat of action."

and a good deal more to the same effect! Advertising has something to answer for, but in respect of no particular thing is it so brazen-faced as this systematic theatrical puffing!

Fortunately, a better age seems already dawning. People have already found out the humbug of dramatic criticism. Dramatic advertising will not cheat them out of their money much longer.

PEER-LESS HUMANITY.

WE regret very much that the Marquis of Townshend's attempts at legislation should meet with so little attention or respect. However eccentric the noble lord may be, he has far clearer notions of what the people of England really want than many so-called Liberals. Nothing could be more childish than the objections taken to his Bill for protecting the property of lodgers from being seized for rent by the superior landlord. If this Bill was not well drawn, the House of Lords, which is full to overflowing of legal knowledge, might spend its time less profitably than in remedying its defects. Nothing can be more cruelly unjust than the law which allows the landlord of a house to seize the goods of the lodgers of his tenant's in satisfaction of his claims on the tenant. This enactment is particularly oppressive to the poor, who have no choice but to lodge in houses sub-let to tenants, who often are, from misfortune, or from their own fault, unable to pay the rent. The poor lodger's goods are seized in execution, though he has paid the rent for his rooms. As to the frauds which might be practised by the tenant against the landlord, surely these could be guarded against very simply, by enacting that where the lodger obtained the furniture by assignment, or purchase, from the tenant, the protection should not hold good. But the lowest piece of official prevarication was shown in Lord Morley's opposition to Lord Townshend's proposed measure for the more stringent repression of aggravated assaults on women and children. The state of our law on this point has long been a glaring disgrace to the country; and not a day passes but one may read of some case of brutal cruelty to a woman, or child, being punished with the most monstrous leniency; while offences against property are visited with no less monstrous severity. One must be an official, with all the hatred that, somehow or other, Whig officials always have had to forwarding any measure for the real benefit of the people, and which British legislators in general have to all measures founded on common sense and simple morality; one must have one's mind cankered by the red tape-worm, in order to appreciate the force of Lord Henley's objection to the Bill, that the husbands, who kick and beat their wives, would not like to be flogged—and would feel a grudge against their victims; or to perceive the innate truth of the statement that the law, as it at present exists, is sufficient to check it. We suppose Lord Morley is able to read; perhaps he will employ a few moments of his valuable time in looking through a file of the Police Reports since January last. Such statements as his are generally described in private life as fictions in one syllable. We trust that, for the honour of the Upper House, some noble lord may be found to take up this subject, who may be more successful in obtaining some show of courtesy, if not of intelligence, on the part of the Government officials, than Lord Townshend was.

NOT *A PARIS FASHION!*

IT is a scandal that Rossini's *Messe Solennelle* is not more becomingly advertised. In the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* the notice of the first performance in England takes its place between the programme of the French plays and an announcement of the varied attractions of Cremorne. The Directors of the Royal Italian Opera have had the good taste to remove the performance of the great maestro's last work from Covent Garden Theatre to St. James's Hall, although by the arrangement they must have incurred additional expense, but both the public and the press seem to forget that the *Messe Solennelle* is nothing more nor less than a religious service, and as such should not be associated with the most degraded of popular amusements. Sensation has a levelling influence which is scarcely creditable to the present generation of Englishmen. Our forefathers knew better than to sacrifice decency at the shrine of novelty.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for May,

Price 1s.

On MAY the 24th,

THE DERBY DOUBLE NUMBER

OF

THE "TOMAHAWK,"

Edited by

ARTHUR A'BECKETT,

MAGNIFICENT CARTOON by MATT MORGAN,

AND CONTRIBUTIONS

FROM THE ORIGINAL STAFF OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

LONDON, MAY 22, 1869.

THE WEEK.

M. FRERE-ORBAN speaks in the warmest terms of the conduct of the Emperor. Some allowance ought to be made for the enthusiasm of the Belgian premier, as he is speaking after, not one dinner, but many.

ALARMISTS are still found to regard the conduct of Russia on the North-Western frontiers of India with suspicion. This is foolish, for "the unkindest *cut* of all" has been given us, not by Russia, but by France. Our future Indian difficulty will be the Suez Canal.

MR. STEPHANOS XENOS has published his long-threatened *exposé* of Overend, Gurney, and Co. The book is entitled "Depredations," but it is, strange to say, not an autobiography. Mr. Xenos is, by his own showing, a poor shorn lamb of the Stock Exchange. He has one consolation, for no one can know better than he that there are others in his sad plight.

CONSTITUTION HILL is the nearest road from Hyde park corner to Pall mall, but it is closed to the public. Why? Because the occupants of Buckingham Palace may not be disturbed: but as Buckingham Palace is only occupied, except for a few days in the year, by anybody but a few servants, surely the public might be allowed the use of a road which is so convenient. It is hard to have all the disadvantages of a non-resident court, and none of its advantages.

THERE is a mist overhanging official language that is really disgusting to those who are accustomed to honest straightforward talk. The Government have been making arrangements to bring home some of our troops from Canada, and spite the growing discord between this country and the United States, they see no reason to alter their decision. Colonel North therefore enquired in the House the other night whether the forces that remained would be left in such a "state of efficiency as to numbers," as to be prepared for "any emergency;" to which question Mr. Cardwell replied, that "*due regard had been paid as to what was required by circumstances in the redistribution of Her Majesty's troops in British North American provinces.*" This is sheer stuff. The New York police alone could make short work of "Her Majesty's forces" in Canada! How can reasonable men talk such trash to each other?

A GOOD deal of ignorance, to call it by no harsher name, is daily displayed in this country in connection with foreign politics, and the Liberal papers especially have the very vaguest ideas on the subject of European *Liberalism*. For instance, reformers here are just now going into ecstacies about the coming French elections, and hoping, against hope, that the *Opposition* will come in strongly represented. Two average specimens of that gallant party are at hand as an illustration of its political respectability. M. Renan, philosopher and Atheist, and M. Henri Rochefort, Republican and Socialist, have pushed themselves forward as candidates for seats in the new Assembly. One gentleman is ready to shout, "*a la Lanterne*," the other to set up the Goddess of Reason. We have, fortunately, no parallels to these worthies in this country; but had we, it is certainly to our credit that they would not have the remotest chance of being returned to Parliament. M. Renan and M. Rochefort would, with us, find their respective levels in Holywell street and Codger's Hall. As they are not "with us," we very logically wish the one to destroy religion, and the other overturn an empire!

WE have often drawn attention to the brutal ignorance and stupidity of the police, particularly in their treatment of persons who have fainted or been seized with a fit in the street. It is a very serious question to those who suffer from any tendency to epilepsy or fainting, that if they fall down in the streets they are pretty sure to be taken off to the station-house as drunk and incapable, and there killed; for it amounts to that. In all such cases instant measures of relief are necessary, and in most cases the best thing to give is brandy. Those persons subject to painful fainting, hysterical, or epileptic attacks (which all depend more or less on deficiency of blood in the brain) generally carry with them some stimulant, or, on feeling any premonitory symptoms, at once get it either at some public house or the chemist's. In most cases, then, these persons, when found, smell of spirits, which, according to the policeman, is quite sufficient to settle the diagnosis of their complaint. "Drunk" is the instant decision of these lights of science, and off the victim is dragged to the station-house, where, in a damp cell, he is left to recover if he can—most probably to die. The case of Mr. Joyce, which occurred last week, has suggested these remarks. We have often pointed out the remedy. Let the police be ordered in all such cases to remove the sufferer to the nearest doctor's or chemist's. If his state be caused by drink it may be none the less dangerous; and the doctor, not the police-serjeant, is the proper person to apply what remedies may be necessary. Above all, in cases where the police wilfully infringe this rule, let them be punished at once and by a public, not by a secret, tribunal.

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"COME, IF

(DEDICATED, WITH THE VERY WARMEST FEELINGS OF RESPECT AND AFF

YOU DARE!"

OTION, TO THE AMERICAN EAGLE, BY HIS LOVING COUSIN, THE BRITISH LION.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE ARRAY OF R.As.

EVERY one who has seen the Royal Academy Exhibition this year, that is to say, every one who is not a fashionable portrait-painter, or a snob, must be disgusted at the square yards of deadly uninteresting portraits which disfigure the walls, and prevent one really enjoying the few good pictures there. It makes one hot and wrathful to see a place meant to exhibit the works of *art* by our greatest living painters, devoted to such hideous areas of conventional, simpering sign-painting as "Mr. Biggins, presented to him by his fellow-churchwardens on his leaving Peckham Rye," or "Mrs. Lavina Thompson and the Master Thompsons," or "John Priggins, Esq., M.P. for Ditchwater," or "Mr. James Greasy, painted for the Worshipful Society of Tallow Chandlers," all these are very interesting, doubtless, to the immediate friends of Biggins, Thompson, Priggins, and Greasy, but it is rather hard on the nation to take up so much of the space, confessedly insufficient to accommodate the pictures sent in for exhibition and accepted, with these tributes to obscure merit or wealthy vanity. The president displays some "portraits!" simply execrable; and Mr. Knight follows his example. In some cases the portrait of a very distinguished man, or of a very lovely woman, is, as a mere likeness, worthy of a place in any picture gallery; besides, there is the charm of beauty attached to one, and the intrinsic interest of the other; but it is rarely that any portrait now-a-days exhibited is, as a picture, of any value. Surely, photography has made such strides that these vain nobodies may exhibit their various countenances to the public in any shop window, alongside of the courtezans, divines, princes, and statesmen of the time. Is not that sufficient honour? It is bad enough to have to endure in the Royal Academy every year the painful evidences of the active existence of certain R.A's., and A's. (which are enough to make one call steward from hopeless instinct); we really might be spared the expressionless staring of these "Portraits" which, in the very quietest time of the day, people the galleries of the Royal Academy with a most noxious crowd.

THE "CHRISTIAN" ANECDOTES.

No. I.

A FEW days since His Royal Highness Prince Christian, of Schleswig Holstein, was talking to some of his faithful attendants. The door of the apartment in which the august German was seated was open.

"Mighty master," said one of the faithful attendants, "I would fain ask a question."

"Speak freely," replied the gracious Christian with a slight foreign accent. "It is always my delight to be useful to those I love. I love the British people, and would like to serve them in any capacity—say as a Field-Marshal."

"Thanks, Prince," murmured the first speaker. "A problem has much puzzled us."

"Really, and that problem was—"

"This—when does that door cease to be door?"

"When it's a jar," replied Prince Christian, without hesitation.

Upon hearing this sage reply the courtiers were much struck, and marvelled greatly.

MY STARS!

A BRILLIANT future, according to the prophets, at last awaits the hitherto unhappy St. James's; indeed, so tremendous is the energy with which, again according to the prophets, the coming October season is to be inaugurated, that failure would seem to be impossible. The house is to be rebuilt. The company is to be a literal constellation. None but stars of the first magnitude are to be engaged. There is not a single name of eminence in the theatrical profession which has not been assigned, by the prophets, a place on the New St. James's list. Everything, in short, promises so wonderfully from an artistic and intellectual point of view, that the question, "how *will* they get them all into one piece?" does not merely suggest, but absolutely elbows itself on to one. They cannot do Shakespeare, for they are to have at least five of every one of the great characters and seven Hamlets. No, the new piece must be original as the company. Who, then, will write it? The Dramatic Authors Society in committee, or will the leading play-writers take six lines apiece straight through? Will it be a drama, a comedy, tragedy, farce, or all four? How will it bear the strain of thirty leading parts? Such questions are very natural, and it gives us great pleasure to be in a position to answer them. We happen to have the MSS of *the* play in our hands; and though we cannot divulge, as yet, the title, names of the characters, or plot, the little specimen we will venture just to show, with the probable cast, may doubtless suffice to satisfy the inquisitive.

PORTION OF A SCENE FROM THE NEW PLAY OF ———.
—ACT VII. *The stage represents a retired spot among the Burnham beeches. A picnic is taking place.*

R. C. a table-cloth on ground, upon which is a salad, pie, and champagne bottle; round it are seated, as conveniently as can be managed so as to admit of the audience having a good view of all the characters,—Mrs. Stirling, Miss Furtado, Mr. Alfred Wigan, Miss Herbert, Mrs. Herman Vezin, Mr. Phelps, Mr. Buckstone, Miss Marie Wilton, Mr. Webster, Miss Ada Cavendish, Mr. Vining, Miss Lydia Foote, Mr. Kendal, Miss Bateman, Mr. Collette, Miss Henrietta Hodson, and Mr. Creswick.

A hamper, over which are standing, and apparently discussing the contents, though in such a manner that they can be well in sight of the audience, Messrs. Hare, D. Murray, Sothern, Clayton, Chippendale, Shore, Gaston Murray, Fisher, Herman Vezin, Coghlan, Montague, Shepherd, Fechter, Bandmann, Neville, Wyndham, Rignold, &c., &c.

R. seated here and there on a grassy bank, Mesdames Carlotta Addison, Brennan, Louisa Moore, Carlotta Leclerq, Lucy Rushton, M. Oliver, Swanborough, Farren, Beatrice, Neilson, Louisa Thorne, Celeste, Maria Simpson, Mellon, Larkin, Madge Robertson, &c., &c., &c.

MR. BARRY SULLIVAN.—Are we all here? If so, I will read you the Club Scene from *Money*.

MR. FECHTER.—I know nothing of the rest, but *I'm here* (*a laugh*) and—

MR. ALFRED WIGAN.—And so am *I*. Ah! give me a seat by the side of *Still Waters* that *Run Deep*, but let me not be the slave of mere ——

MR. CLAYTON.—*Dreams?* No! And yet, in your way, you are not so bad—you and the rest of the company support me very fairly. I'm rather bored, excuse me, then, if I drop off—

MR. PHELPS.—And I will be your dulcimer! I'll read you *Macbeth* right through—(*begins it*)

MISS MARIE WILTON.—This is as bad as *School*,—without the fun! Is there nothing to make us laugh? Where *is* Mr. Romer?

MR. BANCROFT.—Playing "Jack Poyntz." The piece *will* run, and I *can't* stop it!

MISS HERBERT.—Alas! only *Seraphines* have stops! Ah, I wish I had kept *Lady Audley's Secret!*

MR. WEBSTER (*moodily*).—Better anything than revenge! Never have *Life for Life!* And whatever you do have, if possible, get it in *Black and White!*

MR. SOTHERN.—And stick at *Home.* (*Laughs.*)

MR. BUCKSTONE.—*Home!* when I can't do what I like in my own house?

MR. FISHER.—That's better than doing what you don't like in somebody else's! I'm in a dreadful *Breach of Promise* case.

MISS BRENNAN.—Dreadful? When you get all the damages!

MR. SHORE.—Don't talk of damages! Who hasn't suffered, and by *Mere Presumptive Evidence?*

MR. D. MURRAY (*speaking through his nose*).—Come, the piece isn't so bad.

MR. HARE (*rising*).—Call this a picnic! Three is company, more is none!

MR. STUART.—Then you have never met Adelphi guests. Ha, ha, ha, ha! they are terrible dogs!

MR. RIGNOLD.—Laugh—*I* can laugh too; listen—ha! ha!! ha!!! But tell me, where is the funny man?

A rush from back. Enter simultaneously Messrs. Compton, Toole, Belmore, Brough, Honey, Dewar, J. and S. Clark, Rogers, Atkins, Soutar, Belford, James, T. Thorne, and Mr. Romer.

ALL.—Here! (*They go through a little comic business.*)

(*Enter* MRS. JOHN WOOD.)

MRS. JOHN WOOD.—Silence! I never meant *this*. The sooner we end the better.

ALL THE CHARACTERS (*rising*).—Then *I* must have the tag.

MR. SOTHERN.—Never! while I have——

MR. PHELPS.—Brass! Silence, Sir, the tag is *mine!* (*Takes MSS. out of his pocket and rushes to front. All the characters do the same.*)

ALL.—If kind friends in front——

SHARP DROP.

Voice of MR. STUART *behind, in tomb-like and sarcastic tones,*—Ha! ha!! ha!!! ha!!!! ha!!!!!

TO WHAT BASE USES!

THE first of a series of experiments to test the acoustic properties of the New Lecture Theatre at South Kensington took place last week, when Professor Guthrie delivered a lecture, accompanied by what was described in the programme as "audible and visible demonstrations of the varieties of the musical pitch." The result was satisfactory. The next trial of the building will be made by an orchestra conducted by Sir Michael Costa, and after that the acoustic properties of the hall will be once more tested by a singing class under the direction of Mr. Arthur Sullivan.

We think that if the new building is to be really put on its trial with reference to its fitness for all the purposes for which it will probably be used, the following arrangements should at once be entered into :—

TEST 1.—A Performance of Shakespeare's tragedy of Hamlet, under the management of Mr. Phelps.

TEST 2.—A Grand Entertainment by the united companies of Christy Minstrels.

TEST 3.—A Ballet under the superintendence of Mr. Strange, of the Royal Alhambra Palace.

TEST 4.—A Sensation Drama, introducing real trees, real water real animals, and a real house on fire, expressly written by Mr. Dion Boucicault.

TEST 5.—A Performance by a Monstre Equestrian Company.

TEST 6.—A grand Bal Masque under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith.

The Council must bear in mind that arts and sciences seldom prove attractive in the long run, and the sooner, therefore, that the above-named additional tests are applied to the new building the better, for they will remove all doubts regarding its capabilities for the purposes for which (if the Lecture Theatre is to be turned to profitable account) it must sooner or later be adapted.

"FACTS ARE DANGEROUS THINGS."

OUR highly authoritative contemporary, the *Army and Navy Gazette*, publishes the following paragraph :—

"The Royal Naval Reserve is becoming what it should be—a great fact. We understand that 1,800 men at least, have volunteered to proceed on the Whitsuntide cruise, and we hear that the Lords of the Admiralty have been surprised at the enthusiastic manner in which their invitation has been received and accepted."

The existence of a Naval Reserve of 1,800effective men is scarcely one of those "great facts" worth boasting about, and Mr. Childers will not thank the *Army and Navy Gazette* for letting the public into the secret of the weakness of the force. Although the officials at the Admiralty have evidently regarded the whole affair as the deadest of failures, as shown by their expressions of delight and surprise on discovering a sign of life in a hitherto inanimate body, the people out of doors have been hoodwinked into believing in a Naval Reserve as a reality. Our contemporary deserves credit for the sly humour with which the hoax has been exposed.

A RUN ON THE BANK.

THE river at Cambridge has been for years past becoming less and less fit for rowing purposes, and the repeated failures of the Cambridge crew at the University boat race are supposed to be in a great measure attributable to the superior training advantages which the sister University possesses. We are glad, therefore, to see that a "Cam Improvement Fund" has been established, and that a managing committee, under the presidency of Lord Justice Selwyn, has been appointed to carry out the objects of the association. Of course, hundreds of Cambridge men have willingly subscribed their guineas, and there is no reason but that in the space of a few months the Cam should not be made as accessible for eights as is the Isis. The committee, however, have commenced by making a blunder, for they have advertised these guinea subscriptions in the *Times*, nearly four columns of that journal having been appropriated one day last week by the list of donors. What a column of advertisement in the *Times* costs is one of those things not generally known, but tradition gives it a high value, and in all probability some two or three hundred pounds have already been expended in this single announcement. If the committee of the Cam Improvement Fund is sincere in its desire to carry out the intentions of the promoters of the scheme, it had better husband its resources for dredging purposes, rather than waste them upon the publication of vain-glorious subscription lists.

A REGIMENTAL MESS.

THE march of the 98th Regiment through London, on its return from Aldershot a few weeks back, has become quite a question of the day, for the *Times* has published a series of letters on the subject of the disordered condition of the men on their arrival in the Strand. One class of correspondents affirms that the troops, after a short march of twenty-two miles, should have shown no signs of fatigue, while the other declares that, under the existing regulations of the service, it is impossible that a soldier equipped in heavy marching order can trudge half that distance without becoming completely exhausted.

With a view to steer a middle course between the contending parties, and at the same time to prevent a recurrence of any such "disgraceful scene" as that on the occasion referred to, we hear that the authorities at the Horse Guards are about to issue a Circular to the Army with reference to the future movement of troops, of which the following will be the leading provisions :—

1. No troops shall march from one station to another when either railways or omnibuses are procurable to convey them.
2. When no conveyances are available, the men shall be permitted to clothe themselves as lightly as they please, and their knapsacks and rifles shall be sent to their destination by Parcels' Delivery Company.
3. While on the march any soldier becoming fatigued may take a cab at his own expense ; but in order to preserve the appearance of discipline he must be careful to draw down the blinds, so that he may not be visible to the passers-by.
4. The regiment shall halt at each public-house in the route, and the men, being brought to "attention," shall enter the bar for the purposes of refreshment, in single file. This will prevent all confusion and subsequent straggling.

No doubt when the above directions are put into shape and issued for the guidance of all officers commanding regiments on the road, we shall have no recurrence of such exhibitions as that which, as in the case of the 98th, has scandalised military London.

"THE WHALLEY CATHOLIC TESTIMONIAL FUND."

THE Editor of the TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in announcing that the following subscriptions, in furtherance of the above object, have been received :—

"Paddy from Cork"	...	"Un centime."
An Admirer (Welshpool)	...	4d.

NAGS AT THE MAGS.

To those who criticise fairly it is equally a pleasure to praise as to censure, thus TOMAHAWK, although he applies his scalping knife unmercifully, and without reference to kith or kin, when he considers it deserved, is always pleased to bestow praise where praise be due. It is not often that magazine literature calls for any special notice. There are so many monthlies now-a-days, and there is, for the most part, such a similitude in their contents, that to paraphrase what Dr. Johnson said of the green fields, to have read one is to have read all; but there are several exceptions. For instance, the new Civil Service magazine, *Under the Crown*, has exhibited in its letterpress a freshness and vigour which is as creditable to its writers as it must prove pleasing to its readers. Then there is *Saint Pauls*, which, under the editorship of Mr. Anthony Trollope, has struck out a path of its own, having from its *début* contained many powerful and caustic articles upon political and social topics. The *Gentleman's Magazine* too, in its new form, contains several novel features, and this month commences a new novel by Victor Hugo, which bids fair to add greatly to its attractiveness. Again, there is *Britannia*, the most original of all perhaps, by reason of its coloured illustrations, and the powerfully sarcastic tone of its articles. TOMAHAWK does not often comment upon the merits or demerits of magazines, but those above enumerated have pleasurably whiled away several of his leisure hours, and having hit upon a fund of interest and amusement, he considers it his duty to point out to his friends where and how they may go and do likewise.

PHILANTHROPIC RUFFIANISM.

IF the "Permissive Compulsory Bill" had passed the "House," we understand the following measures would have been embodied into Acts of Parliament:—

BY MR. DISRAELI (*On behalf of the Jews*),
An Act prohibiting the consumption of pork.

BY MR. WHALLEY (*On behalf of the Roman Catholics*),
An Act prohibiting the consumption of flesh meat on Fridays.

BY EARL RUSSELL (*On behalf of the old women of England*),
An Act prohibiting Sunday trains.

BY MR. M. GUEST (*On behalf of the members of White's, Boodle's, the Marlboro', the Rawley, the Thatched House, and the Grid*),
An Act discountenancing marriage among club men.

BY COLONEL N. STUART (*On behalf of the Lord Chamberlain*),
An Act for the abolition of the ballet.

BY MR. WALTER (*On behalf of the Proprietors of the 'Times'*),
An Act increasing the price of the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Standard*, and the *Daily News* from one penny to sixpence.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

IT is not often that Saturday volunteer gatherings take place under a cloudless sky and on dry earth; indeed, it seems to be the mission of the volunteers to get drenched to the skin on all conceivable occasions. It is therefore the greater pity that the new Inspector-General of Reserve Forces should have availed himself of the finest afternoon of the present season to render the volunteer gathering, which took place in Hyde Park some ten days ago, a failure and almost a disgrace.

It was understood that the day should be observed as the Second Brigade Field Day of the year; and the London Scottish, the Queen's Westminster, the Inns of Court, and the 19th Middlesex Rifle Corps were early on the ground in the expectation of being reviewed. It so happened that an inspection of the South Middlesex regiment was fixed for the same date; and the City corps, attracted by the probability of a considerable gathering, mustered some three thousand men and marched into Hyde Park at about six o'clock, at the time the evolutions of the corps, composing the brigade under review, were about to commence, for which a space had been cleared by the St. George's Rifles, who were specially employed to keep the ground. When, however, General Lindsay perceived the City force approaching and apparently anxious to take part in the proceedings, he marched the four corps under his command through the line of men keeping the open space and through the crowd into a remote corner of the park. What was the General's object in this sudden movement—whether it was that he was angry with the City volunteers for attempting to force themselves into the review, whether he felt himself incapable of handling the large body of troops which were then collecting, or whether, out of sheer mischief or incompetence, he proceeded to spoil the enjoyment of the day, remains a mystery; but the result of the proceeding was simple enough. The crowd, which had been good-humoured and easily held in check while something was going on within the enclosure, lost its temper when deprived of a sight of what was taking place, and attempted to break through the line of the St. George's Rifles. The volunteers resisted, and a riot ensued, which might have been much more serious in its consequences than it actually was, for all credit that is due to General Lindsay for its suppression.

It is difficult to write with patience concerning such gross blundering. What really might have been an imposing and interesting spectacle was, by the obtuse caprice of a single individual, turned into a scene of confusion, violence, and uproar. If this is "Military Reform," the sooner we have Colonel M'Murdo or Colonel Erskine back at the War Office the better, as under the old *régime*, when an Inspector-General of Volunteers existed, such events as those of a few days back would have been impossible.

THE DREAM AND THE REALITY.

THOSE who enjoy Shakspeare for his poetry itself, and not for the opportunities which it affords to vulgar would-be actors to rant and attitudinise, should go and hear Mrs. Stirling read the *Midsummer Nights' Dream*, or rather selections from that most charming poem. The music of Mendelsohn is the most perfect realisation of that fantastic ideality, of which no reader, however artistic, could hope to convey any conception. Mrs. Stirling brings the different characters before her audience with admirable skill; she is not too dramatic, for the poem is not, in a demonstrative sense, dramatic; she is earnest, versatile, and distinct. The only fault we have to find with her is that she hurries over the stage directions, the entrances, and exits, which are necessary to the proper understanding of the play, as arranged for her, by those who are not very intimately acquainted with the original work. Her reading of Helena was the best, we thought, among the serious characters; while in the comic portion we must confess her interpretation of Bottom, the weaver, was, for a woman, marvellously good. Mrs. Stirling was very disadvantageously placed when we saw her, being hidden from one-half of the audience by the throne of the Conductor. Not very good taste upon the part of that gentleman, we must say.

THE BURLINGTON HOUSE CATECHISM.

Q.—I hear the new buildings of the Royal Academy are well worth a visit. What have you got to say of the pictures?

A.—The Exhibition, as a whole, is not bad. Regarded, however, from a certain point of view, it disgusts one exceedingly.

Q.—Explain yourself?

A.—I will. The Royal Academy as an institution is intended, so the public suppose, to develop and encourage National Art. As it is at present constituted, it does nothing of the kind. Merit has not its due recognition, and the title of R.A. is simply a passport that gives admission to a closed borough.

Q.—You express yourself vaguely. Do you mean to imply that the Royal Academicians as a body turn the Academy into

a huge shop, which they crowd with their own wares, good, bad, or indifferent, to the exclusion of other and better articles?

A.—I do. Unquestionably, the very worst picture on the walls of the Academy this year is painted by the President, Sir Francis Grant.

Q.—You are quite right. Can you tell me what is Sir Francis Grant's *forte*?

A.—I can. He is a fashionable portrait painter, but there are at least half a dozen artists in his own peculiar line who already leave him a long—a very long—way behind.

Q.—Very well. Can you now, if you please, tell me what has happened to Mr. Millais?

A.—Indeed I cannot. His great powers are this year frittered away on a young lady, her stocking, a green pet, several yards of vulgar brocade, and a commonplace lady looking at some cards and a pipe.

Q.—Then there is nothing poetical, nothing worthy of a great genius in his work for 1869?

A.—Nothing whatever!

Q.—You are quite right. Can you now mention two pictures, not by a Royal Academician, that are noteworthy?

A.—I can. Nos. 99 and 714, both by Mr. Sandys, are perfect in their way. There is not an artist represented in this year's exhibition, who could have produced a more thoroughly first-class work than that gentleman's *Medea*. The flesh tints, the shells, and the prevailing tones throughout are all in the highest style of art. There is more work in this small canvass than in twenty such daubs as are furnished by the President.

Q.—You speak severely of Sir James Grant and encouragingly of Mr. Sandys. Pray do you know either one gentleman or the other?

A.—No, I do not.

Q.—Then why do you do so?

A.—Because I am not a hack art critic.

Q.—Have you heard anything particular concerning Mr. Sandy's *Medea*?

A.—Yes, I have. I have heard that it was absolutely refused last year.

Q.—If that report be true, can you give any explanation of it?

A.—Yes. Either a greed of space for themselves, or a jealousy of merits superior to their own, or the grossest ignorance of what is really *art*, must have brought about such a result.

(*To be continued.*)

DISABILITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—The O'Sullivan Disabilities Bill seems likely to be heard of no more (until it comes to be paid), but it has suggested certain considerations to me amongst others.

Have we no other instances of persons in high places whose privilege protects them from degradation—at least, from all but moral degradation. A recent case in the Bankruptcy Court has reminded the public of the existence of a certain noble personage who is Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain of England, a deputy-lieutenant, and a member of the highest legislative body in the land. If Daniel O'Sullivan, who at the worst seems to have been a vulgar, frothy demagogue, with as little real power as sense, is unfit to sit on the bench of magistrates, surely the economical benefactor of the Countess d'Alteyrac is hardly fit to legislate for Great Britain, or to represent the lord-lieutenant of his county, much less the dignity and purity of the Court.

It would be unnecessary to point out here the admirable courage with which in public this great nobleman bore testimony to his own character. He has always displayed a laudable anxiety that the whole world should be intimately acquainted with the intricate delicacies of his moral nature.

No one who has ever read of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby—certainly no one who has been fortunate enough to know him can doubt that it would be as well that his name should be removed from the House of Peers for the sake of that august body of men themselves. Of his fitness for his other offices there can be no doubt. I would suggest that the Peers might try the Joint Hereditary Great Chamberlain themselves, and also any other of their members who distinguish themselves in a similar way, and might have power to exclude such from the privileges of the order that they have disgraced. Unless some such power of self-purification is granted to the House of Lords, that venerable institution may find itself threatened with disestablishment before long.

Your obedient servant,
NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS.

'WARE SKUNKS.

CERTAIN persons, calling themselves Messrs. Harvey and Co., are circulating among householders, and heads of families, one of those pestilent publications which, under the guise of medical works, have brought misery and ruin to so many foolish and wretched creatures. When will men learn to see through the shallow tricks of these benefactors of the human race, who represent the family physician as an imbecile and a poisoner, in order that they may draw the miserable victims of shattered nerves and digestions into their—parlours? The excessive use of tea and other hot drinks, and still more of tobacco, produces all the symptoms described by these (!) surgeons(!) They know this; and they know how terribly dyspepsia, the result of adulterated food and drink, and of the sedentary habits to which most young men in London are condemned, weakens the mind; until in some moment of hypochondriasis, they swallow the bait thrown out by these (!) benefactors (!) of the human race. If any common sense is left to a man, surely he might see through the nauseous affectations of benevolence and the impudent assumptions of special knowledge which these (!) surgeons (!) assume, since they all end in the same moral, viz., Buy a five pound case of our Elixir of Life.

ENIGMA.

I'VE always heard this maid described
As gentle, soft, and balmy;
A siren who, though cross ye be,
Would quickly soothe and calm ye.

I find her boisterous, freezing, rough;
For Love she's no essential;
Her mood is like all women's moods,—
Not certain but potential.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

S	on	G
U	n	A
L	aughte	R
L	ot	O
I	scario	T
V	arle	T
A	p	E
N	ewspape	R

ANSWERS—None correct. Ruby's Ghost nowhere this time. (How do you spell garotter—you creature from the shades), The Original Pretty Little Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, J. H., Slodger and Tiney, Midas, Rataplan, Manchester Sam, K. G., W. Whitfield (Birmingham), D. Cullis (Southampton), R. Lovegrove (Farnborough), James Amphlett (Torquay), Tommy and Joey, Two Oxonions, Oliver Twist, C. Bradley (Cheltenham), L. Lewington (Scarborough), H. Liddiard, C. Hammond, D. Edwards (Aberystwith), N. Hamblin, Two Black Diamonds, Walter Harrison (Birmingham), Captain Crosstree, A Lover of Justice, J. Millington, A Proud Salopian, N. Hayward (Rhyl), Emma, G. Gough (Croydon), Little Florence, Sam Slick, C. Rowles (Banbury), and E. Lewis.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 108.] *LONDON, MAY* 29, 1869. [Price Twopence.

A VOICE FROM THE RING.

It seems the fashion, Mr. Tomahawk, to abuse the professional betting men as being the main cause of the corruption of "the Turf" as an institution, and of the great abuses that have gradually grown up around Horse-Racing. I don't mean to say but what many of us Ring-men are sharp fellows, and take an advantage when we can. I don't mean to say but what there aren't some black sheep, or may be black-legs, among us; but what I means to say, and to stick to, is as the noblemen and gentlemen what are on the turf is no better, if they aren't worse, than we are; and as people might abuse us less, for many of us try to get our living honestly; though we do get it by calculation and speculation, which the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange may call gambling if they please.

If you'll excuse me, I'll take myself as an example, because I know more about myself than I do of any one else. I began life with about a hundred pounds. I never went beyond my capital; that is to say, if I lost I could always pay; and I'm worth now about fifty thousand pounds. I should be worth a good bit more if some of my friends, and some noblemen too, had paid me what they owe me. I have worked hard, very hard, for that money. It mayn't be a very noble profession, but I have always tried to act on the square, and I don't think as anybody can say as I have ever acted otherwise. I might have gone into some other profession, but I knew more about horses than I did about anything else, so I took to betting. Of course I have won money of people as could not afford to lose it, but it seems to me that that was their look out, and not mine. I have always given time to them as were willing to pay but could not. I have had many a gentleman come and ask me for time, and I gave it them; but when *I* was hard hit in the Marquis year nobody gave me any time. I had to raise the money, and, being known as an honest man, I got some one to lend it; and very good interest he got for his benevolent action. I only know one nobleman, and he's dead, as I then owed money to, what came and said to me, "Jobson," says he, "you owe me fourteen hundred, but don't you mind paying me till I ask you for it." And when everyone was a reviling of that nobleman, the late Marquis of Hastings, I did not forget his kindness to me, I am thankful to say. I think if accounts were made up between the Ring and the gentlemen, it would be found that we have not had always the best of it. There is some excuse for a man as begins with no education and no capital, and has to work very hard for his money, trying on a bit of a plant; but when gentlemen and noblemen as have been brought up in luxury, and been to college, and had every advantage as birth and fortune can give them; when they gets bolstering up horses in the market as they knows is dead ones, in order as they may be able to lay against them on the quiet; or when they has private trials, and keeps it dark as the favourite is no use, till they've got their money on the right one; why, I think as it does come rather hard on us as has got no estates to sell, and no wives' fortunes to borrow, and no entails or reversions to dispose of. When a gentleman comes among us I don't expect him to copy what's bad in the Ring, but to try and set them an example of straightforward and honest conduct, as may make them ashamed of anything like cheating. I know a duke or two that would not cheat at cards or pick a pocket, because he stands a very good chance of being found out; but he would not make any bones of keeping a horse in the market as favourite, though he knew he was as lame as a duck with one leg.

I am very much amused, when I have time to be amused at all, by seeing how these gentlemen, when they don't want to make use of us, turns up their nose at us Ring-men, and calls us low fellows. I often meets a swell in the park who chucks a nod at me, just as he'd chuck a penny at a beggar; but when we meet in the Ring or at the Corner, and he wants to know what horse to be on, when he has not got any private information of his own, then its "Halloa! Jobson, how are you?" and he shakes my hand as if I was his own brother. I should be sorry to be his brother, though, if I wanted to borrow five pounds of my father's eldest son. When I do want a hundred or so, I never go to the gentlemen; I go to the Ring. They will help a fellow in distress; but when a nobleman gets it hot, he never tries his own kinsfolk or friends; he goes to the Jews, and perhaps he's right.

I don't pretend to say that the Betting Ring is a very good institution. Perhaps it would be better if there was no betting or gambling. There are some other institutions which we could do without equally well; but, unfortunately, human nature is a little too strong for us. All as we can do is to try and keep the Ring free from cheats and bloodsuckers, and I believe the Ringmen do as much towards that as the gentlemen do. I don't belong to the Portland or the Arlington Club, but I know some gentlemen as do, and all I say is, I would rather sit down to *écarte* with the sharpest trainer, or betting man, as ever breathed than with one of these gentlemen. Bless you, they'd clean you out before you knew where you were. Of course it's all fair; but if skill is to have the advantage in the card-room, why should it not in the Ring?

I never like to see a young man of great position and wealth, with grand estates, and a lot of tenants on them to look after,

a pretty wife, and children in the distance, come on the Turf. I know he generally goes to grief in nine cases out of ten. But what can we expect? He goes to work in the wrong way entirely; he knows nothing about horses; he knows nothing about calculations; he encourages a lot of parasites and touts about him, and, by his extravagance and carelessness, tempts persons, as are poor, to rob him. He goes on ahead without ever looking once where he's going; he backs some animal for about fifty thou., just because he fancies him; and, when he loses, borrows the money at fifty per cent., till at last, one after another of his estates go, the fine trees in the park are cut down, his wife's and children's fortunes are gone, he has nothing left but his name, and he debases that, until it won't pass current. I'm sorry for him, but what can I do? If he says to me "Jobson, I'll lay twenty thousand to one against Blueboy," am I to say "My lord, I can't take the bet?" If he wants to employ his money, on the Turf why does not he sell his land at first fairly to an honest customer, and then when he's got his capital invested, trade on that, and not go beyond it, at least not to any great extent? All my ambition is to be able to make enough to educate my children well, buy a small estate, settle down, and make as good an imitation of a country gentleman as a fellow like me can. But all my Lord's ambition seems to be to get rid of all the advantages as Nature or Fortune has given him, and to do that in as unsatisfactory a manner as possible. If men will ruin themselves why they'll do it on other things if they can't do it on horses. It's no manner of use telling a skittish mare, what's got the bit in her mouth, to stand still and let you get off—she bolts, till one or other of you is smashed to smithereens. It ain't much of a simile, but I can't think of a better.

I daresay, MR. TOMAHAWK, as you may think this kind of article of mine very immoral; but I don't wish any more than you do, to encourage the evils of the Turf. Let gentlemen, instead of abusing us, try and set their faces against this mad extravagance, this galloping straight away to ruin, almost before the starter has dropped his flag. I don't think as the Turf is by any means the worst form of gambling; if people will try and keep that reckless speculation, and cunning dishonesty off the Turf, as they have kept it off the Stock Exchange. It don't make one thing white because another's black, but if you can't do away with a thing, it's best to keep it as clean as you can; you can always reform, if you can't always abolish.

PADDY AT THE ANTIPODES.

THE Australian correspondent of one of the daily papers, in an enthusiastic communication regarding the doings of the Duke of Edinburgh at Sydney, gives the following item of intelligence:

"It soon transpired that, although unable to attend the picnic in honour of Erin's patron saint, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, had, throughout the day, exhibited his respect for 'Old Ireland' by wearing a bunch of shamrocks on the breast of his coat, instead of the bouquet he usually wears. This expressive tribute of regard and thoughtful consideration was, of course, deeply gratifying to every Irishman who saw it, it being one of those graceful acts which are never to be forgotten."

As for our part, we always considered the Duke of Edinburgh a particularly well-dressed member of society, we are sorry to find that he has fallen into evil tastes, and has discarded the single flower which it was Mr. Harding's wont to supply him with for a whole bouquet, which in its turn appears to have been superseded by a bundle of shamrock leaves. Or, as a saving clause, let us hope that the Australian correspondent is an Irishman, who, on St. Patrick's Day was lead away by loyalty and whiskey and water, to exaggerate His Royal Highness's floral embellishments.

A LESSON FOR ACTORS.

THOSE who love good acting, and could afford to go and see *Montjoye* played by Lafont, and did not go, were decidedly foolish persons. The whole performance was a lesson in the art of acting, which our English actors and actresses ought to have been taken to see, having previously had a translation of the piece put in their hands. Not that the French actors or actresses are faultless; all of them, except Lafont, play too much at the audience, and forget that when addressing a person you do not turn your ear towards them, but your mouth. There is also a mode of speaking in a sort of chaunt, which seems inherent in Frenchmen; it is very fatiguing, and renders it difficult for the audience to follow the words of the speaker. In some passages the actor seemed to sing rather than speak; we fancy that this is one of the fragments of tradition still left to the French stage; if so, it had better be got rid of as soon as possible. Of Lafont's acting it is impossible to speak too highly; old he may be, but like an old wine, with a good body, he has mellowed with age. *Montjoye* may be an abstract creation, but he is true to nature; he is the embodiment of that cynical, cold-blooded atheism, that refined selfishness, which never misses doing a good-natured thing, when it costs nothing, but which is utterly incapable of any noble action, that placid contempt for all simplicity and natural affection, which many men profess without practising, but which many more men practice without professing. The moral of *Montjoye* is most excellent, for it teaches the former that their attempt to destroy the better feelings of the heart is as useless as it is contemptible; it teaches the latter that utter selfishness always proves, ultimately, the most cruel policy towards the object which they love—self. M. Lafont represents the character with most exquisite finish; when he is cool and cynical, he is naturally so; when he is excited and his affections are touched, he is equally natural. He *acts* neither his "aplomb" or his passion. In his hands, *Montjoye* is not, as he would be in the hands of an inferior artist, two distinct persons, a man affecting self-possession, and a man pumping up his passion; he is throughout the same individual—a consistent inconsistency—his nature changing with the circumstances that act upon it, but retaining its real self throughout. It cannot be said of him as Churchill said of Barry—

"He cons his passions as he cons his part."

Without offending one's moral perception by enlisting sympathy with the vicious man as vicious, he succeeds in exciting one's admiration, one's enthusiasm, for the moral feeling, for the natural affection that asserts itself in the man in spite of the vicious doctrine that he preaches, in spite of the vices that he has committed. The whole performance is so artistic, so full of delicate touches, that it would be impossible to describe it at length: we wish English actors would study from such models, and they would learn that there is no alphabet of passion, that the emotions of the human heart cannot be gone through like the sword exercise, in seven positions. M. Lafont possesses that combination of high comic and tragic power, which is essential to the formation of that rarest of human beings—a great actor.

The ladies deserve much praise, too; they must forgive us for giving M. Lafont the preference. Mademoiselle Léonide Leblanc is the most charming actress that we have had the pleasure of seeing; she well deserved the hearty applause, from a not very enthusiastic audience, which recalled her after one scene and in the middle of an act; though the practice is not a commendable one. She is a little inclined to an excessive use of her eyes; but one easily pardons that. She has repose, as well as passion, at her command, and her pathos is free from exaggeration, while it is extremely effective. When we remember, with excruciating pangs of memory, some of the leading young ladies at our London theatres, we cannot help wishing that Mademoiselle Leblanc was not a visitor, but a resident.

We are happy to say that, on the third night of its representation, *Montjoye* was played to a distinguished audience, including the Prince of Wales; but let no one think that there is any danger of an intellectual comedy, admirably acted, competing with such unrivalled gems of art as "*La Grande Duchesse*" and Mdlle. Schneider. No English audience would endure a piece like *Montjoye*, in which character is developed, and the incidents, instead of starting up here, and everywhere

like erratic rockets, are led up to gradually and artistically. No, the English people will not have their taste corrupted by M. Lafont. Look down the advertisement sheet of the *Times* and "the Girls of the Period Breakdown," "I'm their Ma," "That's all I know about it," "Billy Taylor, a smart young fellow," &c., vindicate the refinement of our national taste. There is no hope for the English drama as long as there are no dramatic authors capable of creating characters with any force or depth of feeling, nor actors capable of performing them, and no audience capable of appreciating them.

THE BURLINGTON HOUSE CATECHISM.

Q.—LAST week you told me that the very worst pictures contributed to the Exhibition of the Royal Academy were from the brush of the President, Sir Francis Grant. Can you name any other prominent artist whose reputation is absurdly inconsistent with his merits?

A.—I can. Mr. John Prescott Knight, R.A., almost rivals Sir Francis in that peculiar school of "daub" that they both have made their own.

Q.—Should, then, Mr. Knight distress you with his canvass?

A.—He should terribly. He has shamelessly monopolised no less than eight good places on the walls of the Academy.

Q.—You are right. Will you, however, be so good as to explain what you mean when you make use of the expression, "shamelessly monopolised?"

A.—I will. Mr. Knight is a fashionable portrait painter, a road in art along which the highest genius never condescends to travel. Moreover, it is in these days of photography, a road which is daily becoming, from an art point of view, less respectable.

Q.—You are right. Can you, then, give me any account of Mr. Knight's work, and explain its nature—I mean, show how it is likely to interest or amuse the public, who pay a shilling for witnessing it?

A.—The public are amused by a reference to the catalogue. There is much fun hidden in a collection of Mr. Knight's subjects. It is really an amusing list.

Q.—Can you, if you please, furnish me with it.

A.—I can. It is as follows:—

85. H. B. BOLCKOW, Esq., M.P.
172. JOHN GREGORY, Esq. *Painted by order of the Court of Assistants of the Draper's Company, to be placed in their Hall.*
258. JAMES EDEN, Esq.
323. MISS GRACE.
353. MISS CLARA.
437. MONS. EDMUND FRERE.
443. ARTHUR GROTE, Esq. *Painted for the Bengal Asiatic Society.*
738. MR. ALDERMAN AGNEW.

Q.—You correctly call this amusing; but it is *not* interesting. Will you tell me why?

A.—Because, estimable as these people may be, the general public does not care to see them daubed on canvass by Mr. Knight, R.A., and forcing better work "out of the line."

Q.—Without wishing to be personal, one might say that the academy portraits were more or less advertisements of an ultra snobbish character. How many ways are there of answering the same ends of advertisement, but by different means?

A.—Two.

Q.—Which are they?

A.—The construction of a "mutual admiration gallery," where all people thirsting for vulgar display might find a place, or a long column of advertisement in the *Times*, giving the names, means, and pedigrees (this last at the pleasure of the advertised) of those who delight in the obtrusiveness of a Royal Academy portrait.

Q.—You answer correctly. Tell me have you exhausted the subject of these advertising canvasses?

A.—Not quite. I would say, in conclusion, that an exhibition, one third of which is composed of such "works of art" is a disgrace to the nation, and this, because through the greed of the painters and the reckless snobbishness of the sitters to be in time for a place. All or most of the details, such as the distances, draperies, and other accessories, especially the hands, which in real works of art should be carefully and conscientiously finished, are thrown in as if some fifth-rate scenic artist had knocked them off by the dozen. I know of many people who will not wade through the Exhibition at Burlington House, simply because they will not subject themselves to the disgusting ordeal of facing hundreds of simpering misses, gaping alderman, plain children, provincial nobodies, with and without horses, hitherto unknown noblemen, grandmothers, and over-dressed women. When the Academy shuts its doors on nine-tenths of this snob-canvass, it may then worthily undertake the culture of British art. At present it only too well fosters British flunkeyism.

Q.—You express yourself vigorously. Would you, do you think, if you had an offer of being painted by the President to-morrow, yourself, accept it, and be sent into the Academy.

A.—Yes, I would.

(*To be Continued.*)

WORSE AND WORSE.

ALDERMAN Sir Robert Carden, a magistrate now in the habit of dispensing justice at the Mansion House, stands alone, and unenviably conspicuous, even on the civic bench.

Having made this statement, let us proceed to disclose the cause of our irritability. One day last week, then, Samuel Russell, a tripe-dresser, was charged with assaulting a police constable in the execution of his duty. From the evidence of the constable, it appeared he was on duty in Barbican, when a man came to him and complained that he had been robbed of some money by a woman. The two went together in search of the thief, when they came upon the prisoner's wife, who was standing waiting for her husband at the corner of a street. They went up to her and seized her, when the man who had been robbed said she was not the woman who had robbed him, although "she was dressed like her." On this the prisoner came up, and having asked the constable, who was, by the way, dressed in plain clothes, what he meant by pulling his wife about, and having received no satisfactory explanation, very properly gave the policeman in plain clothes a sound thrashing. He was consequently taken into custody, but his wife being called as a witness, stated that the policeman's conduct was violent in the extreme, and that her arm was black and blue through his ill-usage. But here comes the point of the story. The woman was proceeding to uncover her arm in proof of her assertion when Sir Robert Carden stopped her, and, according to the police report, said "he did not believe it; besides, he could not tell whether her husband had caused the bruises." In the end, the prisoner having received an excellent character as a steady, hard-working, and sober man, and a model husband, was sentenced to go to prison for a week; but the disapprobation of the people in the Court was so unmistakeably expressed by their looks of disgust that the Alderman was fairly cowed into mitigating the penalty into a twenty-shilling fine.

But putting aside the decision altogether, what does Sir Robert Carden mean by telling a witness, without the least provocation or reason, that she was swearing falsely, and that he likewise believed that her husband beat her? Is Sir Robert Carden himself in the habit of committing perjury and of beating his wife, that he is so ready to jump to the conclusion that every one else must be guilty of such crimes. There must have been something of the kind in the Alderman's head, which has ordinarily little enough of anything at all in it, or he would not have gone out of his way to have hazarded such a brutal and cowardly surmise.

Really, we are losing all patience with Sir Robert Carden. Time was when we could laugh at him; but he is now getting beyond a joke. By putting on a little gentle pressure we have disposed of the Mayor of Cork. Will not some public-spirited M.P. introduce a bill to rid the country, or, at all events, the bench, of a functionary quite as mischievous, and even more ridiculous—Alderman Carden.

HER MAJESTY'S CUSTOMS.—To spend as little time as possible in London.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for June,

Price 1*s.*

LONDON, MAY 29, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. BROWNING, we understand, has engaged a stall on the hill at Epsom, where he expects to sell many copies of his last great work, "The Ring and the Book."

LORD CLARENDON may be a somewhat *dilettante* Foreign Secretary, but he has written a very good despatch on the Chinese Missionary question, in which he gives a good rap over the knuckles to those meddlesome jacks-in-office, the consuls and vice-consuls, who think they support the dignity of England by bullying a barbaric power like China. If "Christianity and gunboats" is to be the missionary's watch-word, the sooner we leave the heathen alone the better. The Bible and Gin are already rather too closely connected in the minds of many of the simple savages in Africa and America. "Gunpowder and the Gospel" were the two chief features of Christianity, as it appeared to the natives of the Pacific Archipelago. We do not want to lose the position which we have gained in China by teaching the people there that the doctrine of perfect love and mercy cannot be enforced without bombarding the homes of the desired converts. We shall do much more to advance Christianity by invariably behaving with moderation, temperance, and justice in those heathen countries where we settle, than by preaching Protestanism from under cover of breechloading cannon.

A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

THE *Church News* publishes the following very attractive advertisement:

"Wanted, an Assistant-Priest for a new church in the north of England. He must be an earnest preacher, with some experience as a confessor, and able to sing. Stipend at the rate of £130 a year. Apply, &c."

This is certainly a great chance for young parsons who aspire to St. Alban's, Holborn. It is an acknowledged fact in the Church of England that there is great difficulty in finding priests who are properly qualified to hear confessions, in consequence of the few opportunities that are afforded to confessors in the Anglican establishment of perfecting themselves in this branch of their duty; but here is a north-country parish offering to become a regular training school for the Ritualists, by only requiring a clergyman with "some experience" as a confessor. We think though that, as amongst the "ribald throng" such advertisements as the above are calculated to give scandal, the would-be penitents (whom, we must presume, are sound Churchmen) would have done better to have made known their wants in a more becoming manner than by printing them in the columns of a London newspaper.

THE "*HOLY TEXT OF PIKE AND GUN.*"

OCH! boys, hurroo!
And is it thrue
  We'll get the land free gratis?
'Tis hearts like flint
Who'd look for rint,
  Or grudge poor Pat his praties!

Sure,—would the Crown
Then keep us down
  With their constabulary,—
There's boys that breathe
Big oaths in Meath:
  There's slugs in Tipperary!

Och! you may pen your
Thoughts on Land Tenure,
  Improvements, drains, and fences—
An ounce of lead
In someone's head
  Will bring you to your senses!

St. Patrick sure
Was premature
  In making his appearance:
We've great complaint
'Gainst that old saint,
  The way he made the clearance.

Ejecting craytures
Of ugly natures,
  Why wouldn't he determine
To give us rest
From tenant's pest,
  Them Landlords? they're the vermin!

There' letters sint
To give a hint—
  On walls there's warning placards—
The land we claim!
Oppose that same,
  Hurroo! ye Saxon blackguards!

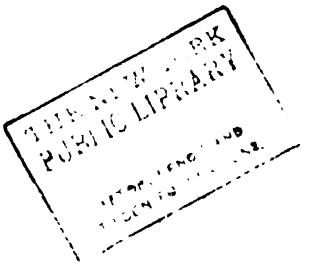
'Tis ours the soil—
For you the whole
  Poloiteness is suggestin'
Six feet of earth,
Sure that's the berth
  For landowners to rest in!

PECCAVI.

NOTWITHSTANDING the stringent denials recently offered by the military authorities regarding the existence of the wicked practice of cross-cupping in the army, the following circular has just been issued from the Army Medical Department:

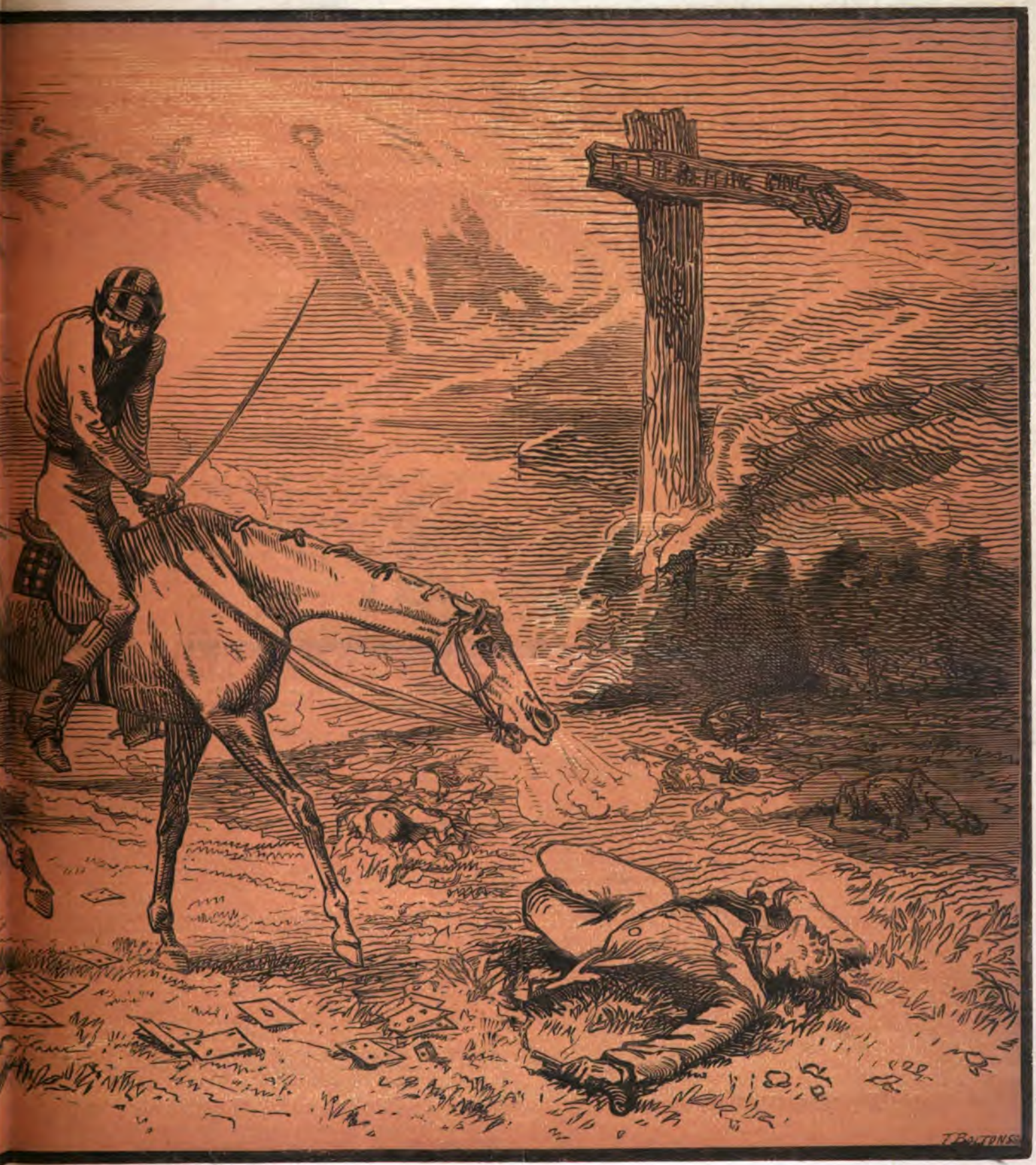
"With a view to remove all misapprehension regarding the medical treatment of soldiers while in the service, or about to be invalided, it is to be clearly understood by every medical officer in the army that no measures are to be resorted to in any case with any other view than the treatment of the malady. The measures adopted must be such only as would be had recourse to in similar cases by physicians and surgeons practising in civil life.—T. G. LOGAN, Director-General."

There never was any doubt in the public mind after the overwhelming evidence brought forward in support of the assertion that cross-cupping was still the practice, that Mr. Cardwell was shamefully deceived by his subordinates when he made his statement in the House of Commons, denying the fact. But the above circular is none the less welcome, for it not only proves that Mr. Cardwell has discovered his mistake, but that he has also taken immediate steps to put a stop to a barbarous custom, for the existence of which the authorities at the Horse Guards are solely responsible.


PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE PORTRAIT

"TEN TO ONE



OF A WINNER!

OR,

E ON SATAN." (A DERBY PROPHECY.)

[See "PLUTO AT EPSOM."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

PLUTO AT EPSOM.

(*See* THE CARTOON).

THE King of Hell was in a bad temper. Things had gone hard with him; and like most people accustomed to a hot climate, he was irritable—very irritable. The devilled kidneys on the breakfast table remained untouched, and even the last work, by Rénan (an author in great favour with Pluto), had been allowed to lie in disorder and neglect on the floor of the Infernal chamber.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked Proserpine, "You look very disagreeable to-day."

"Disagreeable! Who wouldn't be? Coals are so expensive that one can scarcely sit in comfort by one's own fireside! Then again, your milliner's bill is so high that I scarcely know how to make both ends meet. If it were not for the few rich people who bring their money down here occasionally to swell our exchequer, by Jupiter, I do believe I should have to go through the Court, and take the benefit of the Act."

"I am sure the Misses Clotho, Atropos, and Lachesis, are very clever with their weaving, although one of them certainly does cut a little to waste with her shears. And as for expense; why they are the most reasonable people in Hades—a little fond of having their own way, perhaps, but on the whole particularly civil and obliging."

"That may be, but I don't like paying for civility," said Pluto, with a frown, "I am not civil myself."

"That you certainly are not," put in Proserpine.

"And I don't expect civility from others. On my word, if this kind of thing goes on much longer, I think I shall shut up shop and go back to Olympus.

"A fine figure you would cut there, among those stuck-up people! You shouldn't take me with you."

"I would not."

"Oh," said Proserpine, bridling up, "so now the secret's out! You are tired of me."

"My love!" remonstrated Pluto, becoming alarmed.

"O yes, I know you are," continued Proserpine, beginning to sob, "you are a cruel wretch, and want to get rid of me."

"My own soul," said her husband in a wheedling tone, "what can have put such nonsense into your head. Why, my darling, my kingdom wouldn't be Hell without you!"

"O yes, it's all very well for you to say that," cried Proserpine, through her tears, "but I know you are tired of me, and want to marry your poor deceased wife's sister."

"Proserpine!" replied Pluto, sternly, "come, that's really *too* bad! Do you think that such a contemptible scheme would come from this place!"

"I don't know. You are bad enough for anything."

"Come, come, I didn't mean to offend you. The fact is, I am a little out of temper this morning. I have had some bad news from Earth. They are going to close, by law, some very respectable branches of this establishment."

"Where?"

"Oh, in London. After this year there are to be no more sponging houses!"

"Well, that isn't *my* fault!"

"No, no, I know it isn't," said Pluto, soothingly. "There be a good girl, and wipe up your tears. What have you been reading there?"

"Oh, only the comic paper we take in. I wish you would get me something a little more lively. Why don't you borrow the TOMAHAWK from Olympus?"

"My dear, now don't ask me to do an impossibility. You know its against the regulation to permit amusing publications to enter Hades. You are so inconsiderate. I am sure you are well enough supplied with works on theology."

The storm blew over, and Proserpine went to sleep. Still her Lord and Master (?) looked very discontented.

I don't know how it is, but things are not what they used to be. Here am I actually obliged to pay Ixion, the Man at the Wheel. He said he would strike if I didn't, and offered to get up a Limited Company to dethrone me (with the Furies on the Direction and Cerberus as Secretary) if I didn't accede to his demand at once! A nice state of things when a Roman God is not the master in his own house. Tantalus, too, laughs at me now—he's given up his taste for water since he's taken to gin drinking. Not that he gets much though—they use so much gin on earth that we get very little of it here below. It's just as bad they tell me in Olympus. Every body's disgusted. Jupiter's eagle has flown down from the stars, and has taken up his abode at a sort of Cremorne in the City road. The old reprobate—*we* shall have him here soon, if he dosen't look out. Then again, there's Minerva's *Owl*, a *very* nice bird! Left his mistress Wisdom to make a *fiasco* in print! I think every body must be going mad! I scarcely know the place now-a-days!"

He sat down before the fire, and stared gloomily at the blaze.

"By Jove," he cried, starting up, "I am burnt if I don't go up to Earth to see how things are getting on there. Here, Faust! Faust!!"

A young man in a very handsome dress made his appearance at the call.

"Yes, Sire, what pleasure can I do thee? Tell me, oh tell me, what pleasure can I do thee?"

"Oh stop that singing," cried Pluto irritably, "You are always making a row!"

"It's my destiny to murder Gounod, as Gounod has murdered Goethe. Strum, strum," and he pretended to play a couple of phantom chords on an imaginary double bass.

"Silence, slave," cried Pluto emphatically, "and listen to my commands. I propose a visit to earth—you will take my place in my absence."

Faust bowed low before the King of Hades.

"The Furies require some assistants; do you know any one down here fitted for the situation?"

Faust considered a moment, and then replied—"I have no doubt, my lord, that I shall find plenty ripe for the post among those degraded creatures, the Poor-law Guardians."

"Be it so; and now before I go, is there any one who wishes to see me?"

"Sire," said Faust, trembling, "an audacious mortal has dared to invade your sacred kingdom."

"What!" thundered the King, shaking with rage, "where was the traitor Cerberus?"

"Good, my lord," replied the much-frightened Faust, "the Guardian of the Gate had left Hades to visit a distant colony in which he takes great interest—the Home for Lost and Strayed Dogs."

"Brave creature!" cried Pluto admiringly, "did he know of the sausage shop in the vicinity of the dreadful place—had he heard of the muzzling propensities of the human police?"

"He had, my lord, and yet he defied both dangers."

"I *must* forgive him—his valour protects him from my rage. But why did he not return at night?"

"He went, my lord, to see an exhibition of living cat's meat held at Astley's."

"A painful sight," observed Pluto. "But now that a mortal has gained admission here, I suppose we must admit him to our presence."

The faithful Faust retired and reappeared with a youth who carried a barrel organ. Before the King of Hell could speak the youth began playing his instrument of torture.

Pluto and Faust shrieked with anguish at the dreadful sounds.

"Stop," cried the king, "cease that horrid noise and you shall have what you want."

"You promise it," said the youth, stopping in the middle of the chorus of "Tommy Dodd."

"I do."

"Give me back my wife."

"Your wife!" murmured Pluto in the last stage of surprise; "why, man, what is your name?"

"Orpheus."

"And your address?"

"Hanwell Lunatic Asylum."

"I thought so," said Pluto drily; "your strange request fills me no longer with wonder now that I know the name of your abode. Be it as you will."

After a few words with Faust, his Infernal Majesty embarked on Charon's boat *en route* for Earth *viâ* the Savings Bank Department of the Post Office, Cayenne, and the Styx.

* * * * * *

Pluto, on his arrival in this wicked world of ours, went straight to Newgate, murmuring to himself, "Surely in a prison will I find the veritable Hades."

He was mistaken. Clean beds and comfortable cells, a nice

library, plenty of exercise, good food and a little easy oakum-picking—that was all. "It's more like Olympus," he said, and walked on.

"H'm," he said, as he passed by a workhouse, "there's nothing for me *there*. It's the home of charity—how I hate charity." At that moment a fussy beadle opened the door, and out of mere curiosity the King of Hell peeped in. He turned away with a look of intense horror and disgust. "No," he murmured, "that's too bad even for me! I have lived for centuries in Hades, but I have never seen the like of *that*. I am very fond of suffering, and have been accustomed to the most refined kind of torture from my infancy—but come that's a little *too* strong!"

Then his Satanic Majesty strolled into the City. He walked into the Stock Market, and met a merchant.

"What do you want here," asked the Mortal.

"I am Pluto, and my address is Hades."

"The very man I was looking for. How much would you take for your estate."

"Shall I say (supposing you let me throw in Proserpine) £20,000,000?"

"Say anything you like my dear fellow. Here you are. The Underground Sulphur Mining Company (Limited), capital £60,000,000, Managing Director, Mephistophiles Pluto, Esq., Blazersville-on-the-Styx. Get the capital subscribed, pay yourself £20,000,000 in money, £20,000,000 in shares, and give the extra £20,000,000 to me. If you wait a moment I will float the affair immediately."

"Thanks, no," said Pluto, "You are too sharp for a poor devil like me," and he passed on.

Then a brilliant idea struck him. He mounted a horse and rode away to the country. He found himself on a race-course. He was surrounded by thieves wearing the best broad cloth, and thieves dressed in fustian jackets, and he saw painted faces, and listened to the lying words of false and cruel hearts. He found many of his subjects assembled: there was Rage with his murderous knife, and trembling Terror with his cup of poison; Despair, with his shriek of vain blaspheming, and Madness with his hideous stare. He saw coronets tumbled into the mud, and widow's tears streaming over the bodies of self-murderered men. And he listened with pleasure to the cracks of the whips, and the hoarse murmuring of the wildly-gambling crowd. His eyes lighted up with pleasure, and he cried as he rode among the ruined and the slain—

"Eureka, I have found it. Here is my true Hades. Now, indeed, I live in Hell!"

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We notice a revival of some absurd objections to Her Majesty leaving town in the middle of the Season. As these objections mostly emanate from ill-conditioned persons, who are not in the receipt of pensions, but have to work for their living, it may be thought by many to be scarcely worth while to notice them. Be that as it may, we believe we are justified in stating that Her Majesty, with that consideration for the humblest of her subjects, for which she is so eminent, wishes it to be known that she is desirous of emulating the princely benefactions of Mr. Peabody and Miss Burdett Coutts. Of course this can only be done by the exercise of the most rigid economy. If the Queen is compelled to spend the small annual stipend allowed her by a parsimonious people on court gaieties, and the entertainment of foreign princes in a style befitting their rank, it will be impossible for her to carry out this dearest wish of her heart. Her Majesty, therefore, seizes every opportunity of retiring from the giddy whirl of the London Season to the solitudes of frugal Scotland. By this means she is enabled to save more than would otherwise be possible, and we have no doubt that in a short time these petty cavillers will be shamed into silence by Her Majesty coming forward, and with equal wisdom and liberality, devising and endowing with the savings of past years, some scheme for the amelioration of the distress amongst the poorer classes of her people in London.

Change for a Sovereign.—A season in town.

MONEY AND MONEY'S WORTH.

We are glad to see it announced that Blackfriars Bridge is all but completed. The work of taking down some of the scaffolding has already been commenced, and the piles around the buttresses are being removed. The point, however, that is made the most of by the constructors of the new Bridge is its cheapness. It is stated that it has only cost £320,000! If this is economy, the sooner the tunnel under the Straits of Dover is put in hand the better; for, according to the estimates, this great work will only cost about ten times that amount. Let us hope, though the same firm will not have the contract; for, as Blackfriars Bridge has taken ten years to build, at the same rate the submarine tunnel would not be completed in a hundred, which would be a little too long, even for British patience.

A POPULAR TABLE OF PRECEDENCE.

(*REVISED FOR* 1869).

1.—The Princess of Wales.
2.—Mr. Gladstone.
3.—The Prince and Princess of Teck.
4.—Miss Burdett Coutts.
5.—Lord Granville.

(*We regret that want of space compels us to omit the next ninety names.*)

96.—Lord Ranelagh.
97.—Sir Francis Grant.
98.—Mr. Whalley.
99.—Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.
100.—Prince Christian of Schleswig Holstein.

"NO HARM DONE!"

It is time that some check should be put upon the vagaries of the police. It is not long since that a scandalous case occurred in which a highly respectable man, named M'Donald, was taken into custody and locked up for "loitering," when in point of fact he was really discharging his duty as a Treasury Messenger in delivering letters. The mistake was soon discovered, and Mr. M'Donald was liberated, but the affair had such effect upon him that he became ill, and actually died of a broken heart in St. George's Hospital on the 11th inst. Nor is it difficult to understand how keenly a sensitive man could feel the indignity of finding himself in prison for the first time. While we mourn the loss of an excellent public servant, as we understand poor M'Donald to have been, let us once more call for such reorganization of the Police Force as shall render such really shocking occurrences as this impossible. In this sad case the "discovery of the mistake" came too late. Let Colonel Henderson take heed, or he too may find that he has committed an error when the opportunity of remedying it has passed and gone.

Answer to the Enigma in our last.—May. [*To Ruby's Ghost.*—Give us thy hand, Œdipus, we meant thee no harm. We did leave out the O in O'Sullivan; but what wouldst thou have us do with a traitor's "head" but cut it off? This is the head and front of our offending. No more.]

Answers have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Pimlico Tom Cat, F. G. Renard, The Original Pretty Little Waiting Maid of Lower Norwood, Frank Stewart, L. Lewington (Marlborough), R. Rhodes (Scarborough), M. Kemp (Torquay), N. Morgan (Aberystwith), H. Williams (Southampton), L. Isaacs (Mortlake), C Whittingham (Hereford), N. Barlow (Henley), Captain Crosstree, Rataplan, Little Red Riding Hood, Three Black Diamonds, Oliver Twist, Florence, C. Bradley (Cheltenham), O. Hughes (Manchester), Snooks (Brighton), N. L. S., Happy-go-Lucky, K. I. (Bristol), R. Bartholomew, (Windsor), E. Peate (Derby), I. Harrison (Birmingham), R. Smith (Portsmouth), D. Edwards (Sydenham), Real Annie (Tooting), R. T., Proud Salopian, and Major A.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 109.] *LONDON, JUNE 5, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

TO THE SAVIOUR OF FRANCE.

"THE town of Sèvres, obeying its sentiments of affection and gratitude for Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the Envoy of God, and the elect of France, her Saviour, and her glory, proclaims him Emperor of the French, under the name of Napoleon III., and confers on him and his descendants, hereditary right."

Such was the proclamation of the Empire at Sèvres, October 7th, 1852. Your titles "Saviour of France," "Envoy of God," were conferred on you first at the town celebrated, justly celebrated for its manufacture of beautiful china. You are the finest specimen of modern Sèvres extant, and no doubt would fetch something in a sale of articles of vertu. I never quite comprehended why you were called the "Saviour of France," and why you have been the object of admiration, if not, of respect, to so many estimable persons. But in carefully reviewing your past history, I perceive what before I scarcely knew, or the magnitude of which I must have underrated, viz., your wonderful self-denial; the course of conduct, heroic and honourable, which placed you in the very proud position which you now occupy, consists of a series of acts of self-abnegation, to which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a parallel in the annals of heroes.

In 1848, if you will excuse my reverting to that memorable epoch, you said, "I am not an ambitious man, who at one time, dreams of empire and war, and at another, of the application of subversive theories—if I were named President I would not shrink from any danger or from any sacrifice to defend society now so audaciously attacked. I would devote myself entirely, *without any concealed view*, to the consolidation of a Republic, wise by its laws, honest by its intention, great and powerful by its acts. I should consider it a *point of honour* to leave to my successor, at the conclusion of four years a consolidated Government, liberty, interest, and a real progress accomplished."

Alas! *L'homme propose, Dieu dispose.* You were elected President, and in your own words, you found you had "a great mission to fulfil, to found a Republic in the interest of all, and a Government just and firm, neither reactionary or Utopian." This was in December 1848, and in May 1859, we find you undergoing your first penance of self-sacrifice by sending an armed force against the Republican party at Rome. In the following July you revisit the scene of your former captivity, Ham, where a gentle confession of your repentance for your former fault is elicited from you—and you drink to the health of those men "who are determined, *in spite of their conviction*," to respect the institutions of their country.

If Saul were among the prophets—why should not you be oh, Envoy of God, and Elect of France! Foreseeing that you would soon be numbered among the institutions of France, you delicately begged for that respect which men's honest convictions might prevent their conceding to you. I think, on the whole, that your attempt against Boulogne which resulted in your imprisonment at Ham placed you in a more favourable light than you appear in on the occasion of your revisiting the scenes of your suffering. But this does not prevent our appreciating your supreme forgetfulness of self on this occasion.

November, 1850, has arrived, and I find you declaring to the Assembly that the first duty of authorities was "to inspire the people with respect for the law, by never deviating from it themselves." As an authority, what you must have suffered in being compelled to violate this first duty! "The noblest object, and the most worthy of an exalted mind, is not to seek when in power to perpetuate it, &c., &c." Men with pride, with absurd self-respect, hampered with principles, and encumbered with consistency, might have hesitated to abnegate as decidedly as you have done all claim to the possession of an exalted mind. What it is to have a disposition so patriotic as to be ready to sacrifice even one's favourite virtue on the altar of one's country!

Passing quickly over the great reception by the "Dames de la Halle," which might have suggested to anyone less high-principled than yourself, later on in life, to beg a reception by the "Dames du demi-monde,"—we come to the glorious 2nd of December. What a fearful struggle even your heroic nature must have undergone before you could bring yourself thus to immolate liberty, the law, humanity, truth, all at the same time! Well may some call you the greatest man of the time, for to consign so many noble natures "to death or imprisonment," must have demanded from one who sympathised with "noble natures" so deeply, a stoicism, a Spartan suppression of feeling, such as is rarely found in any human being. If you had been ambitious, we could have understood your ambition overruling all moral feeling in you; if you had been a great soldier, or mighty conqueror, one could have understood your contempt for human life; but for the gentle besieger of Boulogne, the philosophical prisoner of Ham, the benevolent refugee of Marylebone, the justice-loving deputy of the National Assembly, the high-minded President of France, what a terrible ordeal the deliberate bloodshed of those two days must have been! Let us draw a veil over your sufferings; the Envoy of God must have felt the *rôle* of Azrael very fatiguing.

The crowning act of self-sacrifice which placed you on the

Imperial Throne has been severed from the memory of men and from your own conscience, by an interval of seventeen busy years. You are still the hereditary Ruler of France, and how much you have done for your country, Frenchmen only know. Whatever you may have learnt in your pain of poverty and exile, you did not learn to forget the princely extravagance which was a sign of your exalted birth. If two of your acceptances for a thousand pounds were stolen now, even your bitterest enemies would scarcely say that they were only worth the stamp on the paper.

What means, you may ask, this stale recapitulation of some of the events of your early years? Why, Saviour of France, if you will have it, there is a moral. History repeats itself, and some men in your position, and of your great virtues and talents, have had to live their lives over again backwards. Where you will take up the thread is not for me to say,—perhaps at December, 1851, in which case I almost venture to prophesy you will find yourself before very long back in London. You have plenty of admirers in this country; and on the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* you will always find a place reserved for you. You might make quite a sensation in Paris, as English Correspondent of the *Pays*, say. No doubt that journal will be retained, as a valuable specimen of veracious and cleanly writing under whatever government may ultimately be established in France.

You have got a majority in these elections, on which I almost forgot to congratulate you. It does not represent the intelligence or the intellect of France; but that is an honour to which neither you nor your servitors ever aspired. But then it *is* a majority, and I have no doubt, with the aid of that majority, you will succeed in your object, so often avowed, so often frustrated, so long deferred, of founding in France "a Republic wise by its laws, honest by its intentions, great and powerful by its acts." *Courage! mon ami.* You have a rare opportunity now of gratifying France and yourself. Do not let any quixotic notions of self-sacrifice prevent you from fulfilling, at one and the same time, your desire and your destiny.

Your never-failing admirer,

TOMAHAWK.

CAT AND DOG LIFE.

THERE is an enthusiastic, not to say reckless, humanity about a recent decision given by Mr. Ingham, the metropolitan police magistrate, that might lead believers in Utopia to suppose we were on the very dawn of another and a better era. That worthy gentleman has denounced the clipping of a dog's ears as a "relic of a barbarous age," fined somebody for doing it, and threatened imprisonment where the use of the scissors can be shown not to be the result of ignorance and folly. Now clipping a dog's ears is certainly a stupid custom, inasmuch as it seriously impairs their hearing. As to its brutality, it appears to be not more or less brutal than a thousand and one other usages which long custom has sanctioned. The fact is, that though brutality to animals should, as far as the law can wisely interfere, be stopped, nevertheless, the public ought to be particularly on their guard against a certain sort of animal humanity which is daily growing in the midst of us and receiving unthinking support. The other day there absolutely appeared an appeal in a daily paper for funds for the support of some "home" or asylum for destitute cats! The advertisement, too, wound up with the encouraging and hopeful announcement "that upwards of 30,000 cases had been relieved." Now, in the name of all that is religious, is not such a paragraph as the above a shame and a disgrace to a Christian country? Thirty thousand destitute "cats" relieved, where human beings are starving for want of a morsel of bread, and that daily! The thing is sickening, especially when one reflects that these animalists are generally well up in the Scripture that teaches them distinctly that every living thing not human was given to man solely and simply for his use. Stray and destitute cats ought not of course to be tortured; but they most certainly ought not to be supported. They ought to be promptly, and, if possible, painlessly killed. To devote funds to such a purpose is an outrage upon humanity, and it is difficult to conceive a sin, that is one of the proper and pious type, that will prove more utterly inexcusable in the light of Divine Justice than this misapplication of help and assistance, this feeding of beasts at the table and kicking away of human beings from the very crumbs that fall under it. Mr. Ingham deserves all credit for his condemnation of brutality; but he made a mistake when he tried to sweep the whole subject clean off in a few words. If we are to get rid of barbarism *en masse*, we can begin lower down in the scale than mere dog's ears. Horses' tails, sheep's wool, oxen driving, lobster boiling, steeple-chasing, pigeon shooting, to say nothing of some hundred moral brutalities, would loudly demand our immediate attention. Animal worship is all very well, but it is safer to cut off a dog's ear than neglect a human being for a destitute cat. In these days, unfortunately, this obvious truth cannot be too frequently insisted upon.

MARBLE SNOBS.

"OLD WESTMINSTER" and somebody else, whose name has escaped us, were, the other day, fighting about the condition of the monuments in the Abbey. One of the disputants declared that they were in a filthy state, and required an immediate application of yellow soap and the scrubbing-brush. The other called this dust of centuries "tone" and was for leaving things just as they are. Now, we have a word or two to say upon the subject. Doubtless, the physical mess is a good type of that mellowness of age with which historians have morally invested the characters of the mighty ones of past generations. In both cases the scrubbing-brush, from this point of view, would be equally undesirable. However, while "Old Westminster" is having it out with his opponent, there is one suggestion the controversy has raised which we must cordially trust will not fall into the chaos of things unheeded. By all means, let us leave all the good old gothic monuments alone, but cry war to the knife against the atrocious monstrosities that have grown, like hideous fungi, over the old Abbey walls in the course of the last three hundred years. What is the good of "Old Westminster" talking about the grandeur of this and the "tone" of that, and making comparisons between one great English cathedral and its few continental rivals! Let any one quit the nave for an instant, and what meets his gaze? The unblushing and godless vulgarity of three centuries! Monuments out of all taste, and void of all decency and beauty, encrusting the grand divine old walls with their foul earthy excrescence! Partly nobodies floating about in blankets or flowered waistcoats in the midst of plump cherubs, and grinning in marble at their own portraits held out to them by Billingsgate editions of Fame!

Busts, heads, legs, ships, guns, ropes, savages, death's heads, seraphim, and patches, all jumbled up into one great act of idol worship,—an assemblage fitter for a wax-work exhibition than for a mighty Christian temple once dedicated to the worship of God! There is one gentleman, no one we will be bound knows his name, who literally takes up a whole chapel width to himself. He is being carried up to Heaven in full court dress and periwig, after having taken an affectionate farewell of a select batch of heathen mythological figures. Above him is the glory of the last day, and dozens of angels with trumpets and, we think, fiddles, are bowing him in to an extremely good place. This monstrous piece of vulgar gingerbread, raised to the memory of a Christian man, is about five-and-thirty feet high, if not more, and plastered over with a lying epitaph.

This is a bad case, but it is really only typical of every monument, with a very few and rare exceptions, raised within the Abbey of late ages. Talk of tone, indeed. Who ever has the courage to cut down all these pagan effigies, every one of

them, and clear our great cathedral of a crying scandal, will give a tone of another kind to the whole nation. Dean Stanley is a fearless gentleman in his way. Why does he not immortalise himself by cleansing this ecclesiastical Augean stable? We would soon find a place for the refuse either in some local Walhalla, or, better still, at Cremorne.

THE FIRST (AND LAST?) LORD AT SEA.

As the Whitsuntide cruise of the Fleet, under the command of the First Lord of the Admiralty, has created, and is still creating, a great deal of interest, we are pleased that our extraordinary sources of information enable us to publish Mr. Childers' private journal from the date of his assuming the command of the expedition.

FRIDAY, MAY 14TH.—Went on board the "Agincourt" with my staff. The Admiral struck his flag, and I hoisted mine. The Fleet is at present moored inside Portland Roads, and it is blowing a smart gale outside. I am glad of this, as I shall have an opportunity of better judging of the stuff the Naval Reserve is made of, also of the relative merits of iron and wooden ships in a heavy sea.

SATURDAY, MAY 15TH. Up at 4 a.m. The wind is still very "fresh" outside. Piped all hands, and at 5.30 set sail. I shall have breakfast before we get outside the Breakwater, as it will enable me to direct personally the movements of the squadron when we arrive in the open.

7.30—Have finished a light breakfast. We are passing the lighthouse. Have sent all hands aloft. The men take well to the work. The iron ships a-head of mine are rolling more heavily than the other wooden vessels. The "Agincourt" is an iron-clad.

8.30 a.m.—*Memo.* to act on when I get back to Whitehall.—The food on board a man-of-war is unwholesome. A piece of toast I had for breakfast has evidently disagreed with me. How fortunate I left untouched the mutton chops they brought us for my private secretary,—eat two of them and is seriously ill.

Noon.—The toast still disagreeing with me. I shall go to my cabin until luncheon time. The wind is still fresh.

1 p.m.—I do not want any luncheon, and I do not think it will be safe for me to eat the wretchedly unwholesome dinner they are sure to provide. I have given orders that I am engaged in business, and am not to be disturbed.

SUNDAY, MAY 16TH. *Afternoon.*—I have been very ill. I suppose it is the overwork I have been subjected to at the Admiralty since the beginning of the year. I am better now though, and the sea air is doing me good. I attended Church this morning, and had a cup of tea afterwards.

Memo. Tea is the best thing they have on board a man-of war. For my part I can take nothing else. I must see to this on my return. The wind has gone down, and it has been almost a calm they tell me, since sunrise.

8 p.m.—A murky sunset. Nasty weather expected again. It is already blowing hard. I shall retire early and give orders that I am not to be called until I ring. I still regret having eaten that bit of toast yesterday. The flour of which the bread was made must have been poisonously adulterated.

9 p.m.—In my cabin. I wish my flagship was a wooden vessel. It is blowing a gale.

MONDAY, MAY 17TH (Blank).

TUESDAY, MAY 18TH (Ditto).

WEDNESDAY, MAY 19TH (Ditto).

THURSDAY, MAY 20TH (Ditto).

FRIDAY, MAY 21ST (Ditto).

SATURDAY, MAY 22ND (Ditto).

SUNDAY, MAY 23RD (Ditto).

MONDAY, MAY 24TH (Ditto).

TUESDAY, MAY 25TH (Ditto).

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26TH. I was surprised to find the "Agincourt" at Spithead at daybreak this morning. I have no leisure now to speak of my serious illness; suffice it to say that I have only just time to catch the special train to town (*vid* Epsom), which is waiting for me.

Memo. Special trains are necessary but expensive, and I must reduce some temporary clerks when I get back to Whitehall to make up for the outlay.

We understand that since Mr. Childers' return to the Admiralty, he has been busy in preparing a circular forbidding the use of flour on board men-of-war, and a Minute addressed to the Chief Constructor of the Navy, condemning the present class of ironclads as ill fitted for service in heavy weather.

A VULGAR APPEAL TO A VULGAR SET.

CHARITY, or rather the snobbish self-worship which represents it in modern society, has recourse to strange devices to accomplish its ends. Only last year some vulgar-minded people advertised seats at the laying of a certain foundation stone, as "enjoying a good view of the Princess of Wales." To-day there is another move of the same kind. "Ladies desirous of obtaining purses to be presented to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and laid upon the first stone, will be supplied on early application." Does this mean that despairing of touching the female heart by any really Christian appeal, some committee or other has determined to hold out a momentary approach to royal blood as an inducement? If so, the thing is very degrading to the committee's taste, though it may speak well for its estimate of British vulgarity. By the way, the charity is one for the support of idiots. Could not the "ladies" who respond to this advertisement be treated with an award for their generosity? Let them be elected "out patients."

AN UNSEEMLY JEST.

THERE is a good deal of inherent wickedness in the English character. When the captive balloon broke away last week from the Ashburnham grounds at Chelsea, the matter was regarded by one consent in the nature of a capital practical joke, which was only spoilt by the fact that there was no one in the car at the time. What real fun there can be in a poor Frenchman losing his means of livelihood, and what satisfaction it could have been for any one that some adventurous person should have been whisked into space and eternity against his will, after having paid a guinea for the journey, it is difficult to conceive; but there is no doubt but that if Mr. Whalley, Sir Robert Carden, or some one else, who may have recently managed to make himself unpopular, had happened to have been in the car when the monstre broke away, and if the "Captive" had been seen no more, the matter would have been regarded as one of the "queerest and most ridiculous accidents that ever happened." While we congratulate the Frenchman in having got back his balloon, we deprecate none the less the bad feeling displayed by the public in having even for a moment regarded what might have proved a serious misfortune as a capital joke.

SAD DOGS.

THE Dog Show is becoming more difficult of access every year. It has always been held in an out-of-the-way locality, but this year it has emigrated into a remote region indeed,—somewhere a long way the other side of the Agricultural Hall at Islington. We have not much interest in the exhibition, and probably if the show were to be held in St. James's Hall or St. James's Palace, we should not attend it; but it really seems ridiculous if the exhibition is intended to be a public one, that all but the natives of that unknown region which lies beyond Islington should be excluded from the privilege of attending it. It is, moreover, scarcely fair to the dogs themselves, for no animals have a juster appreciation of those with whom they are called upon to associate than members of the canine race. One point is satisfactory, at all events, which is, that if the dogs are disappointed with the class of visitors introduced to them, they are well able to mark their displeasure, and by the incessant howling that we have been told is going on at the Dog Show this year, we may take it for granted that the animals are not by any means pleased with the arrangements.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for June,

Price 1s.

LONDON, JUNE 5, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Earl of Dudley, the *Court Newsman* tells us, paid his respects to the Pope last week. Come, here's a beginning!

AN application has been made to the Dean of Arches by D. Tristram, on behalf of the Bishop of Winchester, desiring him to accept letters of request against the Rev. Hook Edward Wix, Vicar of St. Michael and All Angels, Swanmore, who is charged with certain illegal ritualistic practices. This is rather hard. Surely *Wix* might be excused for showing a partiality for *candles*.

THE Queen, we are told, purposes giving His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales the £35,000 said to have been realised by the sale of Her Majesty's "Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." Surely the Heir Apparent should take wisdom from so excellent an example. Why does he not get up a book—on the Leger? If the Prince does adopt the idea, we hope he will give us the credit of having suggested it.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is trenching on the ground of comic papers. For some time its "Occasional Notes" have been tinged with waggery. Let that pass, but we are sorry to see that it has descended to practical jokes on its readers, who were last Friday perplexed by finding its pages in the following order:—1, 6, 7, 4, 5, 2, 3, 8, 9, 14, 15, 12, 13, 10, 11, 16! Was this witticism described in the contents bill as "The Oaks—this day!"

A SPECIAL paragraph appeared the other day in several of the evening papers announcing the fact that "the Hon. Francis Godolphin Pelham, of Trinity College, Cambridge, a son of the Earl of Chichester, and the Hon. Frederick George Dutton, of Christ Church, Oxford, a son of the Earl of Sherborne, were ordained deacons on Sunday last—Mr. Pelham by the Archbishop of York, and Mr. Dutton by the Bishop of Oxford." Well, what of it? Why have these two young men been fished out of the ecclesiastical intelligence and "done" into a special paragraph together? Is it the adjunct of "Honourable" that has effected the business, or is Christianity to be congratulated on numbering two gentlemen of such figure among its exponents? Really as the announcement stands it is simply idiotic. What *does* it mean!

MR. LOWE'S Budget is passed; and it only remains for those whom it is designed to rob, to use every means in their power to resist the gross injustice inflicted on them. Let those who earn their incomes by their own labour, and subject to their health, throw every obstacle they can in the way of the collection of this monstrous blackmail. If anything could add to the contempt and disgust which we feel for Mr. Lowe, it is the way in which he has spoken in the two very short discussions on his financial chicaneries. We can only suppose that, having consented to join a Radical Ministry, and sit as a colleague of Mr. Bright, he has determined to show his contempt for the people of England by displaing, on every occasion of his official appearance in Parliament, the most insolent levity, and the most shameless disregard of truth. He seems anxious to prove in his own person that his estimate of the Radicals was a true one; he has joined that party, and it is thus he seeks to disgrace it. Seldom has a more degradin g spectacle been witnessed in the House of Commons than this libeller of the people, this renegade Capys, getting up from the same bench on which sit some of the most honest and noble-minded Reformers of England, and uttering his disjointed buffooneries, his shuffling subterfuges, as the only answer to the serious remonstrances of upright and sober-minded men, whose own wealth does not happily blind them to the bitter injustice, and the fraudulent cruelty, that this political juggler is inflicting on the poor. It will reflect eternal disgrace on the present Coalition Ministry that it should not only have contained among its members a man capable of producing so dishonest and unjust a Budget, but that it should have absolutely supported him in doing so.

LITTLE LEGISLATORS.

THE *Times*, the other day, it is to be presumed for want of better copy with which to fill up its advertisement sheet, gave a list of the new members of the House of Commons "elected within the last six months." It appended also a little bit of domestic history to each of these gentlemen, mentioning the names of their respective papas and mammas, as also their own ages and addresses. There appeared to be no point in the column of information thus tendered beyond the fact that all the really able men were workers and veterans, and most of the nobodies aristocrats but boys. Lord Hyde, a youth of three and twenty, and the Earl of March, another youth, who has the advantage of him by one year, were set down respectively for Brecon and West Sussex. Some other young men on the list turned out to be more or less closely connected with "influence" either of blood or money. We recommend a perusal of the whole to those enthusiasts who still believe that the Reform Bill has upset the Constitution, and closed the gates to rising talent.

A FINE CROP.

A FEW days ago one of the metropolitan police magistrates inflicted a fine of five shillings on two men who stood convicted of cropping a dog's ears. Two veterinary surgeons who were called in evidence said it was cruel. Sir Edwin Landseer was of the same opinion, and stated that the Queen protested against cropping, and had never had a dog's ear cropped in her life. The magistrate's decision was a very wise and proper one, and will no doubt be generally approved, but the *Pall Mall Gazette* seized the case as matter for one of its "Occasional Notes," and did its best to throw ridicule on the whole subject by suggesting that the present customs of docking horses tails, ringing pig's noses, boring ladies' ears, and even putting a footman into plush breeches, were equally barbarous. It is not often that our intelligent contemporary is on the wrong side, but we must express our regret that for once at any rate the *Pall Mall* has committed a breach of decency in giving support to the recognition of a vilely cruel and useless practice, for which fashion, isnow the sole and only justification.

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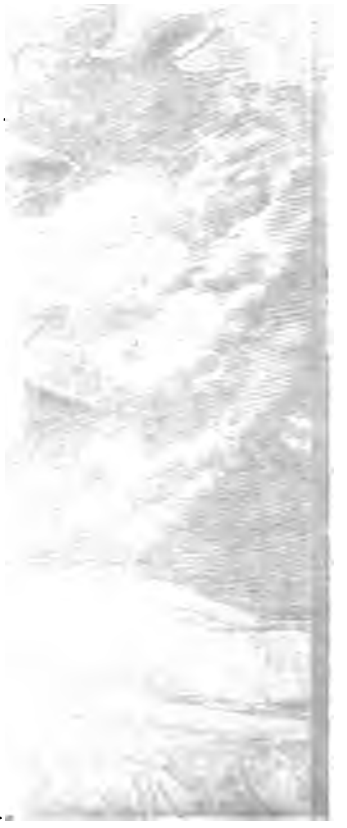

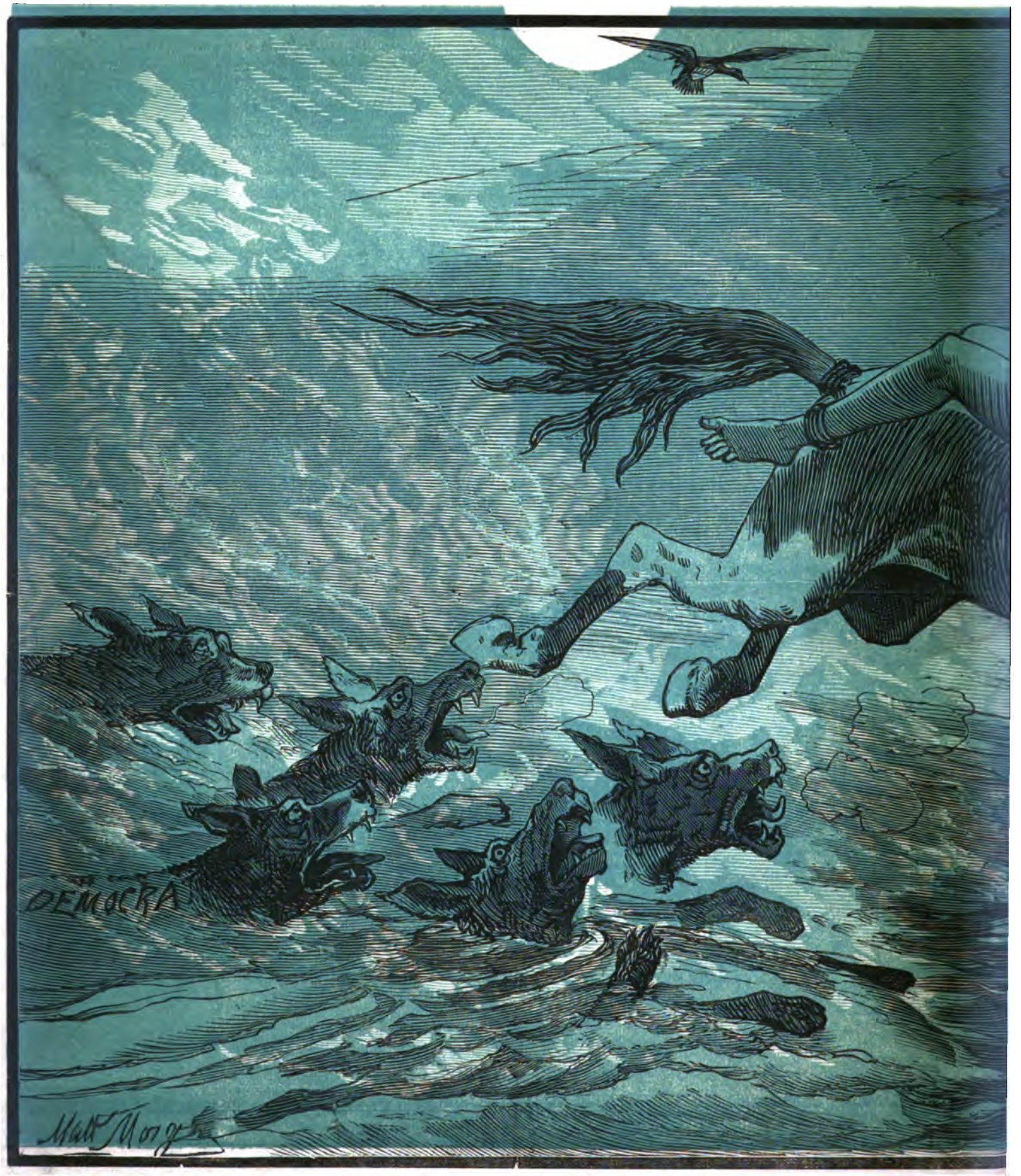

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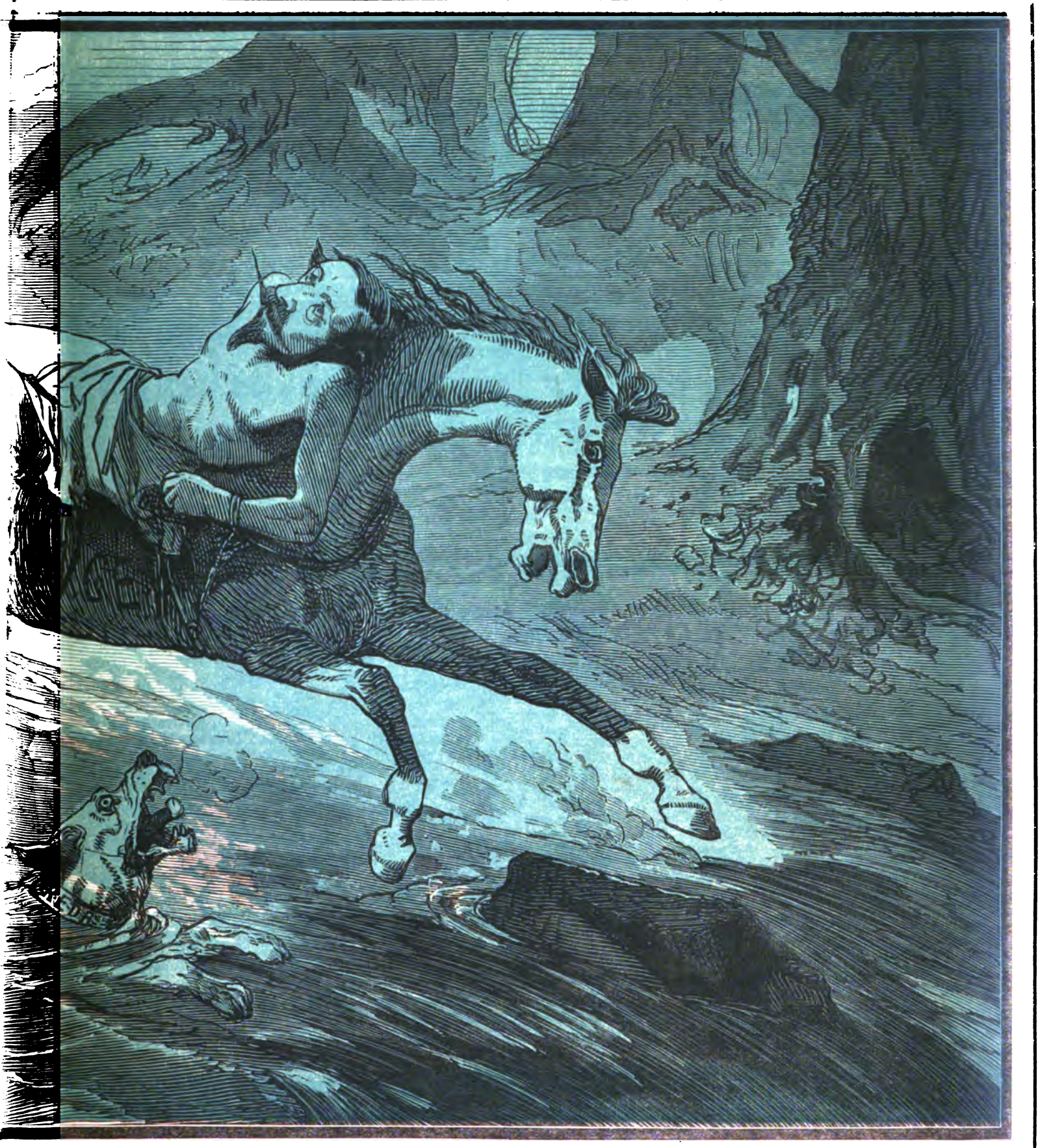

V HIS WILD CAREER!"

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N MAZEPPA.

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"JULES CANARD" AND THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

243 Rue de Pauvre Diable (5me Etage),
Quartier Latin, Paris,
27th May, 1869.

MY DEAR REDACTEUR,—I am boiling over with indignation. I am completely unhinged! Treason! treason!! treason!!!

You will cry, "What is the matter?" I will tell you. A year since you asked me to write for your paper; I complied. I passed over the *triste* two hours of water which separate "*perfide Albion*" from "*la belle France*;" I lived in fog and rain, and did my duty. You know it; is not my work written in the pages of the TOMAHAWK? My visit was sad, very sad; it has but one pleasant memory, the "*cat-is-meat*," your national and toothsome dish, which to think about is to regret, to regret to cry over! You see by my address that I am once again *chez moi*. *Eh bien*, why do I complain? I will tell you—listen.

On the eve of the "Derby-Epsom-saltz-Handicap Flat-selling-plate-Gentleman's Jockés Steeplechase" (you see I remain "sportsman"), an article appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*, which was a weak copy of my style—of my matter. It was no more like me

"Than I to the Hercules Life Insurance Office."

"*Sir Hamlet, Esq.*," *Drame par Ben-Johnson-Villiams, En* 6 *Actes, et* 13 *Tableax.*"*

The wretched creature—the author of this miserable article—has copied my words. He has told you facts which *I* found out, and which I only (for certain reasons) *could* have found out. For instance, he writes on the 25th May, 1869:—

"'Listen,' continued Milord. 'My carriage is not yet arrived. It has probably been stopped by the Thames Embankment, which is to run outside my park at Ouapping. *Look you, I will take places for two, outside an omnibus. It is the usual plan amongst the nobility. Admiral Rous will be one of us.*'"

He adds, a little lower down in the same paragraph, "*The noble Lord rides on the 'knife-board.'*"

Now, on the 3rd of October, 1868, I wrote to you as follows:—

"I was talking the other day to an 'omnibus cadd,' about the population of London, and he assured me *that not more than half-a-dozen dukes had sat upon the 'knife-bor'* (*the fashionable part of the vehicle*) *of his omnibus during the whole of the last six weeks.* I suggested that perhaps the expense of the journey (they charge 'tupens,' or four sous, for the shortest distance!) might have had something to do with this falling off, and he allowed that perhaps it might. Be this as it may, London is very empty."

Again another instance (and this shall be the last, although I could produce a score). You may remember I was the first to find out that terrible hatred the English bear to the people of the "*Prince de Galles*"—a hatred never before discovered. I wrote on the 31st of October, 1868:—

"One of the mob cried, 'You are a subject of the Prince of Wales, a 'welshère.' At this denunciation there was a loud shout from the crowd. Cries of 'down with the aristocrat, with the subject of the Prince of Wales' was heard on every side! The mob tore me to pieces because they believed I was loyal to the heir-apparent,—because I was a 'welshère'! And yet there are some who say that England is loyal!" The writer in the *Telegraph* remarks on this same hatred of the English for the 'subjects of the Prince of Wales,—the 'welshères,' using for the purpose nearly the exact words I myself employed.

Lest the public should be misled, I write to tell you that

I DID NOT COMPOSE THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" ARTICLE,

and that the communication is a base and silly plagiarism.

They tell me over here that the Emperor of the French has great influence with your contemporary. Perhaps his Majesty obtained its insertion to damage me. Napoleon hates me and persecutes me. For months I have been obliged to elude his vigilance by disguising myself as a Marshal of France, keeping up the character by living on the 5me Etage, eating broth, drinking *eau sucré*, and spending at least five sous a day! I need scarcely say that to live in this State has half ruined me—but what would you?

But don't pity me too much, for I had a sweet moment of revenge last Sunday. When no one was looking or listening, I sang the "*Marseillaise!*"

Indignantly I tender my best considerations to you,

JULES CANARD.

* To be or not to be.—*Hamlet*,

THE TRUE VALUE OF MONEY.

IF it were necessary to add another to the mass of instances that may be quoted to show the gradual decline of British taste for the highest class of dramatic literature, the indifference with which a certain portion of the Press have received to the recent revival of Lord Lytton's best play would admirably serve the purpose. Not that *Money* has not its most ardent and enthusiastic supporters. Refined taste is never crushed out; it is merely dormant. However, one is continually coming across men, *literary* men especially, who assume a contempt for this, one of the very best English plays in the English language. They tell you that were it to be produced for the first time, however well cast, in the Season of 1869, it would be unequivocally damned. If this be true, it is difficult to define the precise nature of the dramatic malady with which we are, as play-goers, suffering. No one who has had an over-dose of Mr. Boucicault can urge that *Money* is too sensational. No one who has taken rather too much of Mr. Robertson can argue that it is too meaningless and insipid. The fact is, it is just what a good play ought to be. It does not, so to speak, cut deep into human feeling, after the fashion of certain modern French *comédie-drames*, but can boast of a plot sufficiently stirring to enlist the sympathies of the audience, the development of which is entrusted to a set of the most perfectly distinct characters, who work it out in a series of admirably written scenes. It would be scarcely fair to institute a comparison between any of Mr. Robertson's plays, even his best, and this great standard work; but when people are found to sing pæans over the mere conversational point of one or two recently successful "drawing-room" plays, to the disparagement of the biting, though finished and elegant satire, which has placed *Money* among the British classics, one is constrained to state unhesitatingly that a piece like *Caste* is no more worthy to be set in the scales against it than a haphazard after-dinner charade is to be measured with Mr. Robertson's own best style. *Money*, really too, is the fountain-head and origin of the modern school, but it has this advantage—every character, with the exception of Evelyn, who was meant for an eccentric—a sort of moralising being, a Greek chorus to the play, is a perfect and distinct type of hundreds of people whom one meets every day. Moreover, these characters are drawn, one and all, by a master-hand.

But it is not necessary to continue a disquisition on their merits. What is astonishing is that a crop of intellects has sprung up to question their very existence. After some of the dramatic *treats* we have had of late upon the London stage, there is something peculiarly refreshing in a visit to the Holborn Theatre. Whatever may have been the patronage bestowed on the revival of *Money*, Mr. Barry Sullivan will have deserved the thanks of all real play-goers for the care with which he has placed it on the stage, and the excellence of the company to which he has entrusted it. When frantic and half-naked burlesque is shrieking itself wild at half the theatres in London, it is a matter of congratulation that one house at least promises to keep clear of what debases, and furnish only that which can enhance the prospects of the British drama.

THE WHALLEY CATHOLIC TESTIMONIAL FUND.

WE publish a further list of subscriptions received up to the hour of our going to press:—

Brother Ignatius - - - -	A cowl.
Ritualistic Annie - - - -	A pair of sandals.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.—Gratitude to Her Majesty for the revivification of trade.

THE BURLINGTON HOUSE CATECHISM.

Q.—Last week we disposed of the comic pictures of "portraits." Can you now tell me whether the portraits really exhaust the fun of the Academy?

A.—No, they do not. There are several other methods of introducing drollery and buffoonery into art.

Q.—You are right, there are. Will you then be good enough to tell me something about them, and commence with an illustration. Who, for instance, comes out with most comic force among the Royal Academicians?

A.—Mr. Cope.

Q.—Yes, can you tell me why you say this?

A.—I can. Mr. Cope this year has distinguished himself by a very large canvass conspicuously hung in gallery No. 1. It is very funny. It represents the Duke of Wellington—in his night-gown! An extract from the catalogue says, "He had, as usual, taken off all his clothes, but had not washed himself." Having so often pictured the great Duke in battle, decked in crimson and plumes, or cloaked and booted, or having later still seen him in the dignity of old age riding in Hyde Park, it is to be supposed that Mr. Cope wished to treat his hero with a certain amount of originality, and so caught him in bed. The humour of the idea is beyond a question. No one can gaze at Mr. Cope's Duke for half-a-minute without being forced into fits of hopelessly ungovernable laughter. Dr. Hume, the scarlet lay figure, who is announcing a mull he has just made in an amputation case, is also full of vigorous fun. He is wonderfully stiff and vulgar, and has rushed, or more possibly, been thrust into the Duke's bedroom in a suit that has been sent out all the way from England to him by Nathan.

Q.—Precisely. Can you tell me why this picture is called "the price of victory?"

A.—Yes, I can. It is meant to warn all young artists against ambition. They may learn from it a wholesome lesson in reflecting *what*, sometimes, it may cost a man in reputation who is bent upon attracting public attention on the Academy walls.

Q.—Quite right. Can you suggest any serious motive for this work.

A.—Mr. Cope may be a devoted admirer of Napoleon, and take this opportunity of having an ugly hit at his great opponent.

Q.—That is a very reasonable explanation. Tell me then in that case what the picture might have been called?

A.—"Waterloo Avenged." With that title it might yet be turned to good account, and presented to the French Emperor as a graceful and important addition to the "gallery of Victories" at Versailles.

Q.—In contrast with this rather misdirected fun of our English Royal Academicians, can you mention some foreign outsider who really possesses the *vis comica* and knows how to turn it to good account?

A.—Mr. A. H. Tourrier. His interview between Louis XI., and François de Paul is an admirable work, and placed as it is above a batch of pictures contributed by associates or royal Academicians, deserves a special notice. There is an eternal "Nell Gwyn" subject polished up by Mr. Frith (R.A.), on the line, with its stock gallants and Restoration drapery, while Mr. Tourrier's work is high up, if not out of sight, at least, beyond the region where the eye can comfortably rest upon it.

Q.—Why does it not change places with 281, a canvass just three times too large for the two figures it contains?

A.—Because "Cupid's Curse" (281) is painted by Mr. Leslie (A.) and M. Tourrier is not an associate, and therefore has no chance of being treated fairly according to his merits. His other contribution, 263, "La Sérénade," is again excellent, and is again hung too high; while close by it a vulgar daub, by G. Jones (R.A.), entitled "Cawapore: the Passage of the Ganges, &c., &c.," monopolises an immense space upon the line. This picture, in its present position, is a disgrace to the walls of the Royal Academy, and a savage satire upon genius, which alone, is supposed to entitle one to its highest honours. Half-a-dozen scenic artists could be mentioned who could produce a better picture than this, and one fully as large, in four-and-twenty hours.

Q.—Exactly. Well then, you would say, I suppose, that there is as much genius without the magic circle of R.A. as there is within it?

A.—A good deal more.

Q.—You would suggest that a rival body be formed on principles that should ensure the immediate recognition of talent, and ensure its development?

A.—I would.

Q.—In fact, you would carry on a sort of war to the knife against the present monopoly at Burlington House?

A.—I would.

Q.—You answer somewhat determinedly. Tell me, do you know a friend who has sent in a picture this year, and had it rejected?

A.—I do.

(*To be continued*).

A QUESTION OF CONSISTENCY.

WHEN, a few months back, Mr. Gladstone took office, and placed Mr. Cardwell in charge at the War Department, it was generally believed that one of the earliest results of such an arrangement would be the abolition of the Purchase System in the army. That Mr. Gladstone's government was morally pledged to consider the question there is not a doubt, and we can only suppose, from Mr. Cardwell's inaction in the matter, that, after due consideration, the Purchase System, as existing in the English Army (and in no other Army nor Service in the civilised world) has his approval as a just and wise institution.

If this is really the case, and we can but believe that it must be so, we must be prepared for the general adoption of the buying and selling system in all branches of the public service. It will be easy enough to assimilate the prices of commissions in the Army and Navy as relative rank already exists between the two services; but as in the cases of the Civil Service, the Bench, and the Church, difficulties may present themselves, we have with much care and consideration compiled the following scale of charges, which, with a few unimportant modifications, will no doubt be considered by the government as fully meeting the requirements of the new *régime* which, in the cause of consistency, they are now bound to introduce:—

THE CHURCH.

	£ s. d.
Curate	0 4 6
Vicar	Two years' salary
Dean	2,000 0 0
Bishop	15,000 0 0
Archbishop	30,000 0 0

(Or by special arrangement.)

GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Clerks 5th class	Same price as a Line Ensigncy.	
„ 4th „	„	Lieutenancy.
„ 3rd „	„	Captaincy.
„ 2nd „	„	Majority.
„ 1st „	„	Lieut.-Colonelcy.

THE BENCH.

	£ s. d.
Alderman	10 0
County Magistrate	2 15 0
County Court Judge	2,000 0 0
Police Magistrate	3,000 0 0
Judge	10,000 0 0
Chief Justice	12,000 0 0

THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

Attaché	Same price as Ensigncy and Lieutenancy in the Guards.
Second Secretary	„ „ Lieutenancy and Captaincy in the Guards.
First Secretary	„ „ Captaincy & Lieut.-Colonelcy in the Guards.
Minister—To a Commoner	£15,000 0 0
„ —To a Peer	7,500 0 0
Ambassador	20,000 0 0 And upwards.

We cannot but hope that the Purchase System may be

generally introduced without further delay; for, as at present we have every confidence in Mr. Gladstone and his War Minister, we are bound to suppose that, on due consideration, the institution must have been accepted as sound and advisable, for it is impossible to believe that after so many promises and professions, a system which has been often deprecated as mischievous and unwholesome and as a disgrace to our institutions, should have been permitted to remain in full action for six months, without any action being taken for its suppression by an enlightened Liberal government pledged to reform.

A NEW POET.

In this materialistic age we hail the appearance of a new poet, whose forte lies in the delicate sensibility and graceful ideality of lyrics, rather than in the stately solemnity and blunt realism of blank verse. Such a poet has favoured us with some of the effusions of her (?) elegant fancy, and we should be cruel to our readers if we denied them the privilege of becoming acquainted with so much that is beautiful and true.

But, lest in their imperfect sympathy and lack of imagination, many of our readers should fail to perceive the hidden beauties that modestly shrink from forcing themselves too prominently into notice, like those tender lovely flowers that nestle in the crevices of the kindly precipices' aged face, we will act as cicerone, and educate our readers to that point of taste and discernment necessary, in order to be able properly to appreciate these gems of the creative art. The first echo of this musical soul is called "Charity," and we feel sure will call forth in the breast of the reader the divine quality which it celebrates.

Thus it begins with plaintive philanthropy:—

"If a mortal chance to fall,
Leave them not upon the sod."

We hope that after reading this soul-stirring couplet, nobody will narrow its lesson so much as to see an old gentleman slip on a slide or a piece of orange peel, and fall on the pavement, without rushing to his aid. We feel sure that we are interpreting the real intention of the clever poet or fair poetess who penned these inspired lines, when we urge upon dwellers in cities that this lovely precept is not for them impossible to be obeyed. No, do not leave the fallen man to rise alone, or with the help of a stick, but—

"Rather lend a willing hand."

This line will become a household word on board ship, if we may use such a paradoxical expression.

The second verse opens more beautifully—

"If a mortal chance to err,
Censure not when they appear."

This may seem a little vague; but, when read by the light of inspiration, it is *very* beautiful.

"If a mortal *chance* to err,"

The clever poet or fair poetess would imply that we sin by chance, not from determination, much less from inclination. "They appear" may seem a little singular, or rather a little too plural, but it evidently refers to the judge and jury who forms the cruel court of stern law, unmindful of charity, which is to try and condemn the chance sinners.

In the next verse we find a most marvellous proof how worldly wisdom is sometimes united to a highly imaginative nature.

"Nay, 'tis a Christian's duty here
To pity most what most is down."

From Overend, Gurney, and Co., to a fallen cab horse, this widely-extending precept reaches. In it we plainly see sound financial wisdom. For following this advice the Christian will, from pity, invariably buy Consols when they are down, and sell when they are up. We beg the clever poet or fair authoress's pardon if we have somewhat strained her (?) meaning.

"Judge not that thou be not judged."

We fancy we have heard that line before, but whether in prose or poetry we cannot just now remember. However, as the next line expands the idea with so much power, we cannot quarrel with the plagiarism, if plagiarism it be. It requires a fine poet to see in these words the natural development into the far grander precept:—

"Blame not, lest thou be to blame."

The rest of the poem is full of the most exquisite religious feeling, which we could not profane by quoting here, but merely express a confident hope that before long all will be able to read the delightful lyric for themselves.

The next poem is inspired by the real god of poetry, "Love." It is mellifluous and charmingly simple.

The lovers are enjoying a last meeting before parting:—

"Gazing at the varied flowers
Scarcely knowing what to say."

This is indeed eloquent silence.

"For I'd loved warm and firm
Loved her for a lengthy time;
Yet dared not ever fearful
Ask her if her heart were mine."

Here the halting measure expresses the hesitation of the lover. "Warm and firmly" is a rather fleshy expression, but full of grace:—

"So the parting hour had come,
And my soul was full of woe;
But if her's were just the same,
I'd have given worlds to know."

What is Mr. Robertson's "Jug" scene (in which, by the way, he evidently hinted, in a materialistic spirit, at the nightingale), compared with this? Talk about Idyllic simplicity, and pure nature, the last couplet surpasses anything we ever read for these qualities.

We must draw attention to an idea which is, ethically speaking, superb:—

"Thus we wandered, till old Time
As he passed by, fleeing past,
With him bore our pleasant hour
Placed it in the happy past."

Who does not see the figure of Old Time with two bags, one in front, one behind, the future and the past; he puts the hour into the bag behind him and passes on. No German dreamer ever exceeded this for metaphysical depth.

We must quote the last stanza if only to show how the revulsion of feeling on the lover's breast naturally involves him in a frenzied disregard of metre, which is supremely appropriate.

"Came I back then full of hope
Asking, could I claim her heart,
And we parted full of joy,
Then met again ne'er to part;
And she was my heart's jewel,
And she was my sunbeam bright,
Making joys doubly joyful,
And my troubles ever light."

The fourth and fifth lines are superb in their rugged vigour. Space will not allow us to quote more than one of the stanzas of the poem entitled

"LINGERING ON THE THRESHOLD."

"Parting is ever saddening,
Though we part to meet again;
But when for years, perhaps ever,
Taking leave to me is vain
Without one word of kindness,
One single glance of kindness."

The second couplet reminds us of Wordsworth, it is so true and so childlike in its unadulterated simplicity. We can fancy an imprisoned Government clerk on a lovely September day, looking out of the window in some spare moment, and softly humming to himself.

"Taking leave to me is vain."

because he, foolish prodigal, having been absent every day of the London season has got no more leave to take. Thus it is that the great masters and mistresses of song touch with magic hand the fat echoing key which awakens the complicated harmony of the intellect and the soul, and at the same time, finds a resonant chord in the most Arcadian recesses of the heart. After what we have written, is it not time for the Laureate to look to his laurels?

A BAD PRECEDENT.

A PARAGRAPH going the rounds of the papers declares that the men of Sunderland are subscribing to a fund raised with the purpose of pensioning off a ruined speculator, who, in his time, brought misery and starvation to thousands and thousands. TOMAHAWK is not fond of hitting a man (even a bad one) when he is down, still it is his duty to point out that ill-doing should not find a crowd of sympathisers; that a man because he once has fattened upon the "little alls" of the widows and fatherless, should on that account be subsidised by those who remember his ill-gotten wealth with flunkey-ish awe. If people wish to be charitable, there are plenty of poor among us to be fed, plenty of beggars to be clothed.

The "act of charity" to which TOMAHAWK has alluded may be imitated elsewhere than in Sunderland. He will not be in the least surprised to find the following list appearing in the *Pall-mall Gazette* in the course of next year:

LIST OF GIFTS PRESENTED TO PEOPLE OF DISTINCTION.

Name of Recipient.	Services of Recipient.	Nature of Gift.	By whom given.
William Palmer, F.R.C.S.	Decreasing the population by administering strychnine.	A magnificent statue in bronze.	By the followers of Malthus.
Wiliam Roupell, late M.P.	General excellency in copying handwriting	£10,000 a year.	By the Royal College of Preceptors.
Sir Eardley Wilmot.	Increasing the number of married women by marrying two wives at once.	A ticket for the Continent and unlimited leave of absence.	By the Government after hearing of the recipient's alleged illness.
The Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.	For improving the "baby-farming" trade by the publication of questionable advertisements.	A magnificently-bound volume of the Bible in the original Hebrew.	By the Arch-Bishops, Bishops, & Clergy of the Church of England.
Mr. O'Sullivan, Ex-Mayor.	For sympathising with the poor murderer and persecuted assassin.	A lion skin, to be worn with long ears	By the Irish nation and a few Yankees.
Sir Robert Carden	For bringing the office of City Magistrate into disrepute.	The colonelcy of a West-Indian regiment in Sierra Leone.	By the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Seriously we ought not to reward questionable actions with money which might be well spent on the poor.

"EXPERIENCE DOES IT."

IN consequence of the example set by Mr. Childers in having as First Lord of the Admiralty, assumed the command of the Channel Fleet during the Whitsuntide cruise, we hear that the Ministers whose names are subjoined, have made the following arrangements with a view to their obtaining a closer and more practical knowledge of the services entrusted to the administration:

MR CARDWELL as SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR will assume the command of the troops on the occasion of a Grand Review of all available forces that can be brought together in Hyde Park at an early date.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON as POSTMASTER-GENERAL, will personally deliver the letters brought by the Indian Mail due on Saturday next, in the Belgrave Square division of the S.W. district.

MR. LOWE as CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, will superintend the coinage of Threepenny bits at the Mint in August and September.

MR. BRIGHT as PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, will immediately open a public-house in one of the principal thoroughfares of Whitechapel.

MR. GOSCHEN as PRESIDENT OF THE POOR-LAW BOARD, will make a tour *à la* Greenwood, passing a night in the casual ward of each of the workhouses in the United Kingdom.

If there is any truth in the above rumours, Mr. Gladstone may well boast of having formed the most practical Government on record, but we fear that these announcements are for the present, at all events, a little premature.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THAT my second should be my first,
And my first should be my second,
Proves in this age of successful shams
That people had wisely reckoned.

1.
This makes railway trains go fast
And railway shares go faster;
He sails the best on fortune's sea,
Who of this air's the master.

2.
How often I, sweet Pamela,
Have seen thee sip this on the sly;
No wonder with such honey tipped
Your lips attract the butterfly.

3
Abridged you see what men have called,
In mockery, life's elixir;
If you would live you'd better use
This only when you're sick, sir.

4.
Not so believed this merry knave;
He'd drink the ocean dry,
If it were made of whiskey punch,
And no police were by.

5.
This is the only bird I know
That emulates the ostrich tall—
If ever you should meet with one,
You'd best with him not try a fall.

6.
Suppose you bought a dairy farm,
And found this beast among the stock—
What would you do? set up a show;
Of asses soon you'd have a flock.

7.
How many of these apes I see
Within the Royal Academy;
Critics they are; yes, good enough
To judge of what they see there—stuff.

8.
An insect whom we all respect;
This name one Irish patriot bore,—
Some time ago; their patriots now
Are insects—yes, and something more.

9.
What they who in life's rubber draw
As partners, often wish to do,
On finding that of all the trumps
They've nothing but the deuce—or two.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 110.] *LONDON, JUNE 12, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

JONATHAN'S FALSE MOVE.

We are very glad to see that our Yankee friends and relations seem to be inclined to behave with more moderation, and that they have not misinterpreted the attitude of England towards them as regards the question of War or Peace. There is a laudable anxiety on the part of the American press to soften down the foolish and mischievous speech of Mr. Sumner, and to disavow the insolent tone of that manifesto. So far, so good; Jonathan has made a false move, and the sooner he tries to retrieve it the better.

The great Motley has arrived, and has spoken the usual commonplaces about the anxiety of America to preserve friendly relations with this country, the community of our interests, &c., &c., our common addition to commerce and the arts of peace—a curious expression, by the way, as if commerce meant whiskey, and the "arts of peace" taking drains together. It is to be hoped that Mr. Motley will be kept in his place, and that there will be no attempt to entertain him at banquets where, warmed by British hospitality and British wine, he may be led into the ridiculous assumption of any position as the accredited envoy of a Government which speaks through him, instead of being what he really is, a sort of superior clerk sent on behalf of a country which would not have the slightest scruple in repudiating every obligation to which he might bind them, even though that obligation had to all appearances and interests received the consent of the executive. We shall have reaped one advantage, at any rate, from Mr. Reverdy Johnson's convivial starring expedition about this country, if we learn not to waste our time and money in talking meaningless platitudes about "brotherly" peace and "cousinly affection," We do not despair of peace. America has begun to pay its debts, and that is a greater step towards respectability as a nation than she has taken for a long time. Whether honour and truth will ever obtain across the Atlantic even the professed respect and titular honours which they obtain in England is a very open question. When to have done an honest or a generous action is looked upon in America as more creditable to a man than having done a sharp or a mean thing, public opinion in that country will have undergone such a wholesome reformation, that we may look forward with perfect confidence to our future relations with our Yankee cousins.

It is somewhat a striking coincidence, that just as Mr. Motley is arriving in England, having been looked upon by many, perhaps unjustly, as the representative of an aggressive policy on the part of America towards this country, there should be leaving our shores one who has done more than any man living to make the name of America—to make humanity itself, revered and loved—we mean the greatest hero of our day—the noblest Christian of our day—George Peabody. If any one man can attain or deserve the glory of allaying the irritation now existing between the two countries, of paralysing the efforts of agitation, of bringing America and England the blessing of peace, founded on mutual good-will, and not on mere self-interest, George Peabody is that man. We can forgive America if she sends us back her noble-hearted countryman with renewed health and vigour; his energy in doing good nothing can strengthen. There are many rich men, who are charitable, liberal of their money in relieving distress, and personally thoughtful for the happiness of their poorer fellow creatures, but there is no man so grandly unselfish in disposition, there is no man who has made a large fortune, and who holds it so purely as a trust from God, who is as wise as he is generous, as prudent as he is bountiful, who has made this noble use of the power which wealth gave him, namely, to fight in the most effective manner, and with the most untiring perseverance the hosts of evil and of misery which war against the weak and the poor. It is an honour to America to have begot him, it is an honour to England to have so long numbered him among her people; both countries owe him much, and both countries look up to no higher human example by which to guide their conduct. The thought of his never-ceasing industry in well-doing, of his wide-spreading, far-comforting sympathy, of the spotless purity and perfect gentleness of his life, of his perfect freedom from all taint of arrogance or intolerance, of his single-hearted simplicity of goodness might surely do something to check the overbearing self-conceit, the grasping avarice, the reckless dishonesty, the malignant envy, the virulent malice, the muffled anger which have been so freely indulged in by persons—well, we will say on both sides of the Atlantic. The remembrance of George Peabody has brought us naturally to speak of peace, let us stop now, with the earnest expression of a hope that his return to his native land, unpretending and retiring though his spirit be, averse to stain itself by mixing in political intrigue, may bring with it to America some accession of moderation and gentleness, something of the higher and more divine part of our nature, and that the resolute expression of preparation against insult or outrage which now characterizes the face of John Bull as he looks at the cunning and vindictive countenance of the American who threatens to be his foe, may yield to a smile of hearty friendship as their hands in the grasp of reconciliation, and the jealousies and animosities of the past are forgotten, in the common resolve to live in peace and good-will for the future.

NOT VERY ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE APPROACHING DIVISION IN THE LORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—I am not an alarmist, but as an Englishman, a Christian, and, above all, as one who has three near relatives expecting preferment in the Irish Church, I think I may be allowed, at the present crisis, to ask you to give your powerful aid to the support of that popular, heavenly, and lucrative institution. The august assembly of the Lords is about to immortalise itself by a unanimous, or almost unanimous, rejection of that lying, iniquitous, diabolical bill, which a knavish pack of traitors to their Queen, their constitution, their religion, and their pockets framed for the immediate satisfaction of their own lust, for power, and for the ultimate immolation of their country, their gods, and the Three-and-a-half per Cents. !

But I need not continue in this strain. You have said all this, and much more, with far greater eloquence a hundred times yourself. I only beg to point out in your pages at this moment the nature of the *inevitable* chaos that awaits us, should the arch-radical Gladstone throw, *as he has threatened to do*, the opposition peers into the Tower dungeons until the division be taken. It must be obvious to all that if the Bill be suffered to pass—

(1) That within six months there will be left not one atom of Christian truth (as expounded in the xxxix. Articles) through the length and breadth of England.
(2) That in this *frightful* condition of affairs, there will of course be no snug berths in the church for scions of the aristocracy, and no incomes of £5,000 a year for ordinary divines who have married into titled families !
(3) That St. Paul's will be desecrated by the presence of the Rev. Newman Hall one day in the week, and devoted to lectures on popular atheism the other six.
(4) That there will be found at least 2,000,000 souls in London who never enter a place of worship at all ! ! !
(5) That the golden calf will be bowed down to publicly—on the Stock Exchange.
(6) And lastly—that, in the final crash of things, the *Court of Arches* will collapse !

You are a staunch Conservative, Sir. Pray then listen to the voice of one who subscribes himself humbly

A MONEYED BUT EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

(2)

SIR,—I'll tell you what will happen if the Lords throw out the bill.

(1) In three days they will be carted away like so much rubbish, together with the crown and all the rest of it. And Gladstone will be dictator, and then he'll go it—rather.
(2) In a week Peers will be seen driving Hansoms and teaching deportment at dancing academies.
(3) In a month the right man will be in the right place, and I shall be getting £3,000 a year payable in advance.

Yours truly,

THE TOTTENHAM BRUTUS.

(3)

BROTHER,—You of the red handed fraternity of literary peoples must be true and noble in this destruction of plutocrats. Italy looks to you. The emancipated of the eternal brotherhood of the peoples looks to you ! Welcome. Hail. Your Peers are the enemies of divinity, and what is greater—man ! Then let your sons dip their pens into the red blood of your earls, your counts, and your vi-counts, and let your Lord Derby be given as a feed to the vultures of humanity. Brother ! Welcome ! Prosper, and may your peoples grow fat and red in the gore of your Norman city-knights !

Yours till eternity,

GARIBALDI.

(4)

EDITOR,—Wal—yu old cuss ! How ere yu ? Now look yu here ! Yu're goin to tickle up them tarnation peers. Wal, send the darned lot (pre-paid) out here, and we won't give yu that ere whippin as I guess in a ruminating over which yu and yu're aristocrats ere a shiverin in yur boots from morning to night ! There, that's fixed hansom ! Them peers of yu'rs will be planted out slick as they come, here and there, and so import good breedin' in to the States. Darn them.

Yu'rs unriled,

ORESTES B. SQUISH.

THE CHURCH AND THE HAMMER.

A LINCOLNSHIRE MORAL.

"No other bidder ? no advance ?
Come, gentlemen, here *is* a chance !
Two Churches I admit ; but pray
Don't let that fact stand in your way—
Four thousand offered for a start ?
The churches *not* two miles apart,
And services alternate—Come,
Of duty 'tis the minimum !
What trouble in parochial labours
When soothed by fashionable neighbours ?
Society here bids you shirk
Sick-rooms, death-beds, as *dirty work*,
Which here you have a right to think 'em,
By virtue of sufficient income—
No offer, gentlemen ? Of course
You'll keep a curate, and a horse,
Of profit but a paltry slice
For wages will the one suffice ;
The other you can well afford,
And ride a-hunting like a lord !
What more to common sense would urge ye,
Young, zealous, enterprising clergy ?
These great advantages consider
All going to the highest bidder !"

Romance, you say ? No ! Truth is here ;
I paraphrase the auctioneer,
Who scattered some such subtle words
Of chaff, to catch religious birds,
With argument, that at its best meant
God's service is a sound investment,
That men of letters need but be
Men of three letters £ *s. d.*—
That faith and zeal we overlook
For figures of the banker's book,
That now a *cure of souls* we treat,
As if that term were obsolete—
Bid freely, gentlemen, without misgiving,
A *cure* ? we call *that* now-a-days *a living* !

THE ANTI-TOBACCO PLOT.

THE Divisions which took place in the House of Commons a few weeks back on the question of the permission and prohibition of smoking on the Underground Railway have altogether missed fire. It will be remembered that while the House consented to smoking being carried on on the Metropolitan Extension Line, it was sapiently decided that the practice was not to be indulged in on the Line of the Metropolitan Railway proper. It appears, however, that the Board of Trade have now taken the matter in hand, and by granting a special certificate to the Metropolitan Extension Line have enabled that Company to institute a bye-law, under which smoking is prohibited under a penalty of forty shillings for each offence. Thus the vote of the House of Commons has been entirely overridden ; and when we remember the part played in the last of the Divisions by Mr. Bright—who on the occasion entirely forgot the minister in the partizan—the publication of this new edict is the more indecent. We trust that some Honorable member, addicted to the pernicious custom, will once more take the smoking question up, and induce the House of Commons to deliver a decision which cannot be gainsaid, on the caprice, of any Jack (whether his surname be Bright or otherwise) in office.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

NOTICE.—Under this head, books, pamphlets, &c., sent to the Office, 199 Strand, will be reviewed every fortnight. The reviews will be written in a fair and independent spirit, and will be of the nature of comments rather than of epitomes; references to the work being given in place of extracts.

Realities of Irish Life. By W. Stuart Trench, &c., &c. New Edition. (London: Longmans, Green, and Co.)

THIS book has attracted a great deal of attention, and deservedly: for it contains an artfully-spiced collection of facts and romances, accompanied by pictures feebly executed, but aiming at sensation, and sometimes succeeding, at least in their title. "The Young Murderer," "Trial by Blood," "The Defiance," "The Broken Heart," would all "look well in the bills" for a Surrey melodrama. "The Cormorant" is one of the best pictures, judged by the sensational standard. It could not have occurred to anyone but a genius to get so much excitement out of that bird, who has hitherto been regarded as more addicted to fish, than human flesh, as an article of diet. Those who thought that the seal's nature was as soft as his skin, when they have read Mr. Trench's description of that animal, will find themselves mistaken. But these are trifles, save that they serve to illustrate the amiable spirit of exaggeration which runs through the whole book.

Of "the facts" of the work we cannot speak with any special knowledge. The impression left on our minds by the book is, that there is only one remedy for all Ireland's wrongs and evils, and that is "Trench" taken *ad libitum*. We wonder the Government has not, especially considering the number "of noble proprietors" whom he has had the honour to serve, made Mr. Trench Viceroy of Ireland, or, at any rate, permanent Under-Secretary in the room of the late Sir Edward Wetherall.

However stupendous the difficulty or danger, Mr. Trench always seems to have overcome it; and the only puzzle is, that such things as agrarian murders should have happened at all under the regency of this omnipotent land-agent, this gifted *employé* of so many "noble proprietors."

Mr. Trench is evidently a man with a marvellous power of self-restraint; and if we are to believe his own testimony—and who would venture to dispute such an authority?—he is as impervious to the darts of Beauty's eye, as he is to the bullets of the assassin.

There is one curious feature about this veracious work which we may mention. In our ignorance we supposed that the majority of the people in Ireland were Roman Catholics; and that in the times of distress and peril in which that unfortunate country has been involved, something—only a little, it might be, but still, something—was done by the Roman Catholic gentry and priesthood towards alleviating the distress and averting the peril. But we were entirely mistaken; the Roman Catholics are a minority too insignificant to be mentioned, and all that was ever done to relieve Ireland and comfort its suffering people was done by Mr. Trench and his noble employers.

Mr. Trench aspires to be a farmer as well as a political economist, and he appears to have got more out of the potato crop than any one else. This is only natural, considering the talent which he evinces for making capital out of much less productive materials.

We always wondered how it was that any one of position could accept the position of a land-agent in Ireland, especially if he set any value on his life—and no one will accuse Mr. Trench of under-estimating that personal property; but our wonder is entirely converted in the other direction by this excellent book. We cannot conceive any one not being eager to enter on a career which can be turned to such superb advantage. It is generally the case, that aspiring persons have to pay for an advertisement in proportion to the extent of its circulation; but Mr. Trench has hit upon a means of advertising his own merits, and making the advertisement absolutely pay its own expenses ever so many times over; to say nothing of the immense advantages which this revelation of his tact, his ingenuousness, his courage, and his administrative ability, must procure for him, if the Imperial Government is not utterly blind to its own interests.

The old cry of the English Radicals was "Reform and Retrenchment;" the cry of the Irish Radicals now will be "Reform and Trench."

But do not let us say anything which may tend, ever so little, to diminish the circulation of Mr. Trench's advertisement. It will fully repay the trouble of reading it, for it is quite as exciting as one of Miss Braddon's novels, and quite as well written as any of E. Moses and Son's manifestoes to the public.

THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

"To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn, and France displays her bright domain."
Impelled by evil Fate, the route I hit on
Of fairest promise to the bilious Briton;
What, though my baggage is beyond control,
No bag, or box, lies heavy on my soul.
Delusive ease of mind! the promised care,
It seems, is not included in the fare.
Myself at Paris safe and sound I find,
And all my traps, et ceteras, left behind!
What charms can sunny France to me disclose
In change of scene, without a change of clothes?
Curse on all travelling, and Short Sea Routes!
What is a foreign soil without one's boots?
A fortnight's pleasure here across the Channel
With one shirt only, though that be of flannel?
Remote, unfriended, can I beg or borrow
The linen due, at any rate, to-morrow?
Propriety, that bids my soul aspire,
From my proud bosom drive such low desire!
Nay, rather let me put back in distress,
And, in the darkness of the Night Express,
The wreck of yesterday, yet free from blame,
Uncombed, unwashed, unshaven, hide my shame!

Home! fast as steam can take me! there to press
The Railway for immediate redress!
But shall I get it? that's the point. I've heard
They treat such claims for losses as absurd.
To pity seediness no law you'll find,
When Justice is proverbially blind.
Though plaintiff's property be gone astray,
What court has power to make defendant pay?
In vain you clamour for the reason why:
The only course that's left you is—to *buy!*

AN EMPTY COMPLIMENT.

THE celebration of the Queen's Birthday, now that London is deprived of the Royal presence, and more especially as the date fixed for "keeping the birthday" is always so lamentably delayed as to dis-associate the occasion with anything personal to Her Majesty, is becoming more meaningless and unsatisfactory every year. So far as we can make out, the following was the programme of Wednesday last:—

MORNING.

Parade at the Horse Guards, at an inconveniently early hour, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and a few miscellaneous princes.

Holiday at some of the Government Offices.

Discontent at the rest.

EVENING.

Formal dinners in ridiculous and inconvenient costumes for people of position.

Crowded streets; gassy atmosphere; plenty of pickpockets; and no omnibuses for people without position.

We trust that some administrative genius, such as Mr. Cole, C.B., or Mr. E. T. Smith, may be permitted to take the matter in hand next year, with a view to the inauguration of a more lively recognition of the auspicious occasion.

VOLUME IV.
OF
THE "TOMAHAWK,"
Edited by
ARTHUR A'BECKETT,
CARTOONS by MATT MORGAN,
Will shortly be published.

Now Ready,
BRITANNIA for June,
Price 1*s.*

LONDON, JUNE 12, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE see by the advertisements that *Britannia's* Magazine has completed its volume. We trust for the sake of the Americans that Britannia's next volume will not be a volume of sound—the sound of artillery!

WE hear a good deal about scientific improvements in the equipment of the British soldier. This may be true, but the last *Mold* in which British bullets have been cast is a bad one, and the process a disgrace to a civilized country.

THE EARL OF SHREWSBURY has declared that he wishes to see the Queen, not the Pope "cock" of this country, and has added that he trusted the Lords, "please God," would save it by throwing out the Irish Church Bill. If this vulgar and tasteless ribaldry is not an argument in favour of life peerages, we should like to know what is!

LORD SOUTHWELL has done good service to his country by calling attention to the sham election of the Irish representative peers. This young nobleman (late of the army) has begun so well, that we may prophecy that although he has long since left the Hussars, he will always find himself at home among the "bravos" of the people.

"AYE AYE, YOUR HONOUR!"

WHY should the Duke of Edinburgh be re-elected Master of the Trinity House year after year? It cannot be that His Royal Highness's naval experience fits him for the discharge of the duties of the office, for, in point of fact, the Duke is nearly always out of the country, and is consequently incapable of doing anything but entirely neglecting the trust imposed in him. Nor can it be that the Trinity House is a sort of maritime establishment, and the Duke of Edinburgh is a sort of sailor, for if this were the case on the same principle we should have long since heard that Prince Teck (who looks so well in his hussar uniform), had been appointed to the command of all the light dragoon regiments in the service, and that Prince Christian had been nominated to the curacy of the German Chapel, or set up in a toy stall at the German Bazaar. It is quite certain that there is a hidden meaning in the re-election of the Royal Duke to the Mastership of the Trinity House year after year which the public have not yet discovered, and which the Elder Brethren alone are cognisant of. Cannot some of the old salts be induced to let us into the secret of the peculiar capability of their Royal Master?

"OF YOUR CHARITY."

IT is scarcely creditable to the almsgiving community that so excellent an establishment as the Cancer Hospital in the Brompton road should be compelled to descend to sensational advertisements to gather sufficient funds for its support. During the last few days, however, several workmen have been employed in disfiguring the frontage of the building by inscribing on its face, in pantomimic characters of some red substance, the legend "SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS." Surely, a charity like the Cancer Hospital cannot be forgotten by those who have money to dispense, but this urgent appeal to dwellers in Brompton looks very much as if the resources of the hospital were running short. If this be the case we trust that TOMAHAWK's gentle reminder that the Cancer Hospital still exists, and is daily ministering relief to hopeless and helpless suffering, may not be without its effect on the funds of an institution, the mission of which is so kindly and unselfish.

"ECHO" ANSWERS NO.

THE *Echo* the other evening commenced one of its leading articles thus:—"A coach is now running every day from London to Tunbridge Wells, through some of the loveliest districts in Kent, and another from London to Windsor. The 'teams' are splendid, the appointments perfect, and as the equipages roll in and out of town crowds stand to admire them, and old gentlemen, who remember the 'good old times,' nod a tender though mournful approval." And ended it thus:—"When we mean business, we go by rail. When we mean pleasure, we go by coach."

If it were not quite beyond the province of possibilities that even half-penny journals could descend to the appropriation of their leading articles as mediums for advertisements, we should be inclined to suspect that the proprietor of the Tunbridge Wells Coach was the author of the above. Fortunately, however, such is the integrity of even the humblest of London newspapers, that this was the case, is quite out of the question.

A DYER WANT.

IT would be well if some one of the new members who have pledged themselves to Military Reform were to leave alone for the present the great questions of the Purchase System and the Army of Reserve, and descend to matters of less magnitude: such, for instance, as the manner in which the army is at present clothed. It is popularly supposed that the national colour for the tunics of our troops is scarlet, but, in point of fact, the following is the correct statement of the colour of the material, supplied to the Army:—

Bandsmen and Commissioned Officers	Red.
Guardsmen and Non-commissioned Officers of the Line	Ditto, Brickdusty.
Linesmen	Brickdust.
Militiamen	Dirty ditto.

It is difficult to conceive that there can be the remotest reason for the unsightliness of the material contracted for by the War Office; for everyone knows that the scarlet flannel which all linen-drapers sell, at a shilling a yard, is as brilliant a colour as could be desired, and that to enable the tradesmen to sell it at the price they do, the simple dye must be very inexpensive. There can be no reason, then, that the colouring matter used for military cloth should be of the dingy hue which makes the name of "red coats," as applied to the main body of our troops, a grim satirism.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

A DANGEROUS GAME!

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE TIDY TURN;
or,
THE BALMORALS OF MAYFAIR.

A NOVEL IN FOUR BOOKS, TEN CHAPTERS, AND FOUR SITUATIONS, BY MRS. EDWARDS AND MR. F. C. BURNAND.

☞ The fashionable dresses alluded to in this Novel designed by Mrs. J. Thompson, 19 Old Cavendish street. ☜

[NOTE.—We have not read the "Morals of Mayfair," but we *have* seen Mr. Burnand's piece of "*Follet*," at the Queen's. Out of the *data* furnished by Mr. Burnand, we attempt to rewrite the novel.]

Book I.—Spring (Inside Boots).

CHAPTER I.—THE MANOIR DE KERSAINT.

THE sun was setting rather unsteadily in the west on the ruins of an effective but inconveniently-built castle on the coast of Brittainy. In front of the hall-door sat three persons. The first in an invalid chair and fur dressing-gown (for was it not a broiling day?) was none other than Mr. Assheton, a dying millionaire. The second, a sinister-looking man, calling himself Dr. Mortimer, had been known in London theatres for years as a villain of the deepest dye. He had figured in many a tragedy, assisted in numerous murders—in fact, the theatrical intelligence of the *Era* had rung with the stories of his many diabolical crimes. The third was an old French woman, who spoke her own language with a strong English accent.

"Jer swee onshontay der voo vwore," said the lady to the rascally Dr. Mortimer.

"She little knows me in my true colours," murmured the man of medicine to himself. "The time *may* come when I shall have to murder her!"

"Doctor," feebly muttered the millionaire, "grant me one request ere I die."

"Ah!" again murmured Mortimer, with a fiendish chuckle, "My poison works bravely!" he added aloud. "Well, my friend, what wilt thou?"

"I have lived all my life in an atmosphere of fashion," faintly cried the patient. "We all of us owe much to Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street. You yourself have on the 'Professional Negligé,' young Earnscliffe (living in the village yonder) is garbed in the 'Oxford Student As Advertised,' my daughter Marguerite wears the 'Alexandra Costume,' Nanon the 'Masquerade Dress—Breton Peasant,' and even I the 'Invalid's Lounging Coat.' To the end let me persevere in the course mapped out by the 'Gazette des Modes'—bury me in a fashionable coffin!"

Mortimer pressed his victim's hand within his own, wept, and whispered hoarsely, "your wish shall be complied with."

At that moment Marguerite and Philip Earnscliffe bounded on to the lawn.

"Jer swee onshontay der voo vwore," again cried the old Frenchwoman. Seeing the young people together, the villainous doctor murmured, "Ah! Earnscliffe is a married man. I will entice my victim Assheton and Nanon away—it will give Earnscliffe a chance of urging his suit, and then hi ho and away to the Divorce Court!" He enticed the millionaire and the nurse away, and Philip and Marguerite were left alone.

They flirted copiously. By-and-bye, Edgar Neville, A.R.A., walked on to the lawn. He soon recognised Philip as a rich and young literary man (all literary men are *very* rich, especially when they are *very* young), and hailed him as follows:—

"Ah, Phil, my boy, not a bit changed—and I—am *I* changed?"

"Not at all," replied Earnscliff, in a measured melo-dramatic tone, "except that you now wear that cheap but serviceable costume, "the German College Suit," instead of the expensive but aristocratic clothing known at Mrs. J. Thompson's establishment in Old Cavendish street, as the 'Bond street Lounge.'"

"Quite so; have you told the young lady who is now leaving us—" (Marguerite walked away)—"that you are a married man?"

"I have not."

"Oh!" replied his friend, and the subject dropped.

CHAPTER II.—THE GABRIER'S HUT.

It was a hut, and an old man was singing a song. Philip and Marguerite entered arm in arm.

"Come," said Marguerite, "let us pass the evening in the Cave of Morgane."

"Willingly, and I will there tell you the story of my life."

"Stop," murmured Marguerite, "you must permit me then to put on my new dress, 'the Sea-side Morning Gown,' it has just arrived from the establishment of Mrs. J. Thompson, 19 Old Cavendish street."

"It is a duty you owe to society?"

"It is."

"Then I consent to your proposal."

SITUATION I.—*The Cave of Morgane.*

It was a magnificent scene, and the tide was rising rapidly. The sands outside the cave were nearly covered. Philip and Marguerite were looking into one another's eyes.

"I love you!" said he. "I am a married man."

"I love you!!" said she. "Are you really?"

The tide rose rapidly. At length they noticed it.

"Look," said Philip, "the water approaches; what shall we do?"

"Why, put on bathing dresses, to be sure; those supplied by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street, are the best."

At that moment a boat appeared, manned by a fisherman and Edgar Neville. Philip and Marguerite were soon rescued. When they were safe on board, Edgar said to them—

"I have come prepared for the worst. Descend into the cabin, both of you, and you will there find two yachting suits."

"Supplied by——?" they began eagerly.

"Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!" was the reply.

Book II.—Summer (Dresses).

CHAPTER I.—EARNSCLIFFE'S HOUSE, BELGRAVIA.

IT was a fashionable apartment in Belgravia. Lady Clara and Lady Templemore sat over their five o'clock tea, discussing the Paris fashions. By-and-bye Philip entered.

"My love," he said to his wife, and tried to kiss her.

"I hate you, and would leave you, but that your money enables me to employ Mrs. J. Thompson to make my dresses," almost screamed the impulsive woman.

Philip sighed, and regarded his new "Park Lane Suit" in the looking-glass.

At this moment, Sir George Lorrimore, M.P., Major Podmore, and Lady Lorrimore entered.

"Who are these?" asked Philip, in a stern whisper; "tell me, woman, at once," and he seized Lady Templemore by the wrist.

She shrunk from him in her agony of terror, and murmured in a fainting voice, "Dummies for the display of the costumes furnished by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

"Where are you going, my dear Lady Lorrimore?" said Lady Clara.

"To the Opera," was the reply.

"And yet," murmured the haughty wife of Philip, "your costumes are better suited to Cremorne!"

CHAPTER II.—MR. DANBY'S, HARLEY STREET.

Mr. and Mrs. Danby were together—rich and vulgar. They had a daughter, Georgy, whom they wished to foist upon Dr. Mortimer.

"So Marguerite is living with us?" said Mr. Danby.

We regret to say that the reply of his wife was unfit for publication.

"Georgy *must* catch Dr. Mortimer now that she wears the dresses furnished by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

We regret to say that the reply of his wife was unfit for publication.

At this moment Dr. Mortimer arrived, and carried off Marguerite (who took two minutes dressing—they do not "tub" in France, where she was educated) to the Opera.

SITUATION II.—*The Opera House, Covent Garden.*

"A queer set of people in the house to-night," murmured the cheque-taker at the Stall door; "only eight! I don't know if I did right to admit one gentleman who, I'm sure, wore a false

pair of whiskers and a moustache; the ladies with him, I think, however, must have been attended to by some of Mrs. J. Thompson's assistants. They were not badly got up."

At this moment Lady Clara and Lady Lorrimore entered. They met Philip coming down the grand staircase with Marguerite on his arm.

"Let me see you to your carriage, Miss Assheton," he said, and went out.

"See her to her carriage!" screamed Lady Clara, "it is a public insult!"

"Don't faint, my love," cried Lady Lorrimore.

"Why not?" asked Lady Clara, rather roughly.

"Because, darling, in your fall you will damage your dress—the dress provided by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

SITUATION III.—*Lady Clara's Boudoir.*

Philip, after kissing Marguerite, returned to his wife, and told her that he was ruined.

"Then you can no longer pay Mrs. J. Thompson's account?"

"No, darling, but will you not fondle me? Come give me a sweet embrace!"

"Never!"

Book III.—Autumn (Suits).

CHAPTER I.—DANBY'S STUDY.

DR. MORTIMER, as villainous as ever, proposed to make Marguerite his wife.

"I will never marry her," he murmured to himself with a horrid chuckle, "I will carry her off, however, to the Manoir de Kersaint!"

What Mrs. Danby said when she heard that the treacherous doctor had jilted Georgy is quite unfit for publication. In her rage she even abused the dresses provided by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street!

SITUATION IV.—*The Village of Trachsel.*

Philip Earnscliffe, Edgar Neville, Major Podmore, Mr. and Mrs. Danby, and Georgy, were all enjoying the beautiful scene from the garden of a picturesque restaurant.

Their tourist costumes had all been designed by Mrs. J. Thompson, of 19 Old Cavendish street.

After awhile a carriage ran away with Lady Clara (who was travelling in the neighbourhood), and upset her. The haughty bride of Earnscliffe was carried dying into the court-yard of the picturesque restaurant.

"Forgive me," said the sinking woman (covered with blood) to her weeping husband.

"What for?" he asked, in an agony of grief.

"For," she gasped out, "for spo—oiling with—my—blood—the—the—the—costumes furnished by—." She nearly fainted with the exertion. They listened eagerly.

There was a pause, and then a broken, weary, faltering voice murmured,

"Costumes,"—a sigh, "furnished by" a gasp, "Mrs. J. Thompson"—a shiver, "of 19 Old Cavendish street!"

And Lady Clara was dead!

Book IV.—Winter (Clothing).

CHAPTER I.—THE MANOIR DE KERSAINT.

THE wicked Dr. Mortimer had tired of his victim, poor Marguerite, and was now anxious to marry her to Philip Earnscliffe. So he sent for the young man and made over the girl to him.

The young couple were very happy.

"Dear Philip," said Marguerite, sweetly, "You are a thoroughly heartless man; you talk like an actor and look like a doll, but you dress well. There is only one thing needed now to complete our happiness—"

"The applause of our friends in front?"

"No," said Marguerite, with a smile; "say rather a trousseau."

"Furnished by—"

"Of course—by Mrs. J. Thompson."

"Of 19 Old Cavendish street?"

"Yes, of 19 Old Cavendish street, Cavendish square!"

THE END.

THE BURLINGTON HOUSE CATECHISM.

Q.—Have you ever heard of a Lord Ribblesdale?

A.—Yes. I heard of a person of that name for the first time, the other day. He wrote a very sensible letter to the *Times* on the subject of the Royal Academy Exhibition. He corroborated what has been said in regard to its being a closed borough, and drew forth an insipid rejoinder from the President.

Q.—You think perhaps that people are beginning to understand this catechism?

A.—I do.

Q.—And what is it meant to instruct you in? Can you tell me?

A.—I can. In the sham and humbug of these sort of institutions (peculiar to Great Britain) in general, and of the Royal Academy in particular. To enlighten me as to the gross selfishness of a privileged body of men who turn the distinction they are supposed to have attained to in art, into a commercial advantage, to the exclusion of better work, and not unfrequently to the ruin of rising genius. To impress, moreover, on my mind, the fact that somehow or other only about six of the Royal Academicians are worthy of their position, while at least a dozen artists, who are at present mere outsiders, could replace that number of the select with credit to themselves and advantage to the interest of British art.

Q.—You answer correctly. Tell me now what remedy is proper to such a condition of things?

A.—An increase in the number of Royal Academicians. A total reconstruction of that body. A division of it into three grades (mere portrait and fruit painters being admissible only to the lowest of the three). A great enlargement of the Exhibition, and a ratio for the admission of Academicians' pictures to be regulated by the number of works sent in and adjudged worthy of a place.

Q.—You are right. Do you think one or any of these rules will ever be carried out?

A.—No. I do not.

Q.—Can you tell me why?

A.—Yes. Because this is a country where we howl ourselves hoarse over abuses, and then quietly sit down and submit to them.

Q.—Then things will remain as they are?

A.—Precisely.

Q.—And where will British art go to eventually?

A.—The dogs.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

P	uf	F
R	atafi	A
E	au-di-	V
T	rincul	O
E	m	U
N	ebuchadnezza	R
D	illitant	I
E	mmet	T
R	evok	E

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Slodger and Tiney, W. H. T., Tommy and Joey, Rataplan, Midas, The Belle of Scarborough, and J. H. (Isle of Man), and 1,645 incorrect.

SCION-TIFIC.—We understand that a *light(e)ning conductor*, specially suitable to *New castles*, is likely to be patented. It is called the latromyxa,[1] and is chiefly of service in "clearing the heir."

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1 Anglice, Padwick.

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 111.] *LONDON, JUNE* 19, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

HOLD MY LORDS! AND HEAR ME.

THE Lords have thrown down the gauntlet, and Lord Harrowby has rushed forward to lead the attack against the House of Commons, for to that the proposal to reject the Irish Church Bill really amounts. Lord Harrowby is admirably fitted for the part he has undertaken; he has upon him the seal of approval from many Protestant meetings over which he has presided. By the way, it seems that the word Protestant has regained all its former significance, for their main occupation now is "protesting" against the Irish Church Bill, which they do with a vigour that does honour to their name. Lord Harrowby, to judge from his motto, is a second Hannibal. "Servata fides cineri;" on the ashes of his ancestors he has sworn to protect the Irish Church, and he will keep his oath. We suppose he has been selected as being a relic of Lord Palmerston's ministry, who may represent the retrograde Whigs as well as the stationary Conservatives. However, it matters little who leads, the question is, who will follow? Though before this reaches the public the fatal step will have been taken, and the bill may even have been rejected by the Lords; we may yet be allowed to say something in depreciation of such an act of madness.

What do the Lords want to do? To save the Irish Church. Are they so deaf to all the warnings of history as to think that they can procure the rejection of the Bill by the country, or its representatives, now, when it has been passed by such an overwhelming majority? Do they not remember the case of the abolition of the paper duty, which was carried in the House of Commons by a majority of nine before, and of thirty-three subsequent to its rejection by the Peers? These were but small majorities, and then the Upper House had the show of right on their side; yet their opposition was worse than useless. What is it likely to be in the case of the Irish Church, when the country has unmistakeably declared against it, and the Bill comes to the Lords backed by a majority of 127?

Do the Lords wish to save more of its present property to the Church, and to modify its separation from the State? We do not think there is much chance of effecting this, but, if there were, the rejection of the Bill would destroy it altogether. Is it not always the case that where the Government of a country is essentially popular, any rejection of the people's demands, by either House of Legislature, only strengthens their power, and doubles their resolution. There is no case in which the Lords have ever successfully resisted a measure of importance which the Commons had passed; they have always had to yield in the end, when no choice was left them between that and civil war.

But, say the opponents of the Bill, "It is our duty to reject this Bill; it is an attack on Protestantism, it is only a preface to a spoliation of the Church of England, &c., &c." We all know the jist of these arguments; they have been answered over and over again. Of course, this anxiety to support the establishment and endowment of the Church has nothing to do with any self-interest, it only comes from an earnest sense of the duty of maintaining he Protestant religion in Ireland. What has the Established Church in Ireland done? Has it converted the Irish Catholics? Has it increased its members in proportion to the population? What has it done that it cannot do as well now, when, in lieu of the support of the State, it will have the zealous and generous support of its many defenders who will rally round it in the hour of its need, and pour their subscriptions into its episcopal lap?

As to the Church of England, if there be a party anxious to destroy that, do the Lords want to support that party? Because if they do they are going the right way about it, by rejecting this Bill. So surely as they deliberately set themselves in opposition to the national will, expressed through the Commons, so surely will they call forth such indignation that moderate men will forget their moderation, and be hurried, in the excitement of the moment, into an alliance with the extremest revolutionists, and a clamour will be raised throughout the land against all Ecclesiastical Establishments.

We will not say that we wish to see the English Church destroyed, and therefore it is that we look with the utmost apprehension upon the resolve of the Lords to abandon all attempts at conciliatory policy, and to resist the Commons to the last upon this issue. As soon as the bill is rejected by the House of Lords, so surely will the hands of those who are opposed to all institutions, human and divine, be strengthened, and the fate of the English Church and the House of Lords itself will be in a great measure decided.

"If this is the case," say the supporters of the Irish Church, "we prefer to fight you at once." But surely they court defeat by fighting on such an issue. Let them pass the bill, modified if they like, with solemn protests if they like; and then, if instead of devoting itself to the many necessary measures of legislation, which are all retarded by this question of the Irish Church, they evince nothing but a mischievous determination to promote revolutionary measures, merely because they are revolutionary, then, and not till then, let the Lords raise the standard of uncompromising resistance, and they will be supported by the country. But if now they listen to evil and selfish councils, and show themselves incapable of assisting in the concession of an act of justice to Ireland, they will alienate the

respect, the fidelity, and the support of all justice-loving persons and will strike a more fatal blow at their own influence than any that the malice of their enemies could desire or invent.

That dallying with Reform, which the Whigs originated and the Conservatives encouraged, has opened the eyes of the people to the pernicious effects of delay. The country has resolved to do this thing, and it will be done; it is but part of the legislation which Ireland peremptorily requires, and it depends on the Lords whether that legislation shall be in a spirit which thoroughly respects the rights of property, or in a resentful defiant spirit. We use no threats, we merely point to what are the natural consequences of unreasonable opposition to the popular will. There is no danger, as Conservative journals choose to pretend, that there will be any display of force on the part of those vast masses of people who support this Bill; they are too strong to be violent, if civil war should come it will be begun, and created, by those who have long used language of impotent defiance.

We have written in a serious, and we trust, a moderate and just tone; this is no case for invective—time enough for that when the Lords are successful in their resistance to the people. There is a glorious chance now, such as may never come again, for every individual Peer to vindicate not only his own character, but that of the assembly to which he belongs; it is no abnegation of principle that we ask, it is simply a manly self-denial, and a wise statesman-like victory over prejudice and passion. The majority of their countrymen has declared that this is an act of justice and not of spoliation; let them yield to that majority, and not deny that which will be considered as justice by those that receive it, whatever it may be by those who give it.

A PERTINENT IRISH QUESTION.

AT the present moment, when, in the midst of much popular excitement, even great men escape notice, a miserable nobody, in the shape of an obscure Irish minister, may well be swept away unheeded in the little things of the hour. However, we wish to preserve one of them at least from chaos, and so furnish our readers with the name of the Rev. Leslie Carter, of Armagh. This gentleman, whom we now for the first time drag from obscurity, has been making a speech on the subject of Mr. Gladstone's bill. But we must quote him:—

"The Orangemen would not allow Gladstone and his crew to trample on the Throne and the Protestant Constitution. They would compel the House of Commons to listen to the voice of the men of Ulster, although they had refused to hear their noble representative, Mr. Verner. Only the Channel rolled between. They, the Protestants of the North, would march to the House of Commons and compel their enemies to be silent while their representatives were speaking. If Barrett was executed for blowing up a prison, the time might not be far distant when for attempts to blow up our venerable Protestant Constitution, Gladstone and his co-conspirators might be hanging 'as high as Haman.'"

Merely noting the fact that the composer of this blustering, impudent, and murderous speech, calls himself a "Minister of the Gospel," we let him drop once more into the mire, to give a turn to another equally obscure name, that of the Reverend Henry Henderson. Let us listen to him:—

"Yes, they would sacrifice their lives before they would allow their religious rights to be taken from them. Yes, with the blessing of God they would do what their fathers did at Derry, at Aughrim, and the Boyne. So far as he was concerned, let there be no mistake. They were not afraid. Let the Government take away their army and police, and leave the Fenians and the rebels to them."

That is to say, this reverend orator, who, by-the-bye, will be protected from the privilege of lending a hand himself, by reason of his cloth, simply appeals against the Government to arms, and recommends a bloody civil war as the proper reply to a majority of 127 in the House of Commons. Possibly our readers may think we are joking. Not at all so, for the valiant gentleman continues:—

"The glorious men of Belfast, the ship carpenters, the noble men of Armagh, and Down, and Monaghan, and the heroes of Derry, allied with the men of that meeting, would chase their foes before them. He spoke now not rashly, but calmly and deliberately."

"Not rashly," he spoke, "but calmly and deliberately," and so went on to hound up an ignorant mob to frenzy and fury by treasonable appeals to their bigotry and interest. But the close of his speech is too significant to be omitted. "The Government were driving them into civil war," and if Mr. Gladstone pursued his policy, "they," the loyal subjects of the Queen, "would have another Derry and another Boyne. (Cheers and cries, 'We are ready and willing.') Yes, he knew they were, and it was because he knew they were that he asked them to band together as brethren, and the best banner that they could assemble under was the glorious Orange. Gladstone was a traitor, Bright was a Republican, and those they might have expected to be on their side were lukewarm, or against them. But did they not remember what the illustrious William of glorious memory said when about to cross the Boyne?—

"'Brave boys, be not dismayed,
"'By the loss of your commander,
"'For God this day He will us lead,
"'And I'll be General under.'"

And then, of course, followed howls of brutal delight, and a great deal more to the same effect.

Now, if the Protestant party in Ireland, with their own countrymen 6 to 1 against them, were idiotic enough to rise in rebellion against the Government, as to judge from their clerical leaders they seem inclined to do, they would be simply scoured off the face of the land for their pains. Yet, as it is the duty of all interested in the welfare of the country to avoid bloodshed, some steps ought to be taken to protect a foolish but dangerous mob from the influence of such speeches as the two we have above quoted. With these men who dress like "sheep" and cry like "wolves," the motive is of course the most powerful one in the world, namely, that of pounds, shillings, and pence. The Gospel Minister in Ireland fights hard because he is fighting for his pocket. Still he only fights with words. But his dupes will not be contented with such weapons. When he is either crawling up his chimney or wallowing under his bed in paroxysms of cold terror, they will be meeting the chances of that bloody struggle, that his bluster, acting on their folly, has brought about. To use such language then at such a season is an act of the most shameful, cowardly, and cruel kind, and one that we have no hesitation in saying ought to be immediately visited with the strong and determined arm of the law. Can we conceive what would be done if the Roman Catholic clergy were in their turn to follow the example set them by their Protestant brethren? Can anyone measure the nature of the excitement that would follow, were a parcel of Irish Priests to be attending mass meetings of their flocks, indulging in treasonable harangues, and calling upon all Irishmen, in the event of the Lords throwing out the Bill, to rise up in rebellion under the green banner of St. Patrick, for the glory of their Holy Faith and the liberties of the House of Commons? Why, we should have the Habeas Corpus suspended in half an hour, an outcry to the death against the "traitorous" priesthood, and "justice to Ireland" adjourned for half a century! *mutatis mutandis.* Then what does all this Orange agitation come to? Are these men mere liars and boasters, or do they really mean what they say? If they do, it is worse than folly to let them alone any longer. Treason ought to be stamped out at any cost, and men, who at the present crisis endeavour to turn a fierce controversy into a bloody faction fight, ought to be locked up and well punished. If a struggle commenced they would only be shot down like mad dogs. It is kinder to chain them up while they are only noisy curs.

OH! OH!! OH!!!—Why need not passengers on the Mont Cenis Rail take any provisions with them?—Because they can always 'ave a lunch (avalanche) on the mountain!

ANSWER?

IT is reported that, in the event of the Life Peerage becoming an accomplished fact, a special form will be handed to each candidate for the honour, with a view to ascertaining whether or not he possesses the proper moral and intellectual qualifications to enable him to take his seat in the Upper House. We are happy to be in a position to publish the subjoined accurate copy of the paper in question :—

TO CANDIDATES FOR A TEMPORARY CORONET.

1.—Did any of your race come over with the Conqueror? If so, state whether in the capacity of black-leg, crossing-sweeper, shoe-black, steward, or bankrupt.
2.—Are you prepared, if necessary, to sacrifice your patrimony upon the turf, and go to the dogs without a stain upon your character?
3.—What is honour, and how does blue blood secure it to you?
4.—Will it be in the least degree affected by—
   (*a*). Your figuring in a disgraceful case with a French countess?
   (*b*). Having a dozen bailiffs loose about your ancestral mansion?
   (*c*). Going into your place in the Peers with the tastes of a groom and the intellect of a plough-boy?
5.—Are you quite aware of your proper position and duties in the Lords? That is, are you prepared
   (*a*). Never to enter the Palace of Westminster unless public opinion forces you into a seat?
   (*b*). Never to pay the remotest attention to the vital interests of the nation?
   (*c*). Always to bear in mind that you represent nothing but yourself?
   (*d*). And ready to stir up the country to a bloody revolution rather than part with a tittle of your own supposed dignity?
6.—If you can answer the above satisfactorily, with a view to insuring the dignity of the House, state your opinion on the advisability of Peers—
   (*a*). Wearing their coronets in the Park.
   (*b*). Carrying their escutcheons on their backs.
   (*c*). Sporting ermine at the sea-side.
   (*d*). Carrying their pedigrees in their pockets.
   (*e*). Dining with men in possession.
   (*f*) Coming morally to the hammer.

It will be seen from a glance at the above that the questions have been framed thoroughly in accordance with the spirit and necessities of the age.

OUR OXFORD GENTLEMEN!

IT has been a fashion, and a bad one, from time immemorial to attribute to our leading University a certain monopoly in the matter of manners. Every one has read of the Oxford "Gentleman." Now, not so long since, the *Britannia* handled this subject in its own peculiar way; and, if it did nothing better, it at least directed the attention of thinking Englishmen to the question of the social education of Oxford. Men of the old stamp repudiated the charges made in the magazine article vigorously, if not satisfactorily, and fathers of growing youths were reassured as to the thorough high-class feeling of the place. Not so very long since, apparently as if in some doubt as to the good breeding, decency, or sense of the embryo English gentlemen under their charge, the University authorities determined upon the exaction of a certain guarantee for the good behaviour of every undergraduate who desired to be present at the theatre on the occasion of the then approaching commemoration. Whether this resolve was or was not carried into effect we do not know, but judging from the account of the proceedings in the Sheldonian on Wednesday last, as furnished by the *Times* reporter, we should incline to think things for one year more were suffered to remain, with true University instinct, *in statu quo*. Fun, of course, is all very well in its way, and a little license may be reasonably accorded to a set of raw-boned and boisterous boys, who are just on the eve of going home for the holidays; but where *is* the fun in the following paragraph, which we quote, under correction of course, *verbatim?*—

"The storm opened with a few preliminary growls at 'hats' retained on the heads by strangers who had recently entered the area; but these murmurs were soon superseded by a furious onslaught on an unfortunate bachelor who had happened unthinkingly to adorn his neck with a somewhat conspicuous 'kerchief. Shouts of 'green tie' arose, and were repeated *usque ad nauseam* for the space of fully three-quarters of an hour. The person was asked to retire, those in his neighbourhood were invited to 'turn him out,' he was entreated to change his tie or take it off; one enthusiastic commoner went so far as to tear off one of his 'leading strings' and offer it as a substitute for the obnoxious article. All seemed for nearly an hour to be in vain, but importunity at length prevailed; the offender, amid volleys of applause, quitted the house, and the academic youth were able to turn their attention to other matters."

As a performance in which the actors are advertised as a set of English "gentlemen," the thing is a dead failure; indeed, it reads very much like a bit of ungenerous and stupid blackguardism,—so, too, does a good deal more which followed it.

But it is unnecessary to retail the vulgar tomfoolery to which a large assemblage of fashionable and educated people were forced to listen for several hours on the occasion to which we refer. The *dénouement* suffices. So outrageous became the interruptions, and so shameless the "chaff," that the Vice-Chancellor had to rise and threaten to bring the whole proceedings to a close. This appeal was of course quite unavailing, for the funny and well-bred youths in the gallery now turned their satire upon a white hat. "With this before their eyes," the reporter goes on to say, "the infuriated mob of Undergraduates could do nothing but rave and hoot; and the Vice-Chancellor, unable to obtain attention, rose from his seat, and, accompanied by the Doctors, left the building. A volley of groans followed." In short, the "gentlemen" in the gallery were allowed to hoot the authorities, strangers, celebrities, guests, and even the ladies, out of the building, and thus terminated the Oxford Commemoration of 1869. Together with this very encouraging evidence of high feeling and superior breeding comes more of an equally promising character. As it has not yet been published, we reserve details, but those who are interested in the matter will doubtless soon be able to satisfy their curiosity, for the scandal is too big for a corner. A certain head of a large college has, as most independent heads often will, made himself unpopular with a certain set of these "gentlemen" under him. Their revenge has been to attack his house, destroy his property, uproot his gardens, and commit a series of cowardly outrages upon his domestic peace and comfort, for which a year or two in gaol—not a term in London—would be the more appropriate punishment. But we shall hear more of this matter later. For the moment, it is enough to call the attention of reasonable men to the fact, that at our great national gentleman factory, conduct standards of this kind are approved and received. To hit a man through his pocket, grossly insult him, and then sneak out of sight, may be Oxford breeding, but it is not English. To yell at a badly-dressed stranger, and bring a great public ceremony to a close in consequence, may be fun fit for University men, but it will certainly not pass muster as wit with gentlemen. Had these outrages upon decorum and good feeling occurred among a batch of students in Germany, America, or France, Englishmen would have known how to condemn them. Among the scions of our own upper ten, they become of course excusable, and from one point of view they may be, still they would be more so among a set of drunken and ruffianly coal-heavers!

A THOUSAND PARDONS!—We are really very, very sorry to say that a fortnight ago our printer made a mistake in a name which has caused a courteous and much-respected gentleman some very natural annoyance. Instead of printing "Sir Cullen Eardley," a person more celebrated for his numerous wives than for his many virtues, our man of ink and type "set up" the name of "Sir Eardley Wilmot," a gentleman who is universally esteemed in every circle of society—from the highest to the lowest. We need scarcely add that Sir Eardley has our sincerest apologies. As for the "person," he is "Eardley" worth our attention—as the Archbishop of Canterbury* would say!

* "CANTERBURY, Archbishop of—Campbell Tait, D.D., &c., &c. A celebrated wag of the nineteenth century."—*The Biographical Dictionary for 1969.*

LONDON, JUNE 19, 1869.

THE WEEK.

IF things "progress" the Tuileries will shortly be *à louer*, not *à Louis!*

THE tailor does not make the man, but if the American Ambassador does not give up the Alabama claims we are sure to find a fool—in Motley!

THE pic-nic proper is going to the wall, and the prophets tell us that this season *lawn*-parties will be all the rage. Is this in consequence of the probable influx of the Irish Bishops?

IT is rumoured that the Poor-law Guardians of St. Pancras have taken places for the next ascent in the captive balloon. It is believed that they wish to go to Heaven by the only road left open to them.

FROM what Mr. Consul Barrow says, it would appear that Kertch is rather a pleasant place. It is a wretched little hole, abounding with murderers and suicides, just the spot for our "roughs," who would be richly served if they went there. In fact they would realize the wish of many—they would "Kertch" it!

A PREMIUM ON PRINCES.

THAT old-established body, the Corporation of the Trinity House, is daily becoming more incomprehensible. Some few years back it elected the Duke of Edinburgh to be Master, in consequence of his Royal Highness's great nautical experience as a captain in the Royal Navy. The annual banquet, however, is on the eve of recurring and the elder brethren have to find a substitute for the recently elected Master, whose duties have taken him just now to the antipodes. Not in the least put out by the occurrence, the Corporation unwilling to be done out of the satisfaction of having royalty at the head of the board, has elected the Prince of Wales (much to his Royal Highness's consternation we should say) an elder brother, and has insisted on the Prince presiding at the forthcoming banquet.

Now, of course, there can be no possible reason why the Prince of Wales should not take the chair at any respectable assembly, but it is utter folly to thrust on him a position, the duties of which he is incapable of fulfilling. As we take it the elder brethren of the Trinity House are charged with the care and regulation of the lights and buoys which encircle our dangerous coasts, and it is not to be supposed that the Prince of Wales can be much of an authority on points relating to anything so nautical. The Duke of Edinburgh is a sailor, a fact which in a sort of way excuses his election to the Mastership of the Trinity Corporation; but the dragging in of the Prince of Wales is flunkeyism pure and unadulterated.

ENGLISH OPERA AT SYDENHAM.

THE Crystal Palace Company deserves credit for offering an asylum in its concert-room to that musical outcast, English opera. The performance of English Opera was promised in the programme of the attractions of the season published last month, and the promise has already been fulfilled. We cannot say that we are willing to accept an English version of the "Sonnambula," or of "Lucia di Lammermoor," as English Opera, but we welcome the ever pleasant "Bohemian Girl," which, we are glad to say, has proved the most attractive of the three works hitherto produced. With Mr. George Perren as a tenor, Miss Blanche Cole as a soprano, and several accepted artists as a company, with a good chorus, bright scenery, and, above all, a band, under the direction of Mr. Manns, nearly perfect, it is not surprising that the performances of English opera at the Crystal Palace have been more than satisfactory. If, however, Mr. Manns or Mr. Perren (whichever of them may be entrusted with the direction of the venture) would take a friendly hint, we would suggest, that the more English English Opera can be made the better; and that, while such works as "Robin Hood," "Maritana," "The Mountain Sylph," "Lurline," "The Puritan's Daughter," and a host of others exist, there is no need to fall back on the productions of foreigners. To judge from the occasion of the performance of the "Bohemian Girl," if a crowded room and an enthusiastic audience make a success, English Opera may, at last, congratulate itself on having found what it so urgently needs—a permanent home.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

A FEW days back the Reverend George Edward Jepp, M.A., head master of the grammar school at Ashbourne, Derbyshire, was charged at the Petty Sessions of the town with having committed an assault upon a pupil, a boy fourteen years of age. From the evidence it appeared that the boy had learned a certain lesson which had been set him, but he was so frightened when called on the next morning by the reverend gentleman to repeat it, that it "all went out of his head." On this the defendant caned him savagely, cutting through his skin. The boy had been guilty of no other offence. The medical man who attended the case stated that the cuts were in such a position that the boy might be lamed for life, and that their results might still be most serious; but the Chairman of the Petty Sessions, one Mr. Wright, took a lenient view of the affair, and decided that no assault had been committed. "Indeed," the Chairman added, "I have been punished as severely myself."

It matters little to anyone how great a dunce Mr. Wright may have been, and how soundly he may have been beaten; but it is very clear that the corporeal punishment system has not answered in his case, or he would have grown into a more humane man than to encourage schoolmaster parsons in their cowardly assaults on the youths committed to their charge. All we can do is to report the trial, and publish the name of the REVEREND GEORGE EDWARD JEPP, M.A., in large type, which, perhaps, after all, may sufficiently meet the exigencies of the case.

TRULY CHRISTIAN!

IN consequence of the example set by His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales in having taken Cooper's Hill House, near Windsor for the Ascot week, rather than inconvenience Her Majesty by claiming the hospitality of Windsor Castle, we hear that Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, has made the following arrangements for the season:

During the residence of the Queen at Buckingham Palace,	Prince Christian will engage rooms at the Palace or Grosvenor Hotel.
On the occasion of the Queen's visit to Osborne,	Prince Christian has taken 195 Prospect Place, East Cowes.
On Her Majesty's return to Balmoral,	Prince Christian will go into furnished apartments somewhere in the neighbourhood.

If the above rumours turn out to be well-founded, His Royal Highness will deserve credit for having availed him of the excellent example set by the Prince of Wales to check the system of Royal sponging—a system for the introduction of which Prince Christian is at present popularly held responsible.

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"TOMAHAWK" IN PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 7TH.—IN THE LORDS.

LORD COLCHESTER wanted to know if the Irish Bishops would be liable to be prosecuted under the Ecclesiastical Titles' Act if they retained their titles after the passing of the Irish Church Bill. Lord GRANVILLE was civil, and hinted that their Lordships would have to repeal the Act. Lord Colchester said he didn't think their Lordships would like to do it. Very well, then, says TOMAHAWK, send the so-called Irish Bishops to prison.

The Duke of RUTLAND'S attempt to insert a clause in the Metropolitan District Railway Bill, compelling the company to provide smoking carriages, ended in smoke, or rather it didn't, as the clause was thrown out by a majority of 39.

IN THE COMMONS.

Mr. BRUCE tried to explain away the ugly affair at Mold. He said that when a man is attacked he has a perfect right to shoot his assailant. TOMAHAWK would advise Mr. Bruce not to carry his theory into practice—that is, if he wants to keep outside the walls of the Old Bailey.

Mr. GOSCHEN reintroduced that favourite of the public, "the compound householder," who, after he had been talked about a little, was quietly put to bed by Mr. Bright.

After Alderman LUSK had murmured something about "diplomatic pensions," and had been comfortably snubbed, Mr. TORRENS rose, and (all but) recited an article upon "Sick Asylums," which appeared a month since in *Britannia*.* Of course, after this, the Metropolitan Poor Act Amendment Bill was read a second time, amidst the acclamation of every one (but 15) in the House! Mr. JACOB BRIGHT inserted a clause in the Municipal Franchise Bill, conferring the municipal franchise on women. This worthy statesman is becoming quite a "ladies' man."

JUNE 8TH.—IN THE LORDS.

The DUKE of ARGYLE talked a little twaddle about the Life Peerage Bill. He said that their Lordships should not suffer their affairs to be discussed in the Commons. His Lordship was ably supported by LORD HOUGHTON, who (evidently with no eye to his own qualifications) declared that the House of Lords was sufficiently rich, both in intellect and wealth. Lord MALMESBURY was ungrammatical and flippant. LORD DE REDCLIFFE mumbled out something about a "dangerous innovation," and LORD CAIRNS asked for time. The debate, on the whole, was an excellent argument against the creation of new peers—in fact, it called for the abolition of the order altogether!

IN THE COMMONS.

The Abyssinian War came before the House. We all know now that the affair was shamefully mismanaged. Money was wasted like water; still the Conservatives threatened the Liberals that they would ask for the causes of the war if *they* were asked what they did with the money voted to carry it on. The pot abused the kettle, and John Bull paid the piper! A Mr. COLLINS played the fool *apropos* of the Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill, and the House adjourned.

JUNE 9TH.—IN THE COMMONS.

Mr. O'REILLY attempted to prevent "Paddy" from getting "'toxicated" by Act of Parliament. It was explained that the Bill, so far from improving the Irish, would be likely to add to their sins. If spirits were not sold openly on Sunday, they would assuredly be obtainable in unlicensed houses—forbidden fruit is sweetest! This being the case, Mr. O'REILLY withdrew his bill and was exceeding glad.

Then came a discussion about the Irish Sea Fisheries. Mr. BLAKE proposed that £10,000 should be lent by the Government "as an experiment" to the fishers. Mr. AYRTON objected to the loan on the score that the money would render the fishers "loose fish," or perhaps, if they indulged in liquor, "tight fish." He implied that it would be absurd to set a fish to catch a fish. He complained too, bitterly, that the fishes were very unkind, and *would not* wait to be caught, but preferred to leave the coasts for the open sea.

Then Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE said that the Government would take up the matter, and the subject was allowed to drop.

Apropos, if the House is *so* anxious to lend money, why should it not invest its little savings in the TOMAHAWK? We (editorial "we") could afford to pay interest for the first £100,000 at the rate of 50 per cent., every succeeding £100,000 120 per cent.

JUNE 10TH.—IN THE LORDS.

The usual amount of work was done. Their Lordships did —nothing!

IN THE COMMONS.

After a few questions had been asked, and had been more or less satisfactorily answered, Lord ELCHO rose to say his say about the Army of Reserve. TOMAHAWK imagines that his Lordship must be something as distasteful to the "powers that be," as the infernal regions themselves, when the Volunteers are in question. On other subjects he is mild—very mild; in fact, when Mr. Cardwell's "L" is taken from him, his Lordship becomes but the "Echo" of himself. On Thursday, however, he spoke sensibly and well. He sketched out a plan for rendering the Army of Reserve efficient and numerous. He spoke rather too well of the Volunteers (who sadly need discipline), and resumed his seat amid the cheers of the House. He was well supported by four volunteer commanding officers, who all spoke in favour of a conscription. Alas, that such a terrible man as Mr. H. R. Brand should sit in the House! This young gentleman expressed an opinion to the effect that volunteering was more or less humbug: what was wanted, you know, was the abolition of the purchase system, and all that kind of thing, &c., &c. He also said that they ought not to *brand* the soldier. Quite so! Why does not the speaker commence the proposed reform by giving up his commission in the Guards?

Mr. CARDWELL was full of promises. According to our secretary we are shortly to have mounted rifles, and improved education for militia officers, and improved equipment for the men, and the organization of the volunteers into compact regiments, under officers of tested efficiency! All this sounds very well—on paper. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON tried to say something, but was quickly stared into abject silence by that fiercest of fire-eaters, Captain Vivian.

Then Lord Elcho withdrew his motion, and the matter ended (as usual) in Talk—Talk, which taken a(s talk), will bear (TOMAHAWK fears) no fruit.

LOOK AT HOME!

THE other day every single organ in this self-complacent country was revelling in savage delight over the threatening aspect presented by France in the midst of the elections. Sober Englishmen, who go to their church or chapel on Sunday, respect the Bible, and believe in a God, were chuckling over the possible triumph of a set of shopkeeping and unwashed atheists,—men whom on this side of the water every respectable father of a family would kick down his stairs and hustle into the streets. The raging excitement, quelled, let it be noted, without a single casualty on the part of the populace, was magnified here in telegrams and paragraphs to the very great interest of those concerned in the sale of evening papers.

The whole subject is very disgusting. That ignorance and bombast go together we all know, but in this case, there is no excuse either for the one or the other. Every educated man among us, who reads anything, knows, or ought to, all about Messrs. Henri Rochefort, Raspail, Renan, and Co. These are not the men for British sympathy—but yet regular pæans were sung over the commotion they stirred up, and everybody was howling at the French Government, because it managed to disperse dirty and dangerous mobs by a judicious use of a soldiery, that behaved with wonderful moderation and calmness under very trying and exasperating circumstances.

When we consider that the other day, in the mere quelling of a colliery row, we had to kill four people, of whom two were women, we might at least hold our tongues. However, while we have the example of France before us, it would be wise to show a little reticence. In a few days we shall have an admirable opportunity of displaying the perfection of our own Executive under circumstances perhaps equally trying.

* *Britannia*, a Monthly Magazine. One Shilling.—ADVT. !!!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

NOTICE.—Under this head, books, pamphlets, &c., sent to the Office, 199 Strand, will be reviewed every week. The reviews will be written in a fair and independent spirit, and will be of the nature of comments rather than of epitomes; references to the work being given in place of extracts.

The Life of Edmund Kean: from Published and Original Sources. By F. W. Hawkins. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 18 Catherine street, Strand.) 1869.

THIS is the not very well compiled life of a very interesting man, and one of the few actors whose fame will live beyond his own time, and whose genius is worshipped by others than his contemporaries. Few men now alive can remember Edmund Kean in his glory, but the tradition of his marvellous force and passion lives in the minds of many admirers of Shakespeare. Mr. Hawkins has done his work fairly, and evinces a genuine enthusiasm for his subject—an enthusiasm which leads him into the error, not unusual among injudicious admirers of great men, of praising Kean for what were certainly not his great points. Mr. Hawkins depreciates John Kemble and his ponderous pupil and follower, Young, with unnecessary earnestness, even claiming for Kean superiority to those gifted speaking-machines in characters which were entirely within their province and beneath his. Kean's was a nature so extremely sympathetic, and so full of fiery impulse and ungovernable passion, that he did not excel in repose, except for a short time, and by way of contrast to some succeeding burst of hate, or revenge, or love; therefore, in those parts which requ're a dignified, frigid self-containment on the part of the actor, he was decidedly inferior to Kemble and Young. We doubt whether the latter ever got into a passion in his life, either in earnest or in play; certainly, if he did, it was the weighty wrath of the hippopotamus, not the fitful fury of the tiger. Kean was always greatest where he could introduce some violent passion of the soul, with such tremendous and awful reality, as to exhibit all the physical as well as the mental symptoms of such passion. Witness his terrific outburst in Sir Giles Overreach, a character which no actor before him or after him could ever conceive or portray.

Mr. Hawkins is very chary of any original matter; he has been wilfully negligent in seeking the aid of those very few personal friends of Edmund Kean who still survive. One, at least, whom we know well, could have told him much that would have interested his readers, and could have saved him from some ridiculous errors, which display painfully his utter personal ignorance of the man whose biography he was writing. As to Kean ever having been at Eton, except in the person of his son, Mr. Hawkins' evidence (!) on that point is simply ridiculous: Kean's knowledge of Latin was very small, though he often talked a sort of mock Latin with great gravity, which neither he nor his hearers in the least understood.

But we applaud Mr. Hawkins for his bold and loyal defence of his hero against the disgusting hypocrisy, and pharisaism which would have hounded off the stage, and deprived of the means of earning bread, a man who had foolishly fallen into the most manifest trap ever set by a shameless woman and a more shameless man. It is impossible to believe that in any other country but England such gross misconduct as that of the person to whom we allude could ever have not only passed unpunished, but absolutely have been subsidized by the law.

Edmund Kean was not a mere actor, he was a self-taught genius, and one who pursued his noble craving after knowledge in spite of every disappointment and difficulty. We doubt if history furnishes an instance of a more noble self-elevation on the part of any man, or of a more painful self-degradation. It is impossible to stand, in imagination, by Edmund Kean's death-bed and not feel that all the tragedies to which he had ever given breath, and life, and heavenborn inspiration, were far surpassed in Titanic sadness by the spectacle of that noble countenance deformed, that grand soul ruined, through a few years of mad debauchery. Even as the pangs of starvation which the young De Quincey endured left their fatal traces behind them in that craving for opium, which reduced his clear intellect to the verge of idiotcy, so did the vicissitudes and sufferings of Edmund Kean's young life, the mercenary brutality of his mother, and the cruel scorn and insults of his companions, or his employers, leave behind them the seeds of that depraved passion for drink, which destroyed his mind and body at a time when both should have been in the plenitude of their vigour.

Artemus Ward's Lecture. Edited by his executors, Messrs. T. W. Robertson and Hingston. (J. C. Hotten, Piccadilly.) 1869.

WE do not (unhappily we are seldom able to indulge in the luxury), often give unqualified praise to anything or anybody. Few things and fewer persons are perfect, and we have to wait for months, sometimes years, before we can lay down the hatchet for a moment to smoke the pipe of peace. Such a moment arrived with the book before us. The tomahawk fell from our hands as we roared with laughter—the pipe of peace slipped from between our lips as our eyes filled with tears! Laughter for Artemus's wit—tears for his untimely death! This book is a record of both. In the first part we learn the history of his life—in the second, we catch a glimpse at the humour and kindliness which made that life so precious. Those who never saw Artemus in the flesh let them read of him in the spirit—those who never paid their money at the Egyptian Hall, let them take their silver to the office of Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly.

The Season. A Satire. By Alfred Austin. A new edition, (J. C. Hotten, Piccadilly.) 1869.

MR ALFRED AUSTIN has done well to reprint his satire. It was published nine years ago, yet still the world is wicked enough to require its wholesome courageous teaching. TOMAHAWK recognizes in Mr. Austin a kindred spirit. Mr. Austin is as bold as a lion, and as true as a bull dog. He says what is right, and what he says is said well. He is an writer after TOMAHAWK'S own heart. He has the head of a philosopher, the soul of a poet, and the heart of a honest man, and now perhaps, Mr. Austin will say something about MR. TOMAHAWK.

A WARM RECEPTION.

THE ceremony of the opening of the Suez Canal, about which so much has been said, does not promise, we are sorry to see, to pass off as merrily as a marriage bell. The Viceroy of Egypt, who has issued invitations to all the crowned heads of Europe, has given great offence to the Sultan in not having consulted him as to the programme of the festivities. The quarrel is already waxing fast and furious, and the official journal of Constantinople declares that the Viceroy "gives himself the airs of an independent sovereign, and contemptuously ignores the suzerain rights of the Porte." Referring to the request of the Viceroy that one of the great powers should raise its consulate in Egypt to the rank of a legation, the same Turkish authority announces that this is "an act of treason which nullifies all the privileges given to Egypt by the Sultans, as well as the concessions which its governors only owe to the generosity of their suzerains." "The documents," it adds, "which will shortly be published will prove that the Viceroy has been wanting in the first conditions of respect to the suzerain, and it will be necessary for the Sultan to correct the fault of his vassal by himself inviting, in an autograph letter, his allies to the inauguration of the Suez Canal."

How the little misunderstanding will end remains to be seen, but it will be scarcely pleasant to the royal personages who have promised to attend the inauguration of the great work, if they find the Sultan encamped on its banks ready to take forcible possession of their bodies and "entertain" them in defiance of the Viceroy and his preparations for their reception, whether they like it or not. Fortunately it wants still some months to the date fixed for the ceremony, and there is plenty of time for an amicable settlement to be come to; but failing some arrangement between the Sultan and Viceroy, if the Turkish official journal is to be believed, the guests are by no means to be envied.

OLD-FASHIONED ARMAGH.—The Archbishop of that ilk.

A MOTTO FOR A CLUMSY DENTIST.—Vis Consili expers *molar* fuit sua.

THE MODERN PHAETON.

An Allegory of Pall Mall.

One morn Sol raised his drowsy head
From off his apoplectic bed,
Wakened by cries of "Sleep no more!
Here's your hot water at the door!"
Then Sol uprose, and cursed his fate;
He didn't know it was so late:
He'd slept so long, it broke his heart
To think 'twas time to make a start;
He rubbed his eyes and gained his feet,
There stood his chariot in the street,
With varnish bright and paint all new
(Of orange thickly daubed on blue)—
With mountings that would almost pass
For gold, so polished was the brass,
The harness strong, of newest make
To stand all strains and never break,
The team, from untried sires though sprung,
(Sir Joseph perhaps would call them "young,")
A likely lot—and Sol was proud
At the admiration of the crowd,
Which loudly cheered with greeting warm,
This bran new turn-out of Reform!

The Coachman (who, in days before,
Had driven one awkward team or more,
Yet carried what was in his care
Safely, and at the lowest fare,)
With smile of calm defiance strode,
And chuckled as he crossed the road;
Then proudly mounted to his seat,
When Phaeton ran down the street!
"Hold hard!" he cried, "Come! look alive!
You, Sir, jump down! and let *me* drive!
I'm master here! I'll let you see
No one is anything but me!"

Then out roared Phœbus, "Tell me pray
What is the cause of this delay?
Start, or I'm ruined! and disgrace
Will bring a new spot on my face!"
"*All Right!*" in vain the Coachman cried,
Still Phaeton sat by his side,
And, though expressions of ill-will
Were flying fast, the coach stood still.

Quoth Phaeton, "Oh! hear my voice
Great Sol, and wisdom guide your choice—
Your Coachman's well enough; I'd dare
To trust him with a quiet pair,
And on a push he might be sent
To drive through Acts of Parliament;
But with *this* team, you understand,
You want a far more practised hand,
Look at the post, and be decided:
He never could have done what I did!
Though single-handed I've been able
To sweep out your Augean stable!
A very Roman Pry am I
To dip my finger in a pie!
So, give *him* warning; that's your plan!
And up with me! I am your man!"

At first poor Phœbus 'twixt the two,
Was sorely puzzled what to do;
But wisely did at last decide
'Twere well to back the stronger side.
"Humph! come down, Coachman for I find
About this drive I've changed my mind,
That Phaeton's ambitious dream
Of managing my spanking team,
Has put us in our present fix,
I'm sorry, and . . . we dine at six."
Quoth Phœbus. Then with awful frown
The outraged Coachman clambered down.

"But, Phaeton my boy, take care,"
Old Sol continued, "now you're there.
Keep your head cool—think what the tax'll
Be, if by chance you break your axle!
That team is not a thing to play with—
Suppose that you were run away with!
And in your wish to cut a dash,
Were brought to an immortal smash!
But, if you will, you will—and so
My blessing, boy—and off you go!"

Away! away! the horses flew,
Soon in the distance lost to view,
And clouds of dust began to rise
Too thickly in the people's eyes.

Away! away! this charioteer
Still "urges on his mad career."
Flushed with success and over-bold,
This great Controller uncontrolled!

* * * * * * *

The end you ask? Well, that's uncertain—
Till then, Red Fire! and down the Curtain!

THE LETTER OF THE LAW

Although it is usually the custom—indeed we believe it to be the law—to post up in some conspicuous place at every station the bye-laws in force on the several lines of railways, by some curious omission of the authorities, the following placard has not been exhibited on the Underground Railway:—

Rules to be strictly observed by the Servants of the Metropolitan District and Metropolitan Extension Railway Companies in their Treatment of Passengers.

I.—Within one minute of the advertised time of the departure of every train, the clerk at the ticket office is enjoined to take no notice of the first and second application for a ticket of an intending passenger. On the third application the clerk may, should he consider it advisable, leisurely supply the ticket, at the same time, however, taking care that should it be necessary for him to give change for the coin tendered in payment of the fare, to sufficiently delay the intending passenger until the train has started.

II.—Should passengers attempt to enter the train after it is in motion, the guards and porters in attendance should push them violently forwards, so that they may fall on the platform. The same rule applies to passengers attempting to alight before the train has stopped, with the modification only that such persons should be thrown backwards on to the platform.

III.—Care should be taken that on the arrival of a train at either end of the line where the passengers have to leave the carriages on the opposite side to that on which they entered them, that the doors should be found locked, and that to prevent crowding the guards and porters in possession of keys should let the passengers out in small detachments at their discretion.

IV.—Guards, inspectors, porters, ticket collectors, and all officials in the employment of the Companies are strictly enjoined to give as little assistance to passengers as possible, and on no account to answer questions civilly addressed to them.

By order of the Board,

London, ——, 1869.

Although, as we before observed, the above regulations are not posted conspicuously in the Metropolitan Railway stations, there is scarcely any just cause for complaint, for all persons who may be in the habit of travelling by Underground will bear witness to the faithful and conscientious manner in which the rules laid down are adhered to.

IN THE SMOKING ROOM.

Time 12.5 a.m.
Present:
JONES.—A Man about Town.
SMITH.—A Country Squire.

SMITH (*smoking, and throwing down the "Pall Mall" in disgust*).—How very dull the papers are! Nothing moving, except stagnation. Have *you* any news?

JONES.—Not much. The Marlboro' (the place you know where you can play skittles, and look at the Prince of Wales), doesn't seem to go at all. I hear only four fellows were in the club one day last week, including the waiters! Hurlingham's a great success, and so is the Old Thatched House.

SMITH.—Yes. I dined there the other night—best kitchen in London, Sir. Been to the St. James'?

JONES.—No. I really *can't* stand the *Grande Duchesse* any more. I will wait until they do the *Diva*.

SMITH.—Were you at the ball at Willis' Rooms the other night? Nine hundred people they tell me.

JONES.—No. I was not. When I want to meet my hatter or bootmaker, I go to their shops. Less bother and more dignity!

SMITH.—The Zoo's a dead failure this year, isn't it?

JONES.—Well, no. Its awfully crowded, so awfully crowded that the visitors can't find any room for their "h-s!"

SMITH.—Great row in Paris.

JONES.—Very much so! Its just on the cards that our friend Louis may have to return to his apartments in King street, St. James's. Well, he will be an acquisition; now that the Siamese Twins have gone we have no one to look at!

SMITH.—Those fellows misbehaved themselves very much at the Oxford Commemoration the other day.

JONES.—Well, you see, boys will be boys.

SMITH.—Yes, and cads, cads! What do you think of the recent smashes on the Turf?

JONES.—Why that I should like to take one actor in the tragedy by the ——

SMITH.—By the hand?

JONES.—Not at all—by the nose!

SMITH.—So would I. I hate flies (especially in hot weather)—they are *so* stupid, but the spiders are worse—they are blood-suckers and thieves.

JONES.—And now for a rubber.

SMITH.—Agreed.

(*Exeunt to the Card Room*).

LIFE INSURANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

"Now, Sirs, the dangers of the dark blue sea
To life or limb are nothing, thanks to me;
In safety you may bear the billows' foam,
And know at sea the comforts of your home!
This is my plan: I argue for my dress,
Put to the (water) proof, a grand success.
Observe th' invention: how, in case of wrecks
Adapted to the use of either sex,
It scares all fainting, gives new pluck to fright,
And turns what might be danger to delight!
To th' elements no longer are we slaves:
Not, like *your* Ring, content to flog the waves,—
Ambitious trifler! 'tis the Yankee nation
That boasts th' inventive power to whip creation!
The hidden charm of safety *I* have found:
Then why, I ask you, why, *why* be drowned?
The old *ex triplex*, in such days as these,
Gives way, I reckon, to and modern ease—
Moored to a cupboard that contains a feast
Of creature comforts (for eight days at least),
Here you may feel to the stomach's inmost core
The old delights of dinner time on shore—
Pelt with cigar ends monsters of the deep—
With comic weeklies read yourself to sleep—
Let blust'ring Boreas crack his cheeks in vain—
And hoist a silk umbrella in the rain.—
With careful thought your liquor I supply,
As my invention's bound to keep you dry;
For see, with welcome dozen of queer seal
This floating cellar supplements your meal!
In short, the deuce is in it if you'r cast
Adrift thus safely, and not found at last!"

Such is the plan the Yankee strove to teach
By mimic shipwreck in our Chelsea Reach,
On th' oozy bosom of the tide way borne
Back to the Cockney haven of Cremorne!
But still this scheme must be ('tis not my fault)
Swallowed *cum grano* of old Neptune's salt.

NAGS AT THE MAGS.

MEDIOCRITY is the order of the day with the magazines for June. as if in direct contrast to the brilliant weather which has heralded in the present month, the "mags" are remarkably cloudy. The leading story of the *Cornhill* is certainly interesting, inasmuch as it gives us an insight into that great social question, the action of trades' unions. An article entitled "Maisons de Santé," reveals a terrible side of life in Napoleon's city of happiness and justice. and foreshadows the terrible secrets which will be revealed by a second revolution. The padding is heavy, and the illustrations of that peculiar excellence which ordinary mortals cannot appreciate.

Macmillan's June number is, as usual, not only full of interesting matter, but more than one article is above the average merit of magazine literature. A new story, entitled "A Brave Lady," is commenced by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," and there is an amusing criticism of Victor Hugo's new romance in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The *Belgravia* possesses quantity both as regards subject matter and illustrations, but as to quality—well, perhaps stories of a London Journal type are beyond the comprehension of TOMAHAWK, but certainly he cannot see life from the same point of view as the authors in *Belgravia;* but perhaps these gentlemen are gifted with second sight, and pourtray society as it will be. As for Mr. George Augustus Sala's "Letters from Lilliput," they might far better have been called balloons from Lilliput, for they are remarkably full of gas. "The late Prince Consort as a Composer" is a bid for popularity among the ladies, which is more remarkable for snobbish and adulatory writing than for interest. Among the padding, however, there is an excellent article by William Duthie on "Sunday Labour." "Bound to John Company" has reached chapter thirty-four, and a *new* novel, "Stern Necessity," is announced. A *new* novel is indeed a *stern necessity*, almost as scarce as a *new* play.

The *Gentleman's* hit upon a good idea in giving its readers Victor Hugo's "By Order of the King," and continues its monthly instalments of the romance. There are also several very interesting articles.

The *Britannia*, which has taken a distinctive stand in monthly literature, contains another instalment of Mr. Arthur a'Beckett's story "Fallen Among Thieves," Mr. F. C. Burnand's very amusing "Commentaries of Major Blake," and some excellent social and sarcastic padding, as well as several fine coloured illustrations by Matt Morgan.

St Paul's, if not quite so readable as usual, has one excellent article in a sketch of Madame Pompadour.

London Society keeps up its character as a popular magazine, and is well and profusely illustrated as usual.

TOMAHAWK regrets to have to nag so much at his monthly contemporaries, if only from a selfish point of view. The exertion is too great for this hot weather, but his feeling for the public at large is too great to allow of his passing over such painful mediocrity as most of them this month exhibit.

ERRATA.—In the article "Jonathan's False Move," in our last week's impression, line 14, for "addition" *read* "addiction"; line 25, for "interests" *read* "intents."

The Printer's Devils have sometimes got matches on the brain, and in their wild excitement they play fantastic tricks—*e.g.*, in the answer to our Acrostic they spelt "Dilettante" "Dillitanti."

THE TOMAHAWK:

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 112.] *LONDON, JUNE 26, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE GREAT MAGEE!

By the time this reaches our readers, it is to be hoped the Lords will have talked themselves out, and will have shown that they are wise, spite of Mr. Bright's fiat to the contrary,—at least, wise enough not to reject the second reading of the Irish Church Bill. There seem to have been some very fine speeches on all three sides, notably from the Bishop of St. David's, the Marquis of Salisbury, and, last not least, the new glory of the Tories, the great Magee, Bishop of Peterborough.

The vocabulary of praise has been exhausted on this performance; and we are told that we must go back to the days of Plunkett to find any parallel to the Bishop's eloquence. It is worth while to examine this great oratorical performance, as it certainly may be taken as a compendium of all that can be said for the doomed establishment.

Bishop Magee begins with ominous professions of modesty, which, experience teaches us, generally precede a display of self-confidence, if not of merit. Followed, as these flourishes of bashfulness were, by an accusation against the House of Commons "of howling down" all speakers on the unpopular side, we knew what to expect from the sequel. Abandoning the oft-repeated fallacies about the violation of the Coronation Oath, and the robbery of private property, which the Bill involves, he stated, somewhat epigrammatically, that revolutions "commence in sacrilege, and go on to communism,—that is, they begin with the Church and go on to the Land." Admitting the truth of this dictum, it may not have suggested itself to the humorous intellect of Bishop Magee that revolutions are produced by abuses of trust or power; that if they have generally commenced with the Church, it is because the Church had abused its trust and power more flagrantly than any other institution; or, if not more flagrantly, still the Bishop may consider that any neglect or perversion of her duty, that any attempt to ally herself with a tyrannical and unjust executive; that any avarice or cruelty, when practised in the name and under the authority of those whose sacred privilege it is to uphold justice and mercy, to afford in their own persons an example of Christian gentleness and forbearance, to preach goodwill and peace among men by actions as well as words; that any shortcomings or misconduct on the part of the Church and her ministers, is more keenly felt, and more violently resented, by the people in exact proportion to the reverence and love which they feel towards their religion.

We are now naturally brought to the great Magee's specious argument in favour of a dominant Established Church of the minority of the people. He says that the State supports the Church not for its own good, but for the good of the people; that the State contracts, as it were, with some religious sect, which it thinks best fitted for the task, to defend it against its internal enemies—"sin, ignorance, and crime"—just as it contracts with an army to defend it against its external enemies. Now, granting that the Protestant sect is the best adapted to fulfil this duty, have the clergy of Ireland carried on this defensive war with such skill and energy as the State had a right to expect? Have they fought against sin, ignorance, and crime to the best of their ability? Against what forms of sin or crime had they to fight? Against indolence, against an exaggerated notion of self-importance and individual rights, against an unreasoning vindictiveness, and a callous disregard of human life on the part of the tenant; against selfishness, rapacity, and a contempt for individual rights, and a corrupted sense of justice on the part of the landlords. Have they not only preached against but urged upon the tenants by every argument, whether secular or divine, the wickedness of conspiracy and assassination? Have they remonstrated with the landlords on the criminal neglect of their estates consequent on absenteeism; on the impolicy and injustice of disregarding the complaints of their tenants, and of always setting their face against any attempted reform of the Land laws? Have they, in short, recognised the fact that the first object of the Christian religion is morality, and not polemics?

As to the attempt of the Bishop to compare the Irish Church question with the Land question, we must say that this part of his speech was most mischievous, as tending to encourage, far more than even the spontaneous utterances of Mr. Bright, that mistaken notion of their inalienable right to the soil, which lies at the bottom of all the agrarian conspiracies and outrages on the part of the Irish peasantry. The Protestant clergy may be the most popular and constantly resident landowners in Ireland. It would be strange indeed if they lived elsewhere than among the flocks who set such a high value on their services; it would be more strange if, considering the select and somewhat limited nature of their duties among their own congregation, they did not try and do something to relieve the necessities of those around them who had no claim but that of misery on their benevolence. The Protestant clergy of Ireland have not been, as a rule, the objects of violence or assassination; but this does not prove the popularity of the Established Church; it only proves how entirely corrupted the minds of the peasantry are on the Land question—that they can respect the lives of those who are the visible signs of the Saxon domination, while they cannot forgive or show any mercy to those

who are the holders of land, not by the invidious favour of the Imperial Government, but by long prescription and right, and who of themselves, unaided by the State, bear the losses incidental to their possession, and out of their own funds expend much on the improvement of the land and the relief of the tenant. For, whereas the Protestant clergy have furnished very few victims to the Ribbon Societies—doubtless on account of their high moral character and great charity—yet the unfortunate landlords have never been able by any amount of benevolence or uprightness, by any amount of self-denial, or devotion to the interests of their tenants, to secure immunity from the assassin's bullet. The best have been sacrificed equally with the worst. It seems to us that the consideration shown towards the Protestant clergy shows that murder in Ireland is the result of a conscience diseased in one particular point, rather than of a wholly corrupt nature.

As to the boasted loyalty of the Irish Protestants, it would be strange indeed if they should rise against that Government which has so long secured them in exceptional privileges. But there are two sorts of loyalty,—one that requires to be paid—and beforehand; the other, that is founded on a high sense of patriotism, and which induces the subject not only to give in his adhesion to the Imperial rule, but to avoid anything which might excite angry feelings in his fellow-subjects who differ from him; and, above all, to submit to the decrees of the Government when constitutionally passed and carried out. Whether the Orangemen have evinced this sort of loyalty we leave to the logical mind of Dr. Magee to decide.

Useless were it, even if space allowed us, to follow step by step the whole of this showy speech. That it would have done more credit to an ambitious barrister at common law, than it does to a Christian Bishop, is a circumstance which only enhances Dr. Magee's merit, probably, in his own eyes at least. There is the eloquence of an injured sinecurist and an unscrupulous partisan in every sentence of the oration. There is not the slightest trace of any elevation of soul, of any power of looking at a proposed measure from the majestic height of pure justice, but only from the ordinary level of selfishness and sectarianism.

Bishop Magee is but a brilliant specimen of the paste which passes for a diamond among the narrow-minded and the oligarchical. He is, as are all who think with him, utterly unable to conceive that passionate love of truth and justice which are the noblest endowments of the human soul. He cannot see that in order to perform the work of pacification in Ireland, it behoves us above all to come before that nation with clean hands, to remove what has been felt for ages by those on whom it weighs as a gross injustice, as a monument of ancient hostility, as a record of a blood-stained conquest. Before we take the noble prisoner, whom the fate of war has placed in our power, to sit on the seat by our side, we strike off the chains that are the symbol of his defeat. We do not dangle the fetters before his sight, or wave in his face the sword that is stained with his blood. Grant that this measure, which the resolute conscience of England has decided on, may not conciliate the extreme faction that confronts us at every turn in Ireland; grant that the time-hardened misrepresentations, the ill-concealed sneers, the rancorous animosity with which the Roman Catholic religion has been alluded to by nearly every speaker in these debates may cause them to feel that this is an act of strict justice, not of generous conciliation; still our hands will be now free to deal with the other pressing evils of Ireland; one reproach, and that a great one, will no longer meet us at every turn. The moderate will be wooed to our side; the disloyal will be sifted from the reformers; the hearts, long galled by an ever-present symbol of arrogant ascendancy, will be healed of this wound which poisoned their whole nature; and with new and vigorous recruits, with wavering allies confirmed, freed above all from the hateful aid of those traitors who sought their own interest at the nation's cost, we shall be able to engage with that host of dangers and difficulties which has long baffled the efforts of succeeding governments, we shall be able to complete the work of which the foundation-stone has now been laid,—the long neglected work of justice to Ireland.

THE PEACE-MAKERS AND THE CRISIS.

We are always glad to see our old friends, the two Houses of Convocation, on their legs. They are genuine good old comic institutions; and though our special province lies more directly in the region of Satire, we can still accord a hearty welcome to a couple of earnest labourers, who have for so long done so much to amuse the public. For rich dry humour, of the real sort, give us a debate in the upper ecclesiastical chamber. For thorough racy and full-flavoured tomfoolery take us to the lower one, when Archdeacon Denison has got it by the ear. In truth, in these days of sorry wit and vulgar joking, it is refreshing to turn to the proceedings of these great clerical institutions. Their fooling is excellent.

Having said thus much, we shall not, we feel, be laying ourselves open to a charge of ill-humour when we call attention to a grave falling-off in a recent meeting held by one set of our worthy old friends. The Lower House absolutely talked some sense, did not hoot down the Dean of Westminster, and even went so far as to suffer a sentiment or two of an enlightened and Christian character to be uttered without the usual accompaniment of yells and shuffling!

It is, however, only fair in us, while making so direct and weighty a charge, to admit that on the occasion in question one worthy spirit did his best to redeem the ancient prestige of the assembly. We allude to a person referred to in the newspaper reports as Dr. Jebb. With a grim waggery that reminds us more of the early Roman comic poets than of anything else, this wonderful humorist opened his speech with a hint that he must keep a guard over his tongue lest a truthful expression of his feelings should carry him into the utterance of "actionable" language. This happy exordium from a Minister of the Gospel of Peace went home. The assembly, the report says, "*laughed*." Thus encouraged, Dr. Jebb went at his work again. With a neatness and force beyond, from a comic point of view, all praise, he then indulged in a series of the most telling hits. As one bound to do unto others as he would they should do unto him, the holy Doctor was for carrying persecution into domestic life, and breaking off "private friendships" with those whose reason and judgment led them, on the Irish Church question, to a conclusion different from that held by himself. Indeed, he went to the very source and fountain-head of wit. He revelled in incongruity, &c., &c., &c.

And here we will change our tone. We began with badinage, but the fact is, the subject is too disgusting to merit a mere laugh. Convocation, it is true, is harmless enough, and, beyond wasting a good deal of time that might be better employed, possibly does little mischief worth speaking of. But the matter changes its aspect altogether when it is made the mouthpiece of sentiments such as those expressed on Wednesday last by this Dr. Jebb. In times of political rancour and religious animosity it becomes the duty of all wise—all Christian men to restrain the godless hatred of bigots and the dangerous sympathy of fools. It is a sin that any man should stimulate the frenzy of words into the murder of action; yet too many Englishmen recognise no other claims in the present crisis but those of their own narrow opinions and their own capacious pockets. Let it be confessed with shame that the most fanatical exciters of party bigotry, the worst firebrands in the existing struggle, have been the, so-called, peace-makers! The clergy have been in the van, and if anyone wishes to see to what a disgraceful level a clerical partisan may sink, at a season when the counsel of the wise should be offered with brotherly love and Christian charity, let him read Dr. Jebb's recent effusion before the Lower House of Convocation!

ARMY RESERVE.

1.
I AM a quiet, peaceful man:
I'm fat, and forty-three:
I take things easy as I can:
What's this RESERVE to me?

2.
By Ballot you would fill the ranks?
Leave no escape, and no,
No option to decline with thanks?
No anything but—go?

3
None safe except the Volunteer?
To *that* I might aspire:
But which gives greater cause for fear,
The frying pan, or fire?

4.
For, if in time of war I vow
To get my martial blade ground,
Between two stools why see me now
Let fall on the parade ground?

5.
I'm middle-aged, in fact a porpoise:
And must I be a martyr?
I'll throw myself on *Habeas Corpus*,
Appeal to *Magna Charta!*

6.
I'm not a soldier, that's the truth:
Go, leave me to my trade!
There's dormant energy in youth,
If zeal were better paid.

7.
Go! rouse the youth! nor take such heed
Of foolscap, tape, or quills!
Is there no harvest from your seed
Of pipe-clay, sown in *Drills*?

8.
What threefold jumble of your Force
With half an eye I see!
To solve the problem why endorse
That worn-out Rule of Three?

9.
The Army proper has its staff:
Militia, as we've heard,
Must have a second: did I laugh?
The Volunteers a third!

10.
Reform, abashed by all this fuss,
Stands timid at the gate:
This regulation CERBERUS
Is watch-dog of the State!

11.
A three-fold failure! and a mark
Of scorn to ev'ry dunce!
What common sense can drown the bark
Of all those heads at once?

12.
O happy day! when Time has brought
Those doomed cocked hats to feel
Reform's great car of Juggernaut,
Made one beneath the wheel!

13.
Try anything, but not that plan
Of Ballot: let me be:
I take things easy as I can:
I'm fat, and forty-three.

A PLACE TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY!

THE treatment of Oriental Grandees on their visits to England, with the class of amusements provided for them, has become one of our national standard jokes; but the following announcement, which we quote from the columns of a daily contemporary, is more than ordinarily absurd:—

"METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.—On Tuesday last their Highnesses Hassan Pacha, the son of the Viceroy of Egypt, and his cousin, Prince Tussoun Pacha, son of the late Viceroy, Said Pacha, attended by Colonel Gamble, C.B., and their respective suites, made a minute inspection of the Underground Railway from Westminster bridge to Moorgate street."

Colonel Gamble, C.B., whom we presume to be playing dragoman to the Egyptian Princes, must be but a sorry caterer for their Highness's amusement if no more cheerful project for spending an afternoon suggested itself to him than "a minute inspection" of the Underground Railway. A visit to Rosherville Gardens or the Welsh Harp would surely have been far more pleasant and interesting.

"TOMAHAWK" IN PARLIAMENT.

THERE was nothing of any consequence in the Commons last week, and as for the Lords, TOMAHAWK was so frightened at the angry spirit raised by Mr. Bright's letter, that he didn't dare to go within a mile of Westminster. Next week he will have recovered from his terror, and (N.B.) his "Index Number."

"SPES GREGIS CLINTON."

"WHAT does the poor Duke of Newcastle live on now?" asked a lady of her witty partner in the cotillon the other day.
"Why, *Hope*, to be sure," was the answer.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

"To this we have come."

When the next stage we reach in our success,
And pause awhile Dame Fortune's name to bless;
Too tired to utter this small word in full,
At what implies the whole the cheek we'll pull.

Far better e'en than this you'll find,
Of our leaves the bitter rind.

What this is I must confess
I don't know; let some one guess.

This is worse and worse—sky blue,
How I wonder what are you?

How I curse this howling lover
When my head I try to smother,
Like a shy retiring plover,
Oh my! heavens, there's another.

This for humbug or for crime
We will keep; and not for folly;
Fools forgive us; there is rhyme,
Reason too, for being jolly.

NEWS FROM "THE HOUSE."—Why are Oxford men warriors? Because they have all been concerned in the "*battels*" of Alma (mater).

"JOHN BULLISM" (ACCORDING TO LORD GRANVILLE).—Making a mud pie and then being forced to eat it. (*For further particulars apply to Mr. Bright.*)

TO THE DRAMATIC CRITIC OF A CERTAIN JOURNAL.—You should write seriously and not with Levi-ty. You find fault by *Telegraph* and only praise in *Era* (error).

LONDON, JUNE 26, 1869.

THE WEEK.

We believe that the Paris Correspondent of the *Telegraph* is shortly to be decorated by the Queen of Spain. After the present month he will be known by the title of Don Key-hole.

We understand that the management of the Gaiety Theatre is about to revive Dryden's celebrated opera of *The State of Innocence*. They have certainly capital materials at their command for the purpose.

We see by the *Weekly Register* (the leading Roman Catholic paper), that the Collegians of St Edmund's Old Hall have been celebrating the centenary of their "Alma Mater." Mild young Romanists should go there—leaving those requiring stern treatment to be sent to the Ushaw (Usher?)

"Why don't you write your own criticisms? Davy always did." These memorable words, spoken by Eva Garrick to Edmund Kean, seem to have sunk deep into the minds of one or two of our dramatic authors. It is rather hard on the readers of certain journals that these exercises in self-laudation are not placed where they ought to be—among the advertisements.

Those who deprecate the blessings of personal Government should read the account of the arrests made during the late disturbances, and the sufferings endured by these perfectly innocent persons, in number some seven or eight hundred, in the prison. Our own police cells are not pleasant places, nor our own police system very perfect, nor our own policemen very humane and intelligent. But, thank Heaven, such inhumanity as has been perpetrated in Bicêtre is impossible in this country even in a workhouse.

Dr. Cumming has again been playing on that very disagreeable instrument, his own trumpet. He now advertizes the fact that he has written to the Pope, relative to his (Dr. Cumming's) putting in an appearance at the approaching Œcumenical Council; where, let Dr. Cumming note it well, they talk *Latin*. As what the world at present knows of the Great Tribulationist's scholarship is not very satisfactory, it would be as well were his friends to offer him a copy of Old Delectus and Henry's First Exercises. In any event, however, a presbyterian is not likely to agree very pleasantly with a thousand bishops. And as Dr. Cumming has broadly hinted that his mission to Rome will be of anything but a peaceful nature, perhaps he would do better to stay quietly in the purlieus of Drury Lane. It is not likely that the Pope will care to listen to his Latin, dog and cat, or—even pure dog!

What can Mr. Bright's friends say for him in excuse of his last offence against good taste and decency? It is evident that the injury which such a person does to a Government cannot be compensated for by oratorical skill or by popularity with the mob, be it ever so great. Mr. Bright is a demagogue and nothing else; he never was a statesman, and he does not promise to become one. He would have made a very fair member of a triumvirate or of a committee of safety, in which Government meant nothing but simple tyranny. He has no idea of consulting the feelings much less the prejudices of others; and as to responsibility, he has so long been accustomed to use violent language without being properly brought to account for it, that he cannot conceive that kind of sensitiveness which some of his colleagues possess, and which must be sorely tried by the spectacle of such vulgar excesses on the part of one who the public cannot forget is a Cabinet Minister, however completely he may do so himself. Surely the time has come when the Ministry might be relieved of the companionship of one whose only recommendation for such a position as he holds is that he has repeatedly asserted and proved his own utter inability to fill it properly, and has on one or two occasions flattered the Queen.

THE COLD SHOULDER.

"The eleventh annual examination of the Orphan Working School, Maitland Park, Haverstock Hill, was commenced on Thursday last, Sir Francis Lycett presiding on the occasion." This highly interesting piece of information has appeared in most of the newspapers, and has set people wondering where Maitland Park is, who is Sir Francis Lycett, and what was the particular feature of the Orphan School examination which has called for special notice? The paragraph, which is worded alike by all our contemporaries, contains one line more, which may perhaps throw light on the subject. It is this: "After the examination a cold collation was provided for the visitors."

What mysterious institution is this that can afford to feast knights (is Sir Francis Lycett an Alderman?) at its board out of the funds earned apparently by orphans in a working school? Would not any surplus money that may rest in the treasurer's hands be better employed in clothing the fatherless than in ministering to the appetites of the Haverstock Hill gentry?

IN EVIDENCE.

Tomahawk.—Stand up, Bishop Magee, and let me hear what you have to say for yourself. I hear you have made a sensation lately.

The Bishop of Peterborough.—Yes, I rather fancy I have.

Tom.—Come, Sir, put off that self-sufficient air, here. I don't like it, and it ill becomes your calling.

The Bishop of P.—That may be your opinion; it is not mine. I rose to what I am by means of this very offensive assumption of which you complain. Some years ago I was the idol of old and young women in a fashionable watering-place in the West of England. I flatter myself I filled the Octagon at Bath to some purpose. You should have heard how I preached against purple and fine linen in those days!

Tom.—*Preached* against them, did you? And so now you are of a different opinion?

The Bishop of P.—Oh dear no! On the contrary, I am more than ever convinced that these things—

Tom.—Cannot be secured on an income of some £5,000 a year!

The Bishop of P.—Precisely. And then, I still hold that the interests of Christian truth are to be advanced lovingly only by—

Tom.—Insult and oppression!

The Bishop of P.—Just so. And as to Christian unity and peace,—why they are only to be secured by—

Tom.—Forcing the creed of the few into the face of the many!

The Bishop of P.—Exactly—and by doing unto others—

Tom.—As you would *not* they should do unto you!

The Bishop of P.—Yes, that is my gospel.

Tom.—Then get down, Sir; I am ashamed of you. You set yourself up for a clever man and enlightened prelate! Nonsense, Sir, you are a mistake. Stand down, Sir, and make way for better men. Where is the Bishop of St. David's?

KNIFE TO KNIFE!

(SUBJECT FOR A MARBLE GROUP TO BE PLACED IN WESTMINSTER HALL.)

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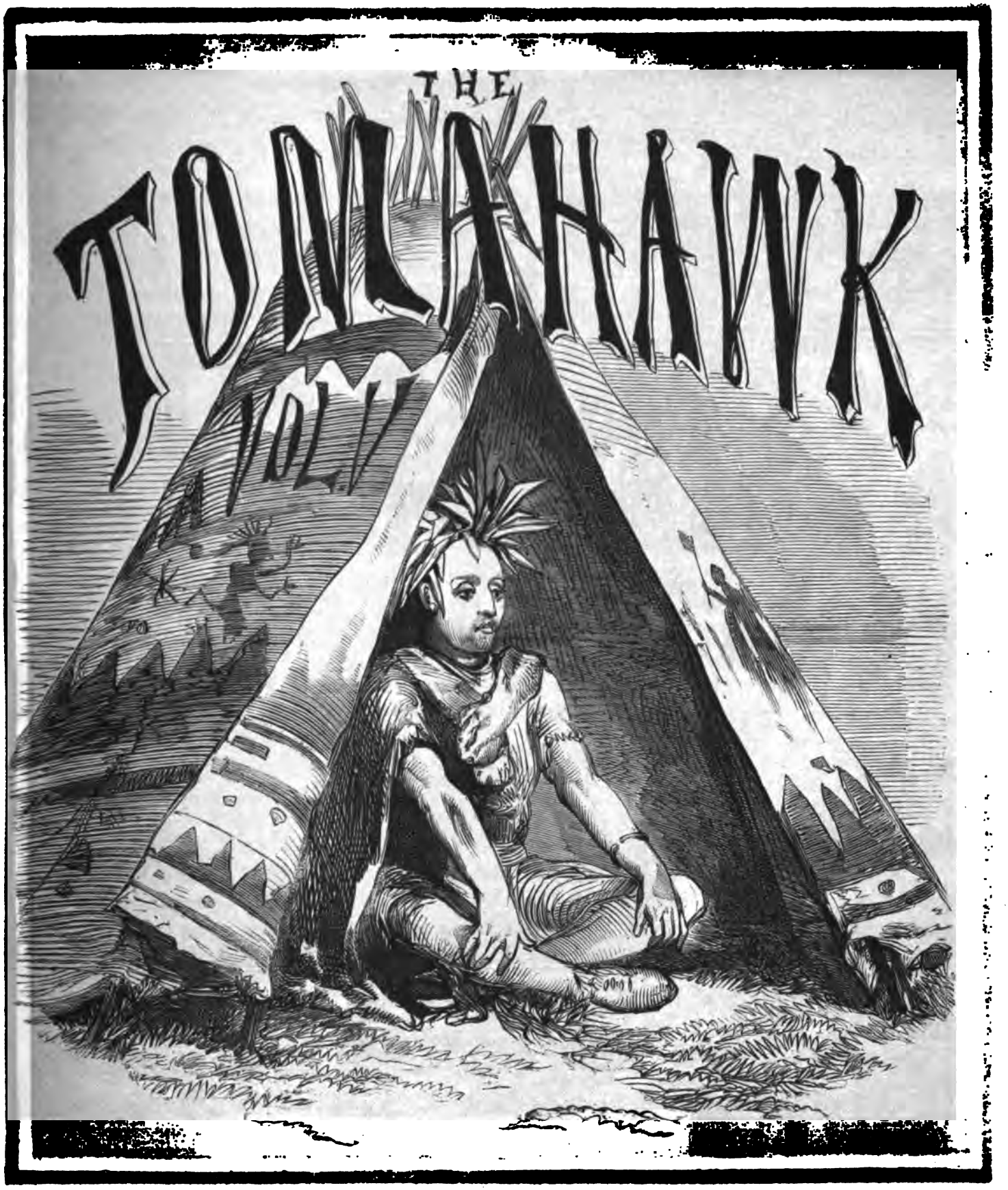

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FROM his Wigwam TOMAHAWK regards the World. TOMAHAWK the elder—the man of many Volumes—Volumes Five in Number—full of Wisdom, Mirth, and Gladness.

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK sees the wicked fat and prosperous, very fat and rather prosperous—full of gold and having plenty; men of straw and made of humbug—men who very often spoil the widow, spoil the widow, rob the orphan. Prating oft of largish fortunes made by specs both safe and swifty, specs that yield a noble income—specs that yet bring nought but ruin.

From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK sees a City fine and mighty, full of houses made of beauty, a river clean and lovely, a bridge of fine proportions—proportions grand and useful, a bridge quite new this very summer, new and better than the other—Blackfriars is its name. And he sees a spanning highway crossing o'er a tide of traffic, traffic very full and crowded, crowded and inconvenient, and in Holborn is it found. And he sees another highway which is close unto a palace, a house oft called the Mansion, where lives the great Lord Mayor. But the highway is quite spoilèd, spoilèd and made quite useless, by a block of ugly houses, houses most impeding, impeding not convenient, making the road so narrow, so narrow and so noxious, to merchants whose time work is valued as it were golden, whose moments are most precious, filling them with sorrow, with sorrow and yet with anger at minutes often wasted in the Poultry's narrow

road. And TOMAHAWK has said so, a score of times most truly, and yet repeats, yes, once more, "THE POULTRY MUST COME DOWN!"

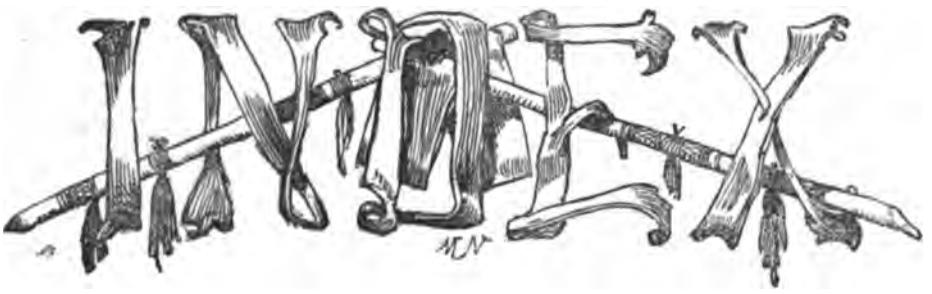
From his Wigwam TOMAHAWK looks at the World abroad with its troubles and its Councils its rumours and its murmurings. With its Rocheforts sharp and bitter, bitter, false, and Godless, With its France harbouring treason, and its Egypt caving under. And he thinks, "Oh my dear my darling England, my loved and only true land, how blessed art thou in this time, when all are near to war!" And he plucks the red red berry, and waves the branch of green leaves, the leaves called Mistletoe, the emblems of peace to all men, and love, and home goodwill.

And he smokes the fragrant Peace Pipe, and he loves the coming new year, and he holds the hand of friendship, to those whose hearts are wounded, wounded in the heat of battle, wounded with his sword of goosequill. Asking them to smoke the Peace Pipe as the Christmas bells are ringing in the cold but cheery night air, bells that tell of joy and gladness, bells that call us all together, telling us that we are brothers, brothers all in one religion. And he greets both foes and kinsmen, wishing them all sorts of goodness, wishing them

A Merry Christmas.

Wishing all a Happy New Year—happy, happy, very happy,

Wishing Them a Glad New Year!



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LETTER FROM THE DOG-STAR.

To Sir Richard Mayne.

MISERABLE MAN,—I suppose you flatter yourself that, because I am so far off, I have not had my eye on you all this last year; but I have. I cannot say that I have been surprised at the brutal conduct of which you have been guilty, because I know of what your degraded race are capable. I have seen your cowardly cruelty to dogs; I have watched your myrmidons carrying out their master's iniquitous commands; and I shan't forget it. You think, in common with all your wretched species, that dogs have no souls, but they have—and after death their souls run up to this star, where they bark in a chorus of remonstrance against the cruelties which they have suffered, and their brethren are still suffering, on earth below. It's all very well of you men to make offensive and ribald verses such as—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For 'tis their nature to."

It is not their nature to bite—they learn that from man. Here all is peace, all is gentleness, and kindliness of heart, at least, in our intercourse with one another. But the crimes which you and such as you have perpetrated against our noble race are known here—and, trust me, they shall, some time or other, be fitly punished. I am Sirius, the Dog-star, and when Sirius rages, you know what you men suffer. The heat was great in London last year, it shall be greater in the ensuing year. Sirius shall rage to some purpose, and your brutal myrmidons, clad as they are, thanks to your extraordinary wisdom, in garments calculated to increase a thousandfold the tortures of heat, shall fall before my scorching wrath. The souls of the hundreds of dogs whom you have murdered, shall be revenged, and that most amply. I give you fair warning, though it is extremely unlikely that you will profit by it. But if you will, you may; I am generous enough to give you that chance of escape. But next summer when my reign commences, let the Police beware! I have been kind to you till now. I have kept my fiercest heat for other less favoured lands, but for the future you and your troop of ruffians shall learn what it is to have warred against the dogs, when you feel the terrible vengeance of the raging

SIRIUS.

—o—

PLOM-PUDDING.

PREPARED BY JULES.

IT is Christmas, and you shall require the recipe. It is this: Take two boule-dogues, and break them to little bits, and put them into a large tub. Then into the tub mix well with a long poll(1) four bottles of *le Jamaica gingerre-beire* (2). Add to this nine pounds of red *rosbif*, three pots of real *Scocsh-marmlaide*, with *raisins*, *truffles*, *brandé-ball*, *peckles*, and two quart of the *Lor Maire's veritable turtle-soope* (3). Then take the *choppere* and chop till it is all chopped into one small *mince*, and as one chops there must be added leetle bits of *le 'olly*, *moffin*, *meeslertoo*, *twelf-caake*, and *le gin*. Then let it all be *braised* before a slow fire, and served in pie-plates (4) with hot *porterre-bierre*. *C'est excellent!*

HOW TO MAKE A WILL.

BY A CRUSTY OLD BACHELOR.

First Method.

To twenty expectants' friends adopt six orphans from the Foundling Hospital; to them add every third nephew. Gently stir with a reversionary interest to your cousins' grandchildren, and leave to settle.

Second Method.

Take twelve nieces, and four intimate friends; divide them equally; then take a codicil and leave to a moderately useful charity.

Third Method.

Seize a godchild, make a will in its favour, and let its mother see it; omit attestation, and it is done.

(1) You can get this at the 'ustings.
(2) The great depot in a little street in Lambeth.
(3) Sold in cups at le Mansion-'ouse.
(4) That is why it is called "le mince-pie."

CHRISTMAS FARE FOR EUROPEAN COURTS.

For BERLIN.—Strasbourg patties.
,, ST. PETERSBURG.—Roley-Pole-y pudding.
,, ROME.—Italian cream.
,, ITALY.—The Pope's eye.
,, COPENHAGEN.—Wedding cake.
,, MADRID.—Jugged heir (to the throne).
,, LONDON.—Palace cake (the Crystal).
,, PARIS.—German sausage, served up with T-*rifles*.
,, VIENNA.—Hungarian w-*h*-ines.
,, ATHENS.—Ra-haat-la-koum.
,, CONSTANTINOPLE.—Greek bitters.

TERMS FOR 1869.

EASTER TERMS.—Apples, 1d. Oranges, 1d. Ginger-beer, 2d. Bill of the Play, 1d.

MIDSUMMER TERMS.—Strawberries and Cream, 1s. 6d.

MICHAELMAS TERMS.—Good Geese for the Table from 5s. a-piece. All others a farthing a dozen.

—o—

CONNUBIAL CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT does a husband's promise about giving up tobacco end in?

Why, in smoke!

What does a drunken husband's thirst end in?

Why, in bier!

If your wife "kills you with laughing," what crime does she cause to be perpetrated?

Why, mans'laughter!'

If you refuse your wife any boxes for the opera, in what condition do you find boxes and wife?

Why, in tiers!

TOMAHAWK'S PROPHECY FOR 1869.

JANUARY.

BAD time for colds. A Prince of the Blood Royal will sneeze this month. As Mars gets in the way of Leo, in the fourth house of Mercury, we may expect a very fine crop of turnips, and an earthquake in Timbuctoo.

FEBRUARY.

The Emperor Napoleon will have reason to dread this month. Scorpio tumbles over Gemini at the side of Virgo, meaning great economy on the part of a German Prince, Christian in name and Christian in nature. The Czar of Russia, and all people born about this time on a Tuesday, will find great danger in drinking oil of vitriol.

MARCH.

Aquarius interferes with Capricornus, and tries to force himself into the third house, and Napoleon ponders over his fate. This will be an unlucky month for the Thames Tunnel; it also will be fraught with danger to Sir Robert Carden and summer cabbages.

APRIL.

Napoleon must beware of this month, as his star gets nearer to the Sun than usual; and as Leo falls out of his own circle, and gets into the company of Venus, I am afraid that a German Prince, Christian in name and Christian in nature, will be put to some annoyance about this time by losing a fourpenny bit.

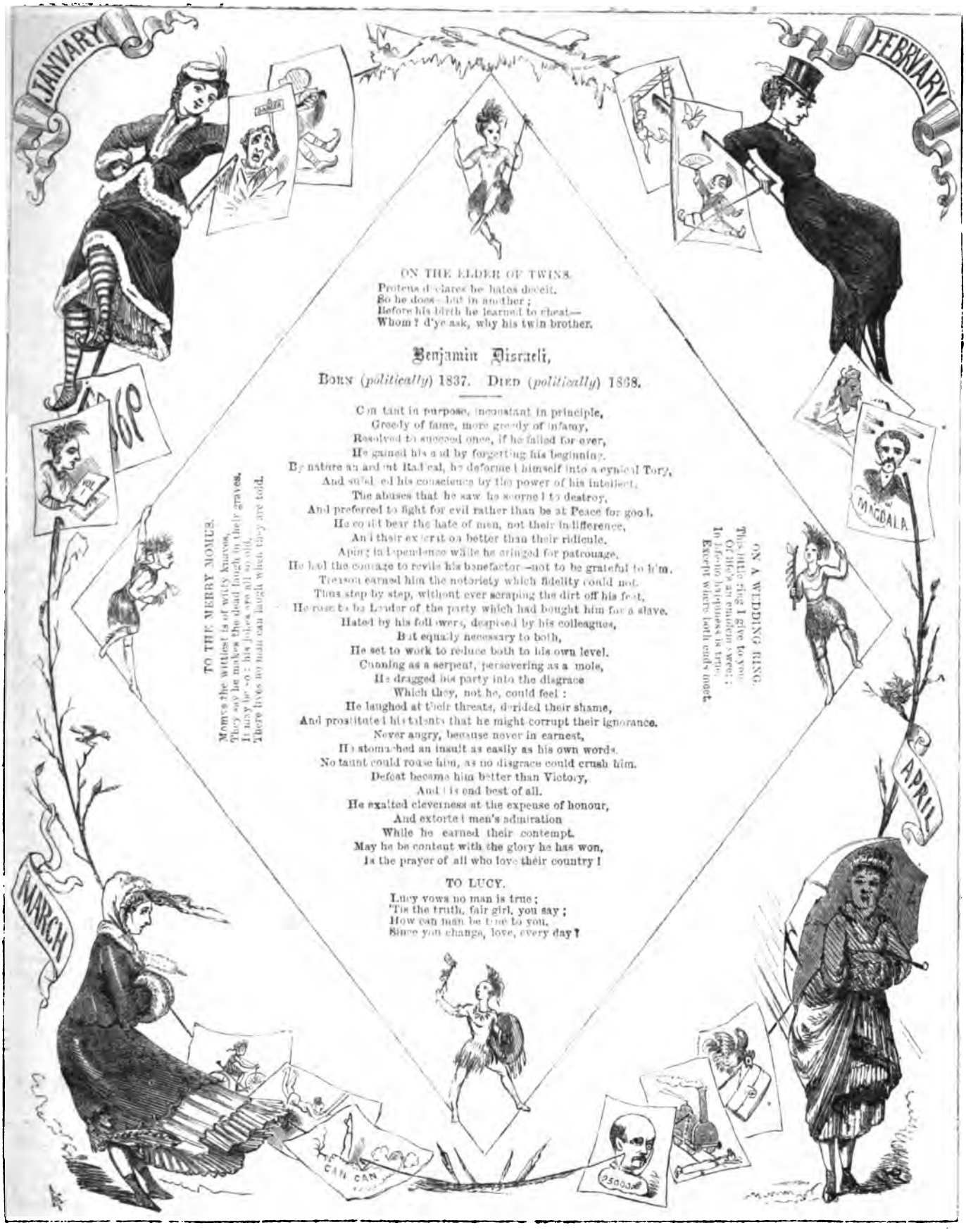
MAY.

Sagittarius starts for the Milky Whey *viâ* Neptune and Uranus, a journey which causes great anxiety to the Emperor Napoleon. People born on a Thursday must beware of treading upon poisonous serpents this month.

JUNE.

A German Prince, Christian by name and Christian by nature, is very waggish about this time. *Verbum Persona* gets into the same house with *Rara Avis*, while Capricornus removes elsewhere. These changes denote that there will be rain some time this year. The Empress of Austria may be expected to make a pun about the 15th of this month.

If every one that takes in his neighbour is a Good Samaritan, one need not fear to fall amongst thieves.



ON THE ELDER OF TWINS.

Proteus declares he hates deceit.
So he does—but in another;
Before his birth he learned to cheat—
Whom? d'ye ask, why his twin brother.

Benjamin Disraeli,

BORN (*politically*) 1837. DIED (*politically*) 1868.

Constant in purpose, inconstant in principle,
Greedy of fame, more greedy of infamy,
Resolved to succeed once, if he failed for ever,
He gained his end by forgetting his beginning.
By nature an ardent Radical, he deformed himself into a cynical Tory,
And sullied his conscience by the power of his intellect.
The abuses that he saw he scorned to destroy,
And preferred to fight for evil rather than be at Peace for good.
He could bear the hate of men, not their indifference,
And their execration better than their ridicule.
Aping independence while he cringed for patronage,
He had the courage to revile his benefactor—not to be grateful to him.
Treason earned him the notoriety which fidelity could not.
Thus step by step, without ever scraping the dirt off his feet,
He rose to be Leader of the party which had bought him for a slave.
Hated by his followers, despised by his colleagues,
But equally necessary to both,
He set to work to reduce both to his own level.
Cunning as a serpent, persevering as a mole,
He dragged his party into the disgrace
Which they, not he, could feel:
He laughed at their threats, derided their shame,
And prostituted his talents that he might corrupt their ignorance.
Never angry, because never in earnest,
He stomached an insult as easily as his own words.
No taunt could rouse him, as no disgrace could crush him.
Defeat became him better than Victory,
And it is end best of all.
He exalted cleverness at the expense of honour,
And extorted men's admiration
While he earned their contempt.
May he be content with the glory he has won,
Is the prayer of all who love their country!

TO THE MERRY MOMUS.

Momus the wittiest is of witty knaves,
They say he makes the dead laugh on their graves.
It may be so: his jokes are all so old,
There lives no man can laugh when they are told.

ON A WEDDING RING.

This little ring I give to you:
Of life's an emblem were;
In circles happiness is true,
Except where both ends meet.

TO LUCY.

Lucy vows no man is true;
'Tis the truth, fair girl, you say;
How can man be true to you,
Since you change, love, every day?

ODE TO THE OBSCURE.

AMBITIOUS souls of England,
Who sit at home at ease,
Yet sigh and chafe meanwhile to share
The battle and the breeze,
Which stir the walls of Parliament,
And set the land on fire,
One day's calm thought would bring to nought
Your folly-fledged desire.

For what is it these M.P.s gain?
What is it that they lose?
Who'd take the pleasure with the pain,
If he were free to choose?
Who if he really did know all
They have to undergo,
Would covet, through St. Stephen's Hall,
A path to splendid woe?

I speak not of the meaner kind
Who nurse no noble aim,
For whom there beckons in the wind
No luring flag of Fame,
Who only crave, in creeping in,
To gratify their wives,
Gilt notoriety to win,
Or honey for their hives.

For him who can thus low aspire,
E'en for a single day,
The indignation of the lyre
Were only thrown away.
He ne'er could hope to move the scorn
Of vindicating verse;—
Better he had been never born,
Or strangled by his nurse.

Of those who burn to win their spurs,
And wear them, do I write;
Whose souls the din of battle stirs
With dominant delight;
Who to th' embraces of a foe
As to a maiden's cleave,
Who dearly love to deal the blow,
And dread not to receive.

That, their reward—the pulse of fight,
"The rapture of this strife,"
The self-exalting sense of might,
Enlargement of their life.
Yet rare joys these, and brief as rare,
And these are all they gain,
E'en when they win, to help them bear
Their Pelion of pain.

For Slander dogs them to the death,
And stabs them from behind,
Mingles with theirs a noisome breath,
Misrepresents their mind.
Malice their motives doth distort,
Belittles all they do,
Draws their gigantic stature short,
And points their path askew.

For this the phrensied fools abjure
Tranquillity, that best
Sure born by which we mortals poor
Are by the gods left blest;
Give up for this—oh, how they err!
The haven of the Home;
To soft and smiling sands prefer
The rudeness of the foam.

For them no constant warm fireside,
No nightly hearth's content,
No arms of welcome opened wide
With chattering voices blent.
Their busy spouses Fashion court
Whilst they are courting Fame;
The windy fervour of the sport
Blows out Affection's flame!

Oh what a madcap scheme of life
That men Ambition call!
Whereby they scarcely know their wife,
Their children not at all.
What! forfeit to a gaping crowd
All that can make life sweet!
Rather the worms were in my shroud,
And the cold clay round my feet!

Therefore, unwise, ambitious souls,
Who sit at home at ease,
Yet sometimes weakly sigh to share
The battle and the breeze,
Which stir the walls of Parliament,
And set the world on fire,
Think of my lay and cast away
Your folly-fledged desire.

DIALOGUE IN OLYMPUS.

Dramatis Personæ, Illustrious Musicians of Bygone Days.

HAYDN.—Well, Rossini, now that we have tried to make you feel at home, tell us the news.

ROSSINI.—I declare I don't believe there is any news, and if there were, I should be the last man to know anything about it. You see, during my later years, I didn't much like music, and I got out of the way of it when I could.

WEBER.—Don't say that! The world has at least appreciated your *Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell*.

ROSSINI.—Well, perhaps; but some people think the latter too long, which it is, and the former too short, which it isn't. Upon my word, it is very hard to say what the public *does* like just now. People will go and hear anything in the present day if singers of decent reputation are announced.

GLUCK.—Surely you wrong the public. I understood that my *Alceste* was revived with enthusiasm at Paris.

ROSSINI.—True, folks went to hear it when Viardot was engaged, but when Madlle. Battu sang it, nobody went, and those who did go would sooner have stayed at home.

GLUCK.—But my *Orphée?*

ROSSINI.—Certainly, that did pretty well at the Lyrique, but *Orphée aux Enfers* did better at the Bouffes.

GLUCK.—Pardon me, I never wrote a work of that name.

ROSSINI.—Of course not, but Offenbach did.

CHERUBINI.—Offenbach! Who's he

ROSSINI.—A clever fellow, assuredly. His compositions don't sound much like music, but they are brisk enough to listen to.

CHERUBINI.—Is he a good writer of comic opera?

ROSSINI.—Gracious me! Certainly not! Ask Auber when he comes here. I merely mentioned Offenbach because he is the fashionable man just now. But he makes money too easily to do any good to his art. *Auri sacra fames!*

BEETHOVEN.—Making money too easily is a danger to which I was never subjected!

MOZART.—May I ask if you ever hear, now-a-days, of a couple of pieces called *Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöte?*

ROSSINI.—*Oh parbleu! They* will live as long as the sun shines! But, truly, Mozart mine, you are too hard on the public in forcing upon them such a libretto as that of the *Zauberflöte!* The story is really too hopeless.

BEETHOVEN.—And *Fidelio?*

ROSSINI.—Humph!

BEETHOVEN.—Thank you.

SPONTINI.—And my *Vestale?*

ROSSINI.—Well, I'm sorry to say that I haven't heard much about it lately.

MEYERBEER.—Does the *Africaine* get on better than it did?

ROSSINI.—Well, it doesn't get on at all now. They have replaced it with Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, and, odd as it may seem, I think they would have done better to stop where they were.

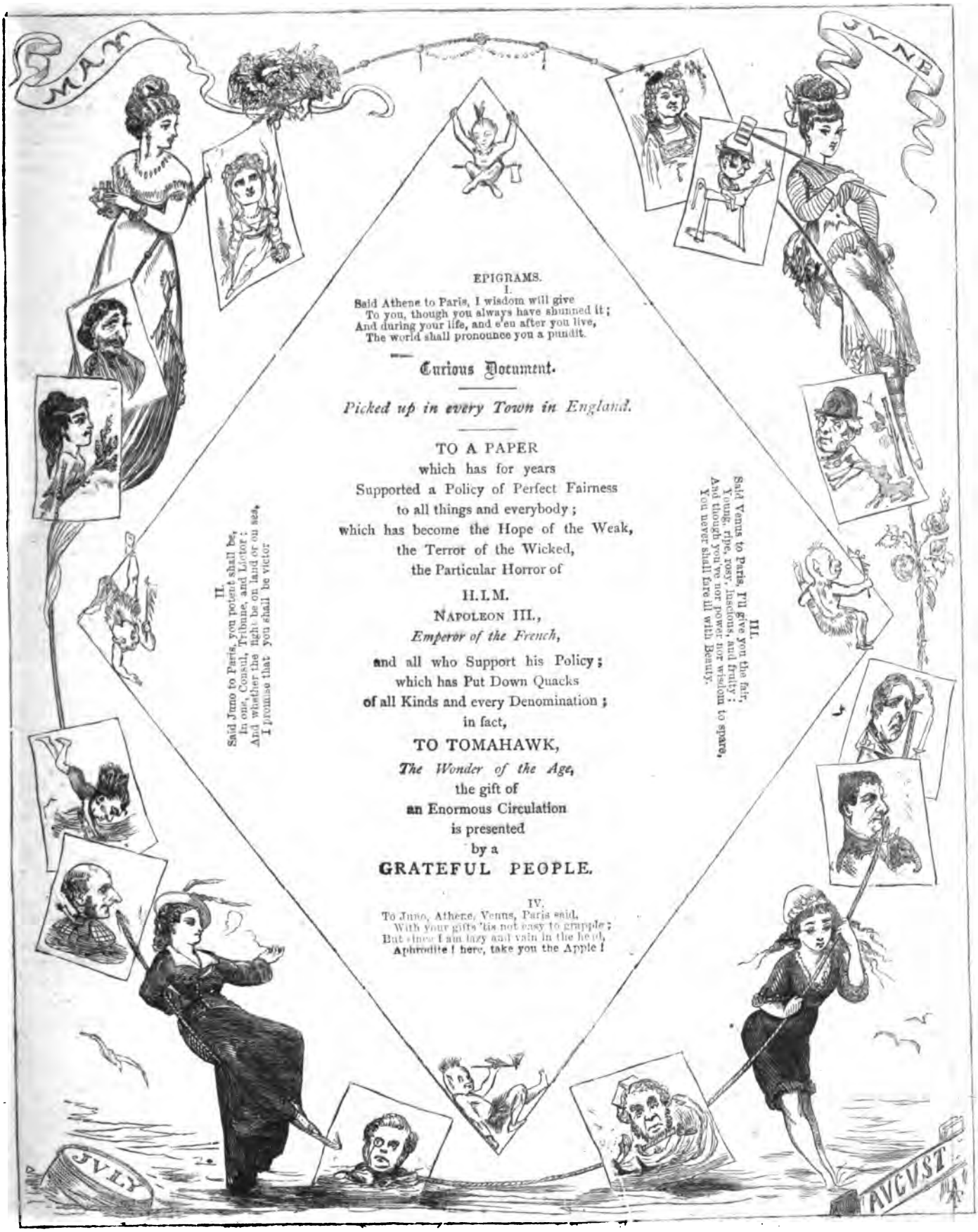
MEYERBEER.—Thomas is an able man.

ROSSINI.—I'm sure it's very good of you to say so. And now, as erybody has cross-examined me, I should like to ask one question.

OMNES.—Certainly!

ROSSINI.—Well, can I get any maccaroni here?

(*Diversity of opinion and change of scene.*)



EPIGRAMS.

I.

Said Athene to Paris, I wisdom will give
To you, though you always have shunned it;
And during your life, and e'en after you live,
The world shall pronounce you a pundit.

Curious Document.

Picked up in every Town in England.

TO A PAPER
which has for years
Supported a Policy of Perfect Fairness
to all things and everybody;
which has become the Hope of the Weak,
the Terror of the Wicked,
the Particular Horror of

H.I.M.
NAPOLEON III.,
Emperor of the French,

and all who Support his Policy;
which has Put Down Quacks
of all Kinds and every Denomination;
in fact,

TO TOMAHAWK,
The Wonder of the Age,
the gift of
an Enormous Circulation
is presented
by a
GRATEFUL PEOPLE.

II.

Said Juno to Paris, you potent shall be,
In one, Consul, Tribune, and Lictor;
And whether the fight be on land or on sea,
I promise that you shall be victor.

III.

Said Venus to Paris, I'll give you the fair,
Young, ripe, rosy, luscious, and fruity;
And though you've nor power nor wisdom to spare,
You never shall fare ill with Beauty.

IV.

To Juno, Athene, Venus, Paris said,
With your gifts 'tis not easy to grapple;
But since I am lazy and vain in the head,
Aphrodite! here, take you the Apple!

THE NEW CLEOPATRA.

THE Viceroy of Egypt's cry for pleasure, more pleasure, has gone forth. His Excellence, or Highness, or negative Majesty, has seen Schneider, the Great Duchess of all the Pericholles, and has dreamt of her exquisite contortions and indefinable charms ever since he was in Paris last year.

The Viceroy must have a theatre—a theatre where he and his subjects may be amused. The Turks and infidels have, as yet, only tasted the dubious charm of listening to a fourth-rate Italian singer, accompanied by a Turkish or Egyptian band. They are sick of those humbugs the Almee, and the common acrobat is an abomination in their nostrils.

Egypt wants a theatre and the Schneider. *Rien que ça.*

It is not astonishing, then, that the Sultan should have been disturbed by a similar desire to reproduce in the city of the Faithful some such entertainment as he witnessed when in the city of shopkeepers.

It is now therefore a race between Turkey and Egypt as to which shall be first honoured with a public place of real entertainment.

The Sultan has determined, at all hazards, to carry off by his agents in this country our renowned tragic-comedian and comic-tragedian Mr. R. Romer. We have also been credibly informed that Mussulman spies may be seen in town watching for an opportunity to carry off Miss Nelly Farren to the shores of the Bosphorus.

Whatever may be the upshot of the Sultan's desire regarding his troupe, we have received from our special correspondent in Alexandria the following rules and regulations concerning the Viceroy's new theatre, which will be constructed within the larger Pyramid.

The Sphinx could not keep the secret, and has already had her head turned into a café-concert, where the great Vance is already engaged for a term during the stay of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

We translate for the benefit of our readers :—

THEATRE ROYAL PYRAMIDS.

Rules and Regulations.

1.—Every player (actor or actress) engaged by the Direction shall leave his or her shoes and prayer-carpet at the stage door.

2.—No actress shall appear at rehearsal without her *yashmak*, unless the exigencies of the costume render such impropriety absolutely necessary.

3.—No player (actor or actress) shall be engaged who shall not be able to lift his or her leg as high as the great and only Schneider, the Great Duchess of all the Pericholles.

4.—Any player forgetting his part, not arriving at rehearsal at the hour called, or incapable of gagging, is liable to be enclosed in a sack and thrown into the Nile, there to remain for a period not exceeding five days.

5.—Every player to be capable of performing either in English or French, as the season may demand. (No Egyptians need apply.)

6.—The Can-can to be practised by the entire company at least twice in the week.

7.—No Backsheesh to be accepted on any account by any member of the troupe, unless handed over immediately to the Directors.

8.—No performance to be stopped on any consideration, unless His Highness the Viceroy shall be conversing behind the scenes at the time.

9.—The Great Duchess Schneider to have all the receipts at the door, if such be Her Excellence's good will and pleasure, otherwise the salaries to be paid out of the profits as regularly as the cashier will permit.

10.—The Viceroy will be Director, Cashier, and Treasurer of the said theatre.

(Signed) ISMAEL PACHA,
Viceroy of Egypt.

Women are angels. Certainly they are where there is no marriage or giving in marriage. What a pity it is they should become wives!

—o—

There is a great charm about the modern French novel, but unfortunately there is always something which offends. One's sympathy is cooled for a lovely girl who tells you in the same breath that she loves you and has had onions for dinner.

DIAMONDS OF IMPURE WATER.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,—I am an English actress—only an actress, and as yet I am sorry to say have never received a part of any great prominence.

At the same time, small as my part may be, I wish to make the most of it naturally, and take the greatest pains possible to dress it well. But, as you must well know, modern dresses have to come out of the pockets of actors, and consequently of actresses who are earning their livelihood on the stage, and in many pieces the costume required by the position of the character represented is one in which much money must be spent, if it is to bear any resemblance to its prototype.

Now I am continually hearing of the superb *toilettes* worn on the Paris stage by the different celebrities of the day, and a few days ago I was happily enabled to judge for myself, owing to the kindness of a relative of mine who is resident in the French capital.

Oh, sir! Such extravagance of female dress I have never dreamt of! Such prodigality would not be pardonable in a director who supplied the dresses himself, and indeed is only ridiculous, as exposing the vanity of those who appear in them, but I give you my word I saw one actress, a very pretty woman no doubt, appear in three different dresses in one ordinary farce.

The first, a love of a dress, certainly was a morning dressing-gown of Chantilly lace—nothing but lace—with long mediæval sleeves of the same, and a *sac* hanging from the shoulders (our great grandmothers called it a sack, I believe). The second was a morning dress of *grenat* silk reps, with a double petticoat looped into a bow behind, much like the dress worn by Madame de Maintenon in her later days. The third dress, which reminded one of a transformation scene at Christmas, was apricot silk trimmed with long fringes of the same colour, and eighteen small flounces on the skirt, with an elaborate upper ditto looped up as in the second, behind. This costume was completed with a small coronet bonnet of same silk, trimmed with an aigrette, and fastened as to its "strings" with a diamond brooch under the chin.

I cannot deny that each dress was a marvel of fabric and artistic taste, but far too splendid for the position supposed to be held by the character, and utterly unattainable with the actress's salary.

I am not going to pretend that I ignore the way in which such elegance and lavish expenditure is defrayed; but, as I have no intention of giving any Russian prince or Brazilian potentate my fair name in exchange for the run of his, still, I cannot see how I am to cope with them, even to the extent necessary to give the English stage a reputation for being well dressed, which it has not got, as you may know by calling on any Adelphi guest to whom you may chance to be introduced.

Surely a comedy should be put on the stage with as much care as a burlesque, and if large sums are spent upon the fancy costumes of a folly, which only lasts its run, why should not a director of a theatre see that those who represent ladies in the best society should be as near the right thing in dress as the nymphs of the land of Nectarines or the court of King Nincompoop?

We need not appear in three different suits of fine feathers in the same farce, but let us have at least one well-made *toilette* in the course of three acts.

I am, dear TOMAHAWK,
Yours,
ROSALIND.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Communicated by the Reporter at the Bow street Police Court.

"Fined five shillings."
"Bail refused."
"Forty shillings, or a month."
"Discharged with a caution."
"Committed for trial."
"A pound from the Poor-box."

*** And very proper language, too, Mr. Flowers.—TOMAHAWK.

It is certainly a great incentive to genius the hope of living in the world after death. Rossini will never be dead for the lovers of music. *"Tell est la vie!"*

HOLIDAYS OBSERVED IN THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Easter.

CUSTOM HOUSE.—None.
BANK OF ENGLAND.—Sundays.
POST-OFFICE.—St. Valentine's Day.

Wester.

SOMERSET HOUSE.—Queen's Birthday. Ninth November. Christmas Day, etc., etc., etc.
WAR OFFICE.—Two days a-week.
FOREIGN OFFICE.—Every day except Saturday.

TELEGRAMS FROM UTOPIA.

EVERYBODY knows that Utopia has lately been discovered by our adventurous philosophers; and as the occupation of the most distinguished of them all has lately gone by his rejection at Westminster, we strove to engage him as "our own correspondent" in that happy locality. We are glad to say that Mr. Mill was glad to accept the agreeable and remunerative post. We gave him instructions to write us pretty regularly, and to telegraph if anything remarkable happened in the newly-found country. On Thursday morning we received the following telegram:—

"Utopia, Thursday, 11.30 a.m.

"From John Stuart Mill, late M.P. for Westminster, to the Editor of
TOMAHAWK.

"The Lion has lain down with the Lamb. News just arrived. Phenomenon observed early this morning."

Our delight may be more easily imagined than described, as editors say when they are in a hurry. Half an hour later, however, we received the following supplementary telegram, from the same quarter, and the same authority:—

"Utopia, Thursday noon.

"Information perfectly accurate. The Lion *has* lain down with the Lamb. Only, unfortunately, the Lamb is *inside him*."

—o—

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THAT the War Office is the most economical and best organised of public departments.

That Bradshaw's Guide is compiled at Colney Hatch and printed in Bedlam.

That Lord Lytton and Mr. E. T. Smith are intimate friends.

That the atmosphere of the Underground Railway is recommended by the Faculty to patients suffering from bronchitis and diseases of the chest.

That Rosherville is the place at which to spend an unhappy day.

That the production of the TOMAHAWK has since its commencement worn out 444 tons of type, 2,076 printing machines, 142 steam engines, 86 factory chimneys, 374,211 compositors, and 68,422,492½ printers' devils. The Editor, Artist, and Staff are, however, as good as, if not better, than new.

ADDED BY THE EDITOR.

That the above article is thoroughly novel in form, amusing in matter, and fresh in tone.

WHAT TO AVOID ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

An experienced man says, your creditors!
Master Tommy, anything under five mince-pies!
Several people who have tried it, a family dinner!
One who dines, plum-pudding without brandy!
One who has met him, a funny man!
A guest, that peculiar old port Brown keeps for this special occasion!
A philosopher, gush!
A popular man, showing the magic lanthorn without lamp scissors!

MOTTO FOR THE NEW RADICAL ADMINISTRATION.—"Honour Bright!"

TAXES FOR 1869.

Dogs.—Sir Richard Mayne's brutal decree of June, 1868, will probably be in force from the adjournment of Parliament till the end of November.

Horses.—Much greater trouble than they are worth.

Powder.—More of it than ever this year. Very trying to husbands.

House-Tax.—As the season will be a dull one, dinner-parties may be reduced.

Income-Tax.—A dreadful tax to make ends meet.

Dressmakers, Doctors, Drains, and Children. } Same as in A.D. 1868.

Wives.—Same as in the Year of the World 1.

MR. DUNUP ON THE SEASON.

CHRISTMAS by any other name would sound as sweet,—
That is to say, when spent in Whitecross street!

—o—

THE MORAL INFLUENCES OF THE SEASON.

THAT the line dividing virtue from vice is very finely drawn indeed.

That the wicked have big heads and a poor supply of gas, and that the good wear far too little clothing, and waste a vast deal of time.

That the highest type of human excellence culminates in a being who dresses like a vulgar snob, hits people when they are not looking, rushes about the metropolis with a young woman in short evening dress, taking apartments and hanging about shop doors for the purpose of joining in old and silly practical jokes.

That ferocity is the natural basis of mirth, and that murder of the most atrocious description, if committed when the victim is either a member of the police force or a baby, is not only legitimate, but delightful.

That Master Tommy would like to try all this were he not afraid of going without his pudding.

—o—

TOMAHAWK'S PROPHECY FOR 1869.—PART 2.

JULY.

BY gazing in the heavens it may be gathered that about this time there will appear in the mornings a very large globe of fire of great brightness. This globe of fire will cause the weather to be exceedingly sultry. A Prince, Christian by name, and Christian by nature, may expect to see his name in print this month in the *Court Circular*. On the 14th, the hat of the Emperor of the French will be threatened with great danger. If His Majesty is a wise man he will never leave the Tuileries without an umbrella until the 30th. People born on the 15th of this month should beware of throwing themselves from the top of St. Paul's Cathedral.

AUGUST.

The *Magnum Bonum* escapes from the clutches of *Capricornus*, and falls through the skylight into the house of *Saturn*. A large plate of white light will appear this month in the evenings. It will be situated in the sky, and will be very much larger than the stars, and will cause the houses of London to throw shadows on the pavement. The Emperor of Russia will find an enemy this month in Poland, but will overcome him to a certain degree by treating his secret and unacknowledged ill-will with dignified silence. People with purple and pink-striped eyes will find a great difficulty in living this month. The Emperor of China must beware of swallowing boiling lead between the hours of two and four on the morning of the 19th of this month.

CHRISTMAS WEIGHTS (*very heavy*).—Plum-puddings and Annuals.

THE REAL METROPOLITAN "EXTENSION."—The patience of the shareholders.

THE way to throw cold water on the efforts of true burlesque.—Force it to call in the *Can-can*.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT AURICOMUS CASTLE.

Every guest had gone to rest
  At Auricomus Castle;
Bachelor, damsel, madam, and ma'm'selle,
  Worn out with flirting and wassail;
And over the head of each fogey in bed
  Nodded the night-cap tassel.

All the world knows that Sir Roger De Chose
  Is the Lord of Auricomus;
All the world hears that though mellow in years,
  He still is as merry as Momus.
And all the world vows that his jolly old spouse,
Whether it be for a wild carouse,
Or the sport that September the first allows,
Is the very best woman from Perth to Cowes,
  In making a *dulce domus*.

A happier company never met,
  Than had sate at his board this Christmas Eve;
Aged and youthful, blonde and brunette,
Spooney young gentlemen, sly coquette,
Gouty old boys, Love's decoys,
Middle-aged queens, girls in their teens,
Holders and feeders of Cupid's net,
More than I ever in verse could weave,
Had set themselves down from country and town,
That noon at his door, where a thousand more
He would only have been too glad to receive,
Were it not that e'en in the coldest weather,
  Though sleeping alone is a bore I own,
Folks can't very well all sleep together.

As it was, wherever a bed could go,
  Or a fellow himself deposit,
Right and left, above, below,
  In passage, cupboard, and closet,
Was somebody thrust, and fortunate they
  Who only got half of a garret,
Where I've heard folks say, perhaps in play,
  You could scarce have caged a parrot.
But now from the very best room in the castle,
  To the tiniest crib of the lowliest vassal,
    All was still as a mouse;
  Had any one stirred he could not have heard
    A sound throughout the house.
The sea is deep, and deep is love,
    And very deep is mire;
Deep the receding sky above
  To which our thoughts aspire.
Old files are very deep we know,
  And deeper still is debt;
And deep the obligation, oh!
  Tomorrow we forget.
But deeper far than these, and more,
  Is that tremendous deep,
When three or four score guests with closed door,
  So long in their beds that they cease to snore,
Are sunk, sunk, sunk, sunk, sunk in sleep.

Bang! bang!
  With a terrible clang,
The sound of a gong through the castle rang.
  There was not a heart but woke with a start,
And out of its bed incontinent sprang.
  "The castle's on fire—I smell the smoke,"
  Was what each one heard as in turn he woke.
Out they rushed with their hair unbrushed,
Gouty old buffer and gay young sprig,
Lady De Chose without her clothes,
And dear Sir Roger without his wig;
Guest upon guest a quarter dressed,
  And some of them scarcely a quarter;
Jinny and John with one shoe on,
  And Mabel with only a garter.
Old maids with their scanty locks in papers,
  Young maidens with tresses dishevelled;
    Rollicking boys that kept cutting capers,
      And lame ones that "damned," and "devilled."
    "You'd better make haste,"—"I'm half unlaced;"
      "Look at *me*! I'm nearly unbodiced."
    "But where's my shawl?"—"Why *I've* nothing at all,
      This is'nt a time for being modest."
    So out they hurried, bustled, and scurried,
      All of them down the staircase,
    "My darling! my darling! your calves are shown."
      "O! nonsense, mamma, why, look at your own,
    I never did see such a bare case."
    Some were quite loosely draped in a sheet,
      Some swathed tight in flannel;
    Some of them seem'd as if they'd the colic,
    And made of their bodies a curve parabolic,
    And some of them cried from passion,
    But it must be confessed there was many a guest
    Of the fifty-six souls, very nearly dressed
      In the very pink of fashion.

"It's all a mistake; now why did you wake?
  There is neither flame nor smoke,
But either old Nick has played us a trick,
  Or some rascal a wicked joke;
But though there isn't a trace of fire,
  You are all, my dears, in such sweet attire,
And I'm such a jolly old bloke,
That I vote before we return to our beds,
We all of us dance on our heels or our heads."
  Thus wigless Sir Roger spoke.

The words have scarcely come from his lips,
  Ere all about the hall
A swift cavalier to each lady trips,
  Young to the old, and short to the tall,
Waits "yes" nor "no," but gallantly grips
The very first person he sees at a glance,
  And without a bow or "with your grace,"
  Just tells her merrily flat to her face,
That willy, nilly, wise or silly,
The time has come for a dance.

Never was known such a country dance,
  Since dancing was first invented;
I'm sure if they'd seen the thing in France,
  They'd have thought the folks demented.
Crossing of hands, and down the middle,
While jolly Sir Roger scraped on the fiddle:
Never was seen such a twirl and a twiddle,
  At Auricomus, or out of it;
For full twenty minutes young and old,
Skinny and buxom, shy and bold,
Sans skirt and sans vest, unstockinged, unsoled,
  Made a regular bout of it.

They were all so gamesome, reckless, and frisky,
And moved in a state so uncommonly risky,
You'd have sworn they had first been primed with whisky
  In a pothouse sacred to codgers;
Instead of their being what they were,
The very fairest of all the fair,
The noblest born from Kent to Ayr,
    And honoured guests of Sir Roger's.
  Never was seen such a show of charms,
  Polished ankles, and rounded arms,
  And now and then old maids' alarms
    Of still more shocking exposures;
  But nothing came of it save the display
  Of things that are not seen every day,
    Except in the windows of hosiers.

"Now to bed let us flit!" "Not a bit of it yet!"
  Answered gay Fulke Champaign.
(Such a wild dog is he, 'tis strange he should be
  Unmuzzled by Dicky Mayne.)
"Not a soul of you passes, or matrons or lasses,
  Back again to the beds you have quitted,
Until of the duty of youth and of beauty
  To Christmas you all are acquitted.
    Now, let's have no row!
    There's the mistletoe-bough!
  And it's Yule-tide Eve, you'll all allow."
    He pulled out a pistol,
    "I stand here with this till,"
  (He stood at the staircase's bottom)
    "Each girl, aye each woman,
    Is well kissed by some one,
  Or I, they resisting, have shot 'em!"

Such gambols, such scrambles, such smirking, such shirking,
  Such jumping on chairs and tables!
Such gliding, such hiding, such screeching, beseeching,
  Never was known in story or fables.
Yet there wasn't a maiden but quickly was preyed on,
  And dragged 'neath the mistletoe berries,
And covered with busses, until the young cusses
  Were some of them red as cherries.
    And when each did gain
      The foot of the staircase,
    Gay Fulke Champaign,
      'Twas scarcely a fair case,
  For himself demanded another,
And if she resisted, the young scamp insisted,
With "Am I not, pretty, a man, and—a brother?"

And so it went on till the women were gone,
  And the men were left alone.
"Now, bring me the bowl!" said the jolly old soul
  Who called the castle his own.
"We'll drink to the ladies before we go;
We'll drink to each friend and—why not?—to each foe;
We'll drink to the death of all that's slow,
  To the glory of the Nation.
To our well-to-do selves, to the hind that delves,
To the Queen, to the Church, Army, Navy, and Bench,
To every lad that loves a wench,
  No matter what his station!"

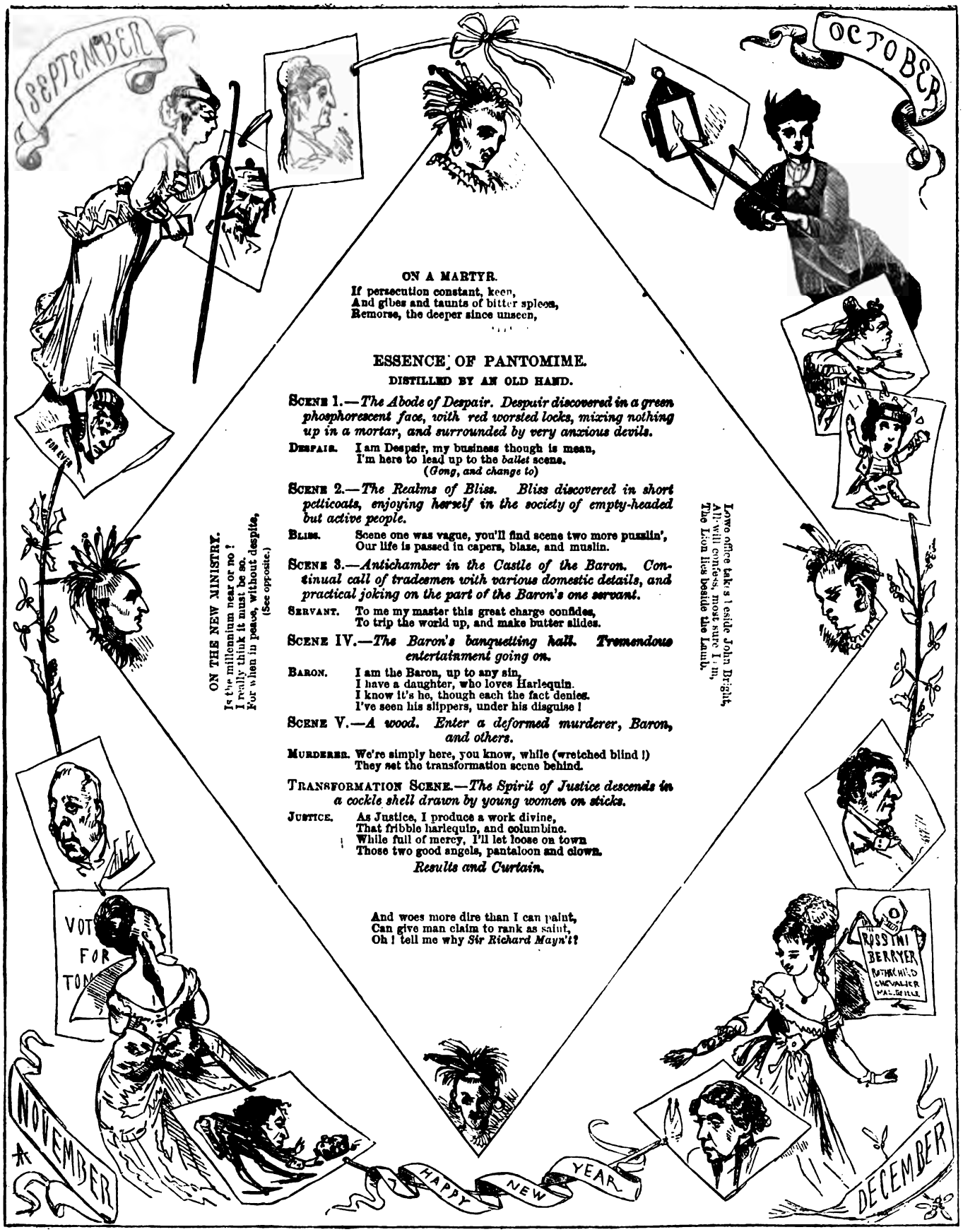
When at length they had drunk each separate toast,
  Off they toddled to bed,
Singing, "Long live our glorious host!"
  And rather light in the head.
I am bound to say that their notes were not
  As dulcet as those of Orpheus;
But hushed were soon the uproarious lot
  By the drowsy drugs of Morpheus.

FINIS.

"The child is father of the man," was a most unfortunate prophecy, which has been fulfilled in our age, for now fathers obey their children, and not children their fathers.

—o—

Man's honour now-a-days seems to require pen and paper to keep it to the sticking-place. The colour of it is very doubtful when you have forgotten to have it down in black and white.



ON A MARTYR.

If persecution constant, keen,
And gibes and taunts of bitter spleen,
Remorse, the deeper since unseen,

ESSENCE OF PANTOMIME.

DISTILLED BY AN OLD HAND.

SCENE 1.—*The Abode of Despair. Despair discovered in a green phosphorescent face, with red worsted locks, mixing nothing up in a mortar, and surrounded by very anxious devils.*

DESPAIR. I am Despair, my business though is mean,
I'm here to lead up to the *ballet* scene.
(*Gong, and change to*)

SCENE 2.—*The Realms of Bliss. Bliss discovered in short petticoats, enjoying herself in the society of empty-headed but active people.*

BLISS. Scene one was vague, you'll find scene two more puzzlin',
Our life is passed in capers, blaze, and muslin.

SCENE 3.—*Antichamber in the Castle of the Baron. Continual call of tradesmen with various domestic details, and practical joking on the part of the Baron's one servant.*

SERVANT. To me my master this great charge confides,
To trip the world up, and make butter slides.

SCENE IV.—*The Baron's banquetting hall. Tremendous entertainment going on.*

BARON. I am the Baron, up to any sin,
I have a daughter, who loves Harlequin.
I know it's he, though each the fact denies.
I've seen his slippers, under his disguise!

SCENE V.—*A wood. Enter a deformed murderer, Baron, and others.*

MURDERER. We're simply here, you know, while (wretched blind!)
They set the transformation scene behind.

TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—*The Spirit of Justice descends in a cockle shell drawn by young women on sticks.*

JUSTICE. As Justice, I produce a work divine,
That fribble harlequin, and columbine.
While full of mercy, I'll let loose on town
Those two good angels, pantaloon and clown.

Results and Curtain.

And woes more dire than I can paint,
Can give man claim to rank as saint,
Oh! tell me why *Sir Richard Mayn't?*

ON THE NEW MINISTRY.

Is the millennium near or no?
I really think it must be so.
For when in peace, without despite,
Lowe office takes beside John Bright,
All will confess, most sure I'm,
The Lion lies beside the Lamb.

(See opposite.)

TOMAHAWK'S HIEROGLYPHIC.

TOMAHAWK mused.

He was weary of the year's work; he was heavy-hearted, and knew no joy. He had striven hard to make the world better, and yet the Peoples of the World were still very bad. He was sad, but he said, "It is not my fault. If the Peoples of the World will not hearken to my voice, be theirs the sin, as theirs is the folly!"

And TOMAHAWK mused.

And as he mused it seemed to him that the air was full of visions.

He looked up to the blue sky and followed the Eagle in its lofty flight, and then casting his eyes downwards he saw this:—

First a Demagogue who was speaking to a scanty audience—a Demagogue who had had his say, and who had failed to convince the People—a Demagogue who made the tub his rostrum, and who delighted in the cheers of "roughs"—the applause of the vulgar. And as he looked, TOMAHAWK knew that the Demagogue was called BEALES, and that the man who paid the greatest attention to his remarks, and who delighted most in his antics, was a gentleman—the manager of a theatre—in search for a Christmas Pantaloon!

Then TOMAHAWK saw the coronet of a noble smeared with white-wash—and the sight surprised him much. "For," said he, "what is the meaning of this disfigurement? Surely no man of gentle blood would drag his title through the mire—the Bankruptcy Court is for the Peasant, and knows not the face of the Peer!"

Next passed before him a sad procession. A coffin was borne along by four mourners, and there followed after it a string of men who wept bitterly—men who had made hats and cut out coats, who knew the wants of the wealthy, and like good (and commercial) Samaritans had ministered to them. And TOMAHAWK sighed, for he saw written on the coffin the word TRADE, and he knew WITH THE DEATH OF TRADE DIED THOUSANDS! And he cried out aloud, "Oh, where is Britannia? Where is the Mother of England? Why does she let her children starve?"

Next saw he two great mysteries—the first the Winner of the Derby for 1869, and the second (a greater wonder) a literary man who had been made a Peer!

He gazed again into the air, and strange fancies floated before him. Ladies who had usurped the rights of Man, who had stolen from him his judicial wig, his sailor's hat, his policeman's truncheon. The last seemed no change to him. "For," said he, "has not the head of the Metropolitan Police been always an old woman?" And he heard wafted on the air a yell of dogs in agony, and the yell seemed to mean "SIR RICHARD MAYNE HAS NOT YET RESIGNED!!!"

And, TOMAHAWK learning this, became exceeding wrath, and said unto himself, "Very well, Sir Richard, thou shalt find that a pen is as powerful as a staff, that I will never forget thee!"

Next it seemed to him that a dear, well-beloved Princess was playing upon a piano an accompaniment to her husband's lecture. And he said "Thou give a lecture, oh Prince! Oh, Prince, dost thou know anyone of thy acquaintance who deserves a greater lecture than the poor unoffending Nile?" And, hearing no answer, TOMAHAWK whispered, "Are there no looking-glasses at Marlborough House?"

Then saw TOMAHAWK a wily Statesman gone mad. He had crowned his wife with a coronet, and she prayed him on her bended knees to throw down the sword of Revolution and the mop-cap of Liberty. But the Statesman said, "I am sick of deception, I'm a-weary of my mask. Let me return to the ideas of my youth. I come of the People, let me be once more the People's friend. See how I honour the empty bauble of a diadem—I cast it from me, and drop it at the feet of my wife! She may ennoble it by wearing it—let her try!"

Next saw TOMAHAWK a Premier at the grindstone, sharpening the noses of a batch of Irish Bishops—and he was horrified at the sacrilege. "For," said he, "without their money will these *poor* men be like unto the eleven bishops, their predecessors in the Church, who sailed on the Sea of Galilee more than eighteen hundred years ago!"

Then saw TOMAHAWK the Emperor of Russia firing a cannon loaded with rose leaves, and teaching his soldiers to use scent instead of gunpowder. And TOMAHAWK laughed and said, "Wait till the day of war has arrived, and then we shall see whether it is wicked to use explosive bullets—whether it is fair to slaughter our enemies?"

Then he heard the sound of a "comic" song, and saw Schneider as "Black-eyed Susan," and a certain Naval Duke dressed as "Captain Crosstree," and he shuddered and cried, "Oh! tell me not that any one from France is vulgar—that our Royal Sailor is a mariner only of burlesque!"

And he looked once more, and saw Prince Arthur riding on a toy horse in a real uniform. And he marvelled much that so gallant a soldier should have been a year in the Army without having become a Field Marshal!

Then he saw the King of Denmark "trotting out" sundry German Princes for the inspection of Queen Victoria and her unmarried daughters, and he wept bitterly, for he said, "Has the English aristocracy so degenerated that we must 'seek afar for Foreign beggars when we want to marry the children of our Sovereign?"

Then he saw a coarse man preaching the words of a Clown, and a Demagogue giving himself the airs of a Cabinet Minister. And he laughed and murmured, "Every man has his price, glitter for some, gold for others—every man has his price!"

Then saw he honest John Bull, and he was pleased to notice that the old fellow was merry. But when he saw the cause of the old fellow's joy, he wondered no longer. "Who," said he, "would not be happy if presented with a copy of that best of magazines — *Britannia?*" Would that I, too, could obtain it without paying the paltry sum of a shilling, for I know it to be worth its weight in gold!"

Then saw TOMAHAWK a newly-made Member of Parliament, and in his hands he held an Address. And he was pleased to see him in spite of his party views. "For," said TOMAHAWK, in a Johnstonian tone, "a good citizen will never make a bad statesman. Of a verity Mr. W. H. Smith, Member of Parliament for Westminster, is a most excellent man. He is respected by his political enemies, and well beloved by his friends."

Next appeared a vision of a certain Nobleman cleaning the shoes of a beggar. And TOMAHAWK laughed and said, "Cannot ye be charitable without blarney? Cannot ye give to the poor without calling their vices virtues, and their shortcomings the attributes of a saint?"

Then he imagined that he beheld Gladstone and Disraeli walking arm-in-arm.

And when he saw *this*, he knew that he was dreaming!

BOOK-KEEPING BY DOUBLE ENTRY.

1st January.—Call on Jones and borrow a book.
2nd January.—Call on Jones and borrow the second volume.
3rd January.—Cut him.

THE BACHELORS.

A TRAGEDY FOR CHRISTMAS.

SCENE.—*The exterior of an Eating House in the neighbourhood of Soho.*

Enter BROWN *and* RINALDO.

BROWN. This is the place. From here to Golden Square
I know no joint to equal that (*points*). Then scan
That pudding—
RINALDO (*moodily*). But the figure?
BROWN (*with energy*). What? The cost!
Shall cost on Christmas Day wake up
To stand betwix. Rinaldo and his hope,
Like some pale damned ghost? Oh! I could weep
When men grow mercenary, and play
The miser o'er a sight like that! (*points to joint*) Let's in;
I would be Antony, and laurel crowned,
Raise such wild revelry within these walls,
That all Soho shoul l ring again, and shout
"Police! Police! Police!" (*fiercely*). Let's in!
RINALDO (*restraining him*). Nay, hold!
That windowed cheer has touched a hidden chord
Within t.is breast, that gives me pause, and stays
Upon the brink the purpose of my soul!
BROWN (*with bitter sarcasm*). Rinaldo, it would seem, must ape the sphinx,
While steaming joints grow cold, and hungrier men
Ache i' the eye with watchings. Come, look sharp,
And snap that ug y chord ere Brown and he,
Who was Rinaldo once, part company,
And dine, like the Colossus' feet, apart.
Dost hear?
RINALDO. I do, and hearing make my choice (*seizing* BROWN *by the arm*).
You see yon d sh on which that royal meat
Reposes like an Emperor! Mark well
Its pattern—some far Eastern scene, where trees
Bear footballs, and pigeolas rise, and birds
Kiss in mid air (*with emotion*). That willow pat ern plate
Recalls my youth, my youth the cheery board,
At which, a careless b y, I gorged, and gorged.
Sent five go d times for beef, and saw my plate
So piled with greens and other dainty things,
That but f r my swift appetite it must
Have cracked be eath the load! (BROWN *starts.*) And for the rest,
The day was ended in such g ut of fare,
That even now, after the lapse of years,
I sicken at the thought!
BROWN. Be calm!
RINALDO. What? Calm,
When *now* I have to meet the chilling blast,
And face my Christmas revel through the panes,
Panes n t my own, but to be h red and bought.
Bought with the wait r's hollow w lcome! Bought
Like the steel fork I use, the beer I drink,
Th lying "Merry Christmas" of mine host!
And *this* when all t e r sdy cash I have
Is ninepence farthing!
BROWN. Gods! and is that all?
RINALDO. All, as great Cæsar lived!
BROWN. Then I'll away,
Dining on ninepence farthing ne'er will pay.

[*Recoil.*

A VISIT TO MESSRS. E. MOSES AND SON.

AFTER. | BEFORE.

A RIGHT MERRIE SONG FOR CHRISTMAS TIME.

OH all who want clothes, come listen to me,
And I'll show you the right road to economy;
Be you young, be you old, be you short, be you tall,
Be you thin, be you stout, here are clothes for you all.

Chorus—For ho! ho! ho!
(*Tune, Simon the Cellarer.*) We all of us know,
To E. Moses and Son for good clothes we should go.

Do you want paletots ready made to your form,
To defend you from rain or to keep your chest warm?
Or returned from the East in a hurry, d'ye need
The most elegant clothes with the greatest of speed?

Chorus—Then ho! ho! ho!
With joy you may crow,
For to Moses and Son you have only to go.

But if to be measured you fondly desire,
And to be the best dressed in all London aspire,
Here a suit they will make you of fit so superb,
That admiring crowds will stand on the kerb,

Crying, "Oh, oh, oh,
Yes, it must be so;
To E. Moses and Son for our clothes we *will* go."

In the halls of E. Moses and Son dwells no guile,
Every garment is marked with its price in plain style,
While if, after due thought, you your purchase should scorn,
You can change it for what you prefer the next morn.

Chorus.—'Tis so, 'tis so,
Be the Funds e'er so low,
E. Moses and Son no high prices will show.

But if for long credit, imprudent, you seek,
We tell you most frankly your conduct is weak.
Far cheaper, far wiser you'll find it to deal,
For ready cash down, when no burden you'll feel.

Chorus.—Oh no! Oh no!
If long bills you would owe,
To others, not Moses and Son, must you go.

Now a right merry Christmas we wish to you all,
And if passing through Minories mind that you call;
For the naked to clothe is a duty sublime,
And where can you do it in such a short time?

Chorus.—For ho! ho! ho!
Who would prosper below,
To E. Moses and Son for all clothes must go.

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(SPECIMEN.)

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THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. Patron—H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. J. H. PEPPER, Honorary Director. Constant variety of entertainments.

THE CHRISTY MINSTRELS.—Christmas Festivals. St. James's Great Hall. Every Afternoon at 3, every Night at 8, during the Christmas week.

CANTERBURY HALL.—THIS EVENING.—Everybody is enraptured with the Entertainments and the gorgeous new decorations.—Admission 6d.; stalls 1s. Open at half-past seven. Manager, J. Ellis. Musical Director, Isse Williams. Ballet Mistress, Madame Collier. Scenic Artiste, Mr. Dayes.

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THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 113.] *LONDON, JULY 3, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

GAMBLERS AND THE LAW.

THE subject of our Cartoon this week is one that will suggest very serious thoughts to those who are capable of such a mental exercise. The glaring inequality of the laws against gambling, if not in intention, at least in the practical working of them, must have caused those, who know of what importance it is to maintain respect for the law, very grave anxiety. Our picture is no exaggeration; the publican who allows card-playing for money in his house is easily indicted and punished; the man who attempts to win money by his skill at cards in the public ways can be summarily arrested as a rogue and vagabond; but the so-called Club, where night after night hundreds and thousands change hands over the whist table, where the foolish inexperienced youth buys wisdom and experience, too often at the price of his whole fortune, if he buys it at all, where the ruin of a whole family is an easy night's work,—this private gambling house is, if not countenanced by the law, entirely out of its jurisdiction. It is the same with betting; while small commission agents and shopkeepers with sporting propensities are vigorously seized by the police, and the "hossy" clerk, who has risked his five pounds, is in person impounded without mercy, the grand Betting Rooms of the Club, where tens of thousands are risked by men with not so many hundreds, where the flower of the highborn youth of England is engaged in hopelessly impoverishing, not its own fortunes only, but those of all dear to them; where Dukes, and Marquises, and young owners of half a county, are recklessly squandering the wealth which should diffuse comfort and happiness around them,—there no officer of the law dare intrude; there, unchecked, the fearful mania of gambling works ruin and misery to thousands, and while the poorer and humbler imitators of these privileged persons are fined and imprisoned, the titled fools and the rogues that prey on them laugh all authority to scorn.

We do not shut our eyes to the great difficulties which beset this question. Supposing that a law were passed which limited the stakes and bets at cards or on racing, there are a thousand ways of evading the law. To give the police the right of entry into the Clubs would be a monstrous violation of personal liberty to which the upper classes would never submit. All that the law can do seems to have been done; but the very act of rendering gambling debts irrecoverable at law has only had this effect, that a man will make any sacrifice to pay a gambling debt; and, not only that, but the necessity of paying immediately drives the loser into the hands of those who avail themselves of the pressing nature of the debt to extort the most exorbitant interest. Hence arises the terrible mischief of gambling; in the first case, the transaction being an illegal one, a false feeling of honour binds all gamblers to pay their losings at cards, or on the turf, before they pay any of their legal debts; a man who thinks nothing of keeping a tradesman waiting years for his money, and of putting him off with false promises from day to day, would sooner commit suicide, almost, than be a defaulter in the Club, or at Tattersall's. All losses at cards have to be paid the next day, all bets on the next Monday after the day of the race. Say a man worth £10,000 a-year, which is invested in good securities, loses to the extent of £15,000; his capital, at five per cent. would be £200,000; so that it may be said that he can well afford to lose £15,000 if he is foolish enough to do so. But persons with £10,000 a-year have generally a yearly expenditure of at least £8,000 a-year, so that they are not likely to have more available capital than £5,000, if they have that. £10,000 has to be raised between Friday night and Monday morning, in the case of racing debts, or, if lost at the card table, in twenty-four hours. Can this be done without considerable sacrifice, or having resort to usurers? And is not the withdrawal of such a sum an injury to the money market, which, if repeated, must become serious? The money lost in gambling is no gain to the community at large. It changes hands too quickly, and no gambler who risks the enormous sums now-a-days risked at race meetings, is able to invest his winnings for any time, however great they be. For it is the very nature of his business, that being entirely illegitimate and not recognized by the law, he can have no assets but the money absolutely in his bank; no "good debts" can exist in such a profession, for were he to die to-morrow, his heirs and executors cannot recover a farthing of the money owing to him at law. They have nothing but the honour of the debtors to rely upon; and, however far that may be strained, it is not such a valuable commodity that it can be changed into gold or bank notes at a moment's notice. The mere spendthrift is a fool, and very often a rogue; but the money he squanders in extravagance at least goes into the pockets of legitimate traders, for the most part; the mere gambler's goes into the pockets of others who may lose it all the next week to others who, in their turn, may lose it the next; so that a large amount of capital is practically withdrawn from the resources of the country.

It may be said that betting-men and other gamblers must live. True; but they live generally on credit, and, for the most part, they are obliged to keep all their ready money to meet their gaming liabilities; and if they "go smash," the tradesman is

the greatest loser: every penny that can be screwed out of their estate has gone to the Ring and to the usurers.

The meaning of this long disquisition on the financial aspect of the question is, that herein lies the ground on which the Government of the country has a right to interfere with the mad excesses of gamblers. It is not an injury to themselves only, or to their helpless wives and children, that these villains do: it is an injury to the State; and on that ground we most decidedly advocate the interference of the law with madmen whose insanity takes the form of squandering their wealth, and their good name, in card-playing and horse-racing; with the rogues, whose roguery takes the form of inciting young men to this madness, of encouraging them in it, and of giving them means of continuing it.

We do not consider interference with individual liberty a desirable thing, but here it is decidedly necessary; and we trust that a law will soon be passed similar to that which exists in some of the American States, whereby the authorities or next of kin are able to intervene in cases of reckless extravagance, and secure the property of the young fool from the depredations which he, and rogues, are making on it.

As to the immunity of Clubs,—that is a more difficult question; but we would like to ask, if any Club were to set up an opposition to the night-houses, whether the police could not interfere? On the grounds of common sense and justice, they ought to be able to interfere with these private gambling-hells which now exist openly in our midst, and defy alike the law and decency.

To appeal to the good sense of the aristocracy themselves to set their faces against a monster which is mainly of their own creation, and by whose devastating hand many of their most wealthy and high-born members are daily falling, is, we fear, useless. The co-operative principle has been much developed lately; but it never has, and, we fear, never will, be employed in this Christian country as an agent in the cause of morality; as a means of fighting against those gigantic evils which, bred and fostered by the internal corruption of society, are, we trust, gradually eating away that fabric; for on its ruins there will be erected some institution under which the simple and pure principles of right and wrong will be honestly recognized and practised.

CHRISTO IN PAUPERIBUS.

We wish to direct the attention of those very confident Englishmen, who devoutly believe that this is a blessed land, flowing with milk and honey, to the following fact. Last week an old man, described in the police report as "over seventy years of age," was brought up before one of the metropolitan magistrates on a charge of begging. It was elicited from him in the course of examination that he had for some time been an inmate of a workhouse, but that being too old to labour, and yet brutally forced to do so, he had changed such shelter and food as the humane institution afforded him for the streets. When recommended by the magistrate to again resort to the union for support, the "prisoner" replied, that sooner than undergo the savage bullying he had met with while a recipient of parochial charity, he would rather die. The magistrate, after rebuking him properly for being in great misery and distress, sent him to prison for seven days, as a punishment for attempting their illegal alleviation. So the case ended, and we suppose, very possibly, that the public will never hear anything of it again.

Now, we would like to ask the smug, self-righteous, goody-goody people, who are always canting about our sole prerogative to the title of "God's people upon earth," what they have to say to a state of society that interprets the Gospel in this fashion? Of course, practical men will meet the comment by urging that the old man had relief at hand if he chose to apply for it, and that when so much poverty is about it becomes a mere refinement of sentimentalism to cavil at an occasional case of this sort.

Our only reply is, that as long as such a case is possible, we have literally no charity whatever in our midst. What would not have been said by manly and generous Englishmen, as represented by a penny, or even a threepenny press, had this particular begging case been disposed of in a similar fashion in Spain or France? Indeed, the whole thing reads like an account of some Pagan savagery. We might go through the details, names and places being changed, and expect to see them headed "Barbarous Method of Treating the Aged Poor in China." At least, we ought scarcely to recognise them as affording the materials for a common every-day story in the first and "most Christian country" in the world! But what *is* the use of words? Over and over again have we pointed out the one great significant fact of England's brutality to her poor,—but without the slightest stir of a result in any quarter whatsoever. We may persuade ourselves we are a righteous people—we may preach it from the pulpit till we are hoarse—but we shall not be able to prove as much to our neighbours, who watch us, and weigh us not by what we boast but by what we *do*. Continental Europe may not be without her faults, but we question whether anywhere has she sunk to our miserable level in this matter of treatment of the poor. Things might be better on the other side of the water, but as yet they have not reached the last height of civilization. They do not send men of seventy to prison because they are too old to work!

VERBUM SAPIENTI

FRIEND John, I have observed you much of late.
Come closer, for methinks thine ear is deaf
To any words of wisdom but thine own.
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, take for glass
The steel of TOMAHAWK'S well-polished blade,
And in that mirror stoop to read yourself,
Not as yourself would paint the picture, but
In your true habit as you live and are.

Why, friend, *you* would outshine all other stars
And dim the sky of politics (as seen
Through glasses focussed to the owner's sight)
To the faint twinkle of a farthing dip,
When *you*, the central sun, art pleased to shine!
You speak, the world must listen to *your* voice:
Big threats, and over-hasty sentences
Of statesmanlike intolerance may flow
In wild profusion from *your* honeyed tongue;
Yet all the world must cheer *your* utterance
And vow t'was Innocence that drove your pen!
(A *magnum bonum you* would call it, friend,
Though born of goose's wing.) *Your* sounding brass
Needs more than "*childish tinkering*." *You*, John Bull,
Are licensed to run riot as you please
Within the china shop of prejudice;
The crock'ry of good taste may smash at will,
Or pound the plate glass of propriety
Beneath the cloven foot of arrogance,
As is *your* noble nature! Like old Jove,
Throned on th' Olympus of your self-esteem,
You frown, and th' Upper House must grin, and bear
Their sad hereditary lack of brains,
And smoothe their ruffled ermine at your nod!—

Lik'st thou the picture? Wer't thy first offence,
This blowing off objectionable steam
We well might pardon thee. But have a care:
Err not a third time, lest thou fall, and find
No hand to set thee on thy legs again.
"Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this!"

NEW VULGARISM.—"Tite as a knight" will be used in future instead of "drunk as a lord," in commemoration of the recent honour paid to the Member for Bath.

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

THE Council of the Royal Dramatic College appears to have wisely decided that there shall be no Fancy Fair at the Crystal Palace this year, as the usual entertainment, which was last year quite a failure, has not been advertised, and we suppose that the Royal Dramatic College Benefit which took place at Drury Lane Theatre at the commencement of last week, is to be considered a substitute for the fête and revels at Sydenham. As showing a concourse of actors the bill of fare at Drury Lane may perhaps to some have proved attractive, but it is impossible to conceive how people, possessing average intelligence, can find any pleasure in witnessing half-a-dozen or more fragments of second and third rate plays put on the stage and acted in an ungenuine and slovenly manner. If the Dramatic College benefits are really to be made attractive, we would advise the authorities of the institution to provide more substantial entertainments for their patrons, such, for instance, as a complete performance of the *Rivals*, or *The School for Scandal*, which, with the histrionic resources at their command, could easily be arranged. At all events, even if the "amusements" are to be given piecemeal, there is no occasion to advertise accepted failures such as one, if not more, of the plays given on Monday week, by allowing them to creep their way into the programme.

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

IT is not our custom to insert letters addressed to us; indeed, from the many thousand communications received in the course of each week, it would be invidious, not to say impossible, to select those best worthy of publication; so, as a rule, we consign them, one and all, to our Mammoth waste-paper basket. As, however, we have recently been literally inundated with bushels of appeals from all classes of the public on the subject of the atrocious conduct of the metropolitan water-carts, we, for once, depart from our principle, and publish three of the 9,821 letters sent us on this momentous question.

(LETTER NO. 19.)

Belgrave Square, Friday.

MY DEAR TOMAHAWK,—Why are you silent when (I enclose my photograph) ladies—I mean young ladies—are in the case? Those horrid water-carts are worse than ever. They water every crossing three times over, and we poor girls who wear those pretty new shoes with satin rosettes (see photograph) get them spoilt every time we go out of doors. Why, I actually got *up to my heels* in a pool of muddy water one of the finest days last week in crossing over to play croquet in our square. It's not the least use thinking of saying anything to the water-cart men, for my friend, Bella, once asked one of them not to water the crossing, when he said something so *dreadful* that *I couldn't get Bella to tell me what it was.* Do, TOMAHAWK, dear, have pity on us, and speak to Mr. Gladstone, or some sort of person like that, about it. Yours affectionately,

EMILY.

P.S. Could you not get some of the horrid men put in prison? I know Sir Thomas Henry, and he is *such* a nice man. I'm sure he would do it to oblige me.

(LETTER NO. 1061.)

25th June, South Kensington.

A ratepayer presents his compliments to TOMAHAWK, and begs to inform him that he pays 1½d. in the pound for street watering. This he does not consider includes watering the crossings, nor does he think it absolutely necessary to souce the streets with an extra supply of water on rainy afternoons. A ratepayer has spoken to the police, written to the vestry, petitioned the Board of Works, and memorialized the House of Commons, but, failing redress, he now addresses the highest tribunal of the realm, and summons TOMAHAWK to his aid.

(LETTER NO. 7499.)

Scotland Yard.

SIR,—Wot's the use of reporting of them water-carts for watering the crossings when the inspector says, says he, "It's all bosh;" but I know better, and I says it's agin the law. Numbers as is the ladies, young and old, who have spoke to me about 'em; but I never says nothing now, for last time I said to one of these water-carters who was a-standing alongside the pavement, "Now, move on, my man, and let the crossing dry," he pulls the string, a-watering of my legs, and goes down the street a-covering all the crossings with floods of water, before my very eyes. So I have wrote to you, sir, who, I'm sure, will see that the law is righted.

Your obedient servant,

POLICEMAN A A 1 1.

If further excuse were needed for putting the above letters into type, we might plead the remarkable fact of the public and police being for once of one mind on any subject; but beyond this, the nuisance of wet streets in all weathers is really becoming unbearable, and the time has arrived for some action being taken in the matter.

A HORSE MARINE.

IT is at length officially announced that Mr. Lushington has accepted the appointment of Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty recently held by Mr. Romaine. It is not often that places as good as this go begging, and the delay that has occurred in appointing Mr. Romaine's successor is now satisfactorily explained—for it appears, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that prior to the departure of Colonel Clarke in his mission to Jabde, Mr. Childers felt himself justified in offering to this officer the vacant post. It seems, however, that the offer was declined on the plea that its acceptance would have involved the necessity of Colonel Clarke abandoning the further pursuit of his profession.

Mr. Childers really seems bent on rendering his administration at Whitehall in every respect remarkable. After having originated more grievances than half-a-dozen of his successors will have time to redress, he now ignores all claims of the Navy for civil employment at head-quarters, and by selecting Colonel Clarke to be Mr. Romaine's successor, not only picks out a gentleman of all others, who, as a military man, can have no knowledge of the duties of the place, but gives mortal offence to every officer of the service he has the honour to control. If this is retrenchment and reform, the sooner Ministers practise extravagance and conservatism, the better.

"OUT OF EVIL COMETH GOOD."

AS this is the height of the London Season, and the period usually chosen by country cousins for a "fortnight in town," it may be useful to many of our readers afflicted with such visitors, to be in possession of the following programme, which, provided the weather continues as hot as it has recently been, can never fail in reducing the originally proposed two weeks to a period of two days:—

FIRST DAY.

Morning.—From South Kensington to Baker Street and back by the Underground Railway (1st class) for shopping in Oxford Street.

Afternoon.—A chair in the newly-formed walk, by the carriage drive (no shade), in Hyde Park from 4.30 to 6.

Evening.—A visit to the Opera in the Amphitheatre Stalls; the back rows, which are above the level of the chandelier, are preferable. The opera chosen should be *Guglielmo Tell* or *Les Huguenots.*

SECOND DAY.

Morning.—A visit to the Royal Academy.

Afternoon.—A concert at the Crystal Palace.

Evening.—An "evening party" in any small house at Bayswater or Brompton, provided the invitations sent out are not less than 150.

If the above entertainments are carefully administered, on the morning of the third day the visitor will usually fail to appear at breakfast, and start for home *vid* Euston Square, King's Cross, or Paddington Station, as the case may be, in the course of the afternoon.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for June.

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LONDON, JULY 3, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE plaintiff gained his cause in the libel case of Cadogan *versus* Piper. The defendant will lose nothing, because, of course, some one will have "to pay the Piper."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has been reduced to a penny! Well, it was worth twopence—a few people (who had good reason for disliking it) said, even twopence-halfpenny!

LOYAUTE NA HONTE (Loyalty knows not shame) is the motto of the rather illustrious Duke of Newcastle. Well—looking at the recent proceedings at Carlton Terrace, we are bound to confess there is something in a motto after all!

POOR Dr. Thom will have to bear the expense of the Overend, Gurney, and Co. prosecution. He should not be surprised—one cannot touch a joint-stock company without finding it nothing but (as the French would say) *chère* (share?)

THE senior Member for Bath must literally have been getting himself into hot water. They are going to make a knight of him! *Plaisanterie* apart, what has unfortunate Mr. Tite ever done that he should be consigned to that ridiculous limbo of ex-Lord Mayors, tradesmen, and Colonial grandees,—the knightage of England?

THE uniform of the English army is to be changed—soldiers in future are to wear the "Norfolk jacket," instead of the "Regulation tunic." We understand that H.R.H. the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief has ordered the new garment to be made of the plainest and simplest materials, on the score that Shakespeare, "or one of those fellows," observed in his lifetime "Jacket of Norfolk, be not so bold." We are delighted to find H.R.H. so "well up" in his "British Poets."

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

EVERYONE will be glad to hear that Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, is to be maintained *en permanence* at Portsmouth; but we think that the Admiralty Circular just issued with regard to the men who are to hold the ship is framed in somewhat of a sentimental spirit. Orders have been issued that men from each of the light infantry divisions of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, together with a proportion of gunners from the Royal Marine Artillery, shall be selected for service on board the ship with the following qualifications:—

"The men selected to have three years time to complete for pension, to have the largest number of good conduct badges that is granted, and, if practicable, to have been distinguished in active service."

Far be it from us to suggest that a short visit of a few hours' duration, on the payment of a small fee, is not sufficient to surfeit the most enthusiastic marine with the good ship *Victory*; but we really think that three years' service on board a very old and inconvenient hulk in Portsmouth Harbour is scarcely the recompense for good conduct which old and tried soldiers might expect. We shall be sorry to see the *Victory* turned into a convict prison, but if this must be the case, it would be fairer that its prisoners should have done something to merit their incarceration.

THE BAGSMAN ABROAD.

NO one can accuse the French Government of extravagance in its administration. The most expensive department of the State in France, as it is here, is the Foreign Office, and even there retrenchment is the order of the day. It is now announced by the *Journal Officiel* that the Foreign Office messengers are to be abolished, and their duties are in future to be performed by the various railway companies of the Empire. In France, however, a Foreign Office messenger is an overworked veteran, with a small salary, occupying a position something better than a *gendarme*, and something worse than an ordinary courier, and with nothing whatever in common with our extravagantly-remunerated British Queen's messenger, who does a quarter the work for four times the pay of his fellow-craftsman across the Channel. If, then, there is room for retrenchment in the messenger staff of the French Foreign Office, what a field for wholesale reductions must not there be in ours? We trust that the authorities at Whitehall may profit by the example set them, and that arrangements may be entered into under which the conveyance of despatches may be henceforth entrusted, not to gentlemen who have taken to railway travelling late in life, but to the less expensive, but none the less secure, capabilities of the Parcels Delivery Companies.

AN EXTRACT CAREFULLY TAKEN FROM "DE-BETT'S PEERAGE."

Newcastle, Duke of (*Pelham Clinton*).

HENRY PELHAM ALEXANDER PELHAM CLINTON, sixth duke. Born January 25th, 1834; succeeded his father in 1864; was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford; was M.P. for Newark 1857-9; is a Deputy-Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire; late Lieutenant in the Sherwood Rangers; was appointed Grand Master of the Freemasons of Nottinghamshire, 1865; married 1861, and has issue, living, &c., &c. Did nothing particular in the House of Lords, but a good deal peculiar on the turf, 1864-69. Figured in the Bankruptcy Court June, 1869, in connection with various enormous claims upon his estate. Owed over £90,000 to a Mr. Padwick, and was further charged by a Mr. Robert Morris, of Carlton Chambers, Regent Street, of having borrowed, on a joint and promissory note with another peer, £10,000, at the soundly financial and ducal rate of thirty per cent. per annum.

SEAT—*Clumber, Worksop, Nottinghamshire.*

TOWN RESIDENCE *(at present optional).*

PATRON OF ELEVEN LIVINGS.—Shire Oak Chapel, &c., &c.

CREATIONS.—Earl of Lincoln, 1572. Duke of Newcastle, of Newcastle-under-Lyne, Stafford, in the Peerage of Great Britain, 1756. The ancient baronies of Basinghall and Whitecross Street annexed, by process of civil law, 1869.

CREST *(Pelham).*—A peacock in pride, proper.

MOTTO.—*Loyalty knows not shame!*

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MERE PLAY.

VIDE *THE VERDICT OF SOCIETY.*

REAL CRIME.

See *THE POLICE REPORTS.*

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"MARY WARNER."

(A "NEW and original drama, by Tom Taylor, Esq." (*vide* the playbill), taken from William Gilbert's story of "Margaret Meadows, a Tale for the Pharisees," without (*very much* without) the author's permission).

TOMAHAWK has not read Mr. Gilbert's novel (which is said to be excellent by the best judges), but he *has* seen Mr. Taylor's piece at the Haymarket. From said piece TOMAHAWK will attempt to construct a story—bearing no great resemblance to *The Tale for the Pharisees*, of course, but sufficiently like here and there to the "new and original drama" at the Haymarket to be recognisable.

Chapter I.—At the Works.

The works of Dutton and Downes were peculiar. They consisted of a parlour furnished chiefly with cash-boxes and doors, and an apartment enclosing pasteboard wheels and painted wood cranks—neither wheels or cranks being of the smallest use to anybody or anything. Dutton was fussy and obtrusive, and bore a strong resemblance to Mr. Clark (a comedian at the Haymarket, who seems to be the same man in every piece in which he appears), and Downes was remarkable for nothing but his wig, which had a false forehead attached to it. They were both on term of easy familiarity with Tollit, a vulgar and uneducated sergeant of police. In their employ were two engineers—George Warner and Bob Levitt. George was fat, elderly, and honest. Levitt lean, young, and crafty. One of the many cash left lying about the room was stolen, and suspicion pointed to Warner. Suspicion, as usual, was wrong!

Chapter II.—George Warner's Lodging.

"I am so glad to see you," angrily murmured Mrs. Warner, the wife of George, to Milly Rigg, a young girl who wore a blue dress with three flounces, to denote that she was going rapidly to the bad.

Mary Warner was a stern woman, with a harsh spasmodic voice, who looked as if her whole life were spent in committing murder, except the moments set apart for recreation and manslaughter. She scowled horribly at Milly as she made the above remark.

"You are very kind, but I had far sooner go to Cremorne with Bob Levitt," said Milly, with a shudder.

"Ha! ha ha! Cremorne! Listen to my cur-r-se!" She stopped short, and continued more calmly, "This is not *Leah*, and I must not cur-r-r-se—at least, as yet! Come (ha! ha! how I hate her! would that she were dead!), look at my baby, and get quickly (ho! ha! how I hate it! would that it were poison!) the pigeon pie! See (ha! ha! how I hate this mockery! would that I could scream with rage!), I wish to be genial."

Milly would have replied, but that Duttons, Downes, and Tollit broke into the room at this moment. They were immediately followed by Warner.

"What! ye break into my room!" cried the fat and elderly engineer, "why, con——"

"Stop!" shouted Mary Warner, "if bad language *is* to be used, let *me* cur-r-r-r-se them!"

"Who stole the money box?" asked Tollit.

"Why, I did!" replied Mary, with an awful yell.

"We thought so," said everybody; and she was carted off (cursing horribly the while) to prison. Quite right too.

Chapter III.—In Prison.

MARY WARNER soon got used to prison. There was one thing surprised her—her husband did not come to see her, but then it didn't surprise any one else. Not at all strange, but very true. However, one day the poor man made up his mind to visit his vixen of a wife.

"How are you, my dear?" said the fat and elderly engineer. "Didn't I do a clever thing stealing that box?"

"Well, you know I can't quite say that, my dear—people have prejudices."

"Then you don't praise me!" she screamed, with her eyes starting out of her head.

"Hum! Well, I can't say *exactly* that I do!"

"Ingrate!" shouted his wife with a strong American accent. "May my cur-r-r-r-rse rest upon you for ever!"

And she used bad language for an hour and a half. It wasn't pretty of her.

Chapter IV.—The Westminster Police Court.

AFTER leaving his wife, Warner, the fat and elderly engineer, became very prosperous. He invented lots of things, among the rest a hat of peculiar construction, which he wore frequently about his own house, especially in the drawing-room. He became very rich, and indulged in costly luxuries, such as lounging about the purlieus of Westminster on winter nights, making friends of the metropolitan police magistrates, &c., &c. In fact, to quote the words of a certain duchess (one of his acquaintance), "he really was an awful 'and at going it." One night he was prowling, as usual, about the worst haunts in Westminster, when Milly Rigg accosted him and stole his watch. The police, of course, took up another woman in lieu of the real culprit—in fact, they arrested Mary Warner, who had served her time, and was now given to bad language more than ever. Mary had become so accustomed to swearing, that she even cursed and swore in her dreams!

Warner called upon Mr. Scriven, a stipendiary magistrate, and tried to bribe him to give a decision in his favour by asking him to dinner. The worthy magistrate jumped at the offer, and promised to do the best for him, and then the pair went into court. The moment Mr. Scriven appeared at his desk his demeanour changed; he no longer was a courtly gentleman, but turned into a buffoon, cutting jokes, and indulging in practical facetiæ.

"When is a door not a door?" asked the worthy magistrate, with an idiotic grin. "Now, you sar, do you gib it up? Golly, golly!"

"When it's a jar, your wash-up!" replied Sergeant Tollit, with a wink; and the answer was greeted with roars of laughter.

"Wash-up for worship, you know," said Mr. Scriven, turning to Warner, who was seated on the bench, "really, very good indeed."

Then the magistrate, looking round the court with a merry twinkle in his eye, saw an old woman coughing. He ordered her "to be carried out," and the waggish manœuvre was managed with yells of merriment.

"We now really *must* be serious," said Mr. Scriven, wiping his eyes—he had been laughing heartily—"what is that woman charged with?"

He pointed to Mary, who now filled the prisoner's dock.

"With accosting that gentleman," replied Tollit; "and it will accost her very dear" (roars of laughter).

"Accost for cost, you know," said Mr. Scriven to Warner, as before; "really, very quaint—very quaint indeed!" he continued in a louder tone;—"but there, a truce to wild waggery. What have you to say, woman?"

"——! ——!! ——!!!" was the startling reply.

"That voice!" cried Warner. "It is my wife!!!"

"Your wife!" exclaimed the magistrate; "well, really, that excuses everything. Set the poor woman free!"

Chapter V.—Warner's House.

A NUMBER of guests were assembled at Warner's waiting for dinner. They were in full evening dress, with the exception of Mr. Scrivin, who, being very hungry, was only in half-full evening dress. Suddenly a little girl of six years old bounded into the room and began to bore everybody. She said she had been sent by her father, who would soon arrive in the drawing-room.

"Very annoying," said Scrivin, "to have to wait. But see how extravagant Warner is. It is winter, and yet he has summer flowers in his conservatory, a limelight, and a pasteboard fountain!"

At this moment Warner hurried into the room in morning dress.

"My dear friends," he said, "I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you that I feel rather bored."

"We have come to dinner," cried Mr. Scriven.

"I know you have," admitted Warner, "but there—I know you will go—now do, that's a dear!" There was no movement. "What! my words are useless. Know then, ye haughty ones, that the cook has always a policeman in readiness in the kitchen."

They went away murmuring, he defied them to the last, and the little girl was left alone. Not for long, though. Soon Mary crept into the room, and began to kiss her and cry over her.

"Is this the last act of *Leah*," asked the little innocent.

"Very like it, darling, very like it," replied Mary, with a gurgling sob, and then she began to curse. Warner rushed in and clasped her to his portly breast.

"My love!" he cried. They kissed copiously, and then he said, "What has become of Bob Levitt and Milly Rigg?"

"The first stole the cash-box, and the second abstracted your watch. Cur-r-r-rse them!"

"Nay, loved one, was it not the consequence of going in blue flounces and velvet coats to Cremorne?"

"It was! Cur-r-r-r-r-r-rse Cre—"

"Nay, darling!" said Warner, looking into her black, black eyes, "Curse not Cremorne, for fear lest Mr. E. T. Smith (to whom the place belongs), should summon us. Yes, loved one, summon us for libel."

She swallowed her curse, it made her very ill, and she died in awful agonies!

THE END.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Shakespearana Genealogica. Compiled by GEORGE RUSSELL FRENCH. Macmillan and Co., 1869.

A most excellent work and a very useful one this, a fit companion to the best edition of Shakespeare (the Cambridge one), for it is the best, spite of its faults. This work is quite indispensable to the student of Shakespeare: it gives an account of the historical characters introduced, as well as some very probable speculations on the origin of some of the characters in "Hamlet," and some very interesting notes on Shakespeare's own family. This may read like an advertisement; but we beg to say we bought the book, have paid for it, and intend to keep it; therefore we have a right to praise it. If we may venture to add that we have made Shakespeare our most delightful and constant study, our praise may seem less presumptuous than it otherwise might, if not so impartial.

The Annals of our Time. By JOSEPH IRVING. London: Macmillan and Co.

Another most valuable book. Really, Messrs. Macmillan and Co., you have not perhaps the best magazine, but you certainly bring out some books which atone for your monthly cradle of "Tom Brown in Oxford" and "Realmah." The journalist owes to Mr. Irving a debt of gratitude which he will find it hard to pay. Fewer omissions and inaccuracies we never detected in any work of this class. By the aid of this book the writer may at once get a clear and correct account of any facts to which it refers, while it serves as an index to any file of newspapers which one may be happy enough to possess. Inaccuracy after the publication of this work is inexcusable in those who discuss the topics of the day. Compilers are like accompanyists—they get very little praise in return for a great deal of labour and judgment. Mr. Joseph Irving, accept our thanks and commendations, and, in the words of Arnold's first Latin Prose Book, "*Macte virtute esto*"—give us more "Annals."

Thoughts on Men and Things. By ANGELINA GUSHINGTON. Rivingtons: London, Oxford, and Cambridge.

To say that this little work was not readable would be to make a statement open to contradiction. There is a certain class of people always glad to devour all tattle relating to high church, parsons, croquet, bishops, and girls just out; but we think Miss Gushington has spun out her reflections to a somewhat overwhelming extent. In the Preface to her Third Edition, Miss Gushington declares:—

"Mamma will have it that I have injured my prospects by writing a book. She says it is universally admitted that every one who writes is either clever, or wishes to be thought clever."

We quite agree with mamma that Miss Gushington's prospects have been injured by rushing into print, although we cannot endorse her latter assertion. No one after reading *Thoughts on Men and Things* will either think the fair authoress clever, or do her the injustice to suppose that she expects to be thought so.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall are publishing a Library Edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle—the great philosopher—we cannot say the great historian. Spite of the wilful obscurities which encumber the gems of thought in his works, no one who loves truth and hates humbug but must delight in Carlyle's writings. As the third great expounder of German literature after Coleridge and De Quincey, all the educated portion of England owes him much; his noble simplicity of character, combined as it is with moral dignity and fearless unworldliness, must endear him to every heart. This is an edition which is worthy of the author—a remark which we cannot utter concerning an edition of Dickens, lately issued by the same firm.

TO THE RESCUE!

So the great Overend, Gurney, and Co. scandal is to come off in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Guildhall, before the Lord Chief Justice, on the 2nd proximo. This is a refreshing bit of news. Not so, however, is the following, which we take as it stands, from the columns of a reliable contemporary:—

"The prosecutor, Dr. Thom, applied a day or two since to the Home Office, that the Government would instruct counsel for the prosecution. This being declined, Dr. Thom said he should conduct the case in person, as he could not undertake the enormous cost which would be incurred if he instructed counsel. It is understood that the Lord Chief Justice refuses to allow Dr. Thom to appear, and the latter writes to the papers that he will be constrained, on the day of trial, to raise a preliminary question as to his duties and his rights, which may prove to be more important than even the main point at issue."

Now, does this, or does this not, amount to something more than a broad hint that the whole scandal is going to be hushed up? The course of a few days may possibly shed a more satisfactory light on the proceedings; yet still, while there is the remotest chance that the ends of justice in this notorious case may be defeated by the gross iniquities that clog up the administration of English law, no honest man ought to hold his peace. It is to the interest of every man of us—who may leave a widow or children to be cruelly ruined by some such concern as was Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co.'s—to come forward in aid of Dr. Thom. More, it is the absolute *duty* of every member of the community to do his best to assist him. Dr. Thom in this matter represents every Englishman who has a penny of which he may be robbed under the protection of outrageous legal fictions. Before these words are in print the idea may possibly have been well developed; but if it has not been, by all means let subscriptions for the purpose of defraying Dr. Thom's costs be opened on all sides. TOMAHAWK will not be backward himself in a cause like this, and he will be bound that every one who feels the magnitude of the issue at stake will follow his example. English justice boasts of a good many glaring anomalies; but if such a scandal as the failure of Messrs. Overend, Gurney, and Co., is to escape judgment through some court technicalities, the sooner we have a legal revolution the better. For twenty years there has not been a case before the public that has merited more completely the rigours—whatever they may be—of the criminal law.

COMMON SENSE ABOUT COMMON THINGS.

WE hear that practice on velocipedes will in future be allowed in Hyde Park, on the carriage road on the north side of the Serpentine, from the time of opening the gates until ten a.m. Surely this is but a small concession. If bicycles are to be permitted at all it is ridiculous to insist that their riders should turn night into day by having to parade the park at sunrise. Of course it would be very wrong to permit these dangerous nonentities to whisk in and out the carriages in the drive at the most crowded hour of the afternoon; but there can be no reason that within certain reasonable limits velocipedes should not be tolerated. It is not for the want of resistance on the part of the police (who, by the way, can have little interest in the matter) or the opposition of carriage owners (with whom we are ready to sympathize, to a certain extent), that the velocipede movement has not been stamped out; but bicycles have become "a great fact," and as such will declare themselves—though at present under certain restrictions—even within the sacred limits of Hyde Park.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 114.] *LONDON, JULY* 10, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

PEERLESS HONOUR.

HEREDITARY Peerage is on its trial now, socially as well as politically. We do not think that the conduct of the House of Peers with regard to the Irish question will do anything but advance the respect and honour in which, as a legislative body, the Peers are held. However much we may differ from the arguments used and the conclusions arrived at, we cannot deny that the spirit of many of the amendments proposed shows a higher sense of justice and statesmanship than has ever distinguished the House of Commons, either as individuals or as a whole. In fact, the existence of a body of legislators whose position depends neither on the caprice of mobs, nor on the favour of party leaders, is of great benefit to a State. We never denied this; and, whatever our detractors may say, we have never advocated the abolition of the House of Lords as the House of Lords. What we do maintain is, that the more just, the more wise, the more truly noble the intellectual, industrious, and legislative members of the Hereditary Peerage show themselves, the more conscientiously they do their duties, the more necessary it is to relieve them from the contamination of the idle, the vicious, the useless members of their body, who, whether assisting in the deliberations and discussions of the Upper House or no, have still the right to give a vote on all questions brought before that House, and cannot, under any circumstances, except imprisonment, be deprived of that right. It is reform, not abolition, of the Peerage that we advocate, in the interest of the Peers themselves no less than in the interest of the country.

The evil done by the scandalous conduct of individuals whose position, owing to no merit of their own, is a high one in the land, is incalculable. It tends to advance the influence and doctrines of the most ignorant demagogues, and to disgust moderate people, whose sense of right and wrong is not affected by a title, so effectually that they are ready to join in the cry against the whole body for the offences of some of its meanest members. It is often said by those who live upon the skirts of the ermine, that "these vulgar writers" attack a Lord or a Prince for doing things which John Smith or Tom Brown (no allusion to the member for Frome) can do with impunity. Quite true; but an hereditary legislator, or a junior member of the Peerage, cannot expect to enjoy the enormous privileges that he does without some responsibility. John Smith can go bankrupt without exciting much astonishment, commiseration, or censure; but a Duke cannot. While large estates, immense political influence, great social and political privileges, are attached to a Dukedom, people will expect the noble owner of these advantages to devote his time and money to something better than gambling and dissipation. If he will consent to make over his possessions with their responsibilities to some one who is not unworthy of the former or contemptuous of the latter, then he may go to the dogs as fast as he likes. His family and friends may suffer, it is true, and his moral guilt will be none the less as regards himself; but he will not do so much injury to public morality, as he must do in his eminent and privileged position.

Let us just consider how Hereditary Peerage presents itself to the public in the persons of some of its members at the present moment. A Duke and his two brothers are passing through the Bankruptcy Court with various degrees of dishonour. Another noble Duke, not unknown on the Turf, has paraded his violation of the marriage vow so openly as to bring on him the tardy rebuke of fashionable journals. An Earl is being sold up by one of the associated blood-suckers, who like their blood blue, and seem to have no difficulty in gratifying their taste. The eldest son and heir of an eminent Peer and ex-Chancellor, who must succeed some day to the title that his father's intellect, if not his uprightness, won for him, is an unconvicted forger at large; a man who has shown no mercy to his nearest relations, who has drained the purse of a too generous and noble-hearted brother, who has shown himself insensible alike to gratitude and shame. Unblushing, unrelenting, he has dragged through the mire the name of father, brother, sister, wife, of everybody connected with him. Were he by birth the pauper that he is now by crime, he would be safe within some gaol, or working at the quarries of Portland; as it is, this just punishment is denied him, and he shows that he knows how to avail himself of such forbearance. Another Peer, who has been attacked in print, not altogether without foundation, assaults his accuser, ostensibly on the grounds of reverence for his father's memory. He had better have shown that reverence by the tenour of his life than by an isolated exploit of courage like this. He had better have remembered what was due to his position when he succeeded to his father's title, not now when the title has little weight in the eyes of those who sit as the legislators of the people. He is the chosen companion of the Heir-Apparent; we will say no more of him. If he has the sympathy of the public with him now, let him try for the future to deserve it.

We have not yet exhausted the list of these scandals which have brought the very existence of Hereditary Peerage into danger. Compared with the number of noble, intellectual, upright, and pure-hearted men whom we could select from among the Peers, these black sheep may seem an

insignificant few. But, as we said before, it is the penalty of hereditary wealth and position, that their possessors' private lives are to a certain extent the care and property of the public. A few, a very few, notorious instances of profligacy or extravagance in Hereditary Peers bring down an avalanche of abuse on the whole order; because people feel that while they owe their position to no merit of their own, they have only themselves to blame for their vices. Every advantage of education, of good society, of wealth is theirs. Every honourable profession is open to them. For them the State provides innumerable means of employment. To the Stock Exchange, to the heaven of Directorship they need no "Open Sesame." Before them tradesmen bow down, and open their hearts and ledgers. To them the law is forbearing, merciful. Pleasure of all kind, work of all kind is within their reach. They are stamped from their cradle with a recommendation to all society. Nearly the whole population of England, Scotland, and great part of Ireland is unanimous in a blind worship of their possible merits. Nowhere are snobbism and toadyism so universal as in this country. Nowhere is tuft-hunting so honourable, so lucrative a profession. Nowhere is the unreasoning respect for titles and riches, for themselves alone, so rampant. Were George IV. to return to-day with all his habits and companions the whole realm, or that part of it which makes itself chiefly heard and seen, would bow down to him. But with all this love for rank and money there is in this country a nucleus of noble stubbornness, of titanic obstinacy, which, if roused in a good cause—and the reverence for good and hatred of evil is not only the best cause, but in itself the strongest—is irresistible. As education advances, as the last remnants of feudalism die away, so will the worship of mere rank decline, and the people will look for brains beneath a coronet, for a heart behind the ermine. They will demand then that the hereditary aristocracy shall consent to be judged either by an internal censorship, or by an external tribunal; if this be impossible, then they will demand the abolition of that law which renders it impossible for a man, whatever be his vices or his crimes, who is born a Peer, ever to be anything else but a Peer and hereditary legislator of Great Britain.

A RETENTIVE MEMORY.

A RETENTIVE memory is a very valuable possession, but, apparently, it has its disadvantages. For instance, in an author, when allied to a not very exuberant imagination, and a limited power of invention, it is apt to lead its possessor into an unconscious plagiarism, which, however impossible to detect it may appear to him, is not so to others. Mr. Tom Taylor would appear to be the most unfortunate victim of a singularly retentive memory, if we may judge from the letter which he has published in the *Times*, in answer to the suggestion that he had derived from a novel of Mr. William Gilbert's the plot and a great part of the dialogue of his last dramatic success—*Mary Warner*.

Mr. Tom Taylor, whose modesty is as widely known as his name, begins by alluding to the notice in the *Times* as a flattering one. He then goes on to allude to the report as to the origin of his original drama. The next paragraph of his letter we must give *in extenso;* it is so very straightforward and so characteristically *naïve*:—

"I can only say that the critic of the *Athenæum* must be speaking at second hand, and that he has been misinformed. *Mary Warner* is not an adaptation of *Margaret Meadows*. The only feature it has in common with Mr. Gilbert's story (so far as I remember the latter) is that in both an innocent woman takes on herself the guilt of another; but Margaret Meadows sacrifices herself for a son, Mary Warner for a husband; and the son is guilty, while the husband is innocent, and this innocence is the pivot of interest in the play, and gives its novelty and effect to the situation in the visitor's cell at Brixton. If there is one sentence of dialogue identical in the play and the story it must be little less than a miracle, for it is some years since I read *Margaret Meadows*, and I wrote every word of the dialogue of *Mary Warner* within the last four months, without any reference to Mr. Gilbert's story."

We feel bound to give Mr. Tom Taylor the full benefit of this explanation in our columns, because we were misled into ascribing to *Mary Warner* the origin which its author was too modest, as we thought, to mention. But it would be very unfair to Mr. Tom Taylor, if not to Mr. Gilbert, to exclude the next paragraph of the letter from our columns:—

"The truth is, the play grew out of a conversation, some fifteen months ago, with Mr. Gilbert, the author of *Margaret Meadows*, who suggested the subject of a woman's accusation of herself for love of another as a good one for dramatic treatment, and who referred me to a story of his own (in *Once a Week*, if I remember aright) in which the action and expression of Mary Warner in the scene of the police-court ("Are these the hands of a thief?") are introduced. While fully conceding to Mr. Gilbert the suggestion of the subject and one of the leading incidents and situations of the play, and gladly claiming him, to this extent, as my *collaborateur*, I must disclaim the connection which your critic hints at, and the *Athenæum* critic distinctly alleges, between Mr. Gilbert's published story of *Margaret Meadows* and my play of *Mary Warner*."

It is true that this paragraph rather alters the case as stated in the former one which we quoted. It now seems compatible with possibility—we will not say probability—that Mr. Tom Taylor should have read *Margaret Meadows* with the view of dramatizing it in co-operation with its author, and that this plan having for some reason been abandoned, his retentive memory should have reproduced the story of *Margaret Meadows*, and some of the dialogue, as his own invention, without any suspicion on the part of Mr. Tom Taylor himself as to the real parentage of the drama.

But our readers will be glad to hear, on Mr. Tom Taylor's authority, that, spite of all reports to the contrary, "Mr. Gilbert and he are perfectly at one on the subject." It appears that Mr. Taylor misunderstood Mr. Gilbert's determination not to dramatize the story, so that, if the author of *Margaret Meadows* has dramatized that story, or begun to do so, his labour will have been in vain, for Mr. Tom Taylor's original genius has anticipated him. It is very kind of Mr. Gilbert to be contented with such an irregular acknowledgment of his co-operation as Mr. Tom Taylor has vouchsafed in the columns of the *Times*.

We would like to ask Mr. Tom Taylor these two questions: First, If any other dramatic author had produced a piece so nearly resembling in its leading idea and chief situation any production of his own original genius, without acknowledging the obligation, whether he would have considered such conduct honest on the part of that dramatic author?

Secondly: If Mr. Tom Taylor knew that he owed to Mr. Gilbert the suggestion of the plot of *Margaret Meadows*—we beg pardon—"*Mary Warner*," why did he have the courtesy to ask that gentleman whether he would allow him to make use of that suggestion, and produce the piece as his own original work?

We have no doubt Mr. Tom Taylor can answer these questions satisfactorily to himself. Mr. Tom Taylor's organ in the Press praises *Mary Warner*, as it does all the productions of its contributors, most fulsomely. Mr. Tom Taylor would have done no harm to himself by acknowledging his debt, however small, to another author. He is, as it were, the Siamese Twin of dramatic literature, and is always most successful when intimately associated with some companion, whether it be a brother author or a French novel. When he produces such a work of merit as *Mary Warner*, he must not complain if the public at once suspects a dual origin.

THE LAST FROM HANWELL.

AN inventive mind has been engaged *pen*sively for years to improve our writing implements, and appears to have been successful in producing the "Owl" pen, than which we have never used a better, unless it be the "*Waverley*," which we feel sure would *wave a lie* on paper with greater rapidity than any other. So we recommend it to Diplomatists, who may find the use of this *pen* an inex*pen*sive luxury. By what rule is the nomenclature of pens guided? The "Owl" pen, a very excellent one; but why the "Owl?" "Och, sure and I see it," says Pat. "Why sure an it is meant for letters of frindship to write to a friend and say *How'l* I say ye, me boy!"

STANZAS FOR STONES.

BEING A COLLECTION OF POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

(Second Series.)

STABLE PERCY.

1.

WHAT am I? Well, at Tattersall's
You'll get your information:
Some take me for a vulgar groom
Pushed up above his station,—
A blackleg, welcher;—some, a fool!
All out! By Jove, Sir, pearls
Still go to swine:—I close a line
Of twenty British Earls!

2.

You stare? D'you think, then, blood that's blue
Will never lose its colour?
The stuff that's flowing in my veins
Each day gets dull, and duller!
Trust me, low friends, low aims, low tastes,
That never know control,
Will thicken most things, blood as well,
When you've a jockey's soul.

3.

I wasn't old when I began
My journey t'wards the gutter;
For I was quite a sporting man
When I eat bread and butter.
I'd race the ostler for a sov,—
(A handicap). He'd win;
And then, when settling day came round,
I'd let that ostler in.

4.

At Eton with a grander way
Of doing things I took up;
And though I never opened one,
I often made a book up,
And dropped about enough each term—
For I had several spills—
To swamp the cheque the gov'nor drew
To pay my schooling bills.

5.

At Oxford I tried higher stakes,
Had more extended views, Sir,
I put no end of money on,
And got it,—from the Jews, Sir,
And so at twenty-three, my state
Financially was sound.
I'd borrowed—yes. But then I owed
Scarce eighty-thousand pound!

6.

A trifle that, you'll own, when set
Against another figure.
Oh yes, my smash has been,
In all respects, *de rigueur*.
In fact, the flow'r has proved itself
Quite worthy of the bud.
I brought the house to ruin first—
Then dragged it through the mud.

7.

Ashamed am I? oh no, to blush
Was never my profession.
It isn't shame I feel to hear
Some fellow's in possession,
Let brokers crawl where countesses
Have swept;—my household gods
Be outraged, soiled, knocked down,—who cares?
Give *me* the latest odds!

8.

My ancestors? well, what of them?
They've always kept their saddle.
At Crecy, Flodden, Waterloo,
None ventured a skedaddle.
All sporting in their way—rode well—
The genuine stuff, no cross.
And *that's* why I, the last of them,
Know all about a 'oss.

9.

And as no other place in life
To fill I shall be able,
I mean to go, when I'm at home,
And settle in the stable,
If I'd begun down there, I think,
I might have saved my name,
And not brought ruin—Well the *'oss*,
Not me, is what's to blame!

WHO IS HIS BISHOP?

THE subjoined advertisement, which, for downright unblushing money-clutching impudence, beats anything of the kind that we ever remember having seen, appeared in the *Times* a few mornings since:—

THE TRUSTEES of a SMALL COUNTRY LIVING are prepared to APPOINT a RECTOR. *He must not be under seventy-five*, with unexceptionable references. Gross income about £300 a year; population 150. Good house and garden. Church recently restored. Apply to Clericus, Messrs. F. Smith and Co.'s, 13 Southampton street, Strand, London, W.C.

Really, such a scandalous, yet withal racy bid almost baffles comment! Analysed, it involves—

1.—A rare opening for veterans, who have outlived the Gospel age, to negotiate with trustees who have also outlived its precepts.

2.—An implication by the allusion to "unexceptionable references," that the whole business is such a dirty bit of jobbery, that none but very questionable veterans will apply.

3.—An admission that the 150 precious souls, thus hawked about in the market, are of little value, when weighed against the interests of the young gentleman for whom the "thing" is evidently being kept open. How can a worn-out old man of nearly eighty years of age be equal to the energy and activity required, even to look after the care of 150 souls?

4.—A hint that if his life is to be short, it is at least to be a merry one! Gross income £300 a year! Good house and garden! Poor old applicant!

Lord somebody, or nobody, we really forget his name, said the other day in debate, that no bishop could possibly live on less than £5,000 a year. Why does he not get the address of "Clericus," and talk the matter over? When a poor old curate "over seventy-five," is supposed to jump at £300, surely they might find ample material for a very spirited and entertaining conversation!

A CONSCIENTIOUS COMMISSION.

THE following paragraph appeared in the papers on Wednesday last:—

"The Royal Commissioners for the Pollution of Rivers having completed a portion of their investigations, met to-day at the offices, No. 2 Victoria street, Westminster, S.W., for the purpose of considering their report."

We are not aware who these extremely dirty gentlemen may be, or, if we even knew, we probably should shrink from publishing their names; but if we may judge from the present condition of the Thames there must be some thousands of them who bathe daily between Blackwall and Putney bridge. That the Commissioners, however, should have met for the purpose of considering their report was perhaps a rather unnecessary proceeding, for the public are quite aware how well these gentlemen have succeeded in their mission.

Now Ready,

BRITANNIA for July.

Price 1*s.*

LONDON, JULY 10, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. BUTT, Q.C., has been making a speech on behalf of the Fenian prisoners. He is capable of better things, for this is, we are afraid, sad *tub* oratory.

SO there is a fresh application in regard to a certain ill-fated ducal mansion! Not contented with its recent spoliation, another enemy wishes to have a hand in its sack. Another *sack* at Carlton Terrace! Why, this is literally carrying *coals* to Newcastle!

APROPOS of the French Atlantic Cable, the public were startled the other day by the following scientific announcement: "The insulation is perfect, and a negative current is produced from twenty *cells*." This is not wisely, if correctly worded. Bearing in mind that the breaking of the first Atlantic Cable was literally a *sell* that set in such a decidedly negative current that no one would touch the shares at any price, it would be as well to explain more clearly the meaning of the rather unhappily chosen terms. We dare say it is all right, but *absit omen!*

NO language can be strong enough to condemn the Government for their conduct with regard to the Overend and Gurney prosecution. Their deliberate and insolent refusal to take any steps in this matter has proved that they are utterly incompetent and unwilling to deal with the great social abuses of this age. It may be said that this is not the business of a Government; but we think differently, and we have no hesitation in saying that the whole conduct of the present Government has disgusted all men whose liberality is not a mere unreasoning slavery to party leaders, or a bid for office which has been accepted, or may hope to be so. Mr. Gladstone seems anxious to display his casuistical dishonesty of mind on every possible and impossible occasion. In summing up the discussion on Mr. Eykyn's second motion on Thursday evening, he launched forth into a spirited rebuke of the speculative spirit of the age. Were Government to find funds to prosecute the directors of Overend, Gurney, and Co. for fraud, they would encourage and aid those who have gone into a rash speculation from greed of money. Can anything be more false? The very hardship of the case is that, without the knowledge of the shareholders, the respectable business of the old firm was converted into speculative, illegitimate, bill-discounting by the new company. They traded on the well-known, respected name of the old firm, and so deceived hundreds far and wide, who would never have had anything to do with the company had they known the kind of business they were carrying on. There could be no greater blow against rash speculation than for the Government to carry on this prosecution with the utmost rigour; it would show the mercantile world that no amount of religious reputation, that no name, however good, could be safely used as a cloak, or urged as a defence, for conduct essentially dishonest.

BRITANNIA'S WELCOME TO THE ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGER.

PLAGUE of Egypt, from over the sea,
Ismail Pasha!

Viceroy, Khidevé, or whatever you be,
Jacksons, O'Tooles, and McStunners are we,
But all John Bulls in our welcome of thee,
Ismail Pasha!

Welcome him, blunder of escort and suite,
Mounted inspector, and mob in the street!
Call up the first cab his Highness to meet!
Throw his hat-box and Bradshaw and rug on the seat!
Welcome him! feast him with fourpenny treat,
One glass of old ale and a sandwich to eat!
Scatter, O Royalty, gold for his keep!
Dream, all ye tradesmen, of harvests to reap!
The Palace is empty, our pockets are deep!
Fling wide, O menial, the grand back door!
Take him, O attic, and rock him to sleep!
Strew a *viceregal* shakedown on the floor!
Welcome him, welcome him, all that is cheap!
Sing, Prima Donna, and fashion stare!
Scrape up your regiments, weak and few,
Hurry, ye Commons, and all be there,
To swell the pomp of the grand review!
Chuckle, Britannia! a Sultan? pooh!
A nobody! don't we know who's who,
Ismail Pasha!

Seeking quarters for change of air,
Come to us, love us (but pay your fare)—
Guests such as you we are happy to see;
Come to us, love us, for have we not shown,
In breakfast, and luncheon, and dinner, and tea,
Kindness to strangers as great as your own?
For Jacksons, O'Tooles, and McStunners we,
Viceroy, Khidevé, or whatever you be,
Yet thorough John Bulls in our welcome of thee,
Ismail Pasha!

KNOX AND KNOX.

WE are glad to note another instance of that invariable stern justice, *pur et simple*, which has always characterised the decisions of the worthy magistrate who presides at Marlborough Street. A certain Colonel Knox had been riding furiously in Rotten Row; and, spite the ties of a similarity of appellation, Mr. Knox on the Bench, with a heroism worthy of Brutus, ordered his military namesake to pay forty shillings for the offence. Sometimes "gentlemen"—whose claim, whatever else it may have been, to the title has certainly not been their good breeding—have been brought up at Marlborough Street, and very summarily disposed of by this even-handed magistrate; for Mr. Knox is *not* one of that worthy body who is a snob. Indeed, it has been quite refreshing to read a police report, where some big-wig has been concerned, and forgotten the respect due to the dignity of the Bench in his own self-importance. However, on the present occasion, the accused appears to have been as thorough a gentleman as the magistrate, and so the decision passed off quietly enough. The matter would not be one for public comment did it not involve the question of Mr. Knox's excellence as a magistrate. He is certainly one of the best, if not the best, on the Metropolitan Bench, and the fact should be acknowledged. Why do they not make a knight of him? Or may K-*nox* be said to be naturally noble, and so K-*nighted* already? *Plaisanterie apart*, Mr. Knox is a very estimable public servant, and we should be happy to see the fact substantially recognised.

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OUR HEREDITA

WHAT IT

RY LEGISLATORS;

OR,

MAY COME TO.

EDICATED TO THE RISING GENERATION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.)

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE LONDON SEASON.

A TALE OF MODERN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY

THE HON. EMILY FITZ-BATTLEAXE,

Authoress of "Peer and Peasant, a Story of Park Lane;" "The Idyotts of Idyott;" "Duke Humphrey the Forger;" "Murder and Marquises," &c., &c.

Chapter XLVII.

MARRIED AND SETTLED.

MARGARET Marchioness of Margate lounged in the easiest of the easy chairs in the luxuriously furnished boudoir in the grand noble house, No. 2004 Park Lane. She was sad, and sighed as she listened to the splashing of Rimmel's scent fountain, in the little conservatory. She wiped away a tear as she regarded with *triste* eyes the beautiful piano supplied by those eminent makers, Messrs. Oeztman and Plumb. Yes, she had scarcely enough spirits to appreciate to the full the many merits of the fourth volume of the TOMAHAWK (which had been published on the 3rd of July, 1869), or the glorious grandeur of the seventh number of *Britannia* (which had just been sent round to her by one of the thousands of respectable newsvendors in town and country by whom the highly popular magazine had been published to the trade, the nobility and the gentry of Great Britain, Ireland, India, and the Colonies*). In short, Margaret Marchioness of Margate was *blasé* and bored to the last degree.

Poor (but noble) girl! That morning she had neglected to avail herself of the real sea-bath provided so admirably by Tidman's excellent preparation; she had scarcely tasted the inviting dishes of Brown and Polson's Corn Flour, although the said corn flour had been dressed in a score of luscious ways. Denman's Greek Wine (the pride of her noble father's cellar) and Collier and Sons' Chocolate Powder (the pleasantest memory of her youth) were equally disregarded on this sad morning. A new box of Parkins and Gotto's Croquet lay in a corner of the room, but as yet the noble maiden had not had the spirits to open the neat case, holding admirably the finely finished mallets and balls, hoops and staves, so soon to figure on the neatly mown lawns of the aristocracy and *beau monde*. Close to her were an assortment of Wheeler's Patent Kid Gloves; she had had them brought to her, as she had purposed selecting a pair for the flower-show at the Horticultural Gardens at South Kensington—but there, she was too wretched for the task, and the gloves remained untouched.

By-and-bye there was a heavy step on the stairs (covered with Maple's carpets), and the door of the room was thrown wide open.

"At last!" murmured Margaret Marchioness of Margate, with a sigh of relief. "O Brompton! Brompton! how weary I am of waiting!"

In a moment she was clasped to a manly breast, and her finely chiselled lips were touched by a pair of soft silky moustaches.

"My darling!" cried Earl Brompton of Islington (for it was he). "My own sweet darling, you know what detained me. Could I have been here earlier?"

"Did he suffer much?" asked the lovely Marchioness, with a shudder.

"No, not much," said the young noble, gravely; "he sent for a breakfast from the 'London' (poor fellow! many's the banquet he's eaten at the corner of Chancery lane in happier times), prayed with the clergyman, was pinioned, removed to the scaffold, and— you can guess the rest. It was an affecting scene, even Calcraft snivelled!"

"Poor fellow, poor fellow," exclaimed Margaret, with tears in her eyes. "You know I am ignorant of law, but was killing his wife to get the insurance money so very *very* wrong?"

"I regret to say it was punishable by death," replied Brompton, with a heavy sigh. "But there, I must forgive my poor brother, for has he not given me an earldom, and enabled me to claim a lovely hand as white as a diamond and as pure as snow?"

"You know I love you," murmured Margaret, with a smile oh so sweet, and a blush oh so delicate. "But, my darling, what is to be done about your debts?"

"Nothing easier," answered Brompton with a smile. "I must draw a bill at three months upon my excellent uncle, the Lord Chief-Justice of Felsted, for £200,000."

"He will never accept it," said Margaret, anxiously.

"But I know his hand-writing," replied Brompton, gaily.

"Oh I do so wish you would give up forgery, you naughty boy!" said Margaret, with a smile, and she began playing with his auburn ringlets.

"My sweet little saint," he murmured, as he gazed into her deep blue eyes, "surely I may indulge myself a little, just a *very* little, give me forgery and smoking,—I ask for nothing more."

"You haven't given up the turf?"

"No; but the turf has given *me* up."

At this moment a gorgeous flunkey entered the room, and said in a respectful voice,

"Beg pardon, m'lord, but the men in possession send up their compliments and wants to know whether you'll have the auction in the dining-room or in the library."

"What do you say, my dear?" asked Brompton of the fair girl (who had gracefully resumed her seat on the entrance of the servant).

"Perhaps the dining-room would be best; it would be easier to get the furniture into that room than into the library."

"You hear her ladyship's orders," said Brompton; and the flunkey, with a low bow, withdrew.

The two young people sat together lovingly, speculating upon the promising future, and talking over the happy past for more than an hour, when a second knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Lord Brompton.

A policeman entered, and walking straight up to the young nobleman, laid his hand gently on his collar.

"Charles Edward, Earl Brompton, of Islington, I arrest you on the charge of bigamy."

"Well, I suppose I must come. I thought you would never find it out." He turned round to his trembling bride and murmured "My own dear darling, I fear we must part."

"Oh Brompton, Brompton, why didn't you tell me?" said the Lady Margaret, in an agony of tears.

"I did not wish to distress you, my own love, my own darling. Besides, my first wife was only—my grandmother!"

* All applications for terms of advertisements in the Hon. Emily Fitz-Battleaxe's novels must be made between the hours of ten and four, at the offices of Messrs. Paste and Tinsel, Cornhill.

THE PILLERS AND THE "POST."

IT has been officially announced by the Liberal journals that Mr. John Bright and Mr. W. E. Forster have resigned their membership of the Reform Club. It appears that the two right honourable gentlemen had joined Mr. Wentworth Beaumont in a requisition to the committee, proposing, in accordance with the rules of the Club, an American gentleman as a member for one month; but when the ballot was taken the candidate was black-balled, whereupon Messrs. Bright and Forster took their names off the Club. It is at the same time stated, that the matter will not be allowed to rest, but that the affair will be submitted to the decision of a general meeting.

Highly interesting as any proceeding of Mr. Bright must necessarily be to a large class of the community, nevertheless, it seems to us a little strange that the private proceedings within the four walls of a London Club House, which is essentially a private institution, should be magnified into large type paragraphs for the newspapers. The custom, however, of giving to the world such items as these of the doings of great people is, we are sorry to observe, fast gaining ground, and if it is allowed to proceed unchecked, we shall soon be reading some such announcements as the following in the leading journals—

MR. GLADSTONE.—We are able to announce that the right honourable gentleman contemplates re-decorating the drawing-rooms of his mansion in Carlton Terrace. The ceilings of the upper bed-rooms have lately been white-washed.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.—His Royal Highness has just ordered upwards of a hundred boxes of cigars from his tobacconist in ordinary. It is fully believed that this supply will last his Royal Highness for some weeks.

MR. DISRAELI.—According to the latest advices from Park Lane,

the right honourable gentleman has changed his washerwoman.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—His Grace drove on a Brompton omnibus this afternoon.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.—We are sorry to hear it rumoured that the patent leather boots worn by his Royal Highness on the occasion of the late review, pinched him across the toes.

Really, such *on dits* as these have quite as much right to appear in print as the paragraph about Mr. Bright and his retirement from his Club. Such small talk, however, is not fit for insertion in the rational journals, and should, in the interests of common decency, be carefully excluded.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* last week reduced its price to one penny, a step which the Editor assures us has been decided upon with no regard to any hankering after the increased profits (which he unassumingly states are now more than four times as great as the promoters of the journal ever made up their minds to expect), but solely as a concession to the thousands of its would-be readers who are unable to afford twopence a day for the "gratification" of perusing its pages. We wonder if the proprietors of the leading journal will be inspired by a similar spirit of self-sacrifice—and that a reduction in the price of their journal will be the result of the good example set by its little brother? Now that the twopenny papers are going by the board, the threepenny papers will soon be getting quite out of date. So much the better for the public, and (notwithstanding the assertion of the *Pall Mall*) so much the better for the newspaper proprietors.

A STORM IN A TEA-CUP.

THE Cork Yacht Club and Rear-Admiral Warden, the naval officer in command in Queenstown Harbour, are at loggerheads. It seems that the Club issued no general order to its yachts to decorate themselves with flags on the anniversary of the Queen's Coronation, whereupon the Admiral would not permit the usual decoration of the men-of-war in port at the time of the Queenstown Regatta. The Club having been informed of this, and that the gallant officer had spoken of its members as a "parcel of Fenians," not unnaturally, perhaps, struck his name off the list of members. It is a pity that such petty squabbles as this should be magnified into grave questions, and form the subject of telegrams in the daily papers. It is probable that the whole affair arose in a misunderstanding, that the Admiral was petulant, or that the Club Committee was hasty; but whatever the true state of the case may be, it matters very little, for the affair is too trivial to justify the amount of printer's ink, to say nothing of the cost of telegraphic despatches wasted over it.

IN EARNEST.

TOMAHAWK is not a snob. He means, of course, by a *snob* the genuine thing, as drawn by the great Thackeray, not the spurious article which real snobs themselves wrongly invest with that significant title; and he says this much, because he has heard growling about him, growling at him, inasmuch as he has once or twice of late, been fearless and severe when dealing with people in public positions, who have disgraced themselves, and brought, to a certain extent, a passing discredit on the orders to which they respectively have belonged. To run down a duke or a marquis because he is a duke or marquis, would of course be the act of a thorough and very decided snob. To show up one or two of these fine gentlemen, who happen to have used the exalted station which chance has given them, for the least reputable of purposes is not snobbish—on the contrary, it is a simple act of an honest and earnest man,—an act, a great deal too much dreaded by the rose-water and cloth-worshipping gentry of this present day. Now, let TOMAHAWK just say one word to his friends. He bids them recall the uncompromising detestation of all that is really low, of all that is beneath the English gentleman, that have characterised his pages from the very commencement. Never has he, for a single instant, pandered to the follies or vices of the hour, never has he bowed the knee in worship, whether the idol has been an Italian cut-throat, a French adventurer, a mob-king, or an unscrupulous minister. To him working men's rights and peers' prerogatives are not mere party questions, but things to be weighed out in the balance of justice, and measured by the standard of truth. Thus, therefore, as when a radical hero forgets his station, TOMAHAWK does not shrink from the task of showing him his place, so does he not hesitate to strip the tinsel of an exalted position from the great big wig, whoever he may be, who is a scandal to the society in which he moves, and a disgrace to the order to which he belongs. At a time when the public press is literally teeming with high-life delinquencies, even at the risk of offending his more fashionable readers, TOMAHAWK most emphatically states that he does not mean to hold his tongue.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

To give my second to my first
Has been all England's hearty wish;
We hope he found not ere he left,
Too many cooks had spoilt the dish.

1.
To get this many men will climb
O'er rugged rocks and crumbling snow;
On mountains we prefer them wide,
Too often narrow when below.

2.
Though frozen hard this chills the breath,
'Tis often found to melt the heart;
And o'er its rosy coldness oft
Shy maidens sweet consent impart.

3.
A mystic charm, which saves, they say,
From drowning's terrors those who wear it;
But whether from the hangman's rope,
Ask those around their necks who bear it.

4.
These letters, though they are only two,
Of letters mark a host;
They stand for England's greatest shame,
And London's proudest boast.

5.
Visions of splendid foliage,
Visions of splendider faces,
Visions of densely-clad hills,
Visions of thinly-clad graces!

6.
What we all were long ago,
Leastways, doctors tell us so;
If so, when this word's translated,
Cannibals we must be rated.

7.
If you can guess this little word
I'll own it true of you;
And if you don't, why then I hope
The same for me you'll do.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC IN NO. 112.

F	iv	V	(Five and V)
O	dont	O	
U	mbe	L	(a term in botany)
R		U	(are you)
T	o	M	(cat)
H	at	E	

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R. S.—Your letter was opened when the Editor was out of town, and has been mislaid—will you kindly send your address? Many thanks.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 115.] *LONDON, JULY 17, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

PERSONALITIES.—A PROTEST.

THE publication of the correspondence relating to the fracas between Mr. Grenville Murray and Lord Carington has drawn public attention to the question of how far a writer may legitimately go in attacking the personal character of any public or quasi-public character. As there seems to be a very unwholesome tone prevalent in the mind of the public on this subject, it may be well to endeavour to get at the rights of the question.

The influence of the Press is doubtless very great in social as well as in political matters. It is true that the "unwritten code" of society, of which we hear so much, is more powerful than any written one, inasmuch as it is based upon the most unintelligible caprice, and rests upon no principle of morality, or truth, or justice; it admits too of so many exceptions that it can hardly be said to have any rules, while its machinery for punishing is very unequally employed, the rank and wealth of the offender being much more considered than the rankness or degree of his offence. Against the sentences of this secret tribunal there is no appeal except again to itself; an appeal which must be backed by a good legacy, or by the succession to some title. No evidence is received or sifted before the judges, except that of their own senses, on which it is impossible always to rely. The Press furnishes a social court of justice, in which the accused can nearly always obtain a fair hearing, and it is very important that the code of morals which governs the writers for the Press should be based upon considerations of strict justice and truth, and the purest morality, without any regard to the influence of rank or wealth.

No one has ventured to dispute the right and duty of the Press to deal with the public life of men; the utmost freedom of speech, we may almost say, the widest license of abuse, is permitted to writers when dealing with the political conduct of any man. The reckless imputation of motives; the putting forward of surmises as facts, and suspicions as evidence; the utter disregard of any delicate sense of honour, of any tender sensitiveness that the object of the attack may be unfortunate enough to possess, are practically allowed to political writers. It may be this liberty conceded to the pen with regard to politics is considered as a compensation for the restrictions imposed upon it in dealing with social topics. We regard it as a very healthy sign that men are to be found now who are not afraid to speak out their minds in print, and who do not spare an abuse because it is countenanced or cherished by those in high rank, nor an offender against the laws of morality because he happens to sit in high places.

The only power that can keep nine out of ten men or women from wrong is the power of public opinion. As long as they can break the laws of God and man without incurring the censure or the scorn of their fellow creatures, they will continue to do so without the slightest scruple; and it is not sufficient that the censure and scorn should be implied or felt, it must be openly expressed. There is hardly any evil, however gigantic in its proportions, however generally practised, which cannot be done away with by the force of public opinion. It is needless to say that the Press is at once the organ and the director of public opinion. It appears to us that any one who undertakes to write for the Press undertakes a responsibility most grave, a duty most solemn, which cannot be lightly evaded. To tamper with evil; to coquette with vice; to speak lightly and languidly, where he ought to rebuke seriously and forcibly; to pander to the iniquitous dissipations of society; to pass over in silence, or, worse still, to encourage habits of action, speech, or thought which he knows in his conscience to be utterly bad, simply because they are admired by the great, the noble, and the rich; in short, to be a half-hearted defender of good, or assailant of evil, is to commit a sin against God, and an offence against man, for which he will one day have to answer with bitter remorse. This is the real reason why it is better on the whole that writers for the Press should be anonymous, because it is impossible for any man to write with sufficient vigour and boldness if he is to be perpetually confronted with the *argumentum ad hominem*, which the enforced signature of his name to all he writes necessarily provokes. In attacking wrong and defending right, one's pen must not be fettered with a sense of one's own faults; we do not arrogate to ourselves the virtues that we preach, we only express our earnest desire to possess them.

If every offender against morality is to shelter himself behind this immunity from personal attacks; if he is to be allowed to say, however injurious his vices may be to a portion of the community, that the Press has no right to touch upon his private character, then we do not scruple to say a great injury will be done to the general morality of the nation. To one in high position, and sufficiently wealthy to be independent of the public, however heinous may be his misdeeds, some sort of society is always open; he will have no difficulty in finding persons to receive him with open arms, if he be a lord; and it is only through the public Press that he can be made to feel what disgust and contempt his conduct excites in the minds of all decent people. And this apparent condonation of vice, though it proceed only from the most servile and meanest of mankind, encourages others to abandon themselves shamelessly to profligacy, having

no fear of men before their eyes. The earnest advocacy of morality, and the vigorous castigation of vice, whether public or private, on the part of the Press, undoubtedly tend to create a higher standard of both public and private morality.

In defending thus decidedly the right to be personal when necessary, we must express most strongly our utter abhorrence of the kind of personality which has distinguished the *Queen's Messenger*. When those terrible afflictions of the body or the mind, which Providence has seen good to apportion to the lot of any man, are made the subjects for the brutal ridicule of virulent malice and hatred, the time has come when no false shame, when no affected fear of advertising the degraded publication which prints such fiendish filth, should be allowed to check the tongue or fetter the pen. Long since have we been on the point of expressing our horror at the weekly outrages which nothing but the poisonous hatred of a malicious coward, smarting under the sense of some just rebuke or punishment, could have conceived or written; outrages repeated over and over again in the same monotonously brutal language, as if defying the indifference which the wretched author mistook for toleration; outrages so unspeakably horrible in their very repetition, because one could not help feeling that the creature who had written such words once would have been dead by his own hand before he could have endured the agony of remembering what he had done;—outrages, which expressed in the English tongue, have almost defiled it for ever; we have been only restrained from giving vent to our indignation and disgust by the feeling that we would wish the pollution of such things to rest in no man's memory. The fly that is bloated with the poison which it has sucked from carrion is a loathsome insect, but its bite is deadly, and it must be crushed; and the author of the outrages to which we allude is, if not as deadly, as filthy as the poison-laden fly. The infamy of these outrages was infinitely increased by their being associated with articles on abuses which had too long been sheltered under the patriarchal wing of patronage. It enhances the villainy of the writer that he should try to circulate these brutalities side by side with appeals to the sacred cause of truth and justice.

We have come to the end of our space without saying half that we wished to say on this subject. It would be folly to pretend ignorance of the accusations which have been made repeatedly against this paper. It is, perhaps, the hardest of all things to face, when a writer has made up his mind to speak fearlessly in the cause of what he believes to be right, without any respect to persons,—that certainty of being classed by the ignorant, the prejudiced, the apathetic, with those slanderers and literary assassins who make it their sole object to attack persons, without any respect to truth or justice. Those who thus malign us have this excuse, that they have rarely, if ever, read a line of the paper they so unhesitatingly revile; and we have generally heard such men and women utter within one half hour more unfounded scandal and libellous abuse than they could have read in a day, except, perhaps, in their own private journals, if they ever had the courage to keep a portrait of their minds on paper. If in the hurry which is the bane of all occasional writers; if in the warmth of honest indignation; if through the imperfection of judgment, which is inseparable from humanity; if in the hastiness and heat of enthusiasm, which is the privilege of youth and the envy of age, we have written anything unjust which, fairly construed and not interpreted by the lurid light of scandal, has undeservedly pained the feelings of any man or woman, we deeply, sincerely regret it. But we are none the less determined to hold on, with however many slips and failings, the course which, at starting, we proposed for ourselves; and that is to fight for right and against wrong, however high our enemy may sit; to succour the weak and the wretched whenever we can, and to assail the tyrannical, the cruel, and the vicious wherever and whoever they be, with all the strength which the goodness of our cause can give us.

THE STAFF OF THE TOMAHAWK.

LIONS IN ASSES' SKINS.

THE Colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George has within the last few days received several additions to its ranks. The Earl of Derby, Earl Grey, and Earl Russell, have been made Knights Grand Cross of the Order, while amongst the names in the second class of Knights Commander are those of Lord Lyttelton, Mr. F. Peel, Mr. Adderley, Sir F. Rogers, and Mr. A. T. Gart. As it happens that the majority of the above-named persons have never seen service out of Downing street or Whitehall, it is difficult to conceive on what principle the appointments (excellent as they may in themselves be) have been made. Are we to take the whole matter as a practical joke on the part of the Colonial Secretary? or are we to receive it in sober seriousness as a deliberate step of the Cabinet? If the latter is the real state of the case, we shall shortly expect to read the following announcements in the *London Gazette*:—

TO BE KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.
Archbishop Manning.
Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Lord Carington.
Mr. Bright.

TO BE KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH.
Sir Robert Carden.
Mr. Beckwith (of Lambeth).
Mr. Padwick.
The Earl of Dudley.

TO BE KNIGHTS BACHELOR.
Mr. John Stuart Mill.
Lord Willoughby d'Eresby.

Really, if nominations such as those to the Order of St. Michael and St. George in last week's *Gazette* are allowed to pass unnoticed, there is no knowing to what lengths of waggery the authorities will not proceed. We should not be surprised if the announcements above were not premature after all, and that by the time these lines are in the press our surmises will not have become "*fait accompli*."

"*MY CONSCIENCE!*"

CERTAINLY we live in a polite age when advertisements such as the following grace the second column of the *Times*:—

"Italian Opera—Saturday night, July 3.—A tall gentleman accidentally pushed against a Young Lady as she passed through the hall door to enter her *coupé* brougham. Please address, A. B., Junior Athenæum Club, Piccadilly, in order that an apology may be offered."

The above is delightfully genuine. A. B. gives no address at Paddington Green, nor seeks shelter under cover of Mr. Pollaky, but straightforwardly invites the outraged lady to address him at his Club, in order that an apology, which evidently at the time of the disastrous occurrence, the tall gentleman considered superfluous, may be wrung from him, in his abject self-reproach. We wonder if many members of the Junior Athenæum Club have as nice a sense as A. B. of what is due to society. If this is the case, what an abode of severe respectability Mr. Hope's late mansion must now be!

FRUITFUL SIGNS OF THE SEASON. — *Concurrant* endowment playing old *gooseberry* with the Government measure.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A CONTINENTAL HANDBOOK FOR THE BRITISH TRAVELLER PROPER.

BY ONE OF THEM.

WITH merely this title as a preface, I mean to set about my business of supplying a want that must have been repeatedly experienced by a certain class of Englishmen abroad. The class to which I refer is the better bred, but extremely rare, class of those who, forgetting for the moment that they are no longer in their native country, somehow manage to sink their nationality for the time being, and do not, in consequence, succeed in making themselves offensive and ridiculous wherever they go. The want they must have often experienced has been in the matter of that sort of ignorant and vulgar *Egoisme Britannique*, a quality without which they could not have failed, over and over again, to have misrepresented their fellow-countrymen. To enable, therefore, the Englishman to be thoroughly "English" abroad, this little Guide is undertaken in a spirit of friendly disgust.

GENERAL REQUIREMENTS AND GENERAL ADVICE.

The former vary considerably, and the latter will, of course, differ in character, according to the social status of the person to whom it is addressed. In the absence, however, of any better method, the easiest plan will be to take the ordinary travelling Englishman and address him.

If young, and abroad for the first time, he will require (no matter whether he be merely going up the Rhine),—

1.—A complete tourist's suit of some striking material, conspicuous as regards detail, full of impossible pockets, and generally such a coat as he never would or could wear under any other combination of circumstances in this life.

2.—A whole set of white mackintosh to match. A dozen straps for books, umbrellas, and sticks. A powerful opera glass, slung over his back, several maps, a colossal pouch (slung also over his back), a knapsack (do. do.), a wicker bottle and glass, a pair of enormous and heavily-nailed boots. Something new in hats, a towel or two and veils about his head, a writing-case, a measuring tape, several pounds of soap, a door fastener, a slang dictionary, a pipe for smoking in churches, and a small hammer and chisel for the purpose of mutilating world-renowned objects of art, and disfiguring them with his initials or name.

3.—He must take with him a "Murray" or two, a "Bradshaw," a conversation-book in four languages, to which he must continually refer on every conceivable occasion, always bearing in mind that his great object in coming abroad is to attract universal attention, and demean himself, not as a modest and enquiring stranger come to learn, but as a vulgar and supercilious critic, whose sole business is to prejudge and despise.

4.—He must be careful never to speak or understand any language but his own—a praiseworthy national accomplishment, which will present the double advantage of depriving him of all useful and instructive information during his tour, and of exciting the admiration of foreigners at his intellectual calibre in particular, and at the English educational system in general.

5.—He must consider all the above "the thing," and regard everyone who disagrees with him on the subject as in "low form."

6.—In short, he must be careful to look, and to be, a conspicuously-dressed, empty-headed, ill-bred ass. There are, of course, other ways by which the young travelling aspirant to true British snobbism may arrive at this desirable result; but the above is as short and as national as any.

There are further to be considered, before I begin my Guide in earnest:—

The middle-aged snob (the ordinary Continental snob).
The mamma snob, and the young lady snobs.
The titled snob.

The religious snob, and a great many other very great travelling snobs indeed; and with them and their doings it will give me much savage and melancholy pleasure to deal hereafter.

LOW BREEDING AT A HIGH SCHOOL.

Apropos of the events of the cricket world, if we remember rightly, about this time last year, Westminster sent a challenge to Eton, which challenge was refused. Report said at the time that the former based its refusal on the fact that the latter was not a recognised public school, and therefore not worthy to break a lance against the few lordlings and the many tradesmen who live in an unhealthy swamp near Windsor, and constitute one of the centres of fashionable English education. Now, whatever may be the genius that puts this ill-bred snobbism into the heads of mere youths, it is not worth anybody's while to examine, but it is worth somebody's while to note the fact. As the matter stands, it is notorious that there is really less mixture, less social dreg, at even Rugby, than there is at Eton, and if anything were needed to demonstrate this clearly, it would be the perfect shopman's tone which passes with the boys "in authority" for true gentility. Tenacity of his position, and a suspicious fear of losing caste, are the notes by which a snob *pur et simple* may be recognised, and to the possession of both of these notes Eton must plead guilty. No one who was at Lord's on Friday could fail to notice how very markedly the *style* of the Eton boys has changed even within the last twenty years. The same change may also be remarked any day at the two Universities. The most conceited, insufferable youths who come up there invariably hail from Eton; indeed, the true gentlemanly spirit at our leading public school, is, it must be honestly confessed, in a very poor way. On Wednesday in this week, Westminster is, in its turn, to play Charterhouse, and to our taste the match, though appealing to a less extended circle of sympathisers, will be a far more pleasant affair. Snobbishness has not yet found its way into the precincts of St. Peter's, and though Eton boys disdain to play a match at cricket against their old rivals—who gave them many a good thrashing on the water in times past—they can at least go to Lord's on Wednesday, and learn, if not a lesson in good batting, at least, one in good breeding. In the last race ever rowed between the two schools, from Putney to Chiswick, it is a fact, that while the Westminster boys loudly cheered the Eton boat as it neared the winning post, a great many lengths a-head of its rival, some young *gentlemen* from Eton showed their excessively good taste and high breeding by hissing the defeated crew of their opponents. From this little episode, it may be gathered that boys who, while yet in their teens, already reflect the frantic snobbery of coming life, have a good deal to learn. The sooner Eton learns this lesson, the better.

A "JUDY" SPREE.

THE staff of a "serio-comic" contemporary (apparently in difficulties) wrote to the *Observer* a week ago announcing their secession from the paper with which they had been associated. Their names had the charm of perfect novelty to the public, which was more than could be said of their witticisms. However, the communication had one drawback,—it encouraged other "staffs" to "go and do likewise," as the following letter (which we have been requested to publish) will fully testify:—

To the Editor of the "TOMAHAWK."
"22 Grub street.

"Sir,—We, the Editor and Staff of the *Halfpenny Joe Miller*, which we have carried on with unprecedented success, beg to say that we ain't going to write any longer.

"We are, Sir, yours faithfully,
"JOHN JONES.
"JAMES BROWN.
"+ WILLIAM SMITH, his mark."

STANZAS FOR STONES.

THE continuation of the Second Series of these Papers is unavoidably postponed till next week.

LONDON, JULY 17, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WIMBLEDON this year has been a great success. The Volunteers have behaved so well that the critics have found no one to make a "butt" of, except—the target.

THERE is no truth in the rumour that the landing stages of the penny steamboats are to be made life piers. On the contrary, their appearance has caused a "dead set" to be made among them.

WE fear that poor Mr. Padwick must have lost a very large sum of money by the bankruptcy of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. See what comes of taking *interest* in the affairs of the aristocracy.

OUR friend, Napoleon the Third, is not in such a critical position as some people would suppose. True he is about to lose (perhaps, by the time these lines are in print, has lost) his Minister. But then the man was only a Rouher! (*roué*).

WE understand, on account of the contempt displayed by the junior magistrate at Marlborough Street for the dignity of his court (so fully proved by his soft submission to the rioters in the Murray-Carington case), that in future he will be known as Mr. *Dis* D'Eyncourt.

WE hear that the Meyric collection of armour at the South Kensington Museum will shortly be purchased by the Newspaper Press Association. Editors of "plain-speaking" papers will be supplied at a reasonable rate with coats of mail, helmets, &c. It will not be considered libellous by a hirer of any of these articles to be told by his opponent that "cowhiding" is peculiar to *a Meyric cur* (America?)

THE disgraceful riot that took place at the Marlborough street Police Court, on Wednesday last, [from whatever side it is regarded, involves those concerned in nothing but discredit, if not in something worse. Magistrate, counsel, solicitor, plaintiff, defendant, witness, and all seem equally to have forgotten what was due to] their own dignity and to public decency. The magistrate should have interfered with the line of cross-examination, which was utterly irrelevant, and was a deliberate attempt, which reflects anything but credit on Mr. Giffard, to prejudice the issue of future trials. When a counsel begins by stating that certain articles are infamous libels, that question never having been legally determined, and then endeavours to fix their authorship on the prosecutor in the witness-box, the question at issue being whether or not a certain assault had been committed, he exhibits a disregard for law and justice alike. We will not comment on the way in which the manuscripts were obtained. But we will observe that all liberty of the Press will soon be at an end if copy abstracted by the servants of newspaper proprietors is allowed to be taken as evidence in court.

DE OMNIBUS CABIBUS.

A CABMAN writes to the "largest circulation in the world," and suggests that a deputation of cabmen should meet the Chief Commissioner of Police, with a view to settling the *locales* of the cabstands. He adds, "objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight." As the Defender of the Weak and Oppressed, we have much pleasure in publishing a list of the proposals drawn up by the cab proprietors and cabmen, for the approval of Colonel Henderson and his staff:—

1st.—That all cabstands in Brompton, Bayswater, Kensington, and Clapham be removed to St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. "Objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight."

2nd.—That cabstands be established in front of all the Clubs, close to the pavement, and facing the entrance hall. "Objections thereto by neighbouring householders should have no weight."

3rd.—That the railway stations should be given over to the cabmen, and every railway traveller using a cab should be charged a shilling over the customary fare as a bonus to the driver. "Objections thereto by railway travellers should have no weight."

4th.—All cabmen to be paid by Government £10 a week until thirty years of age, and then to be pensioned off at the rate of £700 a year. "Objections thereto of tax-payers should have no weight."

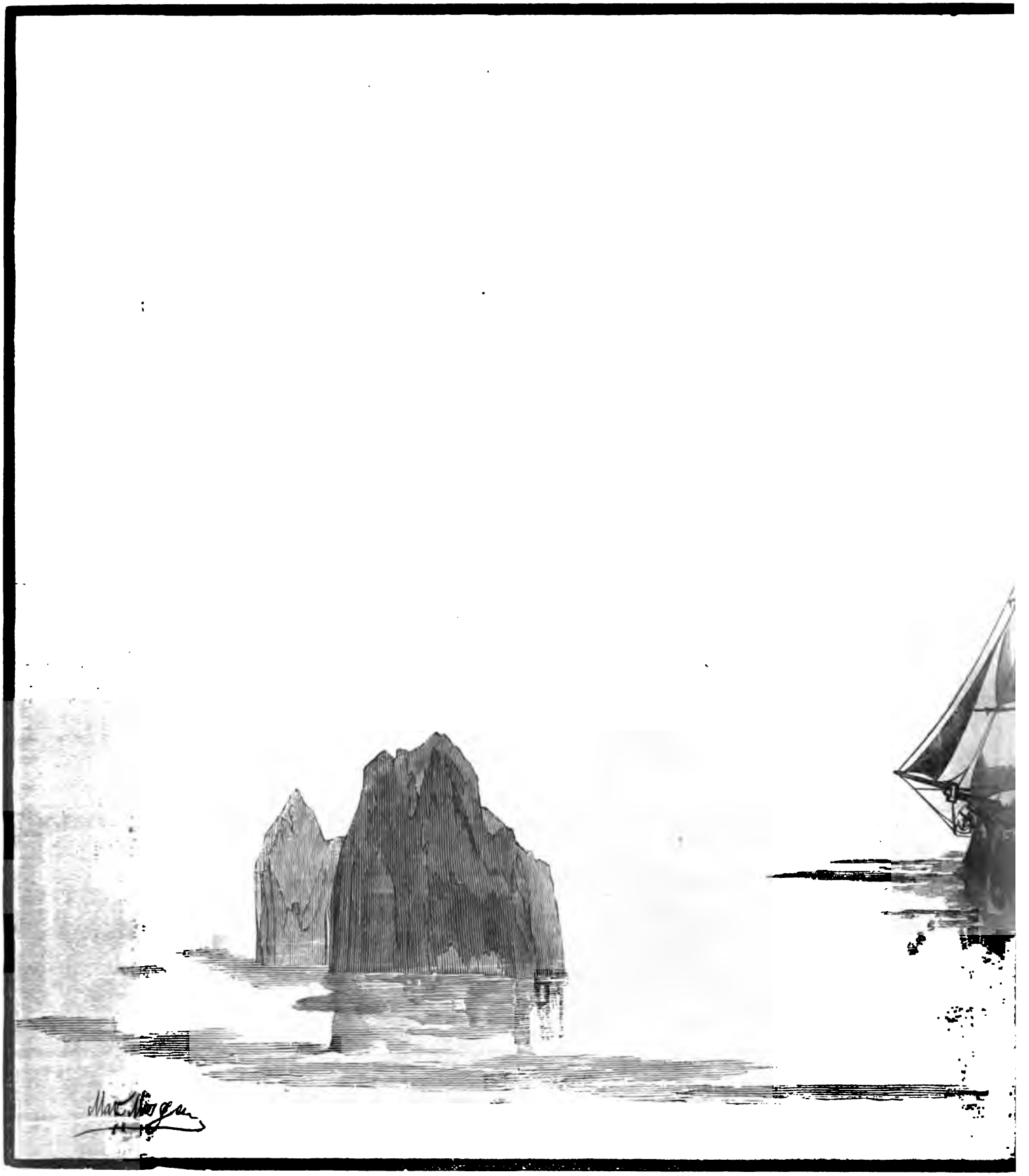
Joking apart, it would be as well to increase the number of cabstands in London, and even to do something for "poor Cabby;" but we must consult first the public convenience, and then it will be time to listen to the abuse of the rank.

AN EMPTY BENCH.

IN the published reports of the disgraceful brawl that occurred at the Marlborough Police Court on Wednesday last, it is stated that when the scene of confusion was at its height, the sitting magistrate, Mr. D'Eyncourt, "left the bench." Of this culpable dereliction of duty we have not as yet seen that any decided notice has been taken, but that it is one that calls for the severest censure there is not the slightest doubt. The obvious course open to the magistrate on such an occasion was, to have ordered all the doors to be locked forthwith, and have fined every person concerned in the riot as heavily as possible for contempt of court. Identification ought then to have been conducted, and a series of charges made out on the spot. Such a scandal as this Carington-Murray business may not be a desirable or pleasant thing, and friends, partisans, and sympathisers generally, may be excused for a display of unusual warmth in defence of their respective interests. But all excuse ends here. That a British court of justice should be turned into a bear garden, and the very administration of the law fairly outraged by a parcel of excited men, whose petty personal and private concerns have, for a moment, obtruded themselves into the charge-sheet, is a disgrace and a scandal that should not be shelved away with a mere indignant protest, or smoothed down by a silly laugh. Over and over again have a certain portion of the community shown their disregard for the dignity of the bench, and treated the police court more as a sort of under office, where they deign to hear what the magistrate has to say, rather than as a tribunal at which strict justice has to be administered. On Wednesday last a man was wanted on the bench able enough and determined enough to have read such a lesson to this particular portion that they should not have forgotten it in a hurry. Mr. D'Eyncourt was evidently not equal to the occasion. As matters stand now, no doubt this riot and its belongings will be suffered quietly to drop into oblivion, but there is no doubt but that it will be cited as a memorable precedent, and exercise a very evil influence on many who hitherto have learned to entertain some respect for the seat of justice. If a parcel of squabbling coalheavers and costermongers had thus fought over a tin box, what would have happened? Why, every one of them would have got three months, *without the option of a fine!*

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



"NOT OUT

OF DANGER."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE WIMBLEDON WOLUNTEER.[1]

or,

THE FIELD OF GORE.

AN OPERATIC TRAGEDY.

[THIS play is an humble attempt to combine the dignity of the old drama, the interest of the modern drama, the melody of opera, and the attraction of ballet. As such, the author thinks it ought to succeed.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

EUSTACE MONTMORENCY *(Colonel-Commanding the 5th Royal Volunteer Light Artillery Dragoons. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

GUSTAVUS GARDINER *(Private in the 87th Belvoir Volunteer Breech-loaders. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

THE PRINCE OF POMERANIA *(Commander-in-Chief. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

Officers, Privates, Volunteers, Regulars, Irregulars, Very Irregulars, and Commissionaires. (In love with MUSIDORA.)

MUSIDORA *(In love with herself.)*

LAVINIA *(A contralto, of course. In love with* MUSIDORA.)

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Camp at Wimbledon. An avenue of tents, &c., rifles, ammunition, drumheads, &c. Refreshment Tent* R., *decorated with flowers. Mountains, and Richmond Park in the distance, furze bushes, ginger-beer bottles, and gravel-pits, to give local colouring. The Volunteers are lounging outside their tents, and under the shade of their rifles.*

CHORUS OF VOLUNTEERS *(with drum accompaniment).*

Sing we so gaily,
Rations are daily—
Sing we so gaily,
Rations are daily,
Nightly we warble over the punch ;
First comes breakfast, then there comes lunch.
Sing we so gaily, &c. *(da capo.)*

Enter EUSTACE, *gloomily (recitative.)*

Still is the maiden of my heart's desire
Unmindful of my passion's lambent fire.
Still smiles she on my hated rival,
Ha ! if she knew the great revival
Which I contemplate—no, it must not be,
Soon what we *shall* see soon, soon see shall we.

AIR.

Musidora !
I adore her,
Down before her,
On my knees I oft implore her,
Hoping that I do not bore her—
Praying that some bull might gore her,
If to life I could restore her—
Not Aurora
Jane, or Laura,
Venus, Dian, May, or Flora,
Juno, Ceres, Poll, or Cora,
Can compare with Musidora,
Oh ! my, Oh ! my, how I adore her !

CHORUS. So do we, so do we,
Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet Musidora.
We, we, we, we all adore her !

(Enter GUSTAVUS, *armed, in gaiters.)*

(Recitative.)

Caitiffs, desist, ye know not what ye say,
For Musidora will be mine to-day.

Grand Duo, Chorus, and Finale.

EUSTACE. You lie !
GUSTAVUS. I don't.
CHORUS. O yes you do, you know you do.
EUSTACE. Measureless liar,
Dare aspire—
You shall feel my rage's fire.
GUSTAVUS. Fire away ! (I can sing higher ;)
I am the tenor.
EUSTACE. You, O sire,
He the tenor—
GUSTAVUS. Higher ! higher !
CHORUS. Yes ! yes ! yes ! he *is* a liar !
EUSTACE. Of my theme I'll never tire—
GUSTAVUS. That is B— my C is higher—
CHORUS. Oh ! oh ! oh ! he *is* a liar !
ALL. Never will { they / I / he } tire.
ALL. { You are / He is / I am } a liar.
GUSTAVUS. Higher, Baritone, oh ! higher—
EUSTACE. I a baritone—
CHORUS. He's a liar.
EUSTACE. He shall feel my furious fire.
GUSTAVUS. In me you see your defier.
CHORUS. Ha ha ! ha ha ! both are liars ;
Both shall feel each other's fires.
EUSTACE. You !
GUSTAVUS. You !
EUSTACE. You !
GUSTAVUS. You !
BOTH. Are a liar ! *(Chorus da capo.)*

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior of the Refreshment Tent—gorgeously decorated. Messrs.* SPIERS *and* POND, R. *and* L. *Sandwiches, bitter beer, cold meat, &c.*

Lovely Maidens in short dresses. MUSIDORA—LAVINIA *discovered eating ices.*

MUSIDORA *(in explanation).* The lovely Musidora here you see ;
I love the Volunteers, and they love me.
LAVINIA *(aside).* She lies—'tis me they love, the little dears ;
What tears I shed for these sweet Volunteers !
MUSIDORA. The only comfort which my sorrow cheers
Is the refreshments sold by Pond and Spiers.
LAVINIA. She really is the awfullest of liars ;
She knows she ought to have pronounced it Spiers.

GRAND BALLET, *in the course of which enter the Volunteers, and are struck into various attitudes of amazement and delight at the length of the dancers' dresses, and afterwards, recovering themselves, join in a Grand Pas de Skirts. During the dance* EUSTACE *enters* R *and* GUSTAVUS L ; *they scowl at one another.* EUSTACE *draws his ramrod, and points at* GUSTAVUS *significantly. Tableau.*

ACT III.

The Field of Battle. Grand rolls—trumpets. The PRINCE OF POMERANIA *and his Staff cross and recross the Stage (so as to show their uniforms back and front).*

(*Enter* EUSTACE, *in full uniform, with Batteries.*)

EUSTACE. Why was I made a Colonel to command
These Batteries ? Nought know I of grim war.
I am a man of peace—yet stay—I've read
That if you leave the ramrod in the gun,
Though that the cartridge be a blank, the rod
Will riddle—yes—this riddle I will solve.
Gustavus in his corps attacks the left—
Which I command—what if his corpse were left ?
'Tis done, and I'm revenged,—O ! Musidora,
This for my rival you shall find a floorer.
PRINCE. Colonel, away ! The cannon calls—away !
You will be *left* behind if here you stay.
EUSTACE. Your highness jests at scars—Pah, I forget,
(*To Batteries*) By your left forward wheel !
march ! ricochette !
(*Aside.*) I see that I was destined to command,
I have always got the right *mot d'ordre* at hand.
The audience here will think I mean a joke,
'Tis but my fun at them I feebly poke—
My heart is sick—I hate guns going off,

[1] V is altered to W for the sake of harmony.

The smoke gets down my throat and makes me cough;
Why do I prate?—Gustavus in the offing
I do perceive—I go to make your coffin.
[*Exit—flourishing his ramrod—in command of troops.*

(*Skirmish, rally, the opposing forces cross and recross the stage. Smoke! confusion!*)

Enter GUSTAVUS *and his Corps, retreating; they fire—then load and refire quickly.*

GUSTAVUS. Oh, Musidora, love, for thee this day
How much gunpowder I have fired away!

Cheers. The Corps halts. EUSTACE *and his Batteries advance opposite.*

GUSTAVUS. Come, one more round—Too late! Despair!
(*feels in his pouch.*)

MEN. We've no rounds left.

CAPTAIN (*mildly*). Try and form square.

(*They form square and await the enemy's fire.* EUSTACE *advances to the head of the Batteries.*)

EUSTACE. Prepare to load—leave all your ramrods in.
(GUSTAVUS *grins*)
(*Aside.*) Ha! my fine friend, I'll teach you how to grin.
(*Places himself in front of gun.*)
Fire!

(*The Batteries fire. The air is thick with ramrods.* EUSTACE *is transfixed by the ramrod of the gun in front of which he stands. The rod passes through him, and afterwards through* GUSTAVUS. *As the smoke clears away the field is seen covered with corpses. All the guns burst, and* EUSTACE'S *men are blown to pieces.*)

EUSTACE. I die. Oh, Musidora!

GUSTAVUS. And I. Oh, Musidora!

Enter PRINCE OF POMERANIA, *with Staff and* MUSIDORA.

PRINCE (*looking around*). This must be inquired into.

CURTAIN.

OUR BOOK-MARKER.

The Authentic Historical Memoirs of Louis Charles, Dauphin of France, who, subsequently to 1793, *personated Augustus Mevés.* Ridgway, Piccadilly.

AMONG the many historical puzzles bequeathed to us by the intrigues, plots, and revolutions of past generations, one that will probably never be solved is the question whether the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette died in the prison of the Temple, on the 8th June, 1795, or whether he escaped therefrom by the aid of devoted adherents of Royalty, who hoped to shelter him until the return of better days, and by the connivance of equally devoted Republicans, who hoped by giving up to the Royalists the sickly and almost imbecile descendant of Saint Louis to mitigate the violent opposition which the adherents of the dynasty offered to the state of affairs then prevailing in France.

This question has a peculiarity that does not attach itself to the generality of historical puzzles, viz., that it was admitted to be a puzzle from the very time of the occurrence. Other questions have been raised years and centuries after the period of the event questioned; but in this case it is certain that from the very day when a boy, stated to be "young Capet," was found dead in the wretched dungeon in the Temple, doubts were openly expressed as to the identity of the prisoner whom death had released from the tender mercies of the blood-stained wolves that were then tearing the mangled remains of all that had been powerful in France. Men doubted, and women whispered, commissioners deposed, and doctors certified; "*Qui s'excusent s'accusent*," and it must be owned that the "Committee of Public Safety" in the documents they first put forward only strengthened the grounds of the suspicions and doubts they were so anxious to remove.

Between that date (October, 1795) and the present day no less than seven claimants have appeared to the title and estate of the lost Dauphin. All these claimants are now dead, but two have left direct representatives: the Reverend Ebenezer Williams, the American missionary—whose history is yet to come in any full or connected shape, being at present only to be found in a number of sensational articles in American magazines and newspapers, has left a son; and two sons survive of Mr. Augustus Mevés, whose claims to the Dauphinhood are set forth in the volume now before us.

Three hundred and fifty closely printed pages attest the care and research with which the Messrs. Mevés have striven to lay before the public all the proofs and conjectural evidence that could be brought forward in support of their inherited claim. The book has been well and carefully compiled, and the arguments are worked out sensibly, and without violent or irrational assertions. But we confess that we are not convinced by any, either of the statements or arguments, that the lost Dauphin has yet been found. The book is full of interest, and is well worth the trouble of reading it, for the facts attending the French Great Revolution, though told a hundred times, have a tragic horror about them that puts in the shade all our most sensational fictions. But as to the cause pleaded in these volumes we must, as honest critics, pronounce it "*not proven.*" And unless the tale of the American Missionary, whenever it comes to us in a collected shape, is a great deal more convincing and conclusive than is this work, we cannot but think that the question of whether the Dauphin died in the prison of the Temple will always remain an historical puzzle.

The Mess-Book; or, Stray Thoughts on Military Reform, &c. By A CIVILIAN. London: Robert Hardwicke, 192 Piccadilly.

THESE short chapters, on a most important subject, which originally appeared in our pages, are full of good sense, and occasionally,—for instance, in No. IX., the New Rules for the Recruiting Service—betray no slight power of humour. Those who interest themselves in the question of Military Reform will find in this little book, clearly and simply expressed, the views which have been of late pretty generally adopted by thoughtful Liberals. It may be remarked that the opinions expressed by the author of *The Mess-Book* have, since their publication, been put forward as "original" by many other writers on this subject. This is a curious coincidence, and shows that the "Civilian" was only a little in advance of the age when he condemned so strongly the system of dual government, which, owing to the practice of appointing military men to posts which should be held by civilians, has resulted practically in the utter destruction of all control on the part of the Civil power over Army Expenditure.

The miserable mockery of economy which has been practised under the auspices of the present Government, embracing the greatest injustice to the humble *employés* of the Government Departments, together with the greatest indulgence and favour to the holders of higher posts, is well exposed in these pages. No. XVIII., giving a brief account of the pension granted to Admiral Coffin, will serve to open the eyes of those people who believe that because this Government numbers a few sincere Radical reformers among its subordinate members, that the jobbery of the Whig element can be elided. The castigation which Sir John Pakington receives in the earlier portion of the work proves that the writer is one of those few persons who regard measures more than men, and who are not blinded by party passions to the real merits and demerits of statesmen. There is only one sort of Reform which is ever genuine, sincere, and effective, and that is the Reform which is persistently urged from without, and which is carried out under the eye of the people themselves, and which official jobbery and favouritism are prevented by constant vigilance from rendering nugatory and deceptive.

As these papers are for the most part written in clear and vigorous English, and are very carefully got up and printed, we think it more incumbent on us, than otherwise it might be, to point out some inaccuracies which we have observed. In the first case, page 48, we find the following words: "this omnivorous, clerkivorous, ministerivorous monocrat." The two words here coined should be, according to analogy, *clericivorous* and *ministrivorous*: it would have been better to have altered the sentence thus — all-devouring, clerk-devouring, minister-devouring autocrats; autocrat being more English by adoption than monocrat, and the words coined in the present being neither English, Latin, nor Greek.

Again, at page 83, that unfortunate writer, Charles Lamb, whom everybody is supposed to know by heart, but who is more

often misquoted and misrepresented than almost any standard author, is represented as telling a story about some South Sea Islanders and Roast Pork. This is utterly incorrect, as are also the details of the story. The scene of the celebrated Roast Pork discovery was China, and the fun of the story is, that the persons who tasted the delicious "accident," secretly set fire to their own houses of their own accord, not in obedience to any ordinance, in order to obtain the same culinary treat.

Again, *Nec Hero intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus* should have been *Nec Dux intersit*, &c., the word *Dux* being Latin, fulfilling the requirements of scanning, and being withal sufficiently near *Storks* to warrant the adaptation.

But our readers will see we have been obliged to have resort to hyper-criticism, in order to find any fault with this work, which is full of promise, and which we trust will be the precursor of more important ones from the same author.

"*IN SILK ATTIRE.*"

By W——M B——K.

PROLOGUE.—A LEAP IN THE DARK.

Chapter I.

Harry Ormonde, Marquess of Nottingley, rich, young, esthetic, beautiful to look at, had one bitter abiding care. Though a British nobleman next in rank to a duke, nobody would ever call him My Lord, or Marquess, or even Nottingley. The fashionable world—his intimate friends—the very author of the present history—persisted in styling him "Harry Ormonde." It was a humiliating system of persecution.

"What would the Earl of Derby think if everybody took to calling him Ned Stanley?" mused his lordship bitterly. "I shall just make a mésalliance, and cut this ungracious world."

He popped on his hat, and forthwith called upon a celebrated actress of the day, named Annie. All the arts and all the graces had smiled upon Annie. Her genius forestalled the great dramatic lights of our own time. She was more beautiful even than Toole, more lissome than Phelps.

Marquess Harry burst into her room just as she had returned from performance to supper.

"Annie," he murmured," "I have always considered you as a sister. As a rule, members of the peerage are accustomed to regard leading actresses in a sisterly light."

"The habit, Harry Ormonde, is creditable alike to their hearts and heads."

"Annie," he continued aloud, "will you quit the delirious delights of the green-room and the lucrative advantages of an occasional benefit, for the humbler lot circumscribed by a marquess's home?"

"Harry," she replied; "other artistes have made the sacrifice ere now. For love of you I will even stoop as low as they."

So they were married.

Chapter II.

Marquess Harry and Marchioness Annie spent four years of their honeymoon in Switzerland. The clubs sneered audibly at the mésalliance, and continued to sneer for four years. His lordship could not endure ridicule, so he stopped away.

A child was born to them—a little actress every inch of her. At two years old, she knew the rôle of Desdemona by heart. At two-and-a-half she talked of "facial emotionalism," of "subtlety in conception," and of "the subjective treatment of a part." In fact, she had got all the cant words of criticism by heart, through studying the Sunday papers, and would discuss the Unities with her noble parent. By the time she was four years old, she was proficient in the art of "making up," and was fond of disguising herself with the view of imposing upon her papa and mamma.

The Marquess Harry could not stand this form of domestic entertainment. "Horror!" he ejaculated, "she may one day become a Mrs. German Reed, or a Mrs. Howard Paul. I shall run away."

He ran away to London, and wrote to his wife to say he should not return.

"Hum. In that case," remarked the aggrieved lady, "there is nothing for me except to away to America and bring little Annie up to the stage."

So she awayed to America with that object. Years passed, as years will, if let alone. Lord Harry died, and went to his namesake, the Old one of that ilk. Previously, however, he made a will, leaving his title and estates to his long-lost daughter. British peers, it will be observed, are wont to will away their titles in this fashion, to spite their relatives.

BOOK THE FIRST.—SPOONS.

Chapter I.

A gay party of Bohemians met at supper to celebrate the *début* of a new actress, who had ravished the town. Every seat in the theatre had been taken three years in advance; the orchestra had been converted into orchestra stalls; the big drum was let to a party of four, and the policeman in the gallery dispensed with, as he took up valuable room. As for the critics, they were accommodated in the "flies"—not the first time they had been over the heads of the performers. It was a great success.

This actress's name was Annie Brunel—dark, splendid, sinuous, full of idealism. Besides her there sat at supper the manager, a certain fat tea-broker who had purchased a German title and was called Count Schönstein, and a young engineer—named Will Annerley. The last was a Civil engineer—eminently so.

(I have introduced the Count into this story to show I know German. He, himself, didn't.)

"Let us all go to Hounslow heath by moonlight," exclaimed Will Annerley.

"A notable project," cried Count Schönstein. "My carriage is at your disposal."

(He did not say it in German, because he couldn't. But I can. That will come later on. Wait a bit.)

They drove to Hounslow heath, six in a carriage, with lashings of champagne and a pork pie. The sheeny moonlight glimmered on the sward; the eternal stars piped overhead the song of innocence when the æons were young. I am generally considered A 1, at a bit of sensuous landscape-painting. It is my idealism.

They drank champagne and danced quadrilles on the heath till dawn. It was a respectable proceeding for Sunday morning.

Chapter II.

"Oh Will," murmured Dove Annerley, "how late you agh in aghiving!"

She was a gentle, fawn-eyed, cooing thing, was Dove Annerley. She purred like a pussy, and could not pronounce her *r's*, using *gh* instead. Perhaps you do not know how to pronounce *gh* as a substitute for *r*? That is your jolly ignorance.

Will Annerley was engaged to his foster-sister, Dove, who lived with his parents down in Kent. Old Annerley was a lively old sceptic who did not believe in parsons, and was accustomed to ask "Why does my consciousness flare up for an instant, and then disappear?" Nobody could answer this poser, not even the curate of the district, who was not troubled with a pyrotechnic consciousness himself.

Purring, cooing, guileless Dove was full of idealisms. So was her mother. There are lots of idealisms knocking about Kent. I caught one myself there.

That Sunday afternoon, Will suggested they should all go up to town next day and see Miss Brunel, the new actress, in *Juliet*.

"I shall be ghegulaghly oveghjoyed to go to a gheal theatghe," purred Dove.

And when she had thus purred, they gave her a saucerful of milk, and she washed her face, like a good little pussy as she was.

Chapter III.

Dove Annerley and her parents, and Will, went to the theatre; where Miss Brunel shone, a transcendental, seraphic star, beaming with idealism. Between the acts Will introduced Dove behind the scenes, as the custom is with young ladies from the country.

Gentle Dove was enchanted with Annie Brunel in her dressing-room. They were such lovely contrasts; the one with her fawn-eyed, pigeon, purring ways, the other with her splendid dark hair, lithe form, and idealism. How glowing seemed Annie, when you stood near her! If you kissed her, as Dove did, she tasted of vanilla cream and violet powder. I am well up in the flavour of dramatic stars.

"And now," said Will Annerley, cheerfully, "I'm off to Germany."

"Oh Will," purred Dove, "what stghange ghesolution is this? With whom do you depaght?"

"With Count Schönstein," answered Will. But he said nothing about Annie Brunel, who was one of the party.

For the season—a most successful one, of two nights—was over; and the Count had invited Miss Brunel and her chaperone to his estate in the Schwarzwald. He had a notion of popping the question to Annie, having a shrewd idea that she was the heiress of Harry Ormonde, Marquess of Nottingley. But Annie herself knew nothing of this.

BOOK THE SECOND.—NOODLES.

Chapter I.

Away to the Schwarzwald—called by ignorant geographers the Black Forest. Geographers don't know German, the duffers. *Sie sprechen kein Deutsch, wie ich.*

Count Schönstein, a retired tea-dealer, was a hopelessly illiterate

party, equally ignorant of the tongue of the Vaterland. He made as many mistakes in the genders as the author of "Hans Breitmann's Ballads." I have created him as a foil to my superior knowledge.

Oh Germany, land of undulating plains, of sloping table-lands, resonant with the psaltery of nightingales, dazzling with the dark, deep, beautiful blue of thy æther! Oh Rhineland, home of *Geist*, of *Gemüthlichkeit*, of *Bratwurst* and *Kartoffel-Salat!*—inly-cherished mother-clime of *Schwärmerei* and idealism! I could continue for ever in rhapsody of this sort. It is my forte.

Chapter II.

"Now heaven help me!" mentally ejaculated Will Annerley, that more than usually Civil Engineer, "I love this dark-haired actress to distraction. The moonlight, the Rhine steamers, the Rüdesheimer, and the potato-salad have done this fatal work. She has so much more 'go' than Dove; and then she *can* pronounce her *r's*, and has ideal-ism. Ah me! I am a traitor to my purring sweetheart in Kent,"

Chapter III.

He never breathed his passion, till they went out shooting one day in the Schwarzwald. A troop of huntsmen followed, wearing plumes all down their backs, and singing the chorus from *Der Freischütz*.

Suddenly, Annie wanted to take a shot at a hart. An opportunity occurred here for Will to make a point about the other heart which she had hit; but he virtuously abstained, and handing her a gun, ran behind a tree to get out of the way.

Acting on the happy impulse of her sex, Annie turned the muzzle of the weapon over her left shoulder, shut her eyes, and fired. A shriek aroused the welkin of the district. Horror! The fatal ramrod had transfixed Will to a tree.

"Oh agony!" she cried, "it is not the hart."

"No," murmured Will, "it is the right lung. But it is of no consequence. I have long loved you, and now your charms have penetrated me."

He withdrew the ramrod, and wended pensively back to the castle. "*Herr Je!*" ejaculated the native huntsmen; "*das ist aber eine Geschichte!*"

But Will felt a lingering pain in his side, and now that he had confessed his love, thought he might profitably return to England and go to bed.

And she, the all-but assassin? Oh love!—oh life!—oh aggravation! She now realised how well she loved that Civil Engineer.

BOOK THE THIRD.—GUSH.

Chapter I.

All the *nousiness* had gone out of Annie Brunel. She could not act any more. Previously she had simulated idealism; now that the idealism was all there, and she really loved, she could not make believe longer.

It is always the way with great actresses; the moment they conceive a real attachment, it is all up with their art. Look at Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Charles Kean, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin, for an illustration of what I mean.

She tried to play Rosalind. The pit up and heaved cold potatoes at her. Fiasco! limitless fiasco!

The second night of Rosalind, a solitary spectator tenanted the upper boxes. It was Will Annerley. Singularly enough, the unfortunate actress recognised him, and burst into tears. The orchestra (there was nobody else in the house) thought it a new effect, and applauded.

Will met her after the performance and walked with her from the Strand to Knightsbridge; and that wild night they roamed through Knightsbridge, on to Hammersmith, round Turnham Green, Notting Hill, St. John's Wood, and so by Islington back again. 'Twas a night of dread agonised delight, strained embraces, torrents of tears, and kisses so prolonged and passionate, that many a policeman, husky with emotion, implored them to move on. Ah me! it comes but once in a lifetime, that straining of heart to heart, when the nectar of young love's osculation has the taste of vanilla cream!

Chapter II.

Will went back to Kent, and tried to go in for Dove, who purred away in her attic and caught mice. Annie gave up the stage and got poorer and poorer. Then Count Schönstein made her an offer, and she drove him scornfully away.

"A Count," she said, "who cannot decline *der, die, das*, and does not know that a German participle is relegated to the end of the sentence, shall never make me his!"

She got poorer and poorer, and then a bitter thought struck her. "Oh why" she passionately uttered, "does the author of my life's history call it 'In Silk Attire'?"

Chapter III.

While Annie grew poorer and poorer, Dove slowly pined away. Hers was a mysterious sort of complaint, for which the doctors found no name. But I, who have studied medicine, can guess at the source of it. It was a malady known as the *Deus-ex-machina*, a disease frequently fatal to inconvenient heroines towards the end of the third volume.

Poor Dove pined away, but she made no complaint. Even in the extremity of her indisposition, her habitual purring never degenerated into a mol-row.

Chapter IV.

When Annie Brunel had got to her last fourpence halfpenny, she decided on making use of a mysterious letter her mother had left in her keeping.

She took this letter—a sealed one—to the lawyer to whom it was addressed. The eminent solicitor opened and read:

"Mr. Lawyer,—My daughter claims h er rights.

(Signed) "Annie, Marchioness of Nottingley."

"Certainly," remarked the eminent solicitor, handing the letter to Anne Brunel. "A little money would perhaps be useful on account!"

"I will take," responded that well-bred actress, "a moderate sum to begin with, since I *am* a marchioness. Say two hundred and eighty-three thousand pounds."

The lawyer wrote her a cheque, and she set off for Castle Ormonde, where she invited all the supers of the late theatre, and they held high jinks.

Chapter V.

It was now drawing towards the close of the third volume, and Dove Annerley felt it high time she should die. So she took to her bed and sent for her relatives and Annie.

"I have a good idea; let us have a wedding by pghivate contghact, as they exhibit it on the stage. I wish to be maghied to Will while time lasts, so as to leave him a widower. Pghoduce a notaghy."

With great difficulty they produced a notary—one who lived in Soho, and was accustomed to try and wed interesting prima donnas to undesirable bassos, only the tenor always arrived and stopped the bans.

The notary came and drew out the contract, to which Will, in profound melancholy, attached his name. "Luckily I shan't be married long," he mentally observed, and handed the document to Dove.

But the gentle Dove—artful puss—penned not her own name to that contract. No, no! It was Annie Brunel's signature she forged; and then sitting up in bed, she joined the hands of Annie and Will.

"You agh maghied now," she purred, "good-bye."

"Stop—stop," cried the happy couple with one voice. "Before you go, solve one grave doubt. Why—oh why has Mr. Black called all this business 'In Silk Attire'?"

"Can it be," suggested old Mr. Annerley, the sceptic, "because it is a Black Habit?"

"No," murmured Dove, you are wrong. "It is because all the female characters wear Linsey Wolsey."

And with a peaceful smile she purred herself to sleep.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Loved, hated, worshipped, and reviled;
A people's despot, yet its petted child.
Such by outsiders must my first be reckoned,
Although he'll die,—before he'll stand my second!

1.—A pleasant place. We call it here at home
A sort of stiff antipodes to Rome.
Men praise its *faith!* Though charity it shirks,
They would be wiser if they praised its *works*.

2.—If Johnny lives until he's five years old,
My sum will to the very hour be told.

3.—Something that all of us, whate'er our views,
Denounce as most immoral,—and then use.

4.—A city. Were I what my name implies,
I shouldn't take long reaching to the skies.

5,—Oft wet with blood; yet there are some who think
A mightier weapon is oft wet with ink.

6.—To do this pretty thing all statesmen learn;
Not one of them but tries to in his turn.

7.—There's naught like me a patriot's cake to leaven;
If hell be opposition—well, I'm heaven!

8.—A famous bit of policy, which ends
In making enemies of all your friends.

9.—If limited, 'twill thwart the nation's will;
If not, most likely will upset the bill.

Answer to our Acrostic in No. 114 will be given in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 116.] *LONDON, JULY 24, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

AT THE FOOT OF THE VOLCANO.

The great man has spoken; France, through its Ruler, who, we know, is France as well as Peace, has spoken; all danger is over. Napoleon III. has made concessions sufficient to satisfy some of his opponents, at least; France will accept these concessions, and devote herself to peaceful progress.

So say the half-Liberals, the adherents or pensioners of the Emperor, and the official and semi-official papers in Paris. But all earnest Liberals, all moderate men and upright politicians, all supporters of constitutional instead of personal government, say far otherwise. They say that the Emperor's proposals are thoroughly insincere, inadequate to the demands and necessities of the country, and utterly incapable of satisfying the awakened cry for Reform which has sounded from one end of France to the other. If these concessions are granted, the Revolution, which might now be a peaceful and harmless one, will be deferred, until, day by day, it shall have gathered irresistible strength, and shall enforce its demands at the point of the sword, perhaps from the barricades.

The abandonment of the interpellation by the "Tiers parti" is what might be expected; it has been partly dictated by that "*laissez aller*" disposition which hates the worry of any decided action; partly by the ever-present spirit of toadyism which shrinks from openly offending the "person in possession" at the Tuileries; partly, let us hope, from a spirit of statesman-like self-restraint which nobly consents to postpone the realization of its aims and hopes, rather than to call into existence the horrors of a civil war. The attitude of the Emperor is still more what might have been expected; it would have been curious indeed, if the man, who from a needy exile, and a contemptible filibuster, rose by means of high-sounding professions, and by the voice of universal suffrage, to the proud position of President, and thence, by the paternal rigour of the *coup d'état*, to the prouder position of Emperor; honoured and fêted not only by the grateful nation which he had rescued from anarchy, but by all Christian powers,—yes, first and foremost by virtuous gentle England, the home of the law-keeping, life-respecting Saxon;—it would be curious indeed if the man who, having achieved all this, added to his glory the conquest of the Crimea, the liberation of Italy, the bloodless subjugation of Savoy, the regeneration of Mexico, the reorganization of Germany, and the control of the Belgian railroads, should, of his own accord, lay down his power at the command of disrespectful opposition, and should cruelly deprive France of her head, her heart, and her right hand at the same time. The Saviour of Society is wiser than to go through the arduous process of salvation twice over. Louis Napoleon knows that were he to surrender the principle of personal government, he would probably be spared long enough to be called in again by a devoted nation to save France and society at the same time.

This is the Imperial view of the matter. But it is in the power of but few mortals to realize the magnificent ideas, or to trace the complicated motives, of such a magnanimous genius as the present Emperor of the French. Some have called him a purely imitative man; they have attributed his apparent cruelties, his executions, his deportations to Cayenne, his tyranny over the Press, to a humble resolve to follow in the footsteps of other Governors of France before him. It may be this want of originality, his great-uncle and the Republican Government affording him no immediate precedent for his conduct under the present crisis—at least, not one that he feels strong enough to carry out—may ultimately drive him to seek for an example among the Kings of France, and so result in landing him once more on these shores an honoured exile. Were it not impossible to predict the future conduct of one so eminently ductile in the hands of his people, one might be tempted to think that his last attempt at offering the shadow for the substance could have no other end than a peaceful abdication, which Louis Napoleon would surely prefer to an internecine struggle, or a reproduction of the massacre which he once authorized with such reluctance, and at such terrible expense to his sensitive and generous nature.

The question is, does France—that is to say, the active, earnest, thinking, resolute, part of France—really require constitutional government, that is to say, the right to control the expenditure, to declare war, and the responsibility of Ministers to the nation not to the Emperor? If France does require all this, the Emperor's rigmarole message does not even promise it; that he will ever grant it, we do not believe. Ministers may sit in the House of Assembly, the Council of State may discuss affairs of State with the Emperor; the Deputies may criticize the measures of the Government;—but as long as the executive power is vested in one man, as long as there is no constitutional power vested in the people's representatives of stopping the supplies, so long is liberty an impossibility in France. It may be that the Emperor intends for the future to be the mere exponent of the nation's will; that he intends to initiate nothing, but to receive his orders from the Assembly of the people's representatives; if so, he will have some difficulty in persuading France, or any other nation, to believe it. He cannot destroy the memory of his past; and the lesson which that has taught,

bitterly and cruelly, is distrust, if not hatred, of the present Emperor.

It is well that Paris particularly should realize the state of affairs; that those whose whole life is one mad pursuit of pleasure, who dance the cancan, and rush to see the drama in *déshabille*, should know that they are doing all this under the shadow of a volcano, the eruption of which is imminent, and in whose fiery streams of lava they will be destroyed, unless they take warning in time. Tyrants have always found in the apathy of satisfied sensuality their greatest support. They drug their victims, who then become their unresisting prey. The careless scoffer, the jaded voluptuary, the feverish debauchee may care little what course political events take, so long as they are left to their enjoyments. But when the mind and heart of a nation are fairly roused, the struggle is never doubtful between tyranny and liberty. The mere slaves of appetite and bondsmen of pleasure have only the choice between reformation and destruction. They are soon trampled under foot. But they hamper the hands of Right, without being any real support to Wrong. It is for them to consider whether the end is worth the cost.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.

IT is stated that Mr. Rammell's proposal of some time since for a pneumatic passenger tube under Hyde Park, between the Marble Arch and Knightsbridge, is about to be revived in connexion with the contemplated improvement of the Serpentine. The complete scheme for the tube, it seems, includes a second section from Knightsbridge to the South Kensington Museum. No doubt such a line of communication would be a great convenience; and, notwithstanding the objection some people may have to being shot through the earth on the cannon-ball principle, the new line would do a good business. Without any wish, however, to discourage the promoters of the undertaking, we cannot but think that there are difficulties in the way which will not easily be overcome. The very connection of the scheme with the clearing out of the Serpentine is lugubriously ominous; for the promoters will find ready made an immense supply of the very best mud available for them to stick in.

THE BATTLE OF (PANDORA'S) BOX.

COME hither, little grandson,
And sit upon my knee;
Come, listen to my story
Of modern chivalry.
No legend of the nurs'ry,
No silly fairy rhyme,
Nor is it tale of giants,
Or "once upon a time."
Here, in the wond'ring Forum,
The Box was bravely won;
One day last week before the Beak
The noble deed was done.
Eyes are still black among us
To mark the fearful day,
When stately swells of th' Upper Ten
Rushed wildly on, like common men,
To join in the affray.

Now you know, my little grandson,
That to fight is not "the thing;"
In these days we're far too squeamish
To patronise the Ring;
But Britons still are Britons:
Hearts are bold, and arms are stout:
Prod Dame Nature with a pitch-fork,
But no prong can keep her out.
Nowadays its very rareness
To a fight enchantment lends;
No craven heart can stand a-back
From all mischances of attack,
When ready means of self-defence
Are placed by all-wise Providence
At all our finger ends!

So the British blood was fevered,
When the Lawyers put with glee
Questions cross and crooked answers
To the Bench, as Referee;
When facts were turned, and twisted
Inside out, and proof was strong
That, if one side were in error,
Why, the right was in the wrong;
When the tongues alternate clashing
Hammered on with dire intent,
And opposing briefs came pounding
On the heads of argument;
Every hero with emotion
Felt his waistcoat madly heave,
Pulse at nineteen to the dozen,
Biceps swelling in his sleeve;
When he saw the prize of battle
Stowed away in box of tin,
Slyly turned he up his wristbands
In his ardour to begin!
And 'twas then the dormant spirit
Broke its bonds with clamour loud,
And a wild spontaneous frenzy
Took possession of the crowd.
Then straightway, thick as hailstones,
Came whizzing through the air,
Umbrellas, sticks, and inkstands,
All round his Worship's chair.
But the Box's trusty guardian,
Out of breath, and sore distressed,
Hid the keyhole with his shirtfront,
Hugged the treasure to his breast;
Dukes, and Earls, and cads, and commons,
Each to each, were deadly foes;
Bearded hirelings of justice
Felt the folly of plain clothes;
Vain were Henderson's blue Lictors
The unseemly mob to cow;
Reporters say, who saw that day,
Was never such a row.
Was none who knew the leader
That was foremost in the fray;
What's the odds? all hit like heroes
At whoever came their way;
Broken benches, hats by bushels
Lay in ruin on the floor;
Quoth his Worship, "Well, I never
Saw a scene like this before!"
Still the Box's trusty guardian,
With a half-expiring groan,
Like a leech stuck to his treasure,
Like a Lawyer held his own;
In adhesiveness of purpose
Bravely bore the hardest knocks,
For the evidence was safely
(Where it should be) *in the Box!*

There's my story, little grandson:—
When you're older, then you'll see
How our country grows in Freedom—
Hence our modern chivalry!

THE WAY TO KILL TIME (*dedicated to the Volunteers*).—Shoot every day!

A GREAT HONOUR!—A paper called the *Tablet* (of the same faith as the leading Roman Catholic paper, the *Weekly Register*) is quoted from and praised in this week's *Queen's Messenger*.

CHAINS FOR THE CHAINED.—A ticket-of-leave man recently ran away with the jailer's daughter. His defence was that he was so accustomed to penal servitude that he could not live without a wife!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Chefs-d'Œuvre of the Industrial Arts. By PHILIPPE BURTY, and Edited by W. CHAFFERS, F.S.A. London: Chapman and Hall. 1869.

THIS is an English translation, carefully edited, of a very elaborate work, which it would be impossible to review at length. Considering it is written by a Frenchman, we suppose that we must excuse the very slight recognition of English Art which it contains; for instance, in the portion relating to porcelain, not the slightest mention is made of the beautiful old wares of Derby, Worcester, and Chelsea. If the Turquoise Blue and the Rose Du Barry of the Sèvres porcelain are beautiful, so is the rich purple and curious olive green of the old Worcester. A great proportion of the space is devoted to an account of the revival of Sèvres ware; while no notice is taken of the wonderful revival in England of Wedgwood ware, and the great elegance and careful finish of Messrs. Minton's reproductions of old porcelain. The Capo di Monte ware is totally ignored, though the gracefulness of its designs and beauty of colouring might have secured for it honourable mention. There has been a very important movement lately in the direction of purity and simplicity of taste both in china and glass all through Europe. With regard to the glass, no notice is taken of the revival of the Murano glass which Messrs. Salviati and Co. have so nobly carried out. Nor is the work of the Axminster looms alluded to in the section which treats of tapestry and carpets, though surely the wonderful specimen of that work which is in Sion House is worthy of being classed among the masterpieces of industrial art. We could have wished to see the book better got up as regards paper and printing, but then it could never have been sold at the extremely moderate price which it now bears; and the engravings, we must admit, are excellent.

It is always easy to find sins of omission in such a book as this. The sins of commission are few. One cannot expect a Frenchman to write about anything without extolling his own country; their national vanity is so obtrusive, that whether it be history or poetry, or ethics, or philosophy, or fine arts, the pre-eminence of France must be asserted, if not proved. We quite agree with the writer's depreciation of those feeble imitations which pass for genuine specimens of ancient art; and we wish that collectors would only show half as much discretion as zeal, and a quarter as much prudence as generosity. It would be possible then to get real works of art for a moderate price, instead of spurious imitations for lavish sums.

The notes are carefully written, and are very useful. We would suggest an appendix to the next edition, supplying some of the defects which we have pointed out. As far as it goes, this book will be found useful as well as ornamental.

A CASE FOR THE POOR-LAW BOARD.

A FEW days ago, one Mr. Langston, a surgeon of Rochester, was fined one shilling by the local magistrates, for neglecting to forward to the Registrar of Births, a certificate, as required by the Vaccination Act, of his having successfully performed a case of vaccination. It appeared that there were as many as 800 children in one district of the Union alone, who had not been vaccinated, and the Guardians had, therefore, very properly appointed a public prosecutor to prosecute in all cases in which the provisions of the Act were not complied with. In this instance, the defendant was one of the public vaccinators employed by the Poor-Law Board, and, therefore, it was the more incumbent on him to carry out the provisions of the Act. Mr. Langston paid his shilling, however, but asked for "a case," which the magistrates declined to grant. We entirely concur with the magistrates in refusing to give a case, for if "a case," and a very bad "case" indeed, does not already exist, we do not know what the term "a case" is generally supposed to signify. We recommend Mr. Langston to pay his shilling and go on his way vaccinating without more ado. With 800 children in his district unvaccinated, he surely has better employment for his time than to rush into litigation.

MURRAY'S GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT (dedicated to the Editor of the *Queen's Messenger*).—A thick horsewhip!

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

HAVING, in my opening chapter, enunciated in something like a business shape a few general maxims for the guidance of true British Travelling Snobs, I will now assume a more colloquial tone. The little hints I have to give on matters of detail can be far more agreeably suggested in a conversational and familiar strain, and I therefore feel no apology need be tendered for its adoption.

To begin with, then, we will imagine my dear Mr. Travelling Snob, that you have come from London to Dover, crossed the Channel, and reached Calais in your best manner. That is to say, we will suppose you have come first-class, treated the English railway officials with proper insular contempt and discourtesy (as, I allow, they would have treated you, had you travelled by second), and had a quiet, but supremely exalted grumble over French newspapers, claret, waiting rooms, guards, soldiers, and punctuality. We will further suppose that you have digested that excellent little *plat* you found waiting you, hot and well cooked, at Amiens, and growled about French dishes generally, until some new grievance fortunately presented itself to your notice. And this you know you will have done, all the while cognizant of the fact that your experience of English railway travelling can suggest to you no *Buffet* where you have been so well and reasonably served. Let us suppose all this, and watch you now comfortably located, straps, opera glasses, *Bradshaws*, *Murrays*, *Times*, hat box and all in your corner of a first-class carriage on the *Chemin du Fer du Nord*. There you sit, looking,—I can positively assure you it is a fact,—to the other travellers in your compartment rather an ill-tempered fool than anything else. How are these excellent Messieurs and Madame there to know that that unpleasant supercilious scowl you wear on your face is the result of a fanatical self-consciousness? Naturally enough, since the true gentleman is always to be detected by the perfect ease with which he accommodates himself to the company in which circumstances place him, they can only make out of you, some gross *bourgeois Anglais*, who knows less of good breeding than yonder decent spoken fellow in the blouse, who is playing an organ for ha'pence at that country station.

What do they know of your mansion in Lowndes Square? What do they care that you married the seventh daughter of a younger son of the late Lord Tinkerville, and that that excellent and accomplished lady was presented at Court last year, and has, by dint of much praiseworthy perseverance, on the strength of it, at length fairly forced herself into the Bangaway set? What dignity would it invest you with in their eyes were you to tell them that you belong to the Conservative, have got a place in Warwickshire, and dine with the Duke of Fishwater once a year? And mind you, my dear Mr. T. S., I do not deny that these things are very substantial advantages, of which a thoroughbred Englishman may well be proud; but what I do urge is, that there is no reason why, on the strength of their possession, you should try by mental jury, find guilty, and condemn to social death, these foreign gentlemen and ladies of whom you know nothing. No doubt you take Monsieur on your left to be a chocolate vendor, for you draw yourself away from him as if he were your bootmaker. Just now, when he addressed some polite remark to you, you know you replied with a clumsy and haughty coldness, that said (I admit in the very worst French) plainly that you were a great deal too big a man to be addressed at all, and that you considered his "opening" a bit of foreign impertinence. If you will analyse your thoughts, you will, I am sure, frankly admit that you are possessed, very completely, with some such snobbish sentiments as these. I dare say you would stare were you to know that it is your French fellow-traveller, and not you, who is condescending, if it be an act of condescension to engage in a civil conversation with a stranger. His family, my dear sir, can give yours two centuries start, and then leave it nowhere. He is a well-born, well-bred, French gentleman—a peer, and, being such, may read you a lesson in manners. Your conduct, Mr. Travelling Snob, to your fellow-passengers is, I fear, one of your worst features. I shall recur to it again.

(To be continued.)

"BELLES LETTRES."—Notes sent on Saint Valentine's-day.

LONDON, JULY 24, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE wedding of the Marquis of Huntley and Miss Brookes was so numerously attended by the "*élite* of society" that the occasion will be known as the great Hunt Breakfast.

CONCURRENT endowment is called so on the principle of *lucus à non lucendo*, because the Commons will never *concur* with the Lords on it. Let us hope the latter may *conquer*.

THE Mayor and Chief Constable of Birmingham have been served with notice of action for the false imprisonment of Mr. Murphy. If the imprisonment was really false, so much the worse. But cannot anything be done to the people who let him out?

MR. GRENVILLE MURRAY was sued at the Westminster County Court on Friday for the price of a pair of boots. He pleaded the Statute of Limitations, but the verdict was given against him. It would appear that there are no "limitations" to which boots may not go when Mr. Grenville Murray is in question. Quite right, too!

THE correspondence between Archbishop Manning and the Rev. C. P. Eyre, of Marylebone, has helped to draw attention to what has been acknowledged on several occasions to be a serious injustice to our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen. Nothing can possibly excuse the practice of sending Roman Catholic children from our workhouses to Protestant schools, simply because the established religion of this country is Protestantism. Any underhand attempts at conversion on the part of the Church of England can only serve to bring her into contempt with all her most worthy disciples; for religious freedom is the very basis of her existence. She does not claim the infallibility which the Roman Church does, and, therefore, any attempt to force her creed on children is a piece of tyranny pure and simple. We are sorry to say that a spirit of servility towards the most narrow-minded and bigoted section of Protestants is very apparent now on all sides. The Government is doing all it can, consistent with the professions which brought it to Downing street, and which must be fulfilled if it is to remain there, to flatter and favour that section of its supporters whose whole religious creed is summed up in the words, "I hate Papists," and whose religious practice chiefly confines itself to a vigorous and determined effort never to miss an opportunity of insulting, and, if possible, oppressing their fellow Christians. In fact, the hatred of these excellent persons against the Roman Catholics seems to increase in proportion to the frequent occasions which they find for boasting of the justice they are going to do them. With regard to the correspondence alluded to above, we must confess that we do not see that the Rev. Mr. Eyre has anywhere ventured to assert, much less to prove, that he did not encourage the forcible education of children of Catholic parents in the Protestant faith. The rev. gentleman's letters are remarkable for an instance of studied discourtesy. Dr. Manning always addresses him as "Reverend Sir," while Mr. Eyre always carefully addresses the Archbishop as "Sir." This offensive assertion of religious independence is as little worthy of a Christian as of a gentleman.

A SCOTCH MIST.

THE mode of procedure in the election of the Representative Peers of Scotland is altogether beyond the comprehension of common people like ourselves. Last week the Earl of Kellie was unanimously elected a Representative Peer for Scotland; "but," adds the report, "the Duke of Buccleuch and the Earl of Kellie were the only peers present." This is rather like the little boy who boasted of being second when it afterwards appeared that there were only two in the class. We congratulate Lord Kellie (whose acquaintance we are happy to make, for we must frankly admit that, in our ignorance, we have never heard of his lordship) on his accession to the responsibilities of a seat in the Upper House—and as he cannot be said to come under the heading of "our hereditary legislators," we consider ourselves justified in believing that Lord Kellie will faithfully represent his constituents, who have been so *singularly* unanimous in his election.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

A NOTICE has just been published that in consequence of the Thames Tunnel being required for the East London Railway works, it will be closed for traffic on and after the 21st instant. It is difficult to suppose that our enlightened and tax-paying British public will quietly submit to be deprived of the vast advantages of this masterpiece of science, even for a few weeks. If they do, however, allow themselves to be robbed of this great necessity of their existence, we warn them that they may expect the following further incursions on their liberties to be shortly announced:

The Duke of York's Column to be only accessible to visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays—and after 1 p.m., on Sundays.

The Corinthian Bazaar in Argyll street, to be shut up.

The Fountains at Charing Cross to play at less frequent intervals.

The statue in Leicester square to be removed to the South Kensington Museum.

We trust, however, that before these lines are in the hands of our readers, London will be in arms to assert its right of way through the great thoroughfare now about to be closed, and that the above horrible possibilities will be less imminent than we are now forced to consider them.

THE I'S HAVE IT.

A GOOD deal of mild fun has lately been poked at the compilers of the Irish Church Bill for their spelling of the plural of the word "money," which is printed "monies," instead of "moneys." Of course if the House of Commons is correct, and the rule thus laid down is to obtain, we shall have "attornies" for "attorneys," "survies" for "surveys," "abbies" for "abbeys," "allies," the plural of "ally," for "alleys," and so on. Whether the Legislature really intends to sanction such wholesale changes as these we do not know; but we have reason to believe that in future the following words, when used in a Parliamentary sense, will be amended in the following manner:—

PATRIOTISM.—The "i" is to be omitted, so that "ROT" may be substituted for "RIOT."

BUDGET.—In future to be spelt "SMUDGIT."

EXCHEQUER.—To be spelt "NO-CHECKER."

BRITISH LION.—As this animal is no longer accepted by our neighbours as representing us, "LIEN" is to be substituted for "LION," and the term "BRITISH LIEN" is in future to relate only to Customs' Duties.

We thoroughly concur with the House of Commons (should our facts prove to be correct) in this common-sense way of spelling words; at the same time we beg to point out that there are several other changes that might advantageously be made if the rule of spelling words with a regard to their real significance is to be generally adopted.

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THE DOOM

OR,

LIFE BENEATH—DES

E D C I T Y !

UCTION OER HEAD.

(*"France is Paris—Paris is Napoleon."*)

THE NEW YORK
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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

"PAWKINS and Spoff!" screamed LittleSquigsby—"Pawkins and Spoff!"

He had been screaming this for one half-hour, twice every second. He was not hoarse. He liked it. The more he screamed the more he enjoyed the excitement. He had, during this half-hour, been knocked about, hustled, punched, cursed, and made the subject of every variety of blasphemous anathema. He had been steaming in a room with a low roof—half-yard, half-stable, called Judges' Chambers, in Clifford's Inn, Chancery Lane, with about three hundred other specimens of legal humanity. They were ragged men and boys. They were very greasy. They breathed ardent spirits and stale tobacco. Their temperament was passionate, their manners violent, and whenever they spoke to one another they spoke defiantly and loudly, and shouted into each other's ears with a sort of exultant savagery their particular grievances. "Pawkins and Spoff!" still screamed Little Squigsby—"Pawkins and Spoff!" He was jammed in now. The place was full. The hands of the clock were upon the stroke of half-past eleven. The steam was fearful. The ragged men and boys were as thick as eels in vinegar. £50,000 depended upon an answer being returned to Little Squigsby's scream!

II.

And this was how it was. Little Squigsby was the junior clerk in Slicker's office. Slicker was an attorney and solicitor; he was an old man, and a sharp man. Slicker had grey hairs, and was fat, and yet he was sharp. Slicker had grown up daughters—one of them pretty, and yet he was sharp. Slicker had made money in the old times, and had married well, and had dined well all his life; and yet he was sharp! He had never allowed his feelings to be blunted towards his fellow-creatures. Life to him was a grindstone, and as it went round and round, he was always sharpening himself upon it. Sharpness was his creed. No one, man or boy, was worth his salt unless he was sharp. An old man now, he was sharper than ever. So it happened that one night Slicker dines in his own house, with a chosen few, and talking of lengthened Chancery suits and heavy bills of costs, and actions fought and verdicts gained against all law and justice, and innocent men pursued and crushed; and talking of conflicts with judges, of tiring out feeble-hearted opponents, and gaining points thereby, of persistent threatenings and daring effrontery by which cases were gained when there was no case to gain. So it happened that the party, breaking up, and all the men staggering to the door, and struggling for their hats and coats, the front door had been opened by Slicker himself, and then a ragged dirty boy was found sleeping upon the door-step. He was *so* dirty and *so* ragged, and yet his poor, pinched, starved face, lying against the lintel, shone by the light of the gas-lamp with a startling purity of whiteness.

"Hulloa!" cried Slicker. "What's this?"

"What's what?" cried Mr. Bulbous, the criminal lawyer, who had long been hiccoughing through a story, as to how, acting for the prosecution, he had caused a perfectly innocent man to be hanged, and thereby secured his costs. "What's what?"

"Why, this!" cried Mr. Slicker, pointing to the sleeping boy.

They all crowded round, and looked out upon the boy, who still slept on, undisturbed by the noise.

"One of the criminal population!" cried Mr. Bulbous, forcing himself in front of the crowd of guests. "Prosecute him, Slicker; contemplated burglary, you may depend upon it. Look how white his skin is, and look at his filbert-shaped nails—a hardened criminal! Five years' penal servitude at the least. Kick him, Slicker!"

Thus enjoined, Mr. Slicker kicked the sleeping boy.

"Get up, you vagabond!" he said. "What are you doing here?"

The boy started to his feet, the fire flashing from his eyes; he seemed instantly to become a small giant. Without a moment's hesitation, and although apparently dazed by the suddenness of his being awakened, and the light streaming from the hall of Mr. Slicker's house, he rushed at his assailant. The guests in a body flew back into the hall. They were strong, powerful men, and yet the ragged boy, advancing upon them suddenly and furiously, caused them to retreat.

"Who are yer kickin' on?" cried the boy, as he stood in the hall, confronting the staggered lawyers.

No one said a word. There was a pause. Mr. Slicker was the first to break the silence. "A sharp boy, this," he said to himself; and then, aloud, he added, "Who are you?—what's your name?"

"I'm nothing," cried the boy, with a sharp cry of agony. "I knows nothin', and I wants nothin'; but don't you come kickin' me again."

Mr. Slicker rushed into the dining-room and rang the bell. His man immediately appeared.

"Take that boy down-stairs," he said to the man, "and give him what he wants. What's your name, boy?"

"Well, sir," said the boy, as if in considerable doubt, and with a touch of melancholy in his voice, "they *calls* me Little Squigsby."

III.

And Little Squigsby was now attending a Judge's summons as the junior clerk of Mr. Slicker, attorney-at-law. Little Squigsby's duties in the office were not extensive; he pounced the writs, he filled the waterbottles, he cleaned the inkstands, and he attended the Judges upon summonses; he had personal interviews with the Judges of the realm sitting in Chambers, and argued before them as to whether certain orders should be made or certain proceedings taken. The learned dignitary who had been sitting at Westminster in a big wig, and to whom the most learned members of the Bar had bowed obedience at his smallest nod or suggestion, coming down to Clifford's Inn, it might be, in a Hansom cab or on the knife-board of an omnibus, had settled himself in a small room, without his wig or gown, to hear summonses which should be expounded or defended by the Little Squigsbys of the legal profession. They would lean over the table, and, breathing hardly and strongly in his Lordship's face, would argue violently. They would even threaten. Sometimes it became necessary for his Lordship to order the Little Squigsbys out of the room, at other times to seize the poker in personal defence, so furious and eccentric were their endeavours to expound the law and instruct the Judge. The placid-minded observer who strolls into Westminster Hall, and sees a row of grave and reverend seignors sitting *in Banco* in one court, and one sitting in solitary grandeur in another court at *Nisi prius*, little thinks what is reserved for one member of the body that afternoon. That particular member must go to Chambers. About three o'clock he goes to Chambers, and for three or four hours he is baited by a greasy and ragged crew. They come upon all sorts of trivial interlocutory applications consequent upon actions going on. They take out summonses. They attend them. They go before the Judge. An order is made, or not, as the circumstances admit. But with everything that is done there is more violence, more indecency, more virulent animosity exhibited in one of these summonses than in any other condition consequent upon the trial of an action.

Should any Judge sit at Chambers at Common Law? Is not the whole thing an indecency and a disgrace?

IV.

"Pawkins and Spoff!" screamed Little Squigsby. He was attending a summons for time to plead. Slicker, his employer, had brought an action on the part of his client Quips against Quillets, the banker, for £50,000. The claim was disputed just this much, that by a trial it might be a question whether the jury gave a verdict for the one or the other, dependent upon the management of counsel, the way the case was got up, and the summing up of the Judge. The action had commenced by Quips issuing his writ for £50,000. Quillets, at the expiration of the eight days allowed, had entered his appearance by thrusting a small piece of paper into a hole in an office in the Temple. Quips had then delivered his declaration by delivering a written document to Pawkins and Spoff, giving the defendant eight days to plead. Pawkins and Spoff not being ready with their plea at the end of eight days, had taken out a summons for time to plead, returnable at Judges' Chambers at eleven o'clock. It had been served upon Sticker. Little Squigsby was attending for Slicker. He was bound to attend for half-an-hour, after that time he could sign judgment and issue execution. The action was then at an end.

For some reason or the other Pawkins and Spoff's client was not there, or did not render himself audible as Little Squigsby called out the name. The clock was at half-past eleven. The time was past, and Little Squigsby hurried away and signed judgment for want of a plea. How the urchin chuckled as he heard the name of Slicker shouted as he went away! He rushed back to Slicker.

"I've signed judgment," he cried.

"Signed judgment!" said Slicker. "Hoorah! Sacrifice the costs and issue execution."

That night Quillets, the banker, was in prison for £50,000.

He was a sharp boy was Little Squigsby.

(*To be continued.*)

AN ADMIRALTY SLIP.

WOOLWICH Dockyard, which was to have been finally closed on the occasion of the launch of the screw-corvette, *Thalia*, on the 13th instant, is not so easily disestablished. When the time came for launching the last ship on the stocks, and the ceremony of christening, with its attendant sinful waste of a bottle of good wine, had been performed, the *Thalia* refused to budge, and steam tugs, hydraulic presses, and battering rams notwithstanding, stuck to her position in such an obstinate manner that the launch was necessarily postponed to a future day. Accidents, no doubt, will happen in the best regulated dockyards; and we therefore strongly deprecate a rumour which has been semi-officially circulated, to the effect that the launching ways of the *Thalia* had been tampered with by evil-disposed people in consequence of the dissatisfaction prevailing amongst the dockyard artizans, whose services were about to be dispensed with. We do not believe a word of such a suggestion; for, although the dockyard workmen have been dealt with as hardly and as remorselessly as it is possible that they could be, they have throughout shown a most uncomplaining and healthy spirit, and have accepted their fate with a dignity which might well be imitated by disestablished people in the higher grades of society. It is much more likely that the *Thalia* stuck on her cradle in consequence of some bungling on the part of the authorities, rather than owing to any other cause; and it is cowardly to put about a rumour which, devoid of the least foundation, is calculated to injure a class of men far more sinned against than sinning.

AN UNCLEAN SPIRIT.

MR. SCLATER-BOOTH stands in the unenviable position of being the only man of any position in the House of Commons who spoke against the grant of money recently voted for the purification of the Serpentine. The right honourable gentleman justified his opposition to the measure "because he was not aware that the Serpentine had been the cause of disease or death." We are not aware where Mr. Sclater-Booth lives, but it cannot be anywhere within a couple of miles of Hyde Park, or he would not have dared to make such a barefaced assertion. But allowing that Mr. Sclater-Booth was personally ignorant of the filthy and pestilent condition of the Serpentine, he might in common decency have taken for granted that what everyone else seemed to agree in was true. This sort of behaviour is beyond the limits of recognised "opposition," and Mr. Sclater-Booth should be made to feel that he has got himself into dirty water.

THE LAW'S DELAY.

IN the Court of Bankruptcy a few days back, there was a sitting for dividend under a bankruptcy which occurred so long back as the year 1826; the proceedings were very bulky, and were contained in a volume from which it appeared that the commission was granted by the late Lord Chancellor Eldon upon the complaint of a creditor. A dividend of 3s. 6d., in the pound had been paid some forty years ago, and a further sum of £1,000 was now available for the payment of a second dividend. The order was given, and so the matter ended. What has become of the bankrupt, and if he still exists, the report did not state, or whether the creditors were represented by decrepid, elderly gentlemen, or their middle-aged grandchildren, was equally obscure. One fact alone was certain—namely, that the Court of Bankruptcy had taken its time over the matter, and, by so doing, had probably inflicted several gross injustices on the unhappy parties concerned. That a case should occupy close on half a century before it is disposed of, is absurd, no doubt; but it is beyond a joke that a large sum of money should be seized by the Bankruptcy Commissioners, and withheld from those to whom it properly belonged, for no assigned reason whatever. Let us hope that the new Bankruptcy Bill, whatever else its effects may be, will put a stop to such gross miscarriages of justice a this appears to be.

"EXCELSIOR."

THE first ascent for the year of Mont Blanc has just been effected. The *Mont Blanc Journal* gives the particulars of the journey, which was accomplished by two gentlemen, one of them a Mr. Gannon, an Englishman, and concludes a circumstantial narrative of the details of the ascent thus:—

"At last, after terrible efforts and with snow up to their waists, they reached the summit at 11.40 a.m. Here Mr. Gannon was immediately seized with a fainting fit."

We are glad to announce, however, that after having been subjected to friction with a mixture of snow and rain, Mr. Gannon got better, and was got down again by the guides; but, there is no doubt but that, in addition to the ascent under notice being interesting as the first attempt of the season, it was all but the last as far as Mr. Gannon was concerned.

Will this be a lesson to young gentlemen from the Universities bent on a Swiss tour, or shall we have the usual number of Alpine suicides this year to enliven the papers in the dull months? We shall see.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 114.

V ie W
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ANSWERS have been received from 51 Wellington street, W. G., Chivalry, Ruby's Ghost, Slodger and Tiney, A Felstedian Tot, and Leo.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 115.

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S	wor	D
T	ri	M
O	ffic	E
N	on-interventio	N
E	ndowmen	T

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Slodger and Tiney, Tot, and Samuel E. Thomas.

THE answer to Double Acrostic in our Wimbledon Extra Number, *The Sparrowhawk*, will be given in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 117.] *LONDON, JULY 31, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE LORDS' SURRENDER.

STRUGGLING on the brink of the cataract, down which, in another moment, they both might have been hurled, the champions of the two Houses have made an honourable, if a tardy, peace, and have saved the boat and themselves from destruction. In England the danger is over; not so in Ireland. But it is well that both sides of the House should contemplate the magnitude of the crisis through which they have safely passed, and should learn from the awful contemplation of what might have happened, the great lesson, that there is only one true principle of government,—an honest and sincere desire for the welfare of the people governed, irrespective of all party passions and prejudices, of all selfish ambition and avarice.

We can heartily congratulate the Lords, and especially Lord Granville and Lord Cairns, for the part they have played in this struggle. It is far more difficult to yield wisely than to fight bravely. It is far more courageous to avert certain defeat by wise concessions, than to bring hopeless ruin on your forces by foolhardy resistance. This wisdom and courage, rare in generals, rare in party leaders, rarer far in men who have been irritated by the overthrow of some cherished idol, by the loss of wealth to which long use had given a title, has been shown, first by Lord Cairns, and then by the main body of the opponents of the Bill. Fortunate was it for England that the Government possessed in Lord Granville a man who knows how to be victorious without being insolent, and who can reap the benefits of a defeat without exulting over the defeated. Had the Duke of Argyll been the Liberal leader of the Upper House, this compromise could never have taken place. We hope that some of the Government will take a lesson from Lord Granville in dignified courtesy, and a gracious habit of conciliation; these ensure peaceful triumph for a good cause which rude harshness and arrogant hostility very often endanger, if they do not ruin. "A gentle answer turneth away wrath;" and it is no slur on a man's sincerity that he should treat honourable foes with that consideration, which conscientious adherence to principles, in the belief, false though it be, that they are right and true, ever demands and obtains from the noble and the magnanimous.

It was but natural that the supporters of the Irish Church should try and obtain for their darling the largest share of that wealth, which she had so long unjustly held as to be entirely blind to the injustice of her tenure; but it was impossible, if the Bill was not to be a complete mockery, to allow the Protestants to retain a share of the endowments so disproportionate, as to be but a modification of the very state of things which the Bill sought to destroy. But we hope that some of the professed Liberals in the House of Commons will remember the timely surrender of the defenders of the Irish Church, when there comes, as surely there will soon come, an earnest and vigorous assault against other abuses and shameful misappliances of public money by departments in the State, for which many now in office are partly responsible. The public opinion of the country will demand some more worthy sacrifice to the genius of economy and honesty than the salaries of a few clerks, or the wages of a few workmen. The nest of corruption which has so long existed in Downing Street and Whitehall, and which has been so warmly defended by the various temporary occupants, will soon, we trust, be robbed of its eggs, and the breed of jobbers, which have sprung from it, be for ever destroyed. When that good time comes, we hope to meet with ready compliance and perfect frankness on the part of those, who must not forget that the Irish Church is not the only evil which the zealous thinkers and genuine reformers of England have resolved to destroy.

Let us trust that we may say farewell to the Irish Church question for a long time. There are other questions, both English and Irish, waiting to be solved, of quite as much importance. With regard to Ireland, we have always been of the opinion that Resolutions on the Land question should have been brought forward at the same time as the Irish Church Bill. But men learned in the intricacies of Parliamentary government think otherwise. Let us entreat the Liberals to take up the matter of the Land law and Education in Ireland as earnestly as they have the Church question. Let us have no bigotry or restricted sense of justice here. If we are to pacificate Ireland, we must come to the work divested of all prejudices, be they Protestant or Catholic. We must legislate on purely moral grounds; at the same time fulfilling the pledge given on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, that we are willing to give perfect religious liberty, and to interfere with no man's creed. Better denominational education than none at all. We shall watch anxiously the tone taken by the Liberal members and the Liberal press on this subject. If we are in earnest in our promises of justice to Ireland, we must approach the Land and Education question in a more noble and just spirit than has lately been evinced on the Church question. If we have made up our minds to do what is right, let us do so at once. Delay increases difficulties, and too often diminishes enthusiasm.

STANZAS FOR STONES.

BEING A COLLECTION OF POPULAR TRAGIC SONGS.

(Second Series.)

THE POOR GOVERNESS.

1.
THIS our land is a good Christian land,—so they say
In pulpit, on platform! Ah! well, I must doubt it;
For the world, loving charity much, has a way
Of managing wondrously sometimes without it!

2.
Have we serfs in our midst, then? No, perish the thought!
For millions were spent but to break off their fetters.
Yet the while here in England humanity's bought,—
Each man has his price,—is the slave of his betters.

3.
And by *slave* I mean not the poor tramp of the streets,
In body and mind, ruined, abject, degraded;
But the man gently born, the fair woman one meets
In circles by chivalrous feelings pervaded!

4.
Would you taste the dread bitter of slavery's lot,
And, bred like a lady, be socially branded
Till with shame the proud blood in your cheek mantles hot?
A "governess" enter the world single-handed!

5.
Go ask yon city dame, as, in low vulgar pride,
She turns o'er those letters, and "some one" engages,
If she does not place you, and her cook side by side,
Two menials together, to work for their wages?

6.
You came from your parsonage home, where your sire
Fought bravely to keep you, but fell in the fighting,
For this woman to treat as a thing let on hire,
This woman, who can't spell a word she is writing.

7.
Nor does she stand alone, for my Lady de Vere,
Who glides through the world on her exquisite mission,
And whose charity shines forth so lustrously clear,
Will take as much care that you *feel* your position.

8.
Nay, but she will do more; for her rank, not her gold,
Gives her all her grandeur, so you'll have her daughter
Both to rear, educate—her sweet nature unfold,
Your stipend quite princely,—ten guineas a quarter!

9.
Yes, I own that the butler gets twenty, but then
You must not mind that, for the world, a true preacher,
Says that *he* should be envied, respected of men,
And *you*—well, you know that you're only the teacher!

10.
What is more, when fine company comes, he must show
A decent appearance, while you, truth to utter,
Must be thrust out of sight, up on high, down below,
Just hustled away in the kennel—the gutter!

11.
Ah! I own it's not right that a lady well born
Her days to such mean cruel slights should be giving,
Should be wounded, insulted, thus treated with scorn—
But what can she hope for? she *works* for her living!

12.
Ah! her *living*. It's that which the world can't forgive,
For a lady, a true one's a burthen to others,
But the woman, who by her own labour would live,
A poor helpless slave of these true British mothers!

13.
Yes, and rightly, for we here, instead of the man,
Just worship his purse, like a good Christian nation,
Heap up wealth upon wealth, and—an excellent plan—
Always feed the well-fed, and starve out starvation!

14.
So it just comes to this, that there's naught can atone
For poverty here, where King Crœsus is ruling;
So God help the poor girl that is left all alone,
Her sharp lesson to learn in this world's cruel schooling!

"THE WHIP" IN THE UPPER HOUSE.

THAT erratic philanthropist, the Marquis Townshend, has been induced to withdraw his Bill making it illegal for anyone but a parent to administer to children any sort of corporal punishment. It was very reasonably pointed out by one of his lordship's brother peers that, supposing a child to be living with its aunt, it would be monstrous to make it unlawful for her, under special circumstances, to box its ears; and that an absolute immunity of orphans from all personal chastisement, though pretty in sentiment, would be extremely inconvenient and objectionable in practice. Lord Townshend, however, is not the man to be daunted by such a slight reverse as the fate that has met his well-intentioned effort for the protection of naughty boys, and we shall not be surprised if his lordship next Session introduces into the House of Lords the following half-dozen little Bills, which rumour has already fathered upon him:—

1. A Bill making it penal to "bring out" a young lady until she has completed her twenty-fifth year.
2. A Bill abolishing the use of violet powder, blanc de perle, false hair, and other appliances of a lady's toilet.
3. A Bill lengthening the midsummer holidays of schoolboys from seven to twelve weeks, and the Christmas holidays from five to eight weeks.
4. A Bill for the removal of the houseless and hungry poor of the metropolis to the Kingdom of Dahomey.
5. A Bill prohibiting hot dinners on Sundays.
6. A Bill for putting aside six suites of apartments in Bethlehem Hospital for the accommodation of a like number of members of the House of Peers to be annually nominated by a select committee of that assembly.

Let us hope that next year, when the Irish Church Bill is settled, their lordships will be more inclined to give Lord Townshend's measures a more favourable reception than they have accorded to them this Session. We doubt not but that, with a little judicious moulding, some very excellent laws may result from Lord Townshend's activity. His lordship, however, wants a little more ballast before he can safely be trusted with the carrying through of the numberless social reforms which he evidently has in his prolific contemplation.

A TRAP FOR TRAPPISTS.

IT is stated that the Oxford men who are to row the Harvard crew at Putney next month are living in a condition of semi-seclusion, at a villa on the banks of the Thames near Windsor. They have been rowing out two and three times a day all through the recent hot weather, but in the evening they are allowed an hour to themselves, which they may spend in reading, or in fishing at their discretion. It is, no doubt, highly meritorious on the part of a batch of young men with home ties and numberless counter attractions, to sacrifice their liberty for the honour and glory of a victory over our American cousins; but is it not carrying the training system rather beyond the limits of reason and common sense when a batch of men are compelled to submit themselves bodily to be treated like so many race-horses, forbidden to do this, not allowed to do that, and packed off to bed like naughty boys at 8 o'clock in the evening? These gentlemen, however, evidently possess the virtue of a strict observance of "the rule of obedience." If Dr. Manning could only get hold of the Oxford crew and convert them to Roman Catholicism, what capital monks they would make!

DRAMAS OF THE DOOMED:

or,

HITS AT THE SOCIAL STAGE.

1.—AT HOME.

SCENE.—*The interior of* MRS. RAFFINGTON SMITH'S *house—23 Glamorganshire Gardens, South Kensington, S.W., arranged for one of her "evenings." Time, half-past eleven, p.m.* MRS. RAFFINGTON *discovered, much fatigued, and hot, but standing as if she did not mind it, upon the large hearth-rug in the front drawing-room. Her features wear a perpetual yet painful smile, with which, together with funny little bobs of her head, she greets her guests, who struggle in slowly one by one at the back door of the other room, about thirty feet distant. Around her,* L. *and* R., *a stifling and immoveable crush. Jammed into a window* L., *and trying to make a temporary seat of a little Indian table arranged with a set of highly-chased chess-men,* RAFFINGTON SMITH. *As scene opens, he is listening with much apparent attention to an abstruse disquisition on the latent properties of pulverised magnesium, with which he is being favoured by* PROFESSOR HUNCH, *who, in his turn, carried away by the beauty and depth of his subject, is backing on to the yellow satin skirts, the powdered shoulders, and richly-finished wig of the* DOWAGER LADY MACTOFFY. *In distance, but utterly engrossing the attention of her suppressed mamma,* MISS FLORA MACGREGOR MACTOFFY *(aged five and thirty), who has (by chance) been hustled against the* REV. BURCHEM POTTS, *aged seven and forty, and worth, without even counting his aunt with the asthma, eight hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum. At piano,* U. L. E., *playing, with rather dirty hands, his well-known "Tallopschicheifeilied," with variations, to which no one is listening, the celebrated Polish refugee,* SHOPOROSKI. *Tightly packed in, here and there,* L. *and* R., LORD GIMP, MR. FLOGG, M.P., CHATTERBUSH *—who has written a pamphlet on the main drainage question,* KHOOLI WASHY KHAN, *of the Persian Legation, and* BILGER, *the great African traveller, the lions of the evening. Crowding both rooms, the stairs, the conservatory, the upper landing, the hall, and every available nook and corner of 23 Glamorganshire Gardens, S.W., not absolutely locked in their faces,* MRS. RAFFINGTON SMITH'S *friends, who are enjoying her hospitality, and a temperature of* 91° *Fahrenheit.*

YOUNG FOODLES (*who is new to this sort of thing, and has just managed, by a good deal of physical exertion, to get upstairs, along the passage, and through the back door, addressing* BOODLES, *who has brought him*). I say, old fellow, which is Mrs. Raffington Smith?

BOODLES (*having seen* GIMP, *and made up his mind to get at him—vaguely*). On the rug there. Salmon colour and butterflies. I'll tell her it's all right. (*Makes a movement towards* GIMP, *and pushes* PROFESSOR HUNCH *on to* RAFFINGTON SMITH.)

RAFFINGTON SMITH. Hulloah! look out—there it goes (*seriously damaging the Indian chess-men in an endeavour to save himself from a serious fall sideways on to the* DOWAGER LADY MACTOFFY)—not room to—to (*intending to say "talk about pulverized magnesium," but generalising*) do anything with your house crammed all in this fashion. (*Suddenly seeing* BOODLES, *then brightly, as if he had been looking for him all the evening, and had something important to communicate to him.*) Ah, there's Boodles. Must say a word to him (*making a tenth effort to escape from the* PROFESSOR, *and managing it this time.*) Beg your pardon—(*playfully*)—wonderful thing, pulverized magnesium!—wonderful! One ought to get it up. (*Leaves him for life, then to* BOODLES.) Glad *you've* come. (*Cheerily, and as if it were a good joke.*) Not much moving room, eh? (*pushes forward, tearing two ladies' dresses, and seriously inconveniencing everybody in his immediate vicinity, but still treating it all as a capital joke.*) Beg pardon, I'm sure, but five never would go into four, though, perhaps, Hunch could do it for you (*does it himself several times over, and manages to reach the rug*)—ah! that's better.

MRS. R. SMITH (*in an undertone to him*). What have you been doing? You know I can't stir from here, and Lady Chipp and the Pimples have been sitting on the bottom flight for the last three quarters of an hour, and (*bobs her head prettily to somebody who has just been squeezed into the room*) you have introduced Lord Gimp to nobody, and not spoken a word to him yourself. I have noticed him make several attempts to get out—and—

R. SMITH. I don't wonder at it. I told you not to ask six hundred people; but it's the old story—you *would* do it. (*Feels very hot, and quite ready for a row.*)

MRS. R. SMITH (*calmly*). Will you bring Lady Chipp to me, *dear?* (*This last with emphasis, and a smile, being suddenly conscious that they are watched by* MRS. FITZDRAGONER)—do, *dear*—she's so nice.

R. SMITH. Bring her! I should like to know how the—(*backs on to a tray of ices, is hustled off the rug, and forced gradually back into the neighbourhood of* PROFESSOR HUNCH.)

LADY CHIPP (*on the stairs, addressing* MISS LEONORA PIMPLE, *and concluding a general history of the Raffington Smith family, to which everyone who has been forced to pass the evening more or less on the first flight, has been listening with much quiet satisfaction.*) And I will tell you what's more, my dear. She had a mere trifle settled on her, and if they have twelve hundred a-year between them, it's every penny they have. It can't last, take my word for it, my dear—it can't last, and (*feeling the necessity of a telling circumstantial point*) I don't believe a single scrap of all this new furniture has been paid for (*sensation*).

SWELL 1 (*who has heard the close of the Raffington Smith history,* to SWELL 2). I say, what is this fellow? (*means his host.*)

SWELL 2. Don't know. Think, though, he had something to do with the City—or something of that sort. Know him?

SWELL 1. No, I don't. D'you?

SWELL 2. O no!—seems a great snob! (*also means his host.*) I didn't come here myself, you know (*then, as if it quite altered the case*)—I was brought. I heard that they did things nicely—and (*grows vacant*)—

LADY CHIPP (*still historically*). Family, indeed! The grandfather was an ironmonger, or an iron-founder, or something or other at Birmingham, and as to Mrs. R. S.—well, they *do* say (*drops her voice and says a great deal to the purpose*)—

MISS HONORA PIMPLE (*much interested*). Dear me. I should like to look at her. (*Conversation continued in same charitable and piquante strain for fifty minutes.*)

STOUT SOMEBODY (*with several daughters, who have all been jammed in between the back of the piano and* HERR SCHOMPFEL *—married, and separated from his wife—addressing* MRS. R. SMITH). Good night! (*telling a good one while she is about it*) We have passed a *delightful* evening!

THE SEVERAL DAUGHTERS (*by mutual and tacit consent trumping the statement of the* STOUT SOMEBODY). Oh, I'm sure we have—*delightful!*

MRS. R. SMITH (*punishing the falsehood*). Ah! you must come again (*feeling sure they never, never will!*)—you really must!

[*Much consternation, and at times, danger, caused by the determined departure of the* STOUT SOMEBODY *and* DAUGHTERS. LORD GIMP, *who might have said a word for Young* RAFFINGTON SMITH *to the* CHANCELLOR, *resolves finally, this evening, not to do it. The other Lions, there not having been room to notice them, all feel more or less highly offended.* SHOPOROSKI *is happy over his fantasias, but having been refreshing himself with very doubtful sherry, his happiness is transitory.* MISS FLORA MACGREGOR MACTOFFY *fails in her attack on the* REV. B. POTTS, *who might have said something to compromise himself had the glass been anything under* 86°. *All talk here and there; those who do not know each other well saying it is very "nice;" those who do, hinting it is very much the reverse. All* THINK *it insufferable.* KHOOLI WASHY KHAN *wonders how people claiming to be civilised can consider a stifling crush of* 493 *people into two small, over-heated, and badly-ventilated rooms, for the sole purpose of envying, hating, abusing, but simpering at each other, an entertainment worthy of encouragement and support. Everybody also wonders very much the same sort of thing, but determines most sacredly to come again to-morrow if the* RAFFINGTON SMITHS *give another. General tableau of immoveable and dogged despair.*]

CURTAIN.

LONDON, JULY 31, 1869.

THE WEEK.

"THE Irish State Church is dead, Long live the Irish Land Question!"

THE ladies are still to have a grating in front of them at the House. Very appropriate—the gallery is so hot that they must have a grill (*grille!*).

THE Tory side of the House is deserted. The weather is so oppressive that, like the lawyers, they are obliged to dispense with the Whigs.*

IN the Salmon Fishery Committee, every person that has been examined as yet has had a plan of his own for remedying the present dearth of that fish; in fact, to quote the poet,

"A Committeeman on the dearth,
Hasn't a very pleasant berth."*

"SCHNEIDER" (*vide* her letter to the *Times*) has had a narrow escape. If it were not cruel to laugh about such a serious subject, one might say that the flames, in catching the young lady's ample skirts, were very *enfers* (unfair?)*

THE Earl of Winchilsea is reported to have remarked, in the course of a recent debate, that "sooner than vote for the Government, he would let his head be brought to the block!" No great distance that, my lord!

WHAT has come to the Law Officers of the Government? The Lord Chancellor, the other day, in the House of Lords, at the close of the first debate on the Commons' rejection of the Lords' amendments, showed that those who gave him credit for moderation were rather hasty, for he gave vent to a burst of enthusiasm and hearty indignation which must have astonished the woolsack. In the House of Commons, on Thursday last, the Solicitor-General was guilty of an unpardonable escapade, taking advantage of answering some questions to abuse the Lords most roundly for their rejection of the University Tests Bill. However much we sympathise with the opinions entertained by both the noble lord and the right honourable gentleman, we cannot think their mode of expressing them becoming in persons of their position and dignity.

A TIP FOR TOWN COUNCILS.

IT has at last occurred to somebody that the scroll, the usual form of an address presented to a royal personage, is slightly inconvenient. On the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Manchester, the Princess, instead of receiving the ungainly parcel of parchment hitherto *de rigueur* on such occasions, had handed to her a richly-bound little volume, "gorgeously illuminated" as the reporters tell us. This innovation is certainly in the right direction. Now that addresses to royalty have assumed the form of books, perhaps some radical corporation will go still further in the cause of reform, and let the beautiful binding shelter something worth reading.

* The effect of the hot weather. *Very* mild!—[Ed. TOM.]

COMPETITION IN LONG CLOTHES!

A LAY OF NORTH WOOLWICH.

WHO felt the weight, and scanned the size
Of rival yearlings with surprise,
Yet doubted not to win the Prize?
My mother!

The heat, the Baby-freighted train,
To change thy purpose all were vain:
Was't love of me? or hope of gain,
My mother?

Who let the public eye make free
With secrets of our nursery,
That int'rest only you and me?
My mother!

Who babes with piglings would confound,
Show both for flesh, so firm and sound,
And weigh their merits *by the pound?*
My mother!

Ambition noble! to prepare
Spring infants, fattened up with care,
FIRST QUALITY, TEN POUNDS THE PAIR.
My mother!

If breeders prizes be allowed,
Maternity, to please the crowd,
Concurrently must be endowed,
My mother!

Home joys, my mother, now are cheap:
I pass my time in healthy sleep,
Yet win a cup to pay my keep,
My mother!

PROMISES AFTER DATE.

IT seems to be the fashion now-a-days for members of the Royal Family to make long engagements. The Duke of Edinburgh, before leaving England, mapped out his time for two years in advance, but as his Royal Highness contemplated a trip round the world, he had a reason for doing so. In the case though of other Royal personages "who stay at home at ease," their long engagements appear to be somewhat unnecessary, even if they do not ultimately prove inconvenient. It is, no doubt, pleasant for the public to be kept *au courant* of the intentions of Royalty, and the recent announcement of Her Majesty's projected visit to Ireland *next year* has been received with respectful acclamation; but *next year* is a long time off, and "hope long deferred maketh the heart sick." We trust, however, that nothing may happen between this and then to interfere with a scheme to which the long delay is the only drawback.

NOT A BAD JUDGE.

WE do not agree with those journals which are inclined to carp at the appointment of Mr. J. C. O'Dowd to the post of Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Army, in succession to Mr. Vernon Lushington, Q.C., now Secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. O'Dowd is a barrister of limited experience, be it admitted, but he nevertheless possesses an intimate acquaintance with military law and military matters generally. Indeed, supposing that Mr. O'Dowd was not an intelligent member of the literary world, a much respected gentleman, and a personal friend of several people in high places, there could be no reason whatever why he should not be made Deputy Judge Advocate General of the Army. Perhaps on second thoughts, our contemporaries before alluded to, may come to the conclusion that Mr. O'Dowd has more than a just claim to preferment, and that no better man than he could have been chosen for the vacant appointment.

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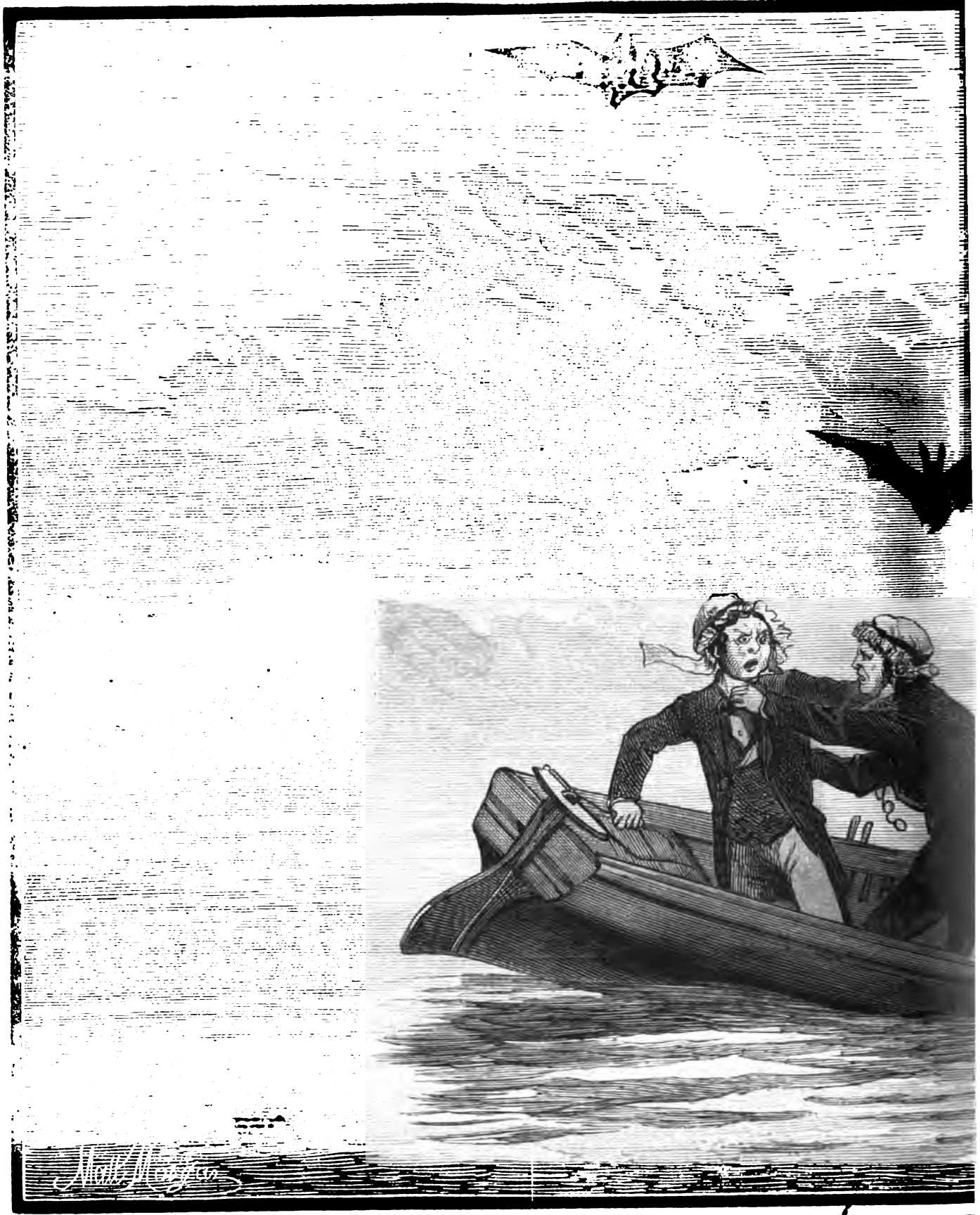
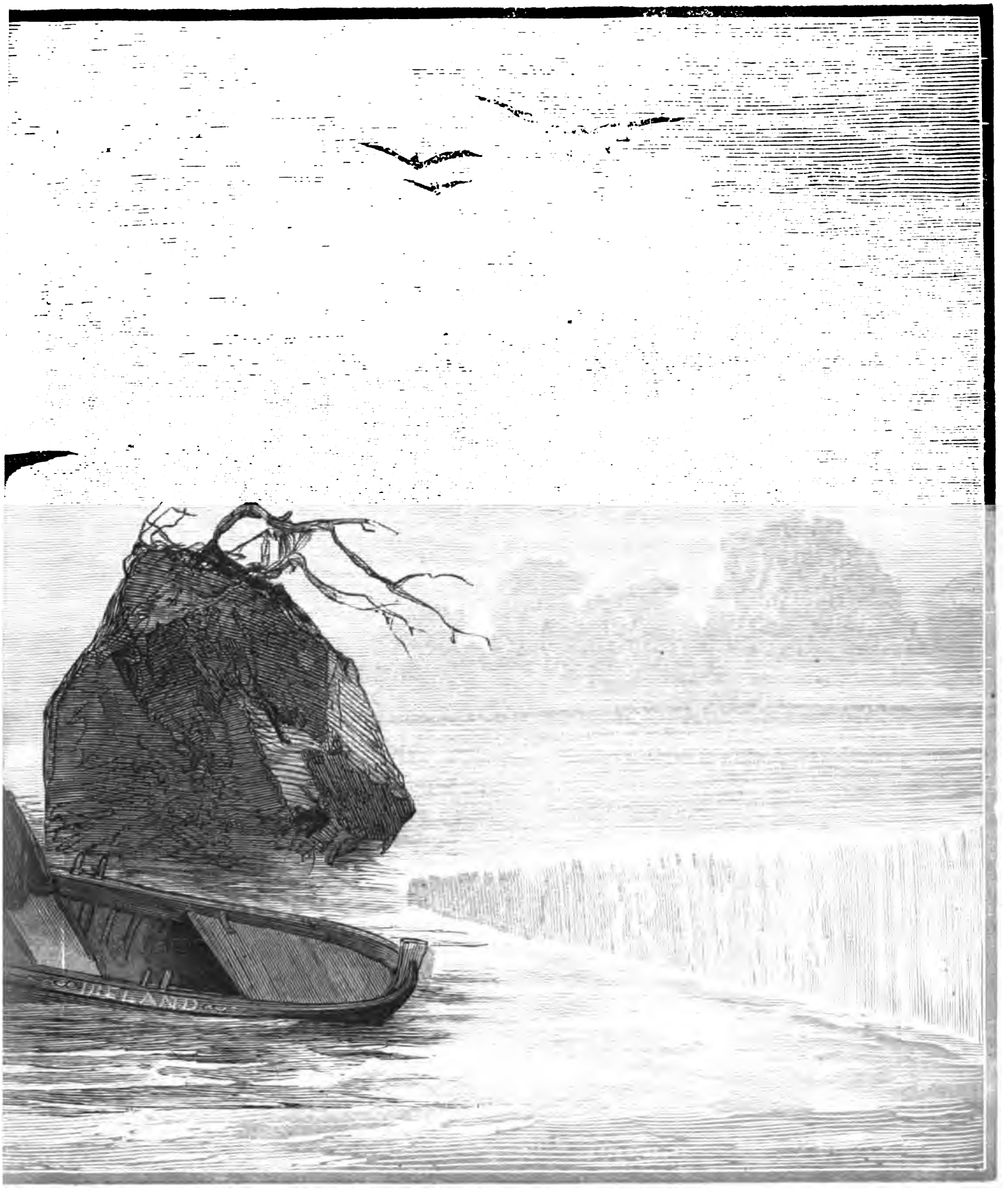


CHRISTIAN

OR,

THEY WILL SINK THE



CHARITY!

) AT BETWEEN THEM.

(Dedicated to the Protestants and Roman Catholics of Ireland.)

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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 42.)

V.

THE sudden incarceration of poor Quillets, which had the effect of bringing the action of Quips *v.* Quillets to a sharp and unexpected termination, and produced a complete settlement of the litigation, was one of the turning points in Little Squigsby's career. It is true Pawkins and Spoff tried all they could to set aside the arrest, and thereby get their unfortunate client out of prison, but they only succeeded in effecting this object by virtually settling the action. Nothing could get over the affidavit of Little Squigsby as to his attendance of the summons. Quillets, when he was liberated, brought an action against Pawkins and Spoff for neglect, and when he had pocketed the damages calmly walked into Mr. Slicker's office and gave him his business. Pawkins and Spoff were furious, and said all sorts of unkind things about Slicker, and about his sharpness being a disgrace to the profession. Slicker only rubbed his hands and chuckled, and Little Squigsby shared his delight, and made his employers roar with laughter when he suggested, with a sort of patronizing pity, "that it was a great misfortune a firm like Pawkins and Spoff did not understand their business."

VI.

Little Squigsby now made giant strides in Mr. Slicker's office and in that gentleman's appreciation of his talents. He was an apt pupil, and if he worked hard it was an enjoyment to him. No one could serve a writ like Little Squigsby, or hunt down a wretched defendant with more swiftness and precision to hand him a bankruptcy summons. No one could so well stagger the victim when he came to ask for time, by telling him what penalties should be inflicted upon him unless he immediately paid. To see the imp sitting on a high stool, with a pen behind his ear, in Slicker's back office, lecturing some unfortunate broken-down professional man about the impropriety of his conduct in getting into debt, and then calmly running his pen up a whole ladder of figures, and smacking his lips as he named the total costs the miserable wretch would have to pay, was really a charming and improving spectacle. In this probationary period of his career, too, he was very good at affidavits. He liked swearing. If any little hitch occurred in the satisfactory carrying on of the litigation of Slicker's clients, nothing put things so speedily right as an affidavit by Mr. Squigsby. Where he got the information from he embodied in the form of affidavits, and then swore to, was not one of the least wonderful of the mysteries which enveloped his abilities. It was almost with a sort of pride that he would hand his affidavit to the Commissioners to be sworn, as much as to say, "See my importance. Here I am, at it again; can't get on without me." When the oath was administered, he would kiss the book with a loud-sounding unctuous smack, that at least brought conviction to his own mind that everything he had sworn to or suggested in his affidavit was nothing but the truth. In getting up cases, also, for trial he was extremely clever. He would, under the instructions of Mr. Slicker, discover witnesses who could testify to facts in the box in the most remarkable manner. "The other side" was always taken by surprise by the witnesses Little Squigsby had unearthed. If the case should happen to be a "running down" one, for instance, what a number of respectable lookers-on could always be produced by Mr. Slicker, who always gave their evidence in favour of his client! Or in railway smashes, how astonished the company always was at the number of unfortunates who happened to be in the train at the particular moment when the smash occurred, and the extent and variety of the injuries they had received, and the losses they had incurred, and who had rushed off in a body to Slicker's office to obtain legal compensation for their afflictions!

VII.

Little Squigsby was invaluable to Slicker; and Slicker's business had increased, managed as it was by his conscientious clerk; and Slicker had grown fatter and greyer than ever; and he got as many clients as he could well attend to; and he had started a country-house; and he drove a phaeton in the Park; and he got such a plethora of money that he began to put his fellow creatures under fresh obligations to him by lending it to them, under a system by which the borrower only escaped the prison or the Bankruptcy Court by paying back twice as much as he had received. Little Squigsby in this time, too, had grown older. He was now of age, and he had begun to picture to himself how long he was to continue grinding and grubbing for the benefit of Slicker. He had picked up all sorts of wrinkles of law; he was a clever practitioner; the clients had shown a disposition to consult him in preference to his employer; and the salary he received had only advanced in a very small proportion, compared to the gold he had enabled Slicker to accumulate; and he therefore commenced to feel a desire to enjoy more considerable personal advantages from the exercise of his talents and professional knowledge. Socially considered, Slicker had always kept him down, and had never admitted him to more intercourse than was necessary to the proper carrying on of the business. "I'll show him," said Little Squigsby, working himself up into a sort of indignation, and dashing down *Lush's Common Law* upon the desk; "I'll show him I can be as great a man as he is: that I will. I'm not going to be his scrub all my life. Not I. I'll take the first opportunity to make my proposition;" and he added with a chuckle, as he affectionately patted *Archbold's Criminal Law*, "I'll dare him to refuse me."

VIII.

The opportunity soon presented itself. It was after a great special jury action had been gained by Slicker, in which the peculiar exertions of Little Squigsby had more than anything contributed to the favourable result, that Mr. Slicker, hugging himself with his success, and mentally estimating what the cost would come to, in the fullness of his ecstacy, complimented his clerk upon his energy, and voluntarily offered him a small increase in his salary, and the immediate bonus of a five-pound note as a reward. Little Squigsby's exhibition of gratitude was striking and peculiar. He took up the five-pound note, read it attentively from the first line to the last, held it up to the light to see if it were genuine, rustled it in his hands, turned it over to see if any name had been endorsed, and then having satisfied himself upon all these matters of detail, he laid the note down again before his employer with his observation:

"You had better keep it, Mr. Slicker."

Mr. Slicker started.

"What do you mean?" he said. "Do you refuse it?"

"I do," said Little Squigsby. "You give it to me, as I understand, as a reward for what I have done for you. I require something more."

"Something more!" cried Slicker, "Well, upon my word, this is a joke. I'm not bound to give you anything, and yet you ask me for more."

"Yes!" said Little Squigsby, very quietly. "Very much more."

Mr. Slicker laughed.

"Ten pounds perhaps you want. Well, this is a cool proceeding, Mr. Squigsby."

"Much more still," said Squigsby. "Money certainly has something to do with what I require; but not all. I am bound to better myself, if I can; and I see an opportunity now of bettering myself, and I mean to do it."

Mr. Slicker looked very disconcerted. This sounded like a notice to quit. He was not prepared for this little bit of sharpness on the part of his clerk.

"What, leave me!" cried Slicker. "I, who have made you what you are; brought you up from nothing; a ragged boy I found on a doorstep; treated you in the most considerate manner. Is this your gratitude? Out with it. What is it you want?"

"What I want is this," said Squigsby, "I want my articles!"

Mr. Slicker gave a start from the table.

"Your what?"

"My articles—I intend to be articled to you. I intend you to give me my articles—mind, I say to give me my articles. You shall pay the stamp duty, Mr. Slicker, and all the expenses, and I will serve you under the articles, as in duty bound, for five years, at the end of which time I shall be an attorney and solicitor as yourself. In order, however, that I may not starve during the interval of instruction, you shall, with a slight addition, allow me a weekly stipend. There! I had better go and draw the document at once, it can be signed to-morrow, and I can enter upon my duties in my new position."

Mr. Slicker almost lost his breath with astonishment.

"I will never consent to this."

"Very well," said Little Squigsby. "Then I know what to do—you mustn't complain if I take my own measures for bettering myself and advancing my position. I might even go and ask for an engagement at Pawkins and Spoff's, and I might even induce them to take up a few cases, the particulars of which I could give them in rather a strong light. There's Jenkins' will case. That might be re-opened with some profit to whoever undertook it, and some damage to Mr. Slicker. There are those trust accounts of Barkinson's which are as well kept out of any further examination. There——"

He was proceeding to enumerate certain other cases, and Slicker was turning whiter and whiter.

"Stop!" cried Slicker, "I see what you mean—I am in your power. You shall have 'what you want.'"

Two days after this, Little Squigsby was the articled clerk of Mr. Slicker.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR BOOKMARKER.

The Puritans. By ERNEST MYERS. London: Macmillan and Co. 1869.

THIS is one of those dramas (!) for which we must hold Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* indirectly responsible. That wonderful work of real genius gave a stimulus to the revival of the classic form of drama, which has not as yet succeeded in producing any equal to its prototype. We may imitate the form of the ancient drama, but Mr. Swinburne's work is a solitary instance of success in attempting to reproduce its dignity, its majestic rhythm, and its deep tragic power.

The Puritans is not a classical subject like *Atalanta*, but it is treated classically. There are only four personages in the drama, and of these Milton is the chief speaker, except the Chorus. We must confess that the name of "drama," if meant to indicate any depth or passion, or a poem dealing with its subject in vivid picturesque language, is a sad misnomer. A more gloomy, not to say dull, piece of antique affectation we have scarcely ever come across, even in our researches amongst the literary lumber of the past.

Mr. Ernest Myers is a clever young man, and he comes of a clever family. His brother is the author of *St. Paul*, and one of the great leaders of the movement for dyeing all women blue. But we would entreat the author of the present work to pause before he tries to scale Parnassus again. No doubt he will find many people foolish enough to flatter him with the title of poet. There is an irresistible attraction for some people in a book nicely printed, written in blank verse, with choruses, and plentifully sprinkled with "yeas" and "nays," and other old-fashioned frippery. Women, particularly, are prone to pronounce such productions poetry—we are getting into alliteration—without enquiring whether there really are any poetical thoughts or even feelings lurking under that venerable disguise. Mr. Myers will, if he give the matter quiet consideration, soon perceive that there is nothing in this drama which might not just as well have been written in prose, and very little which need have been written at all. He will wish, with us, that he had consigned it to the limbo where his other school and college exercises repose. It would be too much to expect a man who had taken a first class to be a poet; but we have a right to expect from him correct versification. We select the following as specimens of inharmonious and incorrect lines:—

"And angry clamour and pushing to and fro."—P. 15.
"Shall presently in a kindlier clime of peace."—P. 16.
"Still living, and deem that he has known on earth."—P. 17.
"All saw full plainly, and how since war begun."—P. 31.
"Look fearfully when they hear that Cromwell comes."—P. 32.
"Holds yet wild revel; neither art thou, O friend."—P. 33.
"Brave also, and he with all his routed host."—P. 44.

In our time blank verse used to have ten and not eleven feet; it also was supposed to have rhythm: but perhaps the advance of intellect has changed all that.

Instances of alternate or consecutive lines rhyming will be found in pp. 16, 17, 18, and 25, in the blank verse portions—a most inexcusable fault.

As for nonsense lines, we will not inflict on our readers all the "mysteries" of this drama.

"What time the young-eyed morning smote the sea"

may be very poetical. It suggests to us a puppy lashing the sea with his tail.

P. 20, in chorus, we find—

"They wondered that none would uphold."

"They" probably had very little knowledge of grammar, or they would not have "wondered that none would uphold" when there was nothing for them to uphold. What is Mr. Myers' authority for "subtilly"? Milton uses "subtly," and there is such a word as "subtilely;" but to Mr. Myers belongs the sole honour of inventing "subtilly."

We should not have dragged this precious drama from the congenial "obscurity" to which it has, we hope, by this time been finally relegated, if it did not represent a class of publication which is becoming a real nuisance. Some industrious and intelligent boy succeeds in producing a prize poem at school; he repeats his achievement at the University; he learns to translate Sophocles, Æschylus, and Euripides with ease; he masters English sufficiently to understand Shakespeare, and upon these premises he concludes that he is a poet. The position which his perseverance and talents have fairly earned, makes his ponderous priggism accepted by many as brilliant originality; he is hailed as a poet by his friends because he has learnt the knack of imitating different modes of versification, and the outside world is expected to fall down and worship this new genius because they cannot understand him. Obscure affectation is to be accepted as deep significance; assumed mannerisms are to be admired as the inseparable crudities of genius. Thus it is that men who are respectable scholars, and who might be useful in their generation as compilers or commentators, are ludicrously exalted as poets and original thinkers. No amount of acquaintance with poetry can make a poet; no amount of study can make an original thinker. A man might just as well claim to be a Sir Walter Raleigh because he had hired an Elizabethan costume of Messrs. Nathan, as call himself a poet because he had taught himself certain antique and quaint expressions which are found in the works of great poets. It is as a pretentious piece of affectation, devoid of imagination, of grace, of elegance, of feeling, or of power, utterly wanting in poetic thought or expression, that we condemn this work. It has the name of a clever man to recommend it, but nothing else.

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

[THE vast success of *Hamlet*, the Grand Opera of M. Thomas, has encouraged him to proceed in the adaptation of Shakespeare's great tragedies to the lyrical stage. We give here a prophetic libretto of the forthcoming work, with the plot, &c. We regret that we cannot supply the music.]

MACBETH.—PART I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Opera opens with a merry-making, which is taking place on the heath near Forres, in honour of the victories gained by the armies of Duncan, led by Macbeth and Banquo, over the Norwegians and their allies, the rebellious Thanes. The Scotch lads and lasses celebrate, in draughts of "Mountain Dew," and in "Highland Flings," the triumph of their favourite chief. Macbeth now enters, accompanied by Banquo, and followed by a train of pipers, dunniewassels, &c., such as generally formed the retinue of a Highland Chief of that period. He announces his succession to the Thanedom of Glavis amidst the cheers of the peasants; while Banquo (who, for the purpose of the lyric drama, is represented as a light-hearted young fellow) good-humouredly announces that he is *not* made Thane of Glavis, but declares his love for Macbeth's beautiful wife, an important addition to the interest of the fable, and one which Shakespeare must certainly have contemplated. Macbeth, in a wild outburst of gratified ambition, dismisses the merry-makers; but in the words "aroint thee" (preserved from the text of the immortal bard), he shows that his mind is dwelling on the Witches, whom, when

alone with Banquo, he informs him they have come to see. Banquo gaily announces their approach in a *presto* air. The Witches now enter, and here our librettist has taken a slight, but very allowable liberty with the text, by making those apparitions less horrible than generally presented on the stage; in fact, bringing them more into accordance with the genius of the lyric drama by representing them like the Syrens,—beautiful, but wicked. The exquisite words of the immortal bard "All hail," &c., are here preserved most religiously. The Witches hail Macbeth successively as Thane of Glavis, Cawdor, and, lastly, as "King that shalt be"—a kind of greeting which fairly staggers the victorious Chief. Banquo laughingly congratulates him in a passage of great brilliancy, and then asks the Witches, "What is to become of him?" the answer to which is, that "He shall get kings, though he shall be none." This excites Macbeth's jealousy, but he does not see the construction of which the prophecy is capable—namely, that if he were dead, Banquo would marry his widow. Macbeth, however, resolves to have Banquo's life, rather than suffer his descendants to share the throne.

The Witches now vanish, and Rosse, Angus, &c., enter, who announce to Macbeth the fulfilment of the first part of the Witches' prophecy; at the same time they announce the arrival of the King, who enters with a grand procession of captives, trained beasts, the head of the Thane of Cawdor, (just executed,) and other accessories of barbaric splendour. Duncan, after embracing Macbeth, announces his intention of coming to stay with him at Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan). Banquo expresses his delight at seeing the object of his illicit affection, and Macbeth, in pregnant couplets, foreshadows the murder of the good old King. With this spirited *finale* the first act ends.

The Scene represents "the Heath," illuminated as if for a fête. As the curtain rises, the virtuous peasantry of Scotland are discovered dancing the national dance, and quaffing the national liquor,—the men attired in half petticoats, the women in three quarters. Ornamental bowers and fountains of whiskey, kippered salmon, and oatcakes scattered about stage.

CHORUS.

We've come out on the Heath to-day
To sip the dew and dance so gay;
It is the Mountain Dew we mean:
The same which the Irish call Potheen!
Dance away.
Drink away.
Dance away.
Drink away.
We've come out on the Heath to-day,
For Macbeth's made Thane of Cawdor they say.

(*Enter* MACBETH *and* BANQUO *splendidly attired. Attendants, music, pibrochs, and dunniewassels.*)

MACBETH.—I Thane of Glavis am
By Sinel's death.
CHORUS.—Hurrah!
BANQUO.—I am not.
CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah!
BANQUO (*confidentially*).—I love Madame Macbeth.
CHORUS.—Oh!—Hurrah!
MACBETH.—Friends away
On this day,
Everybody ought to be gay—
"Aroint thee" then!
CHORUS (*exeunt dancing*).—Hooray! Hooray!

SCENE 2.—*The Heath. Lights down.* MACBETH, BANQUO, *then the* WITCHES.

MACBETH.—Banquo, to-night the Witches three
You and I have come to see.
BANQUO.— They come. The darlings, see they come,
Mounted on broomsticks, oh how rum!

(*Enter* WITCHES. *They are fascinating young women, dressed like the virgins in the "Biche au Bois," by French Leaves.*)

*FIRST WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee Thane of Glavis!"

SECOND WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor!"
THIRD WITCH.—"All hail, Macbeth! that shall be king hereafter!"
BANQUO.— "Why do you start?"
Take heart, take heart.
MACBETH.—To think that I may be king some day,
It fairly takes my breath away.
WITCHES (*a* 3).—Hail! King! that shall be!
MACBETH.—Again! how nice it sounds!
BANQUO.— It does. How pretty are they!
Let me to them speak—attend—
Tell me, my pretty messengers,
What is to become of me?
WITCHES.— Hail! Hail!! Hail!!!
BANQUO (*to* MACBETH).—Nothing but hail for me.
'Tis you alone that *reign*.
MACBETH.—Oh idle jest,
My anxious breast
Such thoughts distract.

[*He reflects gloomily* (*on his breast-plate*).]

FIRST WITCH (*to* BANQUO).—Thou shalst get kings, though thou be none.
MACBETH (*aside*).—Get kings! what mean they?
Perhaps they refer to draughts,
A game which Scotchmen love.
WITCHES (*a* 3).—Hail! all hail! Macbeth and Banquo.

(*They vanish through the air—singing.*)

MACBETH.—"Stay, you imperfect women!"
BANQUO (*gaily*).—I know one perfect woman,
It is his beauteous wife.
MACBETH (*reflecting—aside*).—He will get kings—ah! will he?
Then I must have his life.
(*aloud*) Your children shall be kings.
BANQUO.— But you shall be the king.
MACBETH.—Ha, ha, 'tis very strange—
BANQUO.— And Thane of Cawdor too.
MACBETH.— } Yes, all they say is true.
BANQUO.— }

(*Enter* ROSSE, ANGUS, COURTIERS, LADIES OF THE BALLET, &c., &c.

ROSSE.— } Hail! Thane of Cawdor!
ANGUS.— }

(MACBETH *starts.* BANQUO "*badines*" *with the ladies.*)

ALL.— Hail Thane of Cawdor.
MACBETH.—Me?
ALL.— Yes, you—yes, you—yes, you.
BANQUO.— Yes, he—yes, he—yes, he.
ALL.— Come where the banquet waits.
The King is coming—see.

Grand flourish of trumpets. Procession of captives. The late THANE OF CAWDOR'S *head is borne on a cushion, preceded by the Executioners. Wild Beasts captured as spoil from the Highlanders. Bagpipers. Tame stags. Trained wolves. and a long string of captured maidens. Boys eating butterscotch. Then, last of all,* KING DUNCAN *crowned. Lords, Thanes, fifes, &c. After the* KING *has saluted* MACBETH *and* BANQUO (*and some of the Ladies of the Ballet*).

FINALE.

DUNCAN.— (*to* MACBETH—*recitative*)—Cousin sweet, I am coming to stay with thee.
At Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan).
MACBETH.—Your Majesty shall be welcome.
BANQUO (*aside*).—He will, indeed.
ALL.— The King is going to stay with him
At Inverness Castle (painted by Matt Morgan).
MACBETH.—"Stars hide your fires,
O, do not see "my black desires."
DUNCAN.— I hope that he
Will do the thing
Quite handsomely.
BANQUO.— I am sure that she
Will do the thing
Quite handsomely.

* Wherever compatible with the exigencies of the lyric stage, the words of the immortal bard have been retained.

CHORUS.— Let's hope that he
Will give to we
Plenty of the best whiskey.
MACBETH.—Wink not my eye,
But fear to see
What I shall do ;
"Yet let that be."
BANQUO.— I must not wink,
Nor yet must she,
But what may come ;
Well, let that be.
DUNCAN.— But I may wink,
For I am king,
At my cousin's wife—
Well, let that be.
ALL.— Oh, glorious fun,
Delightful spree,
He always gives
The best whiskey.
MACBETH.—Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,
I'll play my part as host right well.
BANQUO.— Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,
My love will play her part right well.
KING.— Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell,
My knife and fork I'll play right well.
MACBETH. BANQUO. KING. (*a* 3) { Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell, I / She / He } will play { my / her / his } part right well.
and
CHORUS.— Oh, glorious, &c.
(*da capo.*)
MACBETH.—I shall be king, I feel I shall.
BANQUO (*looking at* DUNCAN).—
I should not like the king to be.
DUNCAN (*going*).—Follow your king with mirth and glee.

(*The Procession forms, and the* KING *goes out, followed by Lords, Ladies, &c., &c.*)

MACBETH. BANQUO. { Eye must not see, nor tongue must tell, I will play my part right well.
CHORUS — Oh, glorious, &c.

CURTAIN.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

I SAID a few words last week, young travelling Englishman, to your papa, and now I am going to throw out a hint or two to you. In some respects you are a greater snob than the old gentleman, though, as he has the advantage of you in years, it would better become the dignity of his age were he, when on the Continent, to conduct himself in a more sober and Christian manner. You have one advantage over him, however, and it is a great one, for it pleads often most eloquently in your excuse. Unquestionably you *look* the bigger fool. You cannot always help it, for (your climate, very possibly, is responsible for the fact) by nature you are possessed of a gaping, dead, unintellectual physiognomy, which does not allow you to make a very favourable impression at first sight. "*Il est vraiment curieux*" is the highest eulogy a Frenchman can pass on you ; and when I recall the tremendous types of you I have met with on the other side of the Channel, I really think it is very kind of him to confine himself to so limited a panegyric.

And I am not speaking now of your worst characteristics. I am not alluding to the vulgar blackguard who looks on the continental world from a sort of Haymarket-at-one-o'clock-in-the-morning point of view, and considers a tour undertaken on a foreign soil to be a sort of "spree," which justifies him both in outraging the feelings of the people among whom he is travelling, and bringing eternal discredit upon the British name wherever he turns his steps. Need I remind you of what young English *gentlemen* have accomplished in this line within the last few years? Are not the noble exploits of University men at a quiet town in Brittany, and the considerate chivalry of Anglo-Indians at Cairo still fresh in your memory? Do not you feel your breast swell with manly British pride when you reflect that knocker-wrenching, street-yelling, rioting, and drunkenness have been exported from your native country to all parts of the world, together with her iron and cotton fabrics? Bear in mind, then, that if you wish to distinguish yourself as a leader of this great and respectable class, you must draw your model of the English gentleman from the title pages of raffish comic songs. The doings of "Champagne Charlie" must be your study, and his style and tastes must be yours. If, again, you wish to be more quiet, but yet worthy of your country, you may curtail his nocturnal proclivities, and merely copy from him what is flashy and remarkable. For instance, if you enter a *café*, treat the lady in the velvet chair at the counter with impertinent familiarity. You will notice that the Frenchman—your moral, physical, and intellectual inferior—addresses her with marked courtesy, and takes off his hat on entering and quitting the room where she presides. *You* are an Englishman, so mind you descend to none of this bowing and scraping humbug. Reflect—if you ever indulge your thick head in a reflection—that the buyer and seller are not two equals concluding a bargain, and that the one changes some commodity for money, and *vice versâ*. Look at them both from your British standing point, and then you will see that the person who sells is a snob and the person who buys a gentleman. Convinced of this abroad, as you are at home, you will be sure to behave yourself with becoming vulgarity and bad taste wherever you go. This refers, of course, merely to matters of a pecuniary nature. To be thoroughly prepared to keep up your character, where moral and intellectual questions are concerned, you must bear several important truths continually in your mind. As these truths are of the greatest value, and worthy a separate discussion, I will reserve them till next week. For the moment, dwell upon the great fact that the key to your disreputable conduct abroad is to be found in your utter and pig-headed belief in—yourself.

"THE GOOD OLD SCHOOL."

INSPECTOR TANNER has retired from the Police Force on a pension of £100 a year. Amongst the records of the ex-detective's good services may be found the capture of Mullens, who murdered Mrs. Emsley ; of Forward, who killed the three children in the Holborn coffee-house ; of Hunt, who committed murder in a cab ; and of the notorious Müller, who killed poor Mr. Briggs. It is to be regretted that so useful an officer, who personally bears such a high character for his upright conduct in all matters entrusted to him, should be lost to the Police just at the present moment, when the Force is so sadly short of men of Inspector Tanner's type. £100 a year is but a mean provision for a man who has been of so much utility to the public ; and Colonel Henderson would have acted more wisely if, instead of putting Mr. Tanner on the pension list, he had removed him from the active duty for which we presume he is now a little too old, and placed him in a position of control, where his vast experience and strict integrity would have had a favourable influence on our modern constables.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN SPARROWHAWK.

H o B
E lde R
N os E
R ifl E
Y C
M arc H
A l L
R in O
T A (Tomahawk Almanack)
I lia D
N or E
I se R (and Iser rolling rapidly).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Veritas." Send real name and address, and you shall be attended to.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 118.] *LONDON, AUGUST 7, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

THE IRISH VAMPIRE.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we feel compelled to draw attention once more to the fearful prevalence of assassination in Ireland, and to the almost complete impunity with which the assassins are able to carry on their infamous trade. It is very wearying to be obliged to repeat the same stereotyped expressions on this subject; but the fact of there being little left to say but a repetition of what has been said so often before, and with no result, makes it more imperative on us to take heart once again, and try if the voice of humanity, of reason, of religion, cannot penetrate to the hearts of some of those, at least, who cherish these cowardly crimes by their indifference, their apathy, if not by their corrupted sympathy.

Much is often said as to the small number of crimes committed in Ireland as compared with England, allowing for the difference in the number of the population. We willingly grant that murders instigated by lust and avarice are very rare in Ireland. But we maintain that crimes of violence, assaults, outrages, and assassinations from revengeful motives, or in obedience to some secret society of bloodthirsty, cowardly scoundrels, who are living in constant friendly intercourse with, if not in humble dependence on, the man whom they have marked for their victim simply because he has done his duty instead of sacrificing his employer to their greedy selfish idleness,—crimes such as these, we maintain, are not only peculiar to Ireland, not only frequent in Ireland, but are rendered, by the constant impunity that attends them, the crimes not of individuals, but of the whole people. A murder in Ireland is not as in England—the work of some one wretch, driven mad by drink, or passion, or furious jealousy; but an act of deliberate, cowardly assassination, approved by hundreds, men, women, and children, whom no sense of right or wrong, no horror of bloodshed, no feeling of sympathy for the wife and children of the man suddenly cut down in the prime of life, without warning, without a chance of defending himself—whom, in short, no tender feeling such as the very brute beasts possess, can ever induce to declare themselves on the side of humanity and justice, to aid in bringing the assassin to punishment, to do what little lies in their power to remove the stain of the shedding of innocent blood from those near and dear to them. Some men may call this noble fidelity, we call it brutal cruelty and degraded ferocity. We must go to the jungles of India before we can find any parallel to the treachery, ferocity, and greed of blood, for blood's sake, which distinguishes the moral peasants of Ireland. It is with those who aid and abet these crimes, with those who shelter, encourage, nay, even laud the assassin, that we have to contend. Until we can hit on some punishment which we can enforce on these parasites of murderers, we shall never do anything towards putting down assassination in Ireland. Affectionate mothers, chaste wives, pure-hearted maidens gloat over the bleeding body of some wretched man who has been battered to pieces by five or six cowardly blackguards, merely because the hideous crime was committed in the name of tenant-right. Well may the Government wish to provide lunatic asylums for Ireland, since four out of every five Irishmen and Irishwomen, if not mad on this subject, are so morally corrupted that one shrinks from the contemplation of such loathsome brutality.

It is a melancholy fact that the Irish, as a nation, cannot be roused to a sense of the pollution which attaches to their national character on account of the impunity which attends these crimes. To say that the Government is timid, vacillating, incapable, is to say no more than that it is an English Government of an alien land. To rule by tyranny and injustice, to insult and oppress her tributaries, is England's first idea of government; to this succeeds a dull confused sense of shame, and a drowsy, half-awake, half-asleep, state of conscience which if not true or strong enough to incite the Imperial power to repair past wrongs, and is so feeble and undecided as to fetter the executive power of the law. Between condemning harshly, and pardoning foolishly, the Government of Ireland seems to know no mean; it has not the grace to conciliate nor the courage to subdue its enemies; it is so oppressed with a sense of its past sins that it is incapable of any definite plan for the future. It pounces on harebrained enthusiasts, half crazy youths, who talk about liberty, and wear green sashes, and sing songs, which they suppose to be revolutionary because they cannot understand them; meantime it palters with assassins, and makes heroes of the strong and brutal by making martyrs of the weak and timid.

It seems to us that no serious attempt has ever been made to rouse the feelings of the Irish peasantry, as a whole, against these dastardly assassins. If in every district declarations were issued to be signed by the peasantry, in which they bound themselves by a solemn oath never to aid or abet any assassination, never to shelter, conceal, or associate with any known assassin, and at the same time might record their perfect loyalty, and their desire to maintain order if the co-operation of the priests were invited also in such a movement, we cannot but believe that it would make the detection of crime much easier in Ireland.

But this is a gradual remedy; what we want now is an instant

means of suppression. We must again urge on the Government that in this case severity is the true mercy—and that the whole population in disturbed districts must be made to feel the terrors of the law. We feel certain that by the severest punishment of all accomplices, as well as principals, in any agrarian murder, more lives would be saved than by any mistaken exhibition of leniency. Let us remember that now there is a strong desire to do justice to Ireland on the land question, as we have tried to do it with regard to the Church; but that desire will soon be destroyed by the constant recurrence of such cowardly and savage attacks as have lately taken place in so many parts of Ireland. Surely, in this matter, the Irish might for once recognize the fact that they are morally responsible creatures, and might suggest to Government, and aid in carrying out, some plan which would put a stop to this terrible increase of the most hateful form of crime, which has made the very name of Ireland hateful to the ears of those who can feel for suffering near home, for the calamities of men of their own kin and their own colour.

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

PART II.

THE ARGUMENT.

WE are now introduced to the interior of Macbeth's Castle at Inverness, in a magnificent room of which, hung with splendid decorations, and looking out on the hills and distant heath, we find Lady Macbeth with the open letter from her husband in her hand, in which he announces the prophecy of the Witches. The glorious panorama of gratified ambition spreads itself before her gaze, and in a scena of singular power and brilliancy, she pictures the splendour of the regal state. She at once springs to the same conclusion as Macbeth—viz., that Duncan must be murdered, and in a grand incantation, founded on the words of the immortal bard, she invokes the aid of all evil passions and spirits. Here we must observe our librettist exhibits a touch of divine inspiration of which Shakespeare himself might be proud,—we refer to the introduction of the supernatural element in the shape of the Witches at the end of Lady Macbeth's incantation. The idea of connecting the weird, yet beautiful, sisters of the blasted heath with every crime, that is committed by Macbeth, and his wife, throughout the piece, is quite worthy of the noblest poet of all time. No one can fail to be impressed by the accessories introduced at this point, including as they do the dire commotion of the elements, and the exultant triumph of the principle of evil embodied in the winsome but wicked Witches. The entry of Macbeth is very impressive; with spell-bound gaze riveted on the fascinating demons, he enters through the window, and finds his wife bent on the same crime that has dimly suggested itself to his ambitious soul. The duo which concludes the scene is very airy and graceful, while the phrases in which Macbeth gives assent to his wife's schemes, and the suggestive way in which he plays with his dagger, must heighten the effect of this incomparable situation. The noise of the crowds accompanying Duncan, the guileless unsuspecting King, coming as a guest to the house of the man whom he has loaded with honours, adds to the lyrical and dramatic completeness of this grand scene.

Banquo now enters travel-stained, but in high spirits; he laughingly sings the refrain of the Witches' Chorus, and bows his knee to the future King. Macbeth is much agitated; but is relieved by his wife bidding him go and prepare to receive his Monarch. He goes out, and Lady Macbeth and Banquo remain alone. Womanly curiosity induces her to inquire of Banquo about the interview of the Witches—and he artfully draws such a picture of their charms that the jealous temperament of Lady Macbeth is excited, and at length she becomes worked up to such a pitch that she vows vengeance on Macbeth, and entreats the aid of Banquo in her scheme. She admits the design to murder Duncan—at the same time showing how completely Macbeth will be in their power—and promising on his death to take Banquo as her second husband. Governed by a strange feeling of superstitious awe, he declines to be made King in title; just now the Chorus is heard outside claiming admittance for the King Duncan—and, with a threatening vow against Macbeth, the scene ends.

SCENE.

Grand chamber in Inverness Castle, prepared for the reception of the King. The walls are hung with armour, banners, weapons, skins of rare deer, bears, antlers, &c. Large Gothic window at back, with stained glass, gold mullions, &c., &c.

(*Enter* LADY MACBETH, *splendidly attired. The skirt of her dress is one mass of cairngorms and other Scotch stones, and is fringed with pure beaten gold. She holds the open letter in her hand.*)

LADY MACBETH (*recitative*).—

"Hail, King that shall be!"
What glorious words! And yet I fear
My lord's soft nature is too full of milk.
Come, let me pour my spirit in thine ear,
And with my valiant tongue thy trembling heart chastise.

GRAND SCENA.

"Hail, King that shall be!"
To my heart
These words I fondly lay.
Thou shalt be King;
I shall be Queen—
My soul brooks not delay.

(*With appropriate action*)—

Now, on my brow, the crown I seem to feel,
Sweeping behind,
Majestic folds;
My jewelled train some chieftain holds.
Now subject Thanes I crush beneath my heel.
Oh, glorious sight!
Oh, strange delight!
Come, Glory, come; Ambition's splendours rise!
Born I to reign,
Regal disdain
Lurks on my lips and sparkles in my eyes.
Oh, glorious thought, the crown I seem to feel;
Now, on my brow, the diadem reveal.
For I am Queen—yes, I am Queen,
Yes, I am Scotland's Queen.

(INCANTATION.)

Come, spirits, come,
Come, fiends from deepest hell!
Come to my breasts and turn my milk to gall!
Come, envy, come!
Come, reddening murder, come!
Poison and dagger, swords and pistols come!
In Duncan's throat your greedy hunger slake,
Come, furies, come—my breast your mansion make!

(*Deep thunder heard, and solemn music—in the midst of which the Witches' Chorus bursts wildly out.* LADY MACBETH *stands in an attitude of defiance—with arms outstretched. The air fills with strange lurid smoke, and through the window the* WITCHES *are seen riding on fiery broomsticks, amidst thunder and lightning. Electric sparks fly from their outstretched fingers.* MACBETH *is also seen through the window looking towards the* WITCHES; *he stands as if spell-bound, and then, with head still looking back, glides into the room. Loud thunder, in which the* WITCHES *vanish, singing*—"Hail, King that shall be!")

(*Enter* MACBETH. LADY MACBETH, *at the sound of his footstep, turns, and rushes into his arms.*)

LADY MACBETH.—Oh, worthy Cawdor,
Nay, let me bend my knee (*kneeling*).
Thus I salute your gracious Majesty.

MACBETH (*much agitated*).—What say you? No! not yet.
Duncan is king.

LADY MACBETH.—He is.

MACBETH.—To-night he comes.

LADY MACBETH.—And goes—when?

MACBETH.—To-morrow—oh, to-morrow.

LADY MACBETH (*with strong meaning*).—There's no such day for him.

(MACBETH, *much agitated, draws his dagger, and looks at it. In the distance is heard the* WITCHES' *Chorus*—"Hail, King that shall be!")

Aria and Duo.

LADY MACBETH.—Look like the simple daisy,
Look like the moss so green,
Let wreathing smiles of welcome
Upon thy lips be seen.
Look like the simple daisy—
Look like the moss so green,
But be a very devil,
And keep your dagger keen.

MACBETH.—Yes, like the simple daisy,
Or like the moss so green,
I'll look—but be a devil,
And keep my dagger keen.

LADY MACBETH.— } Look like the simple daisy, &c.
MACBETH.— } Yes, like the simple daisy, &c.

(*After the duo, the noise of the pibrochs is heard, and the shouts of the people and the procession of* DUNCAN *is seen winding down the hills.*)

CHORUS (*in the distance*)—
O how delightful!
O what a spree!
He'll do the host
Most handsomely.

MACBETH.— } Look like the simple daisy,
LADY MACBETH.— } But keep my / your } dagger keen.

(*Enter* BANQUO *gaily, travel-stained—as he enters he sings with much solemnity.*)

BANQUO.—Hail, King that shall be!
MACBETH (*recovering himself*).—Ha! my dear Banquo here!
LADY MACBETH (*smiling*).—I cannot say as much,
But welcome to our hall.
(*To* MACBETH). You'd better go and dress.
BANQUO.—The King is near at hand;
He comes this house to bless.
MACBETH (*aside*).—It is the dying bless—
(*To* LADY MACBETH) I follow your command.
(*Exit gloomily.*)

(LADY MACBETH *and* BANQUO *are left. She seems embarrassed. He goes up to her with a gallant obeisance.*)

BANQUO.—Sweet lady, say—what trouble you oppresses,
(*admiring her robe*)
I swear that is the loveliest of dresses.
LADY MACBETH.—Hush, gay man of compliments!
I would ask you something—
BANQUO.—Ask, and have,
Whate'er it be.
I nothing can
Deny to thee.
LADY MACBETH.—These Witches? 'Tis concerning them
I would something inquire—
How met you them? what are they like?
This, sir, is my desire.
BANQUO.—The Witches! Ah! about them would you hear?
Then while I sing—lend me your lovely ear.

Aria.

Upon the lonely heath,
Whence all but we had fled,
Macbeth and I awaited
These dames with no small dread.
At last we heard the rustle
Of broomsticks in the air,
And then—ah me, that vision!
They all were wondrous fair!

(LADY MACBETH *starts and listens intently.*)—

BANQUO.—Flowing hair,
Pouting lips,
Bosoms fair;
Each darling skips,
With flashing eyes,
From off their steeds.
I think one needs
Some magic spell,
Else one might follow
Such to—well—
With soft round limbs
Beneath their drapery peeping,
They trip toward us, then,
Their bright eyes on us keeping—
Alas! for me no glance, no smile!
On him they flashed their charms the while
With rigid limbs, with fixed look,
From them the poison sweet he took.
LADY MACBETH (*who, throughout the description, has become gradually more and more agitated*).—
Oh rage, oh shame, my bosom cracks!
I'd like to break their broomsticks o'er their backs.
BANQUO.—Peace! Listen now: in sweetest tones
They hail him, Glavis, Cawdor, King—
The very marrow of one's bones
Must melt to hear such creatures sing.
LADY MACBETH (*restraining her passion*).—
What said they then to you?
BANQUO.—For me, alas! no favours sweet;
For him alone their wizard smiles:
Around him supple arms now meet,
Enchained I view him by their wiles.
LADY MACBETH (*crossing*).—Oh, monster!
BANQUO (*laughing*).—Ha, ha, ha! nay, laugh like me.
'Tis what we men should call "a spree."
LADY MACBETH (*apart*).—Burns now my heart with jealous fire!
Oh fiends, my injured pride inspire.
BANQUO (*apart*).—The bolt has hit the mark—she's mine!
Macbeth shall reign, but not for long—
See how she writhes with jealous pangs.
Bravo! I'm paid well for my song.
LADY MACBETH (*coming up to him, and seizing his arm*).—
Say, do you love me?
BANQUO.—Oh, my Queen!
LADY MACBETH.—Revenge I crave.
BANQUO (*aside*).—The shaft was keen.
LADY MACBETH.—Swear to be true!
BANQUO.—I swear—to you—
With maddening love
My bosom's torn.
LADY MACBETH.—Duncan shall die
Before the morn.
Then on his throne Macbeth shall sit.
BANQUO.—Yes, so they said—
LADY MACBETH (*wildly*).—Ah! wait a bit.
The crime which sets him there shall place
His life within our hands—disgrace
And ruin hold we o'er his head. (*Pause.*)
You shall be king when he is dead—
BANQUO.—Never—Prince Consort I might be—
But never call me Majesty.
LADY MACBETH.—Well, be it so—to work—to work—
(*Trumpets, bagpipes, drums, fifes, &c., heard outside.*)
CHORUS (*without*).—Here, at your Castle gates we stand,
King Duncan entrance does command.
LADY MACBETH.—The King is here! away! away!
(*He seizes her hand and kisses it.*)
Revenge and love brook no delay;
BANQUO.—Sweetest, I go—we will be gay.
LADY MACBETH and BANQUO. } Revenge and love brook no delay.
CHORUS (*da capo*). [*Exeunt.*

END OF PART II.

KNOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL!—A certain well-known vulgar phrase seems likely to be exemplified in the case of Mr. Grenville Murray. We have no particular sympathy with that gentleman; but without knowing more of the case than has transpired up to the hour of our going to press, we should be inclined to think his telegram, illness, and plea for an adjournment, had not received proper consideration at the hands of the generally able and impartial magistrate who presides at Marlborough street. One day's grace would have been, we think to the purpose. We do not want, in a case of this sort, a cry of "more knocks than ha'pence."

LONDON, AUGUST 7, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WHY on earth do people cavil because Lord Carington's grandpapa possessed a rather common name? It is better, in these days of noble bankruptcy cases, to date from the *Smith* than come to the *hammer!*

THE most money-grabbing speech in the course of the Church debate in the Lords was made by that canny Scotchman, Archbishop Tait. There was an unmistakable ring of the counter about his Grace of Canterbury's peroration—one, too, that, had the public ear caught a little more of it, in times past, let him be sure to this day, instead of revelling in the godliness of lawn sleeves and £15,000 a year, he would have been plain Rev. Archibald Campbell Tait, and nothing else. It is well that at this season, when we have heard so much worldly nonsense talked about the true nature of charity, represented by fat incomes for thriving prelates, that the people should keep their eyes on those lights who have thus interpreted the plain Gospel precepts. If we are not mistaken, Archbishop Tait refused, not long since, to throw open the grounds of Lambeth Palace for the use and enjoyment of the poor in the dusky and miserable neighbourhood from the centre of which he proudly dates. We are not surprised, therefore, to find his Grace on the side of those who consider a good endowment and a comfortable parsonage-house a greater blessing to humanity than a ward for lunatics. Purple and fine linen came from a Gospel parable, and yet they will cling to its interpreters to the end!

IN a recent number we made reference to a report that had reached us, to the effect that Eton had declined to play a cricket match with Westminster on the score that the latter "was not a public school." It appears that this report was without foundation, and the Captain of the Westminsters has written to us to apprize us of the fact. As such a charge against the Etonians, had it been true, would have convicted them of very disreputable snobbism, we are glad to hear, that, as far as this matter is concerned, they can plead "not guilty." Hitherto, our leading public schools have possessed a soil on which it has generally been found the British snob has refused to take root, and it will be a bad day for us when this wholesome state of things shall have disappeared. As we remarked, however, when dealing with this subject on a former occasion, there are unpromising symptoms to be detected notably at Eton. As regards Westminster, the fact that its representative should generously step forward to clear the character of its not very chivalrous rival, shows pretty clearly that, at least at this, one of our oldest public schools, the feelings proper to English gentlemen are cultivated and rightly understood.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

WHEN I last left you, young English Snob, I was discussing that peculiar vulgar manner of yours which you assume when conversing with people you suppose to be your social inferiors. I was lecturing you on your bearish insular rudeness to everybody generally, and to shopkeepers in particular. I was pointing out to you that the root of all your ill-bred behaviour was your insufferable conceit. Now let us just see into what very unenviable positions its exercise may occasionally place you.

Come into this church. You quit the bustle of the busy city outside, and suddenly find yourself standing, rather amazed, I admit, in the cool shade of some wondrous old dimly-lighted pile. For a moment you *feel* you are in a region where a little decency in your demeanour, a little modesty in your carriage would be graceful and becoming. But it is only for a moment you do feel this. Soon your consciousness of superiority, moral, religious, and intellectual, comes to your aid, and you boldly drag out your *Murray*, don your eyeglass, and *do* the sombre church like any other "thing one ought to see." At first, unaccustomed to notice people in your own country, kneeling here and there on week days amid the formal pews of your own fashionable place of worship, in Raffington gardens, S.W., you feel a little touched at the sight of these quiet earnest figures, who are so wrapped up in their devotions that they do not even heed you, as you push in and out of them, *Murray*, eyeglass, tweed knickerbockers, and all! But you soon get hardened. You wisely reflect that they are either bigots, fools, or hypocrites. In either case their feelings are not worth respecting, and so away you march emboldened at every step, forcing yourself in this direction, backing yourself in that in a fashion you would think quite questionable at home, even in your own essentially "show" church, Westminster Abbey. And if you happen, on an occasion of this kind, to be accompanied,—to be with your party, how wonderfully you conduct yourself then! I have seen decent English girls,—girls who would blush to so misbehave themselves at home,—chatting, sneering, and giggling, even while some solemn service has been going on, and when their conduct has evidently been wounding, to a painful degree, the prejudices of every member of the congregation. Are you aware that the stringent notice now affixed to the doors of the *Madeline* is solely the fruit of the shameless and disgraceful conduct of British Snobs, male and female, who have done Paris the honour of a passing visit? If you think that I am severe, let me put a case to you, *mutatis mutandis*. Imagine, then, that London, not Paris, were the centre of the European world, and that, as a matter of course, it were in consequence thronged continually by strangers from all parts of the continent, but especially by Frenchmen. How many Sundays in succession do you think we should allow a gaping, talking, insufferably indecorous herd of Parisians, to cram themselves into the stalls, get hold of the best places, thrust themselves prominently forward, and occupy the seats meant for the ordinary congregation, say, in Westminster Abbey, for the purpose of misconducting themselves in every conceivable way? Can you picture to yourself some fifty or so "mossoos" interrupting the decorous harmony of the order of Morning Prayer, by standing up when they ought to sit down, sitting down when they ought to stand up, interchanging explanations, and staring through *pince-nez*, and not unfrequently through opera glasses, at the officiating clergymen during all the more solemn portions of the service? What do you suppose would happen? Do not you feel a strong conviction that in less than a month, not a foreigner, who could not conduct himself like a gentleman, would be allowed to set his foot within the walls of an English church? Of course you do,—and yet what have you to say when you know that this is the very sort of outrage you, and those like you, are committing in a greater or less degree from year's end to year's end every single Sunday all over the continent? You will bluster out some excuse about "idolatry" and "superstitious worship." Nonsense. If it be so, keep away. If you do go, however, behave yourself,—or confess that you cannot, because, with all your boasting, you are but a miserable Snob at heart, after all. There, Sir, that will do for to-day, for this peculiar way you have of conducting yourself in a foreign church is one of your most decided features. Do bear in mind that, however you may have reason to be thankful you are not the votary of a religion you do not understand, that the Christian is always the gentleman. Be quite sure of it, there never yet was such a thing as a Christian Snob!

SOMETHING GOOD FOR ST. PANCRAS.—*The Guardians' beverage.* Small *Bere!*

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THE IRI

BROUGHT TO LIFE

"Agrarian murder in Ireland has increased tenfold during the last half year."—*Vide Pall Mall Gazette.*

I VAMPIRE!

BY THE MOONBEAMS.

"It is said that a dead Vampire can be restored to life by the Moonbeams."—*Old Legend.*

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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page 52.*)

IX.

THE transformation of Mr. Squigsby from the grub-clerk into the butterfly article brought with it some peculiar consequences. In the first place, Mr. Squigsby himself suddenly burst forth in all the effulgence to be obtained from a very shiny hat and very shiny boots, and a very bright scarf, and a very heavy watch-chain, and his splendour completely bewildered his former companions. Judges' Chambers and the Taxing Offices were overcome with astonishment, and the Bankruptcy Court regarded him with a sort of silent envy. In the second place, he did not hide his light under a bushel. He gave himself more airs than ever. He even commenced to speak of Slicker as getting beyond his business, as a man that he had pushed on in the world, and as one who would not have had a rap, if it hadn't been for him, Mr. Squigsby. What is more, he believed it too.

"He's old and useless for all purposes of business," Mr. Squigsby would say. "I must stir him up. If it hadn't been for me he'd have been struck off the Rolls long ago; but I must stick to him till my time's up."

It had not been through any deficiency of operations on the part of Mr. Squigsby that Mr. Slicker had not met with the fate to which his clerk referred. There had in truth been several very nasty threatenings to this effect, brought about by Mr. Squigsby's proceedings; but which, however unfortunately for the general public, had been nipped in the bud by compromises effected at the last moment. Mr. Squigsby, as Mr. Slicker's articled clerk, was still as fertile of resources for making money as he had been as the junior clerk.

"I tell you what it is," he said one day to Mr. Slicker, "we're in one another's way in this office, we must have branches."

"Branches!" echoed Slicker.

"Yes," said Mr. Squigsby; "branch offices in different parts of London; we'll begin with one at the West-end—I'll attend to it, and we'll double the business in no time. You shall take it. I'll carry it on in your name."

"But the clients?"

"I'll get 'em," said Mr. Squigsby.

X.

And he was as good as his word. In a very short time Mr. Slicker found himself carrying on a West-end office and an East-end office and a South-end office. The bill he paid for brass plates of "MR. SLICKER, SOLICITOR," to be stuck up upon the door-posts of the various offices he had taken, was considerable. He never went near any of them. Mr. Squigsby managed them exclusively in his employer's name. Indignant clients and tortured defendants rushing violently into the branch offices and asking appealingly for "Mr. Slicker," were informed he was at his country seat, or on the Continent, but that Mr. Squigsby would attend to the matters in question; and well, too, he did attend to them. He attended to them, too, in a defiant manner, the responsibility arising through any blunder falling solely upon Mr. Slicker. The costs he made! and with him "making costs" was one of his greatest talents. The simplest piece of business coming into the office would, by the exercise of his ingenuity, rapidly resolve itself into a heavy bill of costs. If no one got anything out of the litigation or the business, there would still be the "costs," which would have to be paid, and if there were anything to be got, it was ten chances to one if the "costs" didn't swallow it all up, so ingeniously and artfully had they, in the course of the proceedings, been "made." Taxing Masters were powerless in cutting down the items. There they were—the business had been done—and the legal remuneration must be allowed. Mr. Slicker, however, didn't come in for all. Mr. Squigsby insisted upon gratuities and *bonuses*, and all sorts of presents, as a reward for his exertions. It wasn't shares—oh! no—that would not be allowed; but it was voluntary compensation on the part of Mr. Slicker for his clerk's expenses out of pocket; and is there a law so stern that shall prevent a liberal-minded master making a present to his indefatigable clerk—especially such a clerk as Mr. Squigsby?

XI.

From a pecuniary point of view Mr. Squigsby was getting on remarkably well. He had got a bank of his own, a house of his own, a small trap of his own, and a variety of other appurtenances of his own, which are considered evidences of worldly advancement. He was even contemplating a wife of his own; but we must not anticipate. From an intellectual point of view, he was not progressing so favourably. His time of service was upon the point of expiry, and he would have to go through the ordeal of an examination at the Law Society, and whenever Mr. Squigsby thought of this arrangement it became immediately perceptible to his understanding that he was dreadfully deficient in any real knowledge of the law. He had never read. His cleverness was "wrinkles." All his information had been derived from an active practice in the lower branches of the science. He was going up to be examined by the Incorporated Law Society, and he must be prepared for the business. In other words, he must get through—he must obtain his certificate. That was the task he set himself to accomplish. So that he effected the object it did not matter a pin to him how he did it. In fact, if he could get through by hoodwinking the Examiners it would be, in his estimation, all the more convincing evidence of his sharpness, and consequently of his ability to act as an attorney.

XII.

"Seventy-five questions to be answered in writing," mused Mr. Squigsby, as he thought of the nature of his examination. "Fifteen in each department of the law. Common Law, Conveyancing, Equity, Bankruptcy, and Criminal Law, and I've never read a book. Something must be done. If the papers were given out I could pay another fellow to answer them for me, but they have to be answered in the Hall, in the presence of the Examiners—with the eye of the Beadle upon you—that's the deuce of it. By Jove, I wonder whether I could bribe the Beadle to let me copy another man's answers. It would be a glorious way of getting through."

Upon consideration, however, this arrangement didn't appear quite feasible, and, therefore, Mr. Squigsby determined to "cram." For this purpose, he engaged an individual whose occupation consisted in rendering students fit subjects for the most stringent legal examination in the shortest possible period. His operations were to obtain the old questions that had been put at previous ordeals, and cramming the answers to them into the heads of his pupils. The candidate would then have to depend upon the doctrine of chances as to whether the questions that had been previously asked should turn up again at his particular examination, in which case it would be just probable that his knowledge would be just sufficient to entitle him to pass.

"Mind," said Mr. Squigsby as he made the arrangement with his Coach, "no cure, no pay; if I don't get through, you get nothing!"

"All right," said the Coach. "You're sure to manage it if you attend to my instructions; and now let's go to work."

XIII.

They went to work with a vengeance. Mr. Squigsby soon found that the system was one of memory, and every aid he could think of in this matter in order to enable him to remember the proper answers to the most prominent questions was brought into operation. He wrote them on his finger nails, and took his Coach in several times by answering straight off. He had small pieces of paper with answers upon them in his watch-case, which he would refer to as if he were looking at the time. He even lent money to a student he had met in the Library of the Law Society, named Flibber, and who was well up, and was going up at the same examination in the hope that he might prove of service to him upon the important day. "If I sit near Flibber on the day of examination," thought Mr. Squigsby, "I'll make him tell me. If he won't, I'll sue him for the money he owes me."

XIV.

The important day came at last. In the Hall of the Law Society in Chancery Lane the candidates were assembled. The Examiners had taken their seats. The Chairman had made a speech concerning the importance of the undertaking before them, and then the papers had been delivered. Mr. Squigsby was in a fever of agitation. He glanced through the questions; he could make nothing of the majority of them. They were apparently all new ones. He referred to his nails, black with written answers; he referred to his watch-case: there was no

solution to the riddles. Upon looking up, however, he perceived Flibber sitting at an adjoining table. Now or never. He wrote on a small piece of paper, "Send answers to first four Conveyancing." This he folded up small, like a pill. He watched the Beadles with the eye of a cat, and when their backs were turned he flicked the pill across to Flibber. Flibber got it; wrote on a piece of paper and flicked a pill back to Squigsby. This was done twice. Squigsby was getting on capitally. Unfortunately, the third time of "pilling," the pill missed Flibber and hit another man. The Beadle turned, seized it, put the pill in his pocket, but said nothing. He had seen the whole proceedings.

* * * * * *

Both Mr. Squigsby and Mr. Flibber were plucked.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR PUBLIC CHARITIES.

WOULD'ST thou be charitable? Good, my son.
My blessing with you; but the lesson keep
Of these few precepts. Let thy memory,
I charge thee, boy, stand sentry on my words.

Now secret charity is out of date;
And old-world sentiments of abstract good,
With other moral lumber of the past,
Are stowed away, and mouldy with neglect,—
But wrecks and dusty skeletons of thought
That rot unheeded in these days. Beware
Of bounty given in your private home,
And cheques that lurk between thy paper-folds.
Give ear to Fashion—we are all her slaves—
And wince not at the galling of the chains
Forg'd by that turn-coat Goddess: she usurps
The throne of conscience, and dictates, as law,
The latest etiquette of doing good.
What though "each morn new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face," dull not thy palm
With gold, unwitnessed. True, there is a joy
Of small donations chronicled in type,
And with such trifles thou may'st tune thy heart
(Whilst picking out thy poor half-guinea plum)
To th' old song of "How good a boy am I!"
Nor yet be out of fashion:—but this age
Of Show and Glitter finds a grander mode,
A pomp and circumstance of Charity,
A proud parade of Purses offered up,
In all th' enthusiasm of gentility,
At Fashion's shrine! Thrice blessèd is the gift,
Laid bare indeed before the eyes of men,
Yet, in its modesty, that asks no thanks
But the short glory of a Princely bow!—
This above all,—put money in thy purse,
But give *by rule*,—and reap the rich reward.

"SIMPLE IGNORANCE, SIR."

OUR much-respected contemporary, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is not immaculate. In one of its "Occasional Notes" the other day regarding the Rev. Mr. Purchas, of Brighton, is published the following lively remarks:—

"Besides all the other wonderful ceremonies which he has introduced into his church, and for which he is about to be tried before the Court of Arches, he is charged with 'rubbing black powder on members of the congregation.' This certainly is the most incomprehensible development of Ritualism that ever amazed the bewildered Protestant mind. What can the process possibly be? What is the black powder itself? And when is it rubbed on members of the congregation? It is to be supposed that the members are themselves parties to the proceeding; but whereabouts are they rubbed? On their faces, their hands, or on some part of their clothes?"

Who ever wrote this can evidently never have been in a Roman Catholic church on Ash Wednesday, or he would have had no difficulty in associating Mr. Purchas's vagaries with the ceremonies of the Roman Church on that day. Mr. Purchas seems bent on making himself extremely ridiculous, but this time he can bring forward some kind of precedent for his last bit of "Ritualism."

A FIRST OFFENCE!

THE Act for the better preservation of sea-birds, passed some time ago is having a beneficial effect. The first conviction has actually already taken place, a certain tradesman of Sheffield having the other day, been fined half-a-crown for shooting eight-and-twenty gulls at Flamborough Head. As this is the first offence that has been committed since the Act was passed, it is no less satisfactory to note the alacrity of the police authorities, who have dragged the offender before the tribunal of justice, than the severe punishment with which the magistrates have visited the crime. Really though, if we are to expect cases of this kind to occur once every two years, which, according to police experience, is about the rate to be expected, the force should, in all fairness, be augmented for the heavy extra duty imposed upon it.

TO THOSE IT SHOULD CONCERN.

IS there no one to look after Mr. Briarly, the aged barrister, who has been recently so sorely trying the patience of an English Court of Justice? It was only a few days back that, but for the kindly moderation of Chief Justice Bovill, Mr. Briarly would assuredly have got into trouble. But, nevertheless, within a few hours of his escape, the erratic member of the Bar was brought up at the Guildhall, before Sir Benjamin Phillips, to answer a charge of being disorderly in the roadway near the New Meat Market, and of assaulting a telegraph clerk. This time Mr. Briarly did not get off so easily, for Sir Benjamin Phillips ordered him to enter into his own recognizances in £50 to keep the peace for six months, and cautioned him that if ever he found his way to Guildhall again he might not expect any further leniency.

It is painful, not to say disgraceful, that an old member of an honourable profession should be permitted to make himself a laughing-stock of the town. Mr. Briarly has evidently got it into his head that he is a deeply-wronged and cruelly-persecuted individual. In the absence of friends or relatives it would not be out of place for the Inn of Court to which Mr. Briarly belongs to interfere to protect the aged gentleman from himself.

PLEASANT FOR THOSE WHO LIKE IT.

THE leave of absence of his Royal Highness Prince Arthur from Woolwich commenced on Saturday last, and, adds a military contemporary, "will probably extend over nine months." It is no part of our duty to inquire if it is usual to give junior lieutenants of the Royal Artillery leave of absence for three-fourths of each year. But if this even is the case, it may be satisfactory to remind the journal from which we quote that his Royal Highness Prince Arthur has no intention of being idle, but is about to proceed to Canada, there to join a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, with which he will serve during the winter months. It is the more surprising that this point should have escaped the knowledge of our contemporary, as we believe a rather lively discussion has lately arisen in the battalion of the Rifle Brigade to which Prince Arthur is to be attached, as to whether the honour of having his Royal Highness temporarily attached to it will compensate for the inconvenience to which both officers and men have been subjected by the return of their corps to this country (which in the ordinary course would have taken place this spring) having been delayed for an indefinite period to suit the Royal subaltern's whims and fancies. Whatever conclusion may be come to, however, on this point, that Prince Arthur intends to take nine months' leave in its usually accepted sense is altogether a mistaken notion, as some eight hundred of his fellow-countrymen, who are about to spend one more winter in Canada than the rules of the service award them, will cordially attest.

THE TORMENTOR UNMASKED!

OR,

HOW TO PAY OFF AN OLD SCORE!

A SUCCESS (?) IN THREE ACTS.*

BY W. S. GILBERT, ESQ.,†

Author of "The Pretty Druidess, a Burlesque," and other Tragedies.

[This piece, which is evidently no translation from the French (our "lively neighbours" have *some* idea of construction), is affectionately novelised by an admiring critic—the editor of the TOMAHAWK.]

CHAPTER I.

Calthorpe's Villa.

HAROLD CALTHORPE was a particularly nice young man—that is to say, he insulted his father, swore at his friends, and bullied his mistresses. His enemies said that he was coarse, and deserved a good thrashing for his impudence; his friends, on the other hand, declared him to be blunt if cynical, with an honest heart, but an unpleasant vocabulary. However, both friends and enemies agreed on one point—never to ask him to their houses. "He had the principles of a certain sort of nobleman," they said, "but the manners of a cad." Alas! Alas!! Alas!!!

One day Harold was lounging on a sofa in his father's house and listening to his cousin Ethel's performances on a cottage piano.

"Shut up that confounded row," said he, after awhile, with his usual politeness. "Your playing is simply beastly!"

"You used to like it once," replied the fair musician, making eyes at him; "before I was engaged to James Casby, a Bombay merchant."

"He's a jolly muff, I *do* think," was the retort. "A muff! Why he's a downright fool, a duffer, a h'ass, a filthy idiot!"

"Enough!" said the proud beauty sternly. "To judge from the vulgar language you use, one would imagine that you were acting the part of a 'gentleman' in one of W. S. Gilbert's comedies! Not only that—Casby is one of my intendeds—I might almost observe the chief of them!"

"But you loved me once?" whined Harold.

"And do now," cried the beauty quickly. She added with a smile full of bright joyous meaning, "Wait till I am married to Casby, and then you shall see how true is woman's heart."

At this moment Casby lounged into the room. After a row with Harold, conducted in not very choice Billingsgate, he ousted his rival, and seated himself beside Ethel, his wife elect.

"Darling," he murmured sweetly into her ear. "My darling," and then he continued in impassioned accents, "I once was a clerk in the city. I had been put into the office by Colonel Calthorpe, your uncle and Harold's father. Well I remember the day. Grey shirtings were at 23¼, butter was firm, tallow lively, and Consols quoted at 92⅞ for a rise."

And he breathed with a lover's tenderness his commercial nothings into her unwilling ear.

"I never loved you," was all she said.

They wandered away together, and their place was supplied by Harold and his father, who now entered the room.

"He does not know that I have forged Casby's name to a bill," thought the old man.

"He does not know that I am making disreputable love to Mary Waters, the nursery governess," murmured the young one.

"I want £50," began Harold.

"You shan't have it," said the colonel. "If you have done any bills—they can't come down upon you—you are under age."

"Thanks for the information," replied his son, with more feeling than he had shown for months. He added, in a surly tone, "In spite of what you say, however, I must have £50. If you don't fork out I'll punch your head, you dirty old blackguard!"

"Such language to me!—is it filial?"

"No, but it's gentlemanly! Mr. W. S. Gilbert thinks me a an awful swell, I can tell you. Why, he's written a piece, and I am the hero of it!"

At this moment Casby, Mary Waters, and Ethel rushed into the room.

"Look here. I tell you what I will do for you," said Harold, wild with rage at his father's refusal, "I will just marry this girl, Mary Waters, and leave your house!"

"Come, don't be a fool," said Casby.

"Shut up!" cried Harold, "as for you—you are AN UNUTTERABLE CAD!"

CHAPTER II.

The Chambers in Gray's Inn.

Harold caught the scarlet fever, edited a satirical paper, and prospered. But he was sad, he said.

"My old friend, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, is having a row with me. I am awfully sorry. He declares that I sell my friends at a guinea a piece. Too bad. I know it's a crime in the literary world for a young man to succeed, but then it's really too bad! It's just what that literary hack, Type Bourgeois, observed when I wouldn't let *him* write for my paper. It's what they all say when I won't employ them. But then Bourgeois and some of the rest don't contribute to a rival and more satirical paper (price one penny) as Mr. W. S. Gilbert does, and that may make all the difference. I wish he was good enough for us. His 'Bab Ballads' in *Fun* were not bad; I mean some of them. The *Spectator* said they were coarse; well, *I* like coarseness. However, my friend W. S. G. has been too severe; he shall see that he has wronged me. *If I ever write a comedy I will never be such* AN UNUTTERABLE CAD *as to put a man I have regarded from childhood as my friend, and with whom I have never had a quarrel, into it for all the town to stare at.* NO, NO—THAT WOULD BE TOO COWARDLY AND BLACKGUARD! Yes, W. S. G., you shall see that you have wronged me—wronged me deeply!"

And Harold wept. He felt that his friend had been too hard upon him.

By-and-by Mary Waters entered, and the two young people spooned copiously.

"Is it wicked to marry?" asked Mary.

"Oh! it has been done," replied her lover, "as somebody has said already, in Tom Robertson's comedy of *Dreams*. I like Tom Robertson's pieces, and often quote from them. So does Mr. W. S. Gilbert in *his* pieces."

At this point Colonel Calthorpe entered the chambers, and explained that he was Lord Ovington Square—that all his relations had sunk with the Margate steamboat.

Harold, now "*the Honourable*" Harold, at once kissed Mary, and deserted her. What else could he do? Is he not the hero of my story, and a gentleman? Not only that, it's a way with some young authors.

CHAPTER III.

Ovington Grange.

Lord Ovington (without a collar) and Casby (in a wig with a false forehead to it) were together.

Said Casby to Ovington, "You are my benefactor, and I hate you for it."

Said Ovington to Casby, "Both facts are known to me."

Said Casby to Ovington, "You have forged my name to a bill, and I have stolen it, to the great loss of him who discounted it for you. Holding it, however, I can bully you or transport you. Being mean and pitiful, I prefer to bully you. You brought me from the gutter. I take you from the felon's cell." He continued in the same ungrateful strain for five minutes, and ended the interview by observing, "I burn the paper—we are quits."

Edith rushed in, and flung herself upon his breast.

"I never loved you," she murmured.

"Well, then, what do you want?"

"To marry you; no other fellow will have me."

"Well," said Casby, laughing, "as this story may some day be turned into a piece, I may as well consent. This incident would convert the drama into a comedy."

"Or (in the next act) into a tragedy," thought Edith; and she threw a glance full of love at her cousin Harold, who had entered the room with Mary.

"Now, no more larks," said that young man, elegantly, "I have made it up with W. S. G., and have given up my satirical paper (it caused too much jealousy), and intend henceforth to be a gentleman in the strict sense of the word. I will give you a

* For further particulars apply to the lessee of the Gaiety.

† *Vide* Play Bills.

glimpse into the future. I shall marry Mary, and perhaps leave her a good deal to herself (women like it), and perhaps write a burlesque, or something equally intellectual—and, oh! I shall be *such* a lady's man!"

THE END.

A LA MILITAIRE.

WITH a view to the possible recurrence of the hot weather of last week the following General Order has been issued by the General Officer commanding at Aldershot, who has obligingly supplied us with a copy:—

"Head Quarters.

"In very hot weather, when the sun is unusually powerful, all troops on parade between the hours of 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. may be permitted to appear bareheaded, without helmets or shakos, as the case may be. The men will, therefore, in future have no reason to complain of the weight of their headgear in hot weather.

"On field days, when the heat is very oppressive, all belts should be worn an inch tighter than usual, and the black leather stocks should also be compressed, as such alterations will act as substantial supports to the soldier suffering from fatigue.

"Arrangements have also been made that, during the continuance of the fine weather, new boots shall be served out to all the troops in camp, who will have the advantage of using them before the ground becomes damp and muddy, and their shape is affected by exposure to the rain.

"If after these concessions men persist in falling out from the ranks (as numbers did on a recent occasion during a brigade and divisional field day, pretending to be in a fainting condition), such conduct will be considered as insubordinate, as it is subversive of discipline, and men so offending will be subjected to four hours a day extra drill until Michaelmas, and their pay will be put under a stoppage of 6d. a day for a period of not less than six months.

"By order of the General Officer
"Commanding the Troops in Camp.

"Aldershot, 20th July, 1869."

No doubt the authorities at the Camp know what they are about, for were we not assured by Mr. Cardwell (who had to answer an impertinent question put to him by Mr. O'Reilly in the House of Commons the other night, on the subject of field days in very hot weather) that the arrangements at Aldershot were in the hands of a "most distinguished and experienced officer." (?)

It was the old Duke of Wellington who defined martial law as "the will of the general in command." It seems now that experience is another word for inhumanity.

L'AMENDE HONORABLE.

MR. GLADSTONE'S apology for having sent the Peers "up in a balloon" has proved a good example. Certain gentlemen, who feel that they have recently exceeded the bounds of decency in their conduct to their opponents, have addressed to them the following letters, which we have much pleasure in reproducing:—

Apology No. 1.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Lord Salisbury presents his compliments to Mr. Gladstone, and regrets that, in the heat of debate, he so far forgot what was due to his own dignity as an English Peer as to allude to Mr. Gladstone as "an arrogant man." Lord Salisbury assures Mr. G. that he had no intention of offending him, and that when he made use of the expression he did not think Mr. G. the sort of person to take it up. He promises Mr. G. that it shall not occur again, and that, should he ever be fortunate enough to find a seat in the Upper Chamber, Lord Salisbury for one will be glad to make his acquaintance.

House of Lords,
Saturday.

Apology No. 2.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, BART., TO CAPTAIN VIVIAN, "WAR LORD" OF THE TREASURY.

London, July 29, 1869.

SIR,—Perhaps you may remember, on a certain occasion early in the present Session, when a debate on a military subject was engrossing the attention of the House of Commons, I remarked in a spirit of *badinage* on your absence, and made a mild joke on the practice you indulge in of smoking in your room at the War Office, being well aware, as I was at the time, that your absence was really occasioned by a most shocking and crushing domestic bereavement under which you were at the very moment prostrate and broken. The "scandal" to which I allude having since become too public to necessitate my shrinking from an allusion to it, I now beg to remind you of the course I adopted at the time of its occurrence, and to apologise for any annoyance my remarks may have caused you. I have no hesitation in thus frankly addressing you, as I have always prided myself on being "a thorough gentleman," as my proverbial politeness, my patent leather boots, and my flowered button-hole serve to testify; and it very naturally puts me out that my little joke, to which I must again allude, should have been construed into a cowardly, dastardly, and vulgar attack on a suffering man.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
J. S. PAKINGTON.

To Captain the Hon. J. Vivian, M.P.,
War Office.

Apology No. 3.

MR. WHALLEY TO DR. MANNING.

House of Commons,
August 1, 1869.

MY LORD ARCHBISHOP,—My conscience at length compels me, in defiance of the provisions of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, to address your Grace in order that I may withdraw the many wanton misstatements I have made this year reflecting on your Grace, and on the Church of which you are so bright an ornament. It is not because I have received several threats of corporal chastisement on the steps of my Club from Roman Catholics, or because the assembly to which I have the honour to belong has so impatiently listened to my attacks on the Roman Catholic religion, that I now humbly express my profound regret for the violent abuse, the nasty insinuations, and occasional untruths of which I have been guilty; but because I am about to take my annual holiday, which it is impossible I can properly enjoy with these heavy sins on my head. Once more renewing my sincere apologies, in which, I doubt not, my friend Mr. Murphy (a gentleman whom I have always found most amenable to my direction) would join me if he were here,

I have the honour to be,
My Lord Archbishop,
Your Grace's devoted penitent,
H. G. WHALLEY.

To His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster,
&c., &c., &c.

We trust that other members of the Legislature may follow on the same side. We suppose that Peers and Commoners, in a greater or lesser degree, are endowed with consciences, and, such being the case, it is simply impossible that certain of their number can ascend the Righi, traverse the moors, or even dip themselves in the sea with any sense of enjoyment or mental repose until they have meekly done penance for their sins during the Session.

WHY did the Volunteers, recently encamped at Wimbledon, remind us of a member of Parliament, who, to gain his seat, has had to tout extensively for votes?—Because they thoroughly appreciated strong canvas.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.—It turns out that the reverend gentleman who preached the recent *cat* and dog sermon at Woolwich was a Mr. *Kit*son!

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No 119.] *LONDON, AUGUST* 14, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND YARD.

If anything were wanted to bring the state of popular feeling to a crisis on the subject of the Police, Mr. Bruce has supplied it in his answer to Mr. Eykyn, on Tuesday night. Mr. Bruce has distinguished himself during his short tenure of office as Home Secretary by something greater than incapacity: he has exhibited a callous ignorance of his duties, a mischievous perversion of trust, and a misapprehension of truth, of which any old Whig or Tory official, in the most corrupt and degraded era of Parliamentary government, might have been proud. Let us examine his speech of Tuesday last, in order to justify our laudation of the right honourable gentleman.

We quote the official reply in its entirety:—

"Mr. Secretary Bruce was unable to accede to the motion, inasmuch as there existed no correspondence whatever upon the subject. The hon. member was perfectly right in bringing under the notice of the House any case in which he thought the police had been guilty of improper conduct. He (Mr. Bruce) was not there to defend the police, but was simply there to listen to statements regarding them, and see that justice was done. What in this case he was asked to do, however, was to undertake the prosecution of certain policemen, whose guilt after the most careful examination he very much doubted (hear). His hon. friend had himself looked at the papers in connection with the case and had read the result of the inquiries made by the chief commissioner of the police; and having done so he candidly asked his hon. friend whether he believed the case against these policemen to be so very clear as was generally tried to be made out. He (Mr. Bruce) had himself carefully looked into the matter, and he hesitated not to say that very grave doubts existed in his mind as to the truth of the imputations thrown upon these men. And yet, having that doubt upon his mind, he was asked to institute a prosecution for perjury against them. The whole of the case was open to very grave suspicion. Some young men on their way home to Pimlico found it necessary to go to the top of the Haymarket in search of a cab, although it was proved that there were cabs upon the stand at Trafalgar Square. One of the most trusted and truthful inspectors in the force stated that passing by the Haymarket he saw a considerable disturbance, although he did not see the young men in question. He passed on his way, but finding that the crowd increased he turned back and found the police in conflict with the young men, who had their umbrellas raised over their heads. Since the case had been tried before the police magistrate a good deal of additional evidence had been obtained, and under the circumstances he declined to take the course suggested by the hon. member for Windsor. The remedy which the young men had was a simple and an easy one. They were not called on to prefer an indictment for perjury against the police, but had merely to go through the simple and inexpensive process of summoning the police for assault. The cost would be next to nothing, and if the young men were successful it would fall upon the police. Under these circumstances he declined to interfere."

Now we venture to assert that for cool insolence and utter disregard both of truth and justice this reply cannot be matched. Mr. Bruce begins by a paltry equivocation. He continues with a delicious piece of impudence. He (Mr. Bruce) very much doubts the guilt of the Police—that is to say, he sets himself above the decision of the magistrate who tried the case, above the almost unanimous conclusion of every person who read or heard the case, that the young men were perfectly innocent. He sets himself above all law, truth, and justice, and because *he* "doubts the guilt of the policemen" on ex-parte statements, the truth of which had never been examined into, he declines to produce the papers which caused his doubts, or to take any step to prove the innocence of those whose guilt he doubted. Mr. Bruce next insolently demands of Mr. Eykyn, to whom he had shown these very papers, if they did not operate as much in favour of the Police on his mind as they had on that of Mr. Bruce. As if Mr. Eykyn would have brought forward his motion in the terms he did had they done so. Then this great official goes on to imply that it is a very suspicious circumstance to walk a few yards in search of a cab, instead of selecting one from the nearest stand. Now comes a wonderful piece of evidence confirmatory of Mr. Bruce's views. "A most trusted and truthful inspector of police passing by, saw a considerable disturbance, but did not see the young men in question." This paragon of policemen turned back and found the police in conflict with the young men, who had their umbrellas raised over their heads!!! This is truly satisfactory. If the young men were the attacking, and not the defending, party, why did not this spotless inspector come to the help of his subordinates? Why was not he called at the inquiry before Mr. Knox? If his evidence was so important as to be able to convince the colossal intellect of Mr. Bruce, surely it might have had some effect on the ordinary intelligence of Mr. Knox.

"A good deal of additional evidence has been obtained since the inquiry before the magistrate." Why not give it? This is the reason which Mr. Bruce gives later in the evening: "He could not publish these papers without gross injustice to these young men." Now, is it possible to conceive any conduct more utterly base and dishonest on the part of a Minister of the House than to declare, in his official capacity, that he is in possession of evidence which is sufficient to reverse the decision of a magistrate of great acumen and experience, given after a long and careful inquiry,—a decision which acquitted of a most grave charge three young men of respectable position, whose bread depended on their characters,—and to refuse to produce this evidence on the implied grounds that it would irretrievably damage the characters of those young men? We declare, without the slightest scruple, that Mr. Bruce deserves to be severely punished for the basest form of libel; and that,

after such conduct, his retention in the Ministry is a disgrace to it and the country alike.

But Mr. Bruce had not yet exhausted his stock of wise and benevolent utterances. "The young men could prosecute the Police for assaults;" "this would cost next to nothing," &c., &c. But the humorous intellect of Mr. Bruce could not perceive that the offence of the Police, paid servants of the State, was not an assault, but wilful malignant perjury; and that, in their official capacity as defenders of the public peace. There may be no precedent for a public prosecution under the circumstances, but we venture to assert that any Judge would, in any ordinary trial, have committed the witnesses for perjury in a similar case, if they had been mere private individuals. But we all know the Police are not private individuals; they are the pets of Scotland Yard, and are tried and punished (if at all) for such little failings as wilful and malicious perjury by a secret tribunal, of which the decisions can as little be questioned by public opinion as the evidence on which it decides, both being equally concealed from the knowledge of the outside world.

We have again and again pointed out that there is but one remedy for the present state of insecurity which, rightly or wrongly, people feel with regard to the Police, and that is, to insist that all members of the Force who shall be accused of any violence, or be practically condemned by a magistrate for giving false evidence, shall be tried publicly for that offence, and punished with severity. As long as the Commissioner of Police is allowed practically to override the law of the land by holding private inquiries into the conduct of offending members of the Force, so long will dislike and distrust of the Police exist in the minds of the public. It would be strange indeed if the Police did not number among their members ignorant and brutal creatures, who used their brief authority for the purpose of oppression. For the sake of the many worthy, brave, and honest members of the Force, these black sheep should be punished with as much publicity as possible. It is not too much to ask that the Crown should undertake in these cases, as it does in others, the punishment of those of its servants who betray their trust and abuse their power. Bankers might just as well leave to their customers the prosecution and punishment of defaulting clerks, as Government leave to individuals the expense and labour of bringing to justice those paid preservers of public order who convert themselves into licensed highwaymen. The Police do not need protection from the public so much as they do from themselves; it never ought to be possible for them to acquire in a public court the stain of suspected perjury and cruelty, which cannot be wiped off in an equally public court.

As for Mr. Bruce's share in the case, which led to the remarks which we have made, on him much more than on the Police Commissioner lies the disgrace of this scandal. It is impossible to expect any reform from within in the officials of Scotland Yard, if they can always rely on the unscrupulous support, and unblushing encouragement, of a Cabinet Minister in the case of any delinquencies on the part of their subordinates.

THE TOOL OF FORTUNE.—A paragraph has been slowly going the round of the papers to the effect that Mr. Toole was invited by the Prince of Wales to dine with him at the Dramatic Fête. This is called an honour to the drama. Mr. Toole is a very good farce actor, and a very fair burlesque actor; but if the Prince of Wales really wishes to honour the drama he can do so better than by patronising Arthur Lloyd, Schneider, or even Mr. Toole. Two of the best comedies were acted at the Holborn without attracting the patronage of Royalty. But they were by Sheridan and Bulwer, and not from the French

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

ON SOME ALPINE SNOBBISM.

NOW, there are many ways of making yourself conspicuous on the Continent. You may lounge about the Rue Rivoli in a shooting coat and towelled wide-awake. You may insist on being served with ham sandwiches and '47 port on the top of the Grimsel. You may take a paint-pot up the Drachenfels with you, and adorn that mediæval but well-lettered ruin with the aristocratic name of "**SNOB**," in red capitals, three feet high. You may empty your pockets, with the other fools, at the German tables, and be the hero of the half hour while you are engaged in that unsatisfying but stimulating business. Indeed, you have only to thrust yourself forward in any capacity, on any occasion, and make yourself sufficiently conspicuous, and you will attain to the proper elevation of British Snobdom proper. There is, however, one special road which I can recommend to you with much confidence. Go in for climbing. I do not mean, of course, by this, the ordinary climbing; that comes in the way of the sane and ordinary traveller, bent on health, recreation, and exercise. I refer you to that utterly monstrous break-neck, reckless, self-advertising, useless, dangerous, boyish, clambering, which it has lately become the fashion to extol, and invest with the dignity of pluck! No doubt a good many adventurous but really foolhardy spirits have been caught up by the influence of the hour, and risked their lives in crawling up on next to nothing, leading very often nowhere, with the view of reaching something that somebody has not been mad enough to reach before. But this is neither truly courageous nor manly; and while we have freshly before us the late catastrophe of the unfortunate clergyman from Brighton, I might pause for a moment on the more serious aspect of this indefensible pursuit. Often, as it appears to have been in the case to which I have just made reference, there is no motive beyond an exaggerated love of enterprise, coupled with erroneous theories as to the benefits of the mountain air at great altitudes. With no better reason than this, it is not thought wrong to run unquestionable risks on shifting ice and pathless crags, and jeopardise, in a Swiss ravine, one's life in a fashion that, were it attempted here in England on equally dangerous terms, one's friends and relatives would probably intervene and call in the family doctor. When a victim is sacrificed under such conditions, it is difficult not to feel the force of the remark made by the *Times* the other day on this subject, and bring in a verdict of "*temporary insanity.*" And if this is the judgment passed on the better men, what shall I say of the refuse? What of the miserable Snobs whose *only* motive in this Alpine suicide-hunting is a contemptible love of ephemeral notoriety? What of these unspangled athletes, who try to rival their brothers of the music-halls, without having an iota of an excuse to put forward—not even that of earning their livelihood by the process?

What can be more pitiable and little than the feeling which prompts a grown man deliberately to risk his life with no nobler jealousy than that of repeating the dangerous foolery that other fools have successfully accomplished; with no loftier aim than that of writing an account of his apeishness, which the *Times*, for want of news, at a dull season of the year, may possibly publish? Can anything exceed the childish vanity, the unmasculine self-consciousness of this? And yet, so little is the thing appreciated at its proper value, that there is absolutely a Club formed for the sole purpose of keeping alive, in all its pristine nobility and vigour, the spirit which animates it! Then lose no time, my good friend: get your gaiters, your boots, your alpenstock, your veils, ropes, guides, and the rest of the paraphernalia; up with you and risk your neck, scrambling along where there is nothing beautiful to see, nothing useful to learn. Up with you, I say: drop the intellectual, and try the animal; quit the paths of reasonable men, and see if you cannot get a line into the *Times*. You are a true British Snob: you must not be out of such noble work as this!

(*To be continued.*)

POPULAR WORK (*from the press of Public Opinion*).—*Resignation.* By Austin Bruce, late Secretary for the Home Department.

OUR STREETS.

(A Scene from a Comedy in several Acts, now in course of publication.)

INSPECTOR, CONSTABLES, &c., *discovered, armed to the teeth with Beards, Handcuffs, Truncheons, and other Municipal Properties.*

INSPECTOR.—Are you good men?
FIRST CONSTABLE.— We are, Sir.
INSPECTOR.— And *un*true?
That you would answer so I always knew.
First, to assign (as is our senseless plan)
The gravest duty to th' *un*fittest man,
Come hither, sergeant. You possess the charm
That comes by Nature, to keep clear of harm,
And dares your greatest enemy to say
When wanted you were ever in the way:
Of TRUTH with little you can make a shift,—
But TRUTH (you know) is Fortune's rarest gift,
And in the Force 'twould argue fixed insanity
To own in public so absurd a vanity:
If you have merit, you have kept it dark:
Of senseless excellence you've hit the mark:
Therefore, bear you the bullseye.—Now, your charge.
SECOND CONSTABLE.—If we see Burglars?
INSPECTOR.— Let them go at large.
A golden rule for those who safety prize
Is, touch no man if more than half your size.
At vagrant urchins you should rather fly,
That is, if brother constables are by;
Or even woman you may harshly treat,
If you are well supported on your beat;
Or men too drunk to offer you resistance
You can ill use in safety, *with assistance.*
THIRD CONSTABLE.—How if there be none drunk?
INSPECTOR.— Then, all the quicker,
Assume some gentleman's the worse for liquor.
By all our maxims no one has the right
To walk home sober after twelve at night.
You *must* do something for your pay.
FOURTH CONSTABLE.— That's true:
P'raps in emergencies a fit might do?
Who is incapable, is drunk.
INSPECTOR.— I see
You know your duty: you may count on me
Spite of all witnesses, in case of doubt,
To prove your charges, and to hear you out.
FIFTH CONSTABLE.—How if there be remonstrance? in the throng
There sometimes *is* intolerance of wrong:
The crowd may be too many for us.
INSPECTOR.— None
Need fear—you'll muster three or four to one,
And Might makes Right—whoever dares begin,
Down on his chatter sharp! and "*run him in!*"
This is your charge—prompt measures are the best—
You "*run him in,*" hard swearing does the rest!
[*Exeunt, to act accordingly.*

THE PRESS TO THE RESCUE!

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, in its announcement of the reprieve of Fanny Oliver, said a great deal in a few words. "The Government," our intelligent contemporary observed, "does not doubt her sanity; but it does doubt whether she actually committed the murder for which she was tried. Therefore Mr. Bruce has determined that she shall suffer penal servitude for life for that offence."

This is precisely the state of the case: Fanny Oliver is not to be hung, because there is a doubt about her guilt; but Mr. Bruce seems to think that if he lets off the extreme penalty of the law, it is as much as circumstances warrant. The compromise is absurdly illogical; indeed, it is more than this, it is unjust and un-English. We therefore trust that the Press, to the efforts of which the commutation of the capital sentence is entirely due, will still further exert its influence to prevent a woman (probably entirely innocent) from being incarcerated for the rest of her days, simply because it is agreed on all hands that she is not guilty enough to be hung. Mr. Bruce may be happy in the possession of an elastic conscience, and may have shelved the matter indefinitely as far as he is concerned; but he is mistaken in the supposition that the public will be satisfied if the case rests where it now does. What Fanny Oliver has a right to, is full justice, not small mercy; and we trust that her claim to this may eventually prevail.

"THE RAILROAD TO RUIN,"
or,
"BAD FORM, OH, SIR!"

[IT is with deep regret that we analyze Mr. Boucicault's new piece of weird nonsense at Drury Lane. The lessee, actors, and audience have our heartfelt sympathy.]

PART I.—HOW THE FIRST ACT WAS MADE!

Take a few second-rate, middle-aged, minor-theatre tragedians, and call them the "Oxford eight." Let them perform a few vulgar antics in front of a badly-painted scene. Mix with these eight second-rate, middle-aged, minor-theatre tragedians a sprinkling of mild, uncertain, and nervous "walking ladies," with whom let them take low-bred lover's liberties. Add an old incident from a worn-out Surrey melodrama, a comic actor from an East-end theatre, and Mr. Barrett in the character of a mumbling imbecile and clerical buffoon. Season with Boucicaultian commonplace, and serve up hot in a well "papered" house.

PART II.—HOW THE SECOND ACT WAS COOKED!!

Take the heaviest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and dress him like a music-hall singer, in a blue coat lined with yellow; then let him go to the dogs in a lime-lighted scene, composed chiefly of dull vice and insipid Victoria-gallery sentiment. Flavour with snobbish twaddle, spoken by a burlesque actress got up in a light wig and black trousers, and mix, as before, with Boucicaultian commonplace.

PART III.—HOW THE THIRD ACT WAS MIXED!!!

Take a chapter out of a third-rate French novel, and mix up with it the heaviest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and dress him in a loud boating costume. Serve him up in this absurd "get up" at a grotesque evening party given in an old ball-room scene, once a feature in the "*Great City.*" Flavour with a good deal of questionable morality and an insupportable load of Boucicaultian commonplace.

PART IV.—HOW THE FOURTH ACT WAS DISHED!!!!

Take the heaviest, most middle-aged, and most stilted of the eight second-rate minor-theatre tragedians (whom you have called the "Oxford eight"), and put him (still wearing a loud boating costume) in a sponging house, situated in the heart of London. Let him be rescued thence by eight plebeian-looking "supers," got up in light blue jackets (call them the "Cambridge eight") at seven o'clock in the morning. Make your villains commit a clumsily contrived forgery, and hand them over to the police. Wind up with a poorly painted scene of the River at Barnes Bridge; introduce two utterly ridiculous pasteboard boats, manned with sixteen unsteady and jerky pasteboard puppets, and flavour with derisive roars of laughter from the audience; add two pasteboard steamboats, with obtrusive chimneys and vague paddle-wheels, and flavour as before with derisive roars of laughter from the audience. Drop the curtain quickly, and drown the laughter and hisses of the audience with loud music from the orchestra. Give the mess a meaningless title, and puff it largely in gigantic posters on the hoardings, and long advertisements over the "leaders" in the morning newspapers.

IMPERIAL LOGIC.—The Ministry is solely responsible to the Emperor; the Emperor is the nation: therefore the Ministry is solely responsible to the nation.

LONDON, AUGUST 14, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THEATRICAL managers, as a rule, lead off with their trump cards at the commencement of the season. Mr. Vining, however, has played the oddest trick of all. He has kept in every one of his *Aces* till August!

THE *Oberland* is again claiming its victims. "Give a man enough rope and he will hang himself;" so the saying at present has it. "Give him too little and he will dash himself to pieces," is what it is coming to.

M. PIC, the celebrated Editor of the *Etendard*, has, it seems, relieved his employers of 700,000 francs. Will our Parisian neighbours mind, therefore, in future borrowing only half of that very ugly English word they have latterly taken from us? Let us mutually henceforth talk of *le Pic-pocket*.

MR. JAMES HENRY PARKER, the great antiquarian, has come forward, in a characteristic letter, to aid the cause of "Mosaics and Mr. Layard." We hope that these extremely creditable efforts of Dr. Salviati to restore one of the arts which is capable of producing ornamentation at once cheap, beautiful, and durable, will receive the encouragement which they deserve. We know the English, as a nation, hate colour, but we hope that they may be got to look more favourably on it when they find that it is possible to blend colours harmoniously, and to attain gaiety without vulgarity.

AN ADMIRALTY HOAX.

MR. CHILDERS, though unremitting in his attention to the duties of his office, appears to take very few people into his confidence regarding his personal intentions. It was known some weeks back that the "model" First Lord intended to deprive the clerks and officials at Chatham Dockyard of their annual holidays by refusing to provide substitutes for them during their absence at the public expense, but it has only recently transpired that Mr. Childers himself intends to forego his vacation. It is a fact, however, that in his self-sacrificing devotion to his country's service Mr. Childers will accompany Admiral Sir Sydney Dacres with the Channel Fleet, and will undergo the terror and hardships of a cruise in the Mediterranean during the autumn months. It is understood that in case the First Lord should break down under the severe task he has imposed upon himself, he will be accompanied by his son, who is himself an officer in the Royal Navy, and other members of his family, who will be on the spot in case anything should happen to him; but we trust that the serious apprehensions Mr. Childers evidently holds regarding his health may be ill-founded, and that he may return to his work at the Admiralty in a couple of months time none the worse for his cruise with the flying squadron. If such should not be the case, however, and Mr. Childers, on his return to town, should need medical treatment, he no doubt would, in the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice, have himself conveyed to Haslar Naval Hospital, into the arrangements of which institution he might make himself thoroughly acquainted; and should any of the little Childers's have caught the measles at Naples, or some such pestilent port that the fleet may have visited, their papa would no doubt allow them to accompany him, in order that the capabilities of the Naval Hospital in all its branches might be thoroughly tested.

But to be serious. It is scarcely wise of Mr. Childers, when he is really himself taking a very pleasant and inexpensive holiday, while he is depriving others of a few weeks' immunity from their work, to pretend that he is making a sacrifice to the public service. The public do not care whether or not he accompanies the fleet to the Mediterranean, but when the fact becomes known that he does not go alone, they will have a very decided objection to his taking his family with him at the public expense. That things like this have happened before there is not a doubt, for only a few weeks back an iron-clad man-of-war took Sir Edward Lugard, the Under Secretary-of-State, from London to Margate! There may, or may not be, great harm in the Admiralty authorities utilizing Her Majesty's ships for private purposes; but we do not hesitate at once, and beforehand, to cry down the cant in which Mr. Childers has been indulging concerning the pleasant trip which he has planned for his vacation. He won't be wanted on board the Channel Fleet, and will only be in everyone's way.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

MR. COWASJEE JEHANGHEER READYMONEY, Companion of the Star of India, and a wealthy Parsee gentleman, resident in Bombay, has just contributed a drinking fountain to the Broad Walk in Regent's Park. Beyond stating that the fountain was opened by the Princess Mary of Cambridge last week, we have nothing to remark; for when we hear that Mr. Readymoney, though hitherto unknown in England, has in India contributed more than £100,000 to local charities, to say nothing of his having built two hospitals and a lunatic asylum, any fun that we could make out of his name would be in sad taste indeed. We therefore simply chronicle the event, and add Mr. Cowasjee Jehangheer Readymoney to that list of nobly munificent gentlemen with whose names every Englishman should be pleasantly familiar.

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

ANOTHER dreadful death on the Alps! When will common sense and common humanity interfere to prevent these acts of insane folly and wicked temerity? Year after year young men lose their lives, simply because they are allowed to indulge what is really a spirit of bravado and excessive vanity. No really great or good end, no scientific or useful purpose is served by these dangerous ascents of snow mountains. All the beauties of Alpine scenery, all the beauties of Alpine vegetation, can be seen perfectly from points where there is little or no danger. A more silly, useless, ignoble mania than this for cutting holes in walls of snow and ice, and climbing up them, at the imminent risk of your life, it is impossible to conceive. Life is too serious a trust to be thrown away on such barren folly. What would be thought of a man whose idea of amusement was running up and down the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, or climbing up church steeples, or running in and out among the carriages in a crowded thoroughfare? Yet these amusements are quite as useful and rational as climbing up snow peaks merely to find they are made of snow. If researches in geology require that these dangerous heights shall be explored, let properly qualified persons do so with proper precautions. A convention with Switzerland for the suppression of these Alpine climbers would be one of the best treaties that we could conclude. It may be very exciting and very exhilarating to put nothing but a slip of the foot between you and death; but there are plenty of causes in this world to which, if human life be devoted, it can accomplish great and good deeds, which shall live on the lips and in the hearts of men long after the memory of these Alpine heroes shall have passed away. Other journals may think it consistent with their duty to encourage these annual suicides; we shall never miss an opportunity of raising our voice against the unprofitable destruction of the most solemn trust which is given to man, his life.

THE GREAT RESTORATION.—To Mr. Boucicault belongs the honour of restoring to Drury Lane its old character, in one sense at least. In times gone by, the Phrynes of Drury Lane were the theme of loose song and erotic lyrics. *Formosa* is worthy company in every respect for these demi-goddesses.

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THE WOLF IN S

THE NEW KNIG

POLICE SERGEANT (*to* RESPECTABLE BANKER *going quietly home to the bosom of h*

E EP'S CLOTHING!

OF THE ROAD.

(rest of the speech quite unfit for publication.)

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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 64.)

XIII.

"OH! Blucked am I?" said Mr. Squigsby when he had read the Secretary's note conveying to him this pleasing intelligence. "I'll soon see about that. I'll appeal to the Judges. I'll instruct counsel to support my answers, and attack the questions. I'll kick up a pretty dust."

And he began to do so; but the dust he kicked up became rather more hurtful to himself than to anyone else. Mr. Squigsby possessed that invaluable instinct to the legal mind of knowing when to stop. He would threaten, he would bully; but, at the first indication of his getting the worst of it, he would pull up instantly. So it was now. He saw that he should be convicted of copying. Flibber's answers and his own were identical, and, what was worse, they were identically wrong,—and there was the evidence of the Beadle. He, therefore, satisfied his feelings by declining to pay one farthing to his unfortunate Coach, and issuing a writ against Flibber for the money he had lent him. "It's entirely their fault I didn't get through," said Mr. Squigsby, "and they shall suffer for it—a couple of prigs—and so shall somebody suffer for it when I do get through. I believe the Government have arranged matters so that it shall be as difficult and maddening to become a lawyer as possible. Look at the awful expense, and the time, and the work. It's intended, no doubt, as an encouragement. I'll have my reward when I do get through. If I am to be considered as a chartered brigand, they shan't be disappointed, I promise them."

With this soothing reflection he this time set to work in earnest, and under the direction of a grinding young barrister of sixty-five, who had his chambers in a cellar, and who made Mr. Squigsby pay in advance, he soon made rapid progress in the science of the law as affected by Examinations. The consequence of this well-directed industry being that within a couple of terms from the time he had met with his rejection, he had the satisfaction of swearing all sorts of oaths at Westminster, preparatory to his signing the Rolls, and being admitted as an attorney and solicitor.

As for poor Flibber, he never recovered from his rejection, and never went up again. The money his parents had spent for his articles was lost, and the time he had passed under them was lost. He found, like hundreds of others, he hated the law, and everything connected with it, just as he had completed his education in it. Providentially, he liked comic singing better, and the *quasi* lawyer soon became a distinguished ornament to the music-hall stage, and every night now drives his brougham about London for a "turn" at ten different music halls, where he warbles five different songs at each "turn," in appropriately fantastic costumes, and with boisterous choruses.

XIV.

It was only a few weeks after Mr. Squigsby had been enrolled—and he was still at Mr. Slicker's office—when one morning Topps, the out-o'-door clerk, rushed into his presence.

"O Sir! have you heard? Mr. Slicker, Sir?"

"What of him?" said Mr. Squigsby.

"He has had a seizure, Sir!"

"A seizure!" said Mr. Squigsby. "At whose suit?"

"O Sir! not at the suit of anybody particular—not a legal seizure, sir—but a fit."

"A fit!" said Mr. Squigsby—"that all? You frightened me. I thought he might have been arrested, or that the sheriffs had come in."

"No, Sir. He had a seizure last night. They say if he has another he can't get over it, but he'll get his immediate discharge."

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, "that's better than being adjourned *sine die*. I thought he was breaking up. I'll go and see him."

He went and saw him. He found Mr. Slicker had been ordered to retire from all active participation in business for the future. There was but one thing to be done—a partnership. The arrangements didn't take long to perfect. They were extremely favourable to Mr. Squigsby—more favourable than they would have been had Mr. Slicker possessed the power to discuss the subject or to oppose the terms which his ex-clerk determined should be accepted. In a few more days the brass plates on the different offices had all to be altered. They were enlarged in size; and an admiring public had now the opportunity of reading upon them, "MESSRS. SLICKER AND SQUIGSBY, SOLICITORS."

XV.

In this new and exalted position, Mr. Squigsby did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He commenced by "winding up" the affairs which were in Slicker's hands alone, so as to put everything straight; and well and expeditiously he did it, to his own particular profit and comfort. What a quantity of business he found Slicker had neglected! What a muddle everything was in! What compromises were effected with those unfortunates whose matters were found to have got into such inextricable confusion that it was impossible to discover what moneys had been received on their account, and what was in hand to their credit, and how glad the unfortunates were to find that they would receive anything at all out of the chaotic jumble of accounts! And how satisfied Mr. Squigsby was to get rid of the unfortunates in question under any circumstances, and how the balance at his bankers increased! And then, what an onslaught he made upon the clients! The new firm was coming into operation; the affairs of the old business must be wound up. It was imperative. What bills of costs were made out and sent out, and cheques for the amount asked for at once—all, too, in the interest of poor old Mr. Slicker, who had had "a seizure!" What writs were issued to enforce poor old Mr. Slicker's requirements! How the fresh costs accumulated in suing for the old costs! How men were sold up, thrown into prison, made bankrupt, and outlawed, and all for poor old Mr. Slicker and his costs! He was being wound up; and so well did the new firm of "Slicker and Squigsby" wind up old Mr. Slicker, that it was almost impossible to decide when it was over who had made the most money out of the transaction,—poor old Mr. Slicker, Mr. Squigsby, or the partnership firm of "Slicker and Squigsby." To a man in business, perhaps the best way to understand what he is worth, and, having ascertained that, to be put into possession of his fortune—speaking paradoxically, is to die. The next best way is to be "wound up," and the best way to be "wound up" is to take a partner. Mr. Squigsby effectually "wound up" Mr. Slicker, and had enriched himself considerably by the operation.

XVI.

"Gents,—I am dirickted by my missus, who is very ill with bad breath and can't go upstairs, to ask you to come and make her will. Come to-day at two o'clock, and you are to bring all the things to do it with. The baker's man has recommended you. My missus is Mrs. Rigsworth, and she lives at No. 6 Metal Court, Golden Square. Knock three times loud, as missus can scarcely breathe, and I am suffering from pains in the head.—Yours obediently, SARAH TOMKINSON.

"To Messrs. Slicker and Squigsby."

This was one of the letters that Mr. Squigsby had just opened.

"Topps," said Mr. Squigsby, "who's this old woman? has she ever been here?"

"No, Sir!"

"I wish the baker's man would mind his own business," said Mr. Squigsby. "I shan't go. Some talkative old woman who has got £100 to leave, and thinks it a million. Besides, there's that adjournment at Marlborough street to attend to-day. Write and say I can't come."

"Counsel is instructed in the prosecution, Sir, and I'll see to that," said Mr. Topps. "Perhaps you had better run round, Sir, and see what it is."

"Very well," said Mr. Squigsby, "give me the things."

"The things" consisted of some sheets of foolscap, some pens, some ink, some red tape, some sealing-wax, and some envelopes.

"I shall make short work of it," said Mr. Squigsby, as he went out. "I shan't be long."

XVII.

Metal Court was a paved court, and No. 6 was a respectable sort of private house, which was more than could be said for its companion houses. It was one of those houses which are so often found in the poorest districts, maintaining its respectability with a sort of freehold pride, surrounded by small shops let out as weekly tenements. It looked additionally

distinguished and conservative by comparison with its neighbours. All the blinds were down. Mr. Squigsby knocked three times. He waited. No answer. He swore, and knocked again. The door was opened by an old female servant. He was shown into the parlour—an old lady was lying upon the sofa. She was evidently very ill. The old lady told the servant to go.

"Mrs. Rigsworth?" said Mr. Squigsby, rather savagely.

"Yes, Sir," said the old lady; "you are the lawyer, and I wish you to make my will."

Mr. Squigsby ducked, and made his preparations. He sat down and spread out his papers with a loud rustling noise—sucked his pen—dipped it in the ink, and then said—

"You are a widow, Mrs. Rigsworth?"

"I am, Sir," said the old lady.

"It is usual, in the first instance, to ask of what your property consists, and the amount it represents."

"The amount it represents," said the old lady, "is what I do not exactly know; but I can say that it certainly is not less than £80,000."

Mr. Squigsby gave a great start, dropped his pen, looked steadily at the old lady for a few seconds, and then in his sweetest tones, and with a beaming smile, added, "I am all attention, madam!"

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

TRIAL BY "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

MRS. FANNY OLIVER, condemned to death for the murder of her husband under most aggravated circumstances, has been reprieved. This is the woman who made such a wild and sensational speech in court, which to us seemed eminently characteristic of guilt. She afterwards wrote a letter, full of nauseous expressions of piety and quotations from the prison hymn book. This letter was published by the press, very unwisely, we think. If it is horrible that a crowd should watch the contortions of a dying criminal, it is scarcely less so that the religious contortions of the condemned should be made public; for it is calculated to produce as debasing an effect on the moral nature of the people as public executions. Nothing appears to us more revolting than these extravagant rhapsodies of creatures on the point of death: if they are sincere, they never should be made public; if they are not sincere, that hypocrisy and gross vanity, so often found to lie at the root of crime, cannot be better encouraged than by publishing these compositions in the public journals. The "cock-sure" manner in which the authors announce their intention of being saved, their monstrous affectation of magnanimous forgiveness of everybody, their canting commendation of their friends to the Divine keeping, all combine to bring religion into ridicule and contempt. The "edifying" end which so many of our worst criminals make, according to the papers, is likely to act as an incentive to rather than a deterrent from crime. To teach persons that they can pass in a few days from a state of hardened crime and degrading vice to a state of sainted fervour and profound piety is to teach them neither religion nor morality.

VERY COMPLIMENTARY!

THE Rev. Mr. Irvine, a gentleman of Orange proclivities, in an address to his congregation, has certainly entered fully into the spirit of the suggestion he submits to "the Orangemen and Protestants of Great Britain." Mr. Irvine concludes his address thus:—

"By those who professed to be your leaders you have been shamefully deceived!—one leader only excepted; and, as a compliment to that leader, worthily deserved by him, and as a lasting testimonial to our repudiation of the others, I propose that we all subscribe to a statue to the right honourable and right truly noble, the Earl of Derby; and I propose that the most eminent painter we can procure be employed to paint his likeness, taken as he left the House of Peers on learning the ignoble compromise of the Bill, and that an engraving of the same be taken to adorn the walls of every true Protestant in Great Britain."

As Lord Derby is proverbially a very good-natured nobleman, there is no reason to doubt that if Mr. Irvine's plan is carried out, his Lordship will submit himself to be modelled and painted to his admirer's heart's content. But we think it is rather too much to expect that on each occasion he may give the artist a sitting he should be called upon to assume the expression he had on his face as he left the House of Lords on the eventful evening alluded to. In point of fact, however, it is not very likely that an old politician like Lord Derby would, on a party defeat, assume the diabolical expression with which Mr. Irvine credits him; but, supposing even that on this exceptional occasion Lord Derby did look, as well as felt, a little put out, it is too much to expect that he should permit an ugly likeness of himself "to adorn the walls of every true Protestant home in Great Britain." We do not suppose that at his time of life Lord Derby is given to care very much for appearances of any kind; but we think that, without being accused of undue vanity, his Lordship might reasonably object to being painted looking his worst by the most eminent artist his admirers are able to enlist into their service.

A GOLDEN RULE.

THE Foundling Hospital is, as everybody knows, a very excellent institution, and an institution moreover which enjoys a very liberal amount of charitable bequests. It is therefore more the pity that the authorities of the hospital should do their best to disgust us by grasping for even more than they receive. It appears from the statement of a Scotch clergyman who attended the service at the Foundling Chapel a few Sundays back, that on his putting a penny into the plate held at the door as the congregation dispersed, he was rudely informed by an official that "No coppers were taken." It is difficult to believe that this refusal of small offerings can be an authorised rule of the establishment, but if it proves to be so, it will do much to divert the donations of wealthier benefactors from an institution which possesses nothing but the prestige of a mission of a nature once really charitable, as a claim on the sympathy of the public.

AN INANE INNOVATION.

MR. INGHAM has been long enough one of the metropolitan police magistrates to know what is due to his position; and it is, therefore, with as much surprise as regret that we find that he, too, has been indulging in those laughter-provoking witticisms which are very much the fashion just now in the police courts. A few days ago, at the Wandsworth Police Court, a butcher was summoned by his housekeeper for assault, and, amongst other points in the unfortunate woman's evidence, she declared that she had a bump on her head, caused by her master's violence. This bump Mr. Ingham was inquisitive to inspect, so he made the woman remove her chignon and submit the excrescence to his inspection, amidst roars of merriment. Mr. Ingham remarked that he thought it was a case perhaps of injured feeling, but he was then satisfied that the complainant had received substantial injuries, so he fined the defendant forty shillings and the cost of the summons. We are at a loss to understand why the worthy magistrate refused to believe the woman on her oath, and subjected her to a great personal indignity in order to be convinced of her truthfulness. But if he considered the exhibition of her injuries actually necessary to the ends of justice, the operation of inspection might have been performed in a more decent and gentle manner. We are averse to all "scenes" in courts of any kind, but such things will occasionally occur in the best regulated establishments. This is no reason, however, that magistrates should indulge in a vulgar practical joke for the sake of the "great laughter" their waggery provokes from the appreciative underlings who surround the Bench.

*BOOKS RECEIVED.**

Library Edition of the Works of W. M. Thackeray. Vol. XXII. Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo Place. 1869.

The Religion of the World; Ellis's Poems; Booth's Life of Robert Owen.

ERRATA.—In leading article, "The Irish Vampire," of last week, page 55, 2nd column, line 22, for "*if*," read "*is*." Line 42, after "*order*" insert comma. Page 56, 1st column, line 16, for "*hateful*" read "*baneful*."

* Will be reviewed in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 120] *LONDON, AUGUST 21, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

A WORD OUT OF SEASON!

So London is empty at last! "Not a soul in town, Sir," observes Bucksby as he meets me in Pall Mall; and from his point of view he is about right. Indeed, both I and Bucksby, when we do meet, express mutual surprise and astonishment at the fact that we *both* absolutely *are* still in town, for we each assume a devout and earnest belief in that social creed that, at the close of the Session, banishes metropolitan humanity to the moors, the sea, the continent,—anywhere, provided only it bury itself beyond the limits of the post-office districts. Such a thorough and abject bigot on the subject is Bucksby, that I know when he saw me on the steps of my Club he made a frantic but unsuccessful effort to turn up into Carlton terrace, and so avoid a fatal rencontre. He is perfectly conscious of the fact that the *crême de la crême*, to which both he and I, of course, belong, has no more right, at this time of the year, on the pavement in St. James's, than the Lord Chancellor has on the woolsack at St. Stephen's. Only some great catastrophe or striking eccentricity could account for either breach of decorum. So Bucksby and I humbug each other, though he knows well enough that I am waiting for my quarterly cheque before I can think of stirring, while he (I heard it from an intimate friend) has not the remotest idea of leaving 117, Leamington Square, S.W., this autumn. Not that he is not enjoying a change, but it is one rather of aspect than of air. Bucksby just now is living at the back of the house, with all the blinds drawn and shutters up in the front. As he cannot move it is the only little tribute of respect he can pay to the prevailing sentiment of his set. The dregs, the mere refuse of society, stagnates in town at this time of year, and the world, that is, that portion of it only in which existence is possible, is away bathing, climbing, sketching, shooting, lounging, gambling, fooling, growling everywhere and anywhere all over Europe. Yes, most of us get our holiday and our "outing," even if it be merely a twenty-four hours' affair, of which a good nine are spent in running all the way to somewhere and all the way back, for half-a-crown, in a cattle van! That is the mechanic's and the small tradesman's idea of locomotive elysium, and I dare say, when nothing better is to be got, it is by no means bad at the price. For the middle class, *et hoc genus omne*, that is, from the Government clerk with six hundred a year and a family, down to the well-to-do shopkeeper, there is an extensive and enticing choice. There is the perfect *ton* of Margate, or, if fashion be less than fresh air the object in view, there is the retiring beauty of Southend or the majestic sweep of the old Bay of Herne.

In a word, there are now-a-days so many channels of communication open in all directions, that there are really comparatively few of the humbler members of society who cannot manage to get away from the smoke and stir of London for a few short days, or, at least, for a few pleasant hours. We rich ones make for the Alps, or turn our aristocratic steps wherever invitation or inclination may lead us. The mass who ape our peculiarities, take, on the whole, pretty good care of themselves. Yet, with all this, there is a vast substratum of society that never gets any change at all. The very poor! The inmates of dirty lanes and crowded alleys, the race of the semi-heathen, the neglected, degraded, forgotten London poor! I do not mean to say that among them the minister of religion never comes. On the contrary, they know the sound of that very consoling voice, and can tell you the shape of those most comforting and satisfying tracts. But for all this they are miserably degraded. They are, in a sense, the legitimate answer to the luxury above. They are the price paid by society for its abandoned surfeit! If there were not quite so much needless and reckless squandering in high places, there would not be so much hopeless and hapless misery in low. And now I trust you see whence these reflections spring. It is the general rush of everyone who can quit the big city, the general cry for fresh air and holiday, the universal body and mind restorative process, that suggests those who never move, who never ask, and who fade and wither away prematurely in the unchanging squalor and poison of poverty and sickness. The death-rate rises, but there is no escaping the tide. It may sweep on with its fatal waters of destruction, but there is no flight here. Crowded and hustled into dark corners, stifled in suffocating garrets, housed more like the brutes, it may be with a malignant fever raging among them —there lie our poorest poor. Think for a moment, my dear Lord Flinterden, as you pass a really harsh judgment on the bouquet of that Cabinet wine, and quit that elegant continental repast to take an evening stroll up the delicious Rhine valley—think, I say, of the poor creatures dying in your great capital for the want of a little clean water, through lack of a little unpoisoned air! Sniff up the scent of a thousand flowers and refresh yourself. Ponder on the lot of those who, from year's end to year's end, are buried away in the filthy gloom of grimy streets, and to whom the sight of a green hedgerow would be as a foretaste of Paradise itself. Think, I say, of how you have lived out the season, the very close of which has added fresh misery to the miserable homes of many, in taking away their one mainstay, work;—think, as you scatter your sovereigns about Europe, and grumble, in national pride, at the very luxu-

ries they procure you, think of how much *you* have personally done this year to lessen the misery to which I now direct your attention! I do not ask you how much you have subscribed to this society and to that when its agents have bored you for your name. A rich Englishman is a subscribing animal. What I do ask you is, how far these social ulcers have touched your heart? Well, it is true I cannot expect you to see that every poor man in London gets change of air: that is Utopian, at least in the year 1869. What I do expect, and those who, like you, who have the means at their command, is to be *personally* up and doing, with a view that you will at least give to every honest working Englishman a decent home, clean water, and pure air; that you will save him from the now almost inevitable infamy of bringing up his children in the grossest immorality, and give him at least a chance of living a life that will not be a disgrace to the nation and an eternal reproach to yourself. Remember, in these days even philanthropy pays a dividend of five per cent.! For once, then, be magnificent, and say that you are contented with that wretched remuneration; I know there are better things — to wit, big hotels and music-hall companies! But, believe me, you will enjoy your own holiday more,—yes, even the bouquet of that *Steinberger*,—if you are doing something, I do not say *much*, but *something*, for your suffering and down-trodden poor.

LA-ING THE DUST!

We are told that at the recent meeting of the Brighton Railway Company, Mr. Laing "spoke hopefully" of its prospects. Alluding to the prevalence of accidents and catastrophes, the worthy gentleman observed, in defence of the directors, that they did not, as it was erroneously supposed, deliberate over and plan collisions for the purpose of destroying human life. "Some writers in the public prints," so Mr. Laing is reported to have said, "seemed to think that the directors of railway companies took a delight in annoying the public;" but he is also reported to have given a very emphatic and really cheering denial to so murderous a supposition. He went on to remark that "the contrary was the fact, and he might say that nothing annoyed the directors more than an accident to any one on their railway."

This is very assuring. In these days of gross neglect, ending in frightful destruction to human life, it is a satisfaction to know that the Brighton directors, at all events, are touchy on the point, and are upset—even "annoyed," when a dozen or so victims are sacrificed on their very well-intentioned line. His conclusion, however, is far from satisfactory. Notwithstanding the fact that the directors were most anxious to prevent them, "he feared that with a large number of trains and a large number of signals they could not always expect to avoid accidents." And this is where we must join issue with Mr. Laing. The "annoyance" of a body of directors at death and destruction we can understand, especially when we take into consideration the heavy damages frequently awarded to the miserable survivors. A general recognised liability to accident in consequence of badly managed traffic and defective signalling we cannot understand. A boiler may burst or an embankment give way, but never ought a couple of trains to run into each other. On the present system, as now practised on the Metropolitan line, a collision becomes simply impossible, and any investigation into the origin of all accidents of this class will show a culpable negligence of the most obvious precautions on the part of those to whom the safety of the train has been entrusted. Some one wrote to the *Times* the other week to say that absolutely from a great central terminus like Euston square, one of the chief trains of the day, the eleven a.m., started twenty minutes late. Now, all we have got to say on the subject is this. When a train is started deliberately in this fashion—that is, with capabilities for throwing into dangerous confusion the whole business of the line as it proceeds on its way, everyone connected with its departure ought to be prosecuted for a misdemeanour, and imprisoned without option of a fine. This would save not only the sensitive directors, but the helpless public, a good deal of unnecessary *annoyance*.

DIRT AND DECENCY.

Unwash'd through all my life I've been,—
And dirt *is* dirt although unseen,—
Were it not better to be clean?

Advertisements around my door
Suggest Sea Bathing, by the score:
And I feel dirtier than before!

Compell'd by sanitary laws
Hot Fashion all along our shores
Opes her aristocratic pores:

Obedient to such pleasant rule
Blue blood can keep its pulses cool,
And flounder in secluded pool.

Ariston Hudor you assert?
But Poverty can thrive unhurt
In life-long livery of dirt!

And Selfishness adopts the plan
Towards *us* to hinder, where she can,
What is amphibious in man!

Dare *we* invade the public stream,
How Indignation grasps the theme,
And covers foolscap by the ream,

To teach the vagabond he hath
No earthly right to want a bath,
Or dress upon the towing-path!

Aquatic Villas murm'ring "fie!"
Invoke in print with loud outcry
The sacred name of Decency!

But what are we poor souls to do,—
This grimy crowd that never knew
The daily lux'ry of the few?

True, on my head I turn at will
The pump's invigorating chill:
But, thus half washed, I'm dirty still!

Nor find I rise to make me clean
Deus ex machinâ—I mean
The god of some sea-side machine.

Nor money spent in prompt endeavour
Links of the dirty past to sever,
And wash me,—Better Late than Never!

A FOUR-WHEELED PHŒNIX.

There is no understanding the London General Omnibus Company. A short time ago, before the Metropolitan Railway was in working order, and the omnibuses had the passengers all to themselves, omnibus shares were down, and the Company's reserve fund had to be squeezed dry to produce a nominal dividend of 2½ per cent. Now, however, when the streets are drained by the new line of railway from Brompton to Westminster, and the omnibuses would be perfectly justified in giving up in despair, the Company publishes its report and pays its shareholders a dividend at the rate of 6¼ per cent. per annum. For our part we see no reason why with a little judicious management, both railway and omnibuses should not be made to pay; but it is a little startling to find that the omnibuses which seemed to be on their last legs (or rather wheels) a year ago, are, now that a crushing counter-influence has cropped up, well and doing. Perhaps it is only one more instance of the trueism that there is never any harm in wholesome competition.

Funny Thing to Say to Mr. Calcraft.—"I don't care a hang for you."—[This is not exactly brilliant, but it shows signs of latent pathos.—Ed. Tom.]

BY THE VERY SAD SEA WAVES.

As those people who have not already left London must have become by this time frantic to get away, it may not be out of place to offer to those who contemplate a trip to a watering-place within a moderate distance of town, the following statement setting forth the leading features and principal attractions of half-a-dozen of the most popular of our seaside resorts which are just now drawing off the cream of Bayswater and the flower of Bloomsbury from our deserted city. No doubt the counter attractions of the places we name will make it difficult for the intending holiday-maker to arrive at a decision as to where he will go; but we may as well point out that of course a visit to any of the below-named towns is much more enjoyable and pleasant than a trip to Brittany, a fortnight on the Rhine, or even a short tour in Switzerland, especially when it is clearly understood that, as a rule, the expense of staying in England is not more than double that of going abroad. However, here is our list, which speaks for itself:—

RAMSGATE.—A favourite bathing place, supposed to be suitable for children. High cliffs and no shade. Apartments three guineas a week and upwards. According to the Registrar-General's return just published, Ramsgate is the most unhealthy spot in England, the death-rate for the three months ended the 30th of June last having reached the proportion of 26·99 in every 1,000 persons.

BRIGHTON.—Easy of access from town. Good shops and all London comforts. Jewish population 25,000 or thereabouts. Brighton is celebrated for its fine sea prospect, and the indecency of its bathing. Railway terminus well adapted for collisions.

HERNE BAY.—The dullest place (but one) in England. Pier a mile or so long, but dilapidated and inaccessible. Good shingly beach. Butcher's meat, fish, eggs and butter fresh from London twice a week.

RYDE.—Patronized by Royalty, and extremely fashionable. Apartments from six guineas a week. Heat in summer terrific. Climate relaxing. Atmosphere muggy. The town has, however, a northerly aspect, and is nicely sheltered from the sea-breeze. Bathing dangerous.

MARGATE.—Fine position. Good bathing at the mouth of the town drain. Lodgings a caution. The great resort of negro minstrelsy. Considered to be during July and August the most expensive place in England.

SOUTHEND.—Opposite the Nore. Pleasantly divided from the mouth of the Thames at low tide by three miles of mud and London sewerage. According to the Registrar-General's return, Southend is the most healthy of the watering places, the death-rate for the three months ended the 30th of June last being only 12·99 in 1,000. Southend is at once the ugliest and dullest spot in Great Britain.

Really, when we enumerate the beauties and advantages of our English sea-side towns, when, at the same time, we remember that Ramsgate is only twice as dear as Lucerne, that Margate is not more than six times as expensive as Heidelberg, and that Southend and Venice, including the cost of getting there, are actually only about the same price, it is a marvel to us that Mr. Cook finds any votaries of his excursion system. Is it that Englishmen are losing their nationality, or that they refuse to be taken in and done for? Certain it is, however, that the British watering-places are as yet comparatively empty this year.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Grettis Saga: the Story of Grettis the Strong. Translated from the Icelandic by EYIIKR MAGUUSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS. London: F. S. Ellis, King street, Covent garden. 1869.

WHILE we are patiently waiting for a second instalment of that delightful nosegay of poems, the "Earthly Paradise," from Mr. Morris, we must thankfully accept this small scrap of his brain work, though it is only a translation, and only partly from his pen. As might be expected, the Icelandic tale is rendered in simple musical English prose, with the true flavour of quaint antiquity, which can only be caught by those who are thoroughly, not superficially, acquainted with the grand old English literature. Occasional snatches of old Icelandic songs give scope for Mr Morris's command over rhyme as well as rhythm.

We will not enter into the story. We cannot discourse learnedly about Icelandic sagas, for a very good reason, that we have always been content to treat them as tales, and not as philological or ethnological studies. "Grettis the Strong" has all the charms of vivid verisimilitude and credulous simplicity, which to us constitute the charms of these old tales.

There is one sentence which we must decidedly object to, as seeming vulgar, if it is not so. At page 255 we find: "And in such wise did Thomatian keep it going till the evening." We must protest against such a phrase, as jarring on one's artistic sense most horribly; indeed, the whole of the latter part of the tale reads like a modern French novel in antique disguise. It is admitted by the translators in the preface to be very inappropriate, if not unnecessary. Perhaps this feeling led them into the error of admitting such a blemish as the above. This book, like all which Mr. Ellis issues, is got up with the greatest elegance and in the best taste. We wish he would publish more.

The Religion of the World. By H. STONE LEIGH.

THIS is a book on a very deep subject, written by one who has foundered in the depths thereof. It is an attempt to make a compromise between the barest Deism and true Christianity. It is an unsuccessful attempt. Such a work as this injures religion and does not benefit morality. Much that the writer advances is true and just; but the way to purify the religion of man is not by bringing down every aspiration of the soul to the level of the human intellect. You will not advance truth by destroying humility and reverence. If men would try and act up to the Christian religion, they would find their time better employed than in trying to drag it down to their own level.

Meletæ. Poems by JOSEPH ELLIS. London: Basil Montagu Pickering. 1869.

A COLLECTION of slight pieces in the main, interesting only to friends, but some of which show elegance and refinement of thought. Mr. Ellis would have done well to have got a stranger to select from his verses those most suitable for publication. As it is, he has apparently followed Wordsworth's example so far as to publish all he has written, though he often writes when he has got nothing to say. There are frequent instances of the liberty of inverting words, strained far beyond its just limits. On page 185 is an "Impromptu" of four lines, which makes us forgive the writer even such *ineptiæ* as the "Impromptu" on the opposite page. There is throughout the book evidence of a thoroughly good and genial nature. O publishers! would you but learn from Mr. Pickering the true delights of a margin! The ocean of pure white is the fit setting for gems of all sorts and sizes. We hate the miserably narrow margins of the present day.

A BLOOMSBURY BUBBLE.

LAST week a meeting was held to commemorate "the union of "Poland, Lithuania, and Ruthenia into one commonwealth at the Diet of Lublin in 1596, on the principle of the free with the free, of equals with the equals." In the first instance, when we read of the affair, it was a matter of pleasurable surprise to us that the Russian Government had so far relaxed its rigour as to allow such an assembly for such a purpose; but at the same time we trembled for the safety of the promoters of the demonstration, who would, no doubt, sooner or later, we feared, pay the penalty of their temerity. We might, however, have spared ourselves the trouble of being either surprised or alarmed, for it appears that the Council was held at a place where neither Russian spies nor Muscovite policemen possess any terrors. In other words, the commemoration took place at the Cleveland Hall, Fitzroy Square.

It is difficult to see the object of the proceedings on the occasion in question; but it is satisfactory to be able to conclude that, at all events, if they did no good they certainly did no harm, and that the Emperor of All the Russias will not take the exuberant nationality of his absent subjects too much to heart. One fact is worth noting,—that Polish refugees in London can have very little to do if they waste their time in unavailing and unremunerative chatter.

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER, NEXT WEEK.

LONDON, AUGUST 21, 1869.

"AN OLD SCORE" AND THE "TOMAHAWK."

AN article entitled "The Tormentor Unmasked; or, How to Pay Off an Old Score," having appeared in the 118th number of this Journal, in which certain strictures were passed upon Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the author of the drama *An Old Score*, we beg to state that these strictures were directed against him under the conviction that he had in the said drama made a gratuitous and personal attack upon the Editor of this paper, and had reflected on our connection with the TOMAHAWK. Mr. W. S. Gilbert having since assured us that in writing the piece we spoke of, neither ourselves, nor the TOMAHAWK, nor anyone connected with it, entered his mind, and that, directly or indirectly, he did not allude to us, we gladly declare that we withdraw the said strictures, with an expression of sincere regret that we should have misunderstood him.

THE WEEK.

OF the ice exported from Norway last year out of a total of 45,593 tons, England took 44,055. Are not our neighbours justified in talking of the frigidity of our national character?

MR. JUSTICE SMITH has a very kind heart. A girl of the name of Tipper appealed to the Creator the other day, and so impressed her judge, that, although to his knowledge she had been previously convicted four times, he abstained from visiting upon her the severity of penal servitude, and dismissed her to prison for eight months—a very light sentence. In spite of this clemency, we fear that Tipper's eloquence resembled strongly Tupper's poetry—that is to say, it was utter rubbish.

WHICH IS IT?

PRINCE ARTHUR, before he left Woolwich, is stated to have made several valuable presents to those officers and men of the Royal Artillery with whom he was associated during his service with that corps. The list of gifts is a long one. It begins with a gold cup to the mess, includes diamond pins and goblets to the officers, watches and pencil cases to the men, and ends with a black marble timepiece to the cook. It is pleasant to note his Royal Highness's liberality, but we trust that his "presents" have not been given on the same principle as of those recently distributed by the Duke of Edinburgh, which have had to be paid for by a Parliamentary vote. If Prince Arthur's pay and allowances (whatever these last may include) justify him in giving souvenirs of his presence with the Royal Artillery to his late comrades, we are glad of it, and the thought does him honour; but if the public have to find the money for these precious little gifts, the sooner the custom of this royal liberality at other people's expense is put a stop to the better.

LOOK AT HOME.

IT may be remembered that some time ago a vicar, who holds a living a short distance up the river, created some sensation by refusing to send up a young lady for Confirmation because she would not pledge herself to give up dancing. Those devout people who justify the atrocities and absurdities of all clergymen for "the Church's sake," were no doubt very much shocked at the hubbub that was made about the matter, and deeply sympathised with the conscientious parson for the annoyance he was put to, and the snubbing he ultimately received. What will these say when they hear that this self-same vicar has gone for a holiday, and let his house to a party of Jews, who outrage the better feelings of their neighbours by playing croquet on Sunday? Will they congratulate him on the "good let" of his house to people who are proverbially "good pay," or condemn him to that place to which it is at once the privilege and delight of strictly religious people to send the wicked? The question altogether seems to be one of some nicety.

FIGURES EXTRAORDINARY.

IT is officially reported that during the six months ended the 30th of June last 20,087,809 people travelled by the St. John's Wood, City, and Hammersmith branches of the Underground Railway. That every soul in London, man, woman, and child, visited St. John's Wood or Hammersmith ten times each in six months, which the above figures, taking the population at two millions, tend to show, we venture to doubt. Really the statistical department of the Company must be in a state of confusion, or such an alarming result could not have been arrived at. That the number given is the total number of passengers from all places and on all branches in the time named is neither impossible nor improbable; but to suppose that St. John's Wood and Hammersmith have suddenly become the great centres of attraction for the whole Metropolitan population facts must disprove. Anyway, we conclude 20,087,809 people have travelled, and 20,087,809 have paid fares, so we congratulate the "Underground" on its successful half year.

LES FORE-OARRES.

BY JULES,

MEMBER OF THE PARIS ROWING CLUB.

Me voilà! Yes, I am arrived, and in *mes quartiers* at *Putnèreache*. I come to see the fair on this race. I come to give the odd on *le Harvard*, six ten on him, that is my stakes. Well, you ask me of the style of this noble *fore-oarre*, that has rowed from beyond the mighty prairies of the far west, that has cross the *Atlantiques* in their outrigge without *le steward*, or an admiral! *Ma foi*, you ask me of their style! Well, it is not yet that I have seen them. But what say your *Daily-news?* Ha! *what* does it say? Listen! *Le Oxfor* row like one man, *les Harvards* like four! *mais*, dat is *le secret!* It is four to one. It is odds on *les grandes Mohicainnes*. There is not chance for your bouledogues de College. At *perfide Albion* you laugh at the gallant young heroes, the oarsmen of *la France!* It is now that you meet your box of matches! Tremble for the result. *Nous verrons!* More next week.

BETTING.

4 to 1 on Admiral Rouse.

[We cannot, of course, be held responsible for the opinions of our correspondent, whose knowledge of boating matters is, as our readers will observe, about up to the average of that possessed by the ordinary French rowing man. We shall, however, publish what he has to say on the chances of the respective crews, whether it be complimentary or the reverse. As far as our own feelings are concerned, we do not hesitate to express an unqualified admiration of the thorough pluck evinced by the American gentlemen, who have crossed the Atlantic to represent their University in this amicable contest. If they manage to pull in ahead of Oxford, they may depend upon it the British cheers to greet them will be loud and hearty.—ED. TOM.]

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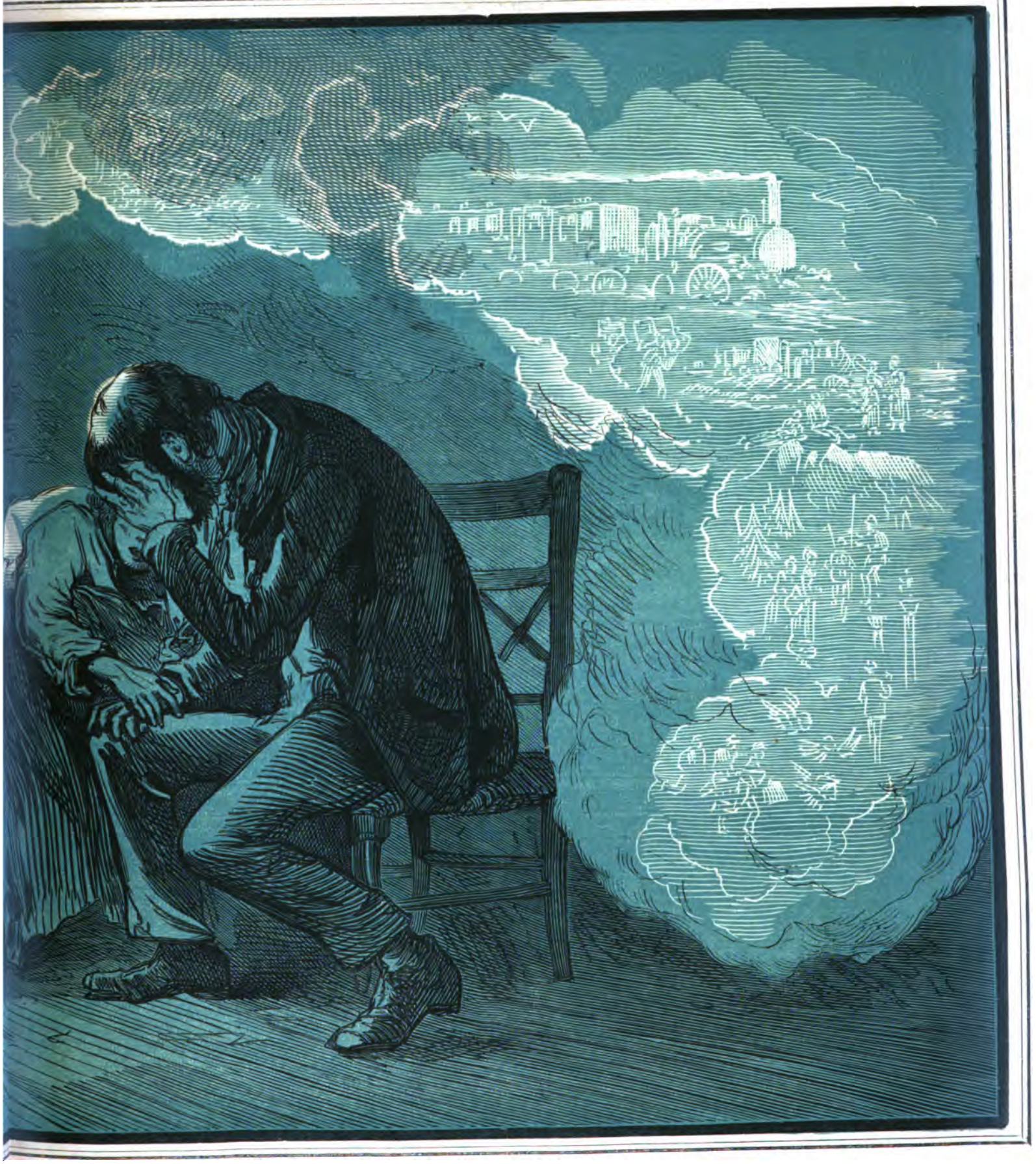

LONDON!

THE SEASON.

[*See* LEADER.

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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 76.)

XVIII.

"TAKE a glass of wine, Sir, before you begin," said Mrs. Rigsworth, who had evidently been a very pretty woman in her youth, and was still possessed of good looks.

"Thank you, I will," said Mr. Squigsby. There was a decanter of a dark-looking cloudy liquid upon the table. Mr. Squigsby poured himself out a glass. It looked uncommonly like physic, and when he had tasted it he was in considerable doubt for some time as to whether the medicine had not got decantered by mistake. Although, however, he thought to himself, "If I don't stick it on for this I'm a Dutchman," he said aloud as he drank it off, "I wish you better, Mrs. Rigsworth," and smacked his lips loudly, as if poison was his customary drink, and he preferred it to anything else.

"Thank you, Lawyer Squigsby," she said; "but I shall never be better any more,—that's certain; and now let us go on with the will. In the first place, I want to be buried."

"Good!" said Mr. Squigsby involuntarily, and commencing to write.

"I want to be buried in Kensal Green, and my funeral to be an ordinary one. I don't want to go to any extravagance in the way of mourners or mutes, or feathers or black, or hot luncheons or superfluous gravediggers."

"Very proper, ma'am," said Mr. Squigsby. "Those undertakers send in awful bills. It's money thrown away. It's hard upon the next of kin to bury the party's cash as well as the party, and in my opinion, it's a bad investment for everybody."

"I have not got many relations," continued Mrs. Rigsworth, "and those I have got, belong to my late husband, and are a set of wretches. They are all jealous of my having got the money. Those who come to see me only fawn upon me for the money, and those who stop away abuse me. I hate them all!"

Mr. Squigsby looked serious outwardly but chuckled inwardly. There was a hair in his pen, and as he held it up to the light, and shut one eye in order to see it before pulling it out, he looked so intensely shrewd that one would have thought some particularly clever idea was at that moment passing through his mind.

"Shall I put their names down?" said Mr. Squigsby blandly.

"Yes," said the old lady, apparently getting the better of her illness by her excitement. "Put them down. There's John Bilberry, the soapboiler, my husband's nephew, put him down for £50. He said I was stingy. There's Richard, his brother, the City law-stationer, put him down for £50. He said I never had a glass of wine fit to drink——"

"A libel, I am sure," said Mr. Squigsby, and, with an apparently involuntary action, he extended his hand, grasped the decanter, and filled himself another glass of wine. As he proceeded to write, he several times checked himself just in time from dipping his pen into the wine glass instead of the ink bottle, so mentally impressed had he become that *they* contained the same ingredients.

"There's my old servant, Sarah Tompkinson," went on the old lady, "she's been a faithful servant to me. Put her down £1,000. She's got an old father, a market gardener, at Fulham, David Tompkinson. He once sent me a present of beautiful scarlet runners, put him down £500; and she's got a nephew, a compositor in a printing office, Jenkin Tompkinson, put him down £500. I've only seen him once; and when I did see him he was so black with ink that I should not know him again; but I've no doubt when clean he's a very tidy fellow. He once saved my little dog from some boys in the court—and I'm quite sure the money won't be thrown away upon him."

XIX.

So Mrs. Rigsworth went on—cutting off those she called her relations, who, confident of their one day possessing her money, had given her offence—and bestowing legacies on those who had at any time rendered her small kindnesses and civilities. Her memory appeared to be something wonderful in this respect. An old lady living alone, every attention she had received from even the humblest and poorest was remembered. There was a goodly slice, too, for various hospitals and charities whose proceedings had happened to come under the notice of the old lady. The old saying of "civility costs nothing" had been more than strikingly exemplified—for it had been proved that civility might be a very profitable investment. Even the policeman on the beat was put down for a good sum for keeping away the thieves, and Mr. Squigsby gave quite a jump of satisfaction, and seized the ink bottle for the apparent purpose of drinking its contents, when he was directed to put down the baker's man for £100, as a token of her gratitude for his having introduced to her so excellent a lawyer as Mr. Squigsby!

XX.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, at the end of a long pause, and after he had cast up a whole monument of figures he had put down, "we have not got through the money yet by any means. I only make about £25,000 out of the £80,000, and that leaves £55,000 to be disposed of. What are we to do with the balance?"

"I have made up my mind what to do with that," said the old lady, quietly, "and I must take you thoroughly into my confidence, Mr. Squigsby, in telling you. Before I married Mr. Rigsworth I was attached to a young gentleman who was a teacher of music. He had no money, and depended solely upon his profession. My parents required me to give him up when Mr. Rigsworth presented himself. It was to my great sorrow that I did so. I was married. John Branscombe, that was his name, shortly afterwards also married. I have had no children, Mr. Squigsby, but I know that Mr. Branscombe, who never got on, and, if alive, is still very poorly off, has had one little girl. I also know that she was christened Maria. That is my name, Mr. Squigsby, and I wish to leave the balance of my fortune to Maria Branscombe, the daughter of John Branscombe, formerly of Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, musician. Make it secure, Mr. Squigsby—make it secure."

"But if she is dead, or—cannot be found?" said Mr. Squigsby.

"She is not dead, I am sure, and she can be found with a little trouble," said the old lady. "However, if it fails her it shall go to her next of kin—not to mine—be sure it is not to mine!"

"What a wonderful old woman!" thought Mr. Squigsby. "Nothing wrong. Possessed of full disposing power. No evidence of incapacity. She's as clear in intellect as the Lord Chief Justice."

The old lady, who was rather exhausted by the excitement of the occasion, thought for a moment, and then added:—"Of course, I must have an executor."

"Of course," said Mr. Squigsby without looking up; "of course, and, what is more, you will require some one with a nerve of iron to carry out these directions, simple as they appear. You will have the soap-boiler and the law-stationer down upon the will as certain as that's a glass of fine old port."

"I know it," said the old lady; "that's what I fear."

Mr. Squigsby flicked the ink out of his pen with a sort of savage action, as if he were shooting it into the eyes of an imaginary soap-boiler and law-stationer, and he muttered as he did so, as if his feelings were too much for him, "I should like to have the managing of you, my boys: that I should."

The old lady overheard him, and, as if something had been passing in her mind which she had hitherto been afraid to express, at once said:—

"Mr. Squigsby, I am about to ask you a great favour: will you be the executor?"

Mr. Squigsby pretended to start, and to hesitate, and then he said something about the extensive business he had to manage without accepting trusts, but that, if it was insisted upon, he would not, under all the circumstances, refuse—more particularly as the interests to be cared for were of such importance, and the solemn directions in the will likely to be questioned by a revengeful soap-boiler and a litigious law-stationer; and, this concession having been made, the old lady was so grateful that she directed him to put himself down for £2,000 legacy, which was not to be considered (and this was cleverly suggested by Mr. Squigsby) in any way in satisfaction of any costs and charges he might be put to in administering the estate, which were to be altogether separate, and paid full out of any funds he might at any time have in hand. Mr. Squigsby accordingly, with great internal satisfaction, filled up the last little corner of the will, and then proceeded to fair-copy it. As he was doing this, the old lady watched him attentively for a short time, and then suddenly interrupted him:

"Oh!" she said, "there is only one alteration to make, if it is not too late. Make the legacy to the baker's man £200."

"Thank you for the baker's man," said Mr. Squigsby, and went on writing.

XXI.

"The will is now ready for execution," said Mr. Squigsby, when he had finished and had read it over. "We must have two witnesses, and no person in the will can attest."

"I have thought of that. Will you kindly ring the bell?"

Mr. Squigsby complied. The old servant entered.

"Sarah," said the old lady, "send round to Dr. Plummy, and say I am ready to see him as well as his assistant." The old servant went out.

"A marvellous woman!" thought Mr. Squigsby. "By Jove I'll do it"—and he drank off another glass of wine at one gulp, and shook his head in a waggish manner, as much as to say, "Ah! that *is* something like!"

In a very few minutes a bustling little middle-aged man rushed into the room, followed by a slim young man. This was Dr. Plummy and the assistant.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Rigsworth, I am glad I was in the shop when your servant came. You are very much better. I've brought the draughts with me. They were all ready," and he took out of his pocket a series of bottles. "Good day, sir. Attest the will? Most certainly. I've also brought a box of lozenges, I think you will like, ma'am; they are very good," taking them from another pocket. "We've left the boy in the shop, so there's no hurry."

Mrs. Rigsworth complied with Mr. Squigsby's directions as to her signature, and then the doctor and his assistant attested it as witnesses. The will was then put into an envelope, sealed by Mr. Squigsby, and put in his pocket.

"Good-bye, my dear madam," said Dr. Plummy, "never saw you looking better. By the way, I think you would like the new patent Bolliver soap which has just come out. I'll leave you a packet to try, if you don't mind," placing it upon the table. "Good-bye."

The old lady took hearty leave of the lawyer and the doctor, and as these gentlemen stepped into the street,

"Wonderful old lady," said Dr. Plummy.

"So clear," said Mr. Squigsby.

"Yes," said Dr. Plummy, "but very ill—a great sufferer, sir."

"She may get over it," suggested Mr. Squigsby.

"Get over it!" said Dr. Plummy. "I'll stake my professional reputation and my knowledge of the commercial value of tooth-brushes, that directly the next cold weather sets in she's dead in a month."

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

E PLURIBUS UNUM!

SOME Oxford man has in the *Times*, very properly, indignantly repudiated Mr. Boucicault's picture of University life, and pointed out, with much force, that the worthy crew when in the midst of their final training at Putney do not, as a rule, rush about London loose in dark blue flannel, and sing boating-songs with an antic chorus, outside low public houses. Creditable as is the feeling which has prompted the gentleman in question to hasten to the rescue of his Alma Mater, still, we must tell him that he is evidently a novice in matters theatrical. What does he think would become of the *Times* were it to publish a protest from everyone against the glaring impossibilities and unrealities which are now accepted as a substitute for "pictures of modern life" upon our London stage? Where, in the drawing-rooms of the great, shall we meet with those eccentric veterans—those votaries of gaily dressed and independent refinement, the Adelphi guests? Need a Duchess rush into print to assure us that the truly noble do not wear Berlin gloves, and admire the furniture and decorations of their hosts' mansions in strikingly demonstrative attitudes? And are there not a thousand other anomalies present to us? What of the examination at Mr. Robertson's charming little establishment for young ladies? What of the "high life" scene in Mr. Burnand's very effective inundation piece? Honestly then let it be confessed Mr. Boucicault is only swimming with the tide. If people *will* go and see a piece because there is a naughty young lady, and an Oxford crew in it, what can the author do but serve up the dish with popular flavouring? Hence, impossibilities in Fulham Villas and wonders in Basinghall street. The stage still holds the mirror up to nature, but we live in days of cheap glass, and British theatrical plate is but poor stuff.

A HINT WORTH TAKING.

MR. CARDWELL must evidently have been studying the "money" advertisements in the daily papers, which, after inviting would-be borrowers to make immediate application at the address given, supplement their announcement with the paragraph, "Forms, 2d." He has recently, in his official capacity, been inviting tenders for the performance of the necessary work in the erection of a police station at Aldershot, but it has been ruled that every contractor disposed to tender is to pay half-a-guinea. It is not for us to argue about the soundness of this entrance-fee principle which Mr. Cardwell has adopted, but it may be a convenience to those persons who may wish to address themselves to the right honourable gentleman if we publish the following statement of sums which, in postage stamps or otherwise, must accompany the applications specified:—

TARIFF.

	£	s.	d.
Application for a Commission	0	10	0
Ditto for a Paymastership	0	15	0
Ditto for a Clerkship in the War Office ...	2	2	0
Ditto for the Colonelcy of a Regiment ...	10	0	0
Ditto to succeed Sir Henry Storks, the Controller-in-Chief, who, it is believed, is about to resign	21	0	0
Ditto to succeed General Balfor, the Assistant-Controller, who, it is believed, is about to be got rid of	0	0	2½

As yet, it will be perceived that rates have only been fixed for applications regarding the patronage appertaining to the Secretary of State for War, but in time we believe the principle will be extended to the whole correspondence of the Department. In the mean time, however, the figures above stated will no doubt effect a very appreciable deduction on next year's estimates.

HOLIDAY TASKS.

MR. CARDWELL.—To reorganize the War Office by getting rid of 30 per cent. of the clerks, 60 per cent. of the staff and circumlocution generally.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.—To go to Central Asia himself and master "the question."

MR. BRUCE.—To study logic, and afterwards to apologize to the three bank clerks who, having been beaten and imprisoned by the police for no reason whatever, were for the same cause grossly insulted by him in a speech in the House of Commons.

MR. LOWE.—To learn that economy and efficiency are two very different things.

THE EARL OF CLARENDON.—To read certain articles in the paper called the *Queen's Messenger*, not those headed "Our Hereditary Legislators," but statements referring to the Foreign Office Agency system, which, if there be an atom of truth in what that paper avows, appears to be a positive disgrace to English administration.

MR. BRIGHT.—To stick to his desk and earn his salary.

EARL GRANVILLE.—To teach some of his *confrères* better manners.

MR. CHILDERS.—To remember that members of a First Lord's family cannot claim free rations on board Her Majesty's ships of war.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.—To introduce a halfpenny post, twopenny telegrams, and five per cent. for saving's bank investments.

MR. GLADSTONE.—To take care of himself and get well.

MACBETH.

GRAND OPERA.

(PAR A—BR—ISE TH—M—S.)

PART III.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE Third Part is mainly taken up with the murder of Duncan. Here some liberties have been taken with the immortal bard, but only such as to increase the horror of the scene, and to comply with the exigencies of the lyric drama. After a carouse, in which a quaint dance of Mummers is introduced, Duncan breaks up the party of revellers at Inverness Castle. He retires to his chamber, having first drunk a drugged posset prepared for him by Lady Macbeth. Macbeth is now left alone to commit the murder; the sight of the ghostly dagger fills him with strange fear, but the Witches appearing he invokes their aid, and on being promised their love declares he will dare all for such a reward, and at once enters Duncan's chamber to do the fatal deed. On his return he meets his guilty wife, but before he can escape, as prearranged between her and her lover, Banquo appears—and confronts Macbeth with the traces of guilt fresh on his hands. Here comes a magnificent situation—Macbeth goes to remove the tell-tale stains, and the guests are all summoned by Banquo. The horrid deed is discovered, and on Macbeth's re-entry, prepared to face the worst, Banquo suddenly informs the people that the grooms were the guilty persons, and that he had slain them. The Chorus are overwhelmed with horror, but Banquo recalls them to the exigencies of the moment by reminding them that they must choose a new king. To Macbeth's astonishment and delight he proposes him. The curtain descends upon the loyal congratulations of the Chorus, mingled with the dirge for the death of Duncan.

The Scene represents the Courtyard of MACBETH'S *Castle of Inverness. On the right-hand side of the Stage is the entrance to the State Apartments of* DUNCAN; *on the left, the wing containing* MACBETH'S *Rooms; in the centre is the Grand Hall, illuminated, the windows hung with banners and wreaths of flowers; torches and Roman lamps fixed or suspended in all parts of the Stage. Above the Hall is the Clock Tower, illuminated, with a grand beacon fire burning on the summit, while below the Royal Banner of Scotland flaunts in the night breeze. On the Battlements are Sentinels, and rows of coloured torches, flags, &c. The sound of dance music is heard from the Hall. On the rising of the Curtain, the Dunniewassels, Ghillies, Reeks, Peasants, Lads and Lasses are seen assembled in the Courtyard. In one corner three oxen are roasting whole; in another a large tun of whiskey is running. The people carouse.*

CHORUS.

We knew he would,
We said he would,
He plays the host
Most handsomely.
His beef is fine,
So is his wine,
But best of all
This bright whiskey.

Semi-Chorus of Females.—
How bravely bears himself the Thane!
Young Banquo glances bold and free.

(*To one another.*)
I'm sure I saw him wink at you.
Oh, fie for shame! it was not me.

Full Chorus.—
Macbeth and Banquo both are brave,
But Banquo is the merry knave.

Semi-Chorus of Men.—
The good King Duncan looks right hale—
That he lives long I will be bail.
He loves our noble chief Macbeth,
Who drives our foes to gory death!

Full Chorus.—
Macbeth and Banquo both are brave,
But Banquo is the merry knave.

The centre doors of the Grand Hall open, and KING DUNCAN *enters, followed by* MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, ANGUS, *&c., &c.; Attendant Nobles, Ladies, Pages, &c.*

CHORUS.—See, see, our noble King
With him all the chiefs doth bring.
Drink, my boys, laugh, girls, and sing,
Welcome to our Scottish King,

DUNCAN.—Friends, I rejoice you all to see,
Good cheer to all—and all cheer me!

(*They cheer vociferously. The welkin rings merrily.*)

(*Enter* MUMMERS, *fantastically attired.*)

Grand dance of MUMMERS.

DUNCAN (*yawning*).—We've walked a goodish bit to-day,
I think good night we ought to say.

CHORUS.—Our King has walked so much to-day,
He thinks good night we ought to say.

LADY MACBETH.—Oh stay, my liege, I do beseech.
I have for you here just prepared
A most delicious draught,
It is a posset that doth curd with fear
The mighty name of Duncan, King, to hear.

(*She presents the posset.* KING DUNCAN *bows, and then drinks to her.*)

BANQUO (*aside*).—A posset would she had for me.
Made by those fair hands
A black-draught would delicious seem.

MACBETH.—Within that posset what may lurk
The guileless Duncan little knows

KING DUNCAN (*rising*).—Good subjects, all to bed—to bed.
Sweet sleep its spells weave round each head.

CHORUS.—To bed, to bed—put out each light,
The King his subjects bids good night.

(LADY MACBETH *and* MACBETH *conduct* DUNCAN *to his chamber. The crowd go off.* BANQUO, ROSSE, *and* ANGUS *retire through the hall.*)

CHORUS.—*Da capo—as all retreat.*

The stage now becomes dark, except the beacon fire, which still burns fitfully. MACBETH *and* LADY MACBETH *re-enter from* DUNCAN'S *chamber. They advance cautiously.*

LADY MACBETH.—Courage! His posset I have drugged.
He will not move.

MACBETH.— To bed! to bed!
With valour me thou hast infused;
The signal give upon thy bell.

LADY MACBETH.—Good night; when thou hast done the deed,
Sweet welcome unto thee I'll give.

[*Exit slowly.*

MACBETH *alone. He remains gloomily silent. The noise of wolves howling in the mountains is heard. Bats fly across the scene. The hooting of owls and the cry of the night-jar echo through the air.*

MACBETH (*starting from his reverie, and advancing towards centre of stage. Starting violently, as the airy dagger, dripping with blood, crosses in front of him*).—What do I see?—a dagger? Come,
Let me thee seize.

(*Snatching at it. The dagger eludes his grasp.*)

'Tis gone. O Heaven!

THE WITCHES *appear, mounted on fiery broomsticks in the clouds at back.*

WITCHES *a* 3.—Ha! ha! ha! 'tis there—'tis there.
Duncan for death must now prepare.

MACBETH (*gazing at dagger, which dances up and down before him, going in the direction of* DUNCAN'S *chamber.*)
There is blood upon thy blade! Avaunt,
Thou mocking image!

(*Tries to seize it.*

WITCHES (*as before*).— Ha! ha! ha!

MACBETH.—That laugh, it is the sisters three,
That dance around the blasted tree.

WITCHES.—Hail, king that shall be!

MACBETH (*to* WITCHES).—Come, lovely fiends, my soul inspire,
And fill me with revengeful ire.

WITCHES.—Hail, king that shall be!

MACBETH.—That fatal promise, devils fair,
That float on broomsticks through the air,
With maddening love for you I burn ;
Say, can you this wild love return ?

WITCHES.—We can—we can—but blood must buy
Our kisses sweet. The man we love
Must quail before no mortal eye,
Nor dread the frown of gods above.

MACBETH.—I fear no man nor woman now ;
The wrath of heaven I defy.
Your bidding I will ever do,
(*Going.*
And Duncan's blood your smiles shall buy.
(*Bell sounds.*
I go—I go—Duncan, hear not the bell
Which summons thee to heaven or to hell.
[*Exit to chamber, madly brandishing dagger.*

WITCHES.—Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! he's ours ; he's ours.

(*They career furiously to and fro in the air. Thunder—howling of Wolves increases—wails of lost souls heard. The sky above the Castle fills with strange monsters, who flap their wings and howl ; crash after crash is heard, and red meteors flit across the sky. The horror of the scene culminates as* MACBETH *rushes in, pale, with bloody hands.* LADY MACBETH *enters from the other side in white drapery.*)

LADY MACBETH.—Speak.

MACBETH (*trembling*).—'Tis done.

WITCHES (*in the distance*).—Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! he is ours ! he is ours !

LADY MACBETH.—Those fiends exult. O rage !
(*To* MACBETH.) Thou pale poltroon ! why stand'st thou shivering there ?
Go wash the witness from thy trembling hands.

MACBETH *is going mechanically, when* BANQUO *enters from* C. *and confronts him.*

LADY MACBETH.—Too late ! too late ! we are discovered.

MACBETH.—Banquo ! you here ! O horror !

BANQUO.—Yes, I am merely come to see
How Duncan, our dear king, doth sleep.

LADY MACBETH (*aside*).—He acts it well.

MACBETH.—Go find him ; he sleeps well.

BANQUO.—There is blood upon thy hands.

MACBETH.—Thou liest, 'tis the stain of wine.

BANQUO.—See how he trembles. (*Enters* DUNCAN'S *chamber.*)

(MACBETH *tries to stop him, but is paralysed by fear, and remains rooted to the spot.* BANQUO *enters the chamber.* LADY MACBETH *tries to support her husband. A scream is heard as* BANQUO *comes rushing out.*)

BANQUO.—The king is murdered : by his side
His grooms lie dead, with blood bestained.

MACBETH.—They did it, and I slew them : thus did I.

BANQUO.—A likely tale (*with sarcastic emphasis*),
You'd better go and wash your hands.

LADY MACBETH.—Yes, go within ; leave all to us.

MACBETH.—I go (*aside*), but with me goes remorse.
These blood-red hands pluck out my eyes.
[*Exit into Castle,* L.

BANQUO.—He's gone ; for us all goes right well.

LADY MACBETH.—Ah me, I faint. Awake our guests.

BANQUO (*shouting*).—Halloa within ! arise, arise ! (*Blows a horn.*)

The centre door is thrown wide open ; the alarm bell sounds ; the Guards enter on battlements ; the Castle becomes alive with lights and people. Enter in a tumultuous crowd—ROSSE, ANGUS, *Lords, Ladies, Lads, Lasses, Attendants, Dunniewassels, &c., &c.*

CHORUS.—What means this noise ? O say, O say.
Why wake us at this time of day ?

BANQUO.—Seek there your answer (*pointing to* DUNCAN'S *chamber*).

ROSSE, ANGUS, *&c., advance to* DUNCAN'S *chamber, followed by some of the Chiefs.*

CHORUS.—My mind misgives me ; Banquo's pale ;
The lady, too, looks very ill.
What horror to this house has come ?
Strange terror does our bosoms fill.

A fearful scream is heard from DUNCAN'S *room ;* ROSSE, ANGUS, *and the others re-enter, pale and affrighted.*

ROSSE.—The king is murdered.

ALL.—Murdered !

CHORUS.—We knew our fears were not nightmares ;
This dreadful tale our senses scares.

MACBETH *enters, dressed as if aroused from sleep. He is pale, but composed. They all are hushed in attentive silence as he advances.*

MACBETH (*with great effort of self-control*).—
Friends all, alone, within my room,
I sudden am from sleep aroused—
My wife—and fainting—Banquo, say,
What means this sight. Ah me I fear—

CHORUS (*pointing with horror to* DUNCAN'S *chamber*).—
The good old king, he's murdered there !

MACBETH (*wildly*).—Who has done this ?

(BANQUO *comes forward.* MACBETH *tries to hide his terror. As* BANQUO *advances he looks up with a piteous appeal upon his pallid features.*

BANQUO (*looking at* MACBETH).—His grooms—

ALL.—Slay—slay them—wretches foul !

BANQUO,—I slew them there, the blood upon their hands.

MACBETH (*recovers himself. Aside*).—
Brave Banquo, I thank thee.

BANQUO (*aside*).—'Tis for the Witches' sake—
(*Looking at* LADY MACBETH.

CHORUS.—O horror ! horror ! wail, oh wail.
The good old Duncan murdered lies.

BANQUO.—Yet Scotland needs another king.

CHORUS.—'Tis true. 'Tis true. Who shall be King ?

BANQUO.—Who but our noble host, Macbeth ?

MACBETH.—Oh, Heavens !

CHORUS.—He's right. He's right. Hail, King Macbeth,
Before your Sovereign bow the knee.

(*All kneel to* MACBETH.)

MACBETH.—Friends, the fresh horror of this deed
Forbids my tongue to give thee thanks.

LADY MACBETH.—Forgive my Lord, forgive me too,
If now we cannot speak to you.

CHORUS.—Hail, mighty King, hail, mighty Queen,
This bloody deed is now revenged.
We'll bear the old King to his grave,
And dance before the new one here.

BANQUO, ROSSE, ANGUS } (*kneeling*).—Hail, King Macbeth.

CHORUS.—To victory lead our soldiers brave,
Where we have dug King Duncan's grave.
Hail, King Macbeth.

WITCHES (*in the distance*).—Hail, King that art.

CHORUS.—Hail, King Macbeth. Hail, Mighty King,
We all our grateful tribute bring.

(*As all kneel around* MACBETH *the body of* DUNCAN *is borne in by some of the attendants.* MACBETH *kneels and kisses the hand.* BANQUO *and* LADY MACBETH *exchange glances behind.*)

(*The* WITCHES *are seen at last, in an attitude of wild exultation, and amid a grand finale of orchestral effects the curtain descends*)

ACROSTIC.

MY second cometh of my first :
Dangerous food—endless thirst.

Half of this—better than *no* bread ;
Do without it, and soon be dead.

A king was he, judicious man ;
When fried in grease he left the pan.

This is quite an easy riddle.
Sweetly smile, and play the fiddle.

Low ! 'neath Cockney leg ! oh lud !
High ! soon raised from sheltering mud.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 121.] *LONDON, AUGUST* 28, 1869. [Price Twopence.

A FAREWELL TO THE CABINET.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has completely deposed the *Times* from the position of leading journal, is most remarkable for its fairness and impartiality in political matters. It lately administered a severe and well-deserved rebuke to several of the Ministry for their insolent demeanour towards the House of Commons, particularly in replying to questions. Mr. Lowe has entirely eclipsed Mr. Layard, who, up to this season, held undisputed the position of leading bully in the House. This remarkable convert to Liberal principles seems to visit upon all unoffending persons who are unfortunate enough to come in contact with him officially, that contempt which he should feel for his own self. For Mr. Lowe to serve with Mr. Bright, and under Mr. Gladstone, those eminent chiefs of the band who assassinated the British Constitution (*vide* the harangues of Mr. Lowe)—those traitors who filled the wooden horse with armed destroyers of our country's liberty, must, of course, be very galling to his sense of consistency, or his conscience, if he has any. But it is rather hard upon the members of the House, and upon the public generally, that they should have to submit to insolent snubs and audacious equivoques at the hands of this plastic patriot whenever they have any information to demand of him. As for the other Ministers, they are but faint copies of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in rudeness. Mr. Bright runs him hard, and seems to think that his main duty as President of the Board of Trade is to defend the dishonesty of tradesmen at any cost, and on every occasion. Mr. Cardwell excels in his power of hiding the truth under such a heap of official rigmarole that nobody can find it. Of Mr. Bruce we have spoken already in these columns. He is above all law, and apparently order too. At least, the Speaker never ventures to stop him in his explanations. The great Home Secretary defames the characters of individuals, reverses the decision of magistrates, and preserves as many murderers as he can, for the use and benefit of society. With Mr. Bruce, the word explanation is derived from *ex*, "away from, out of," and *planare*, "to wander." He wanders away from the subject, and out of the limits of veracity alike. But, after all, these blemishes were only to be expected in a Ministry constructed like the present. History is clear enough in her teaching on this point. Coalition Ministries are always the worst. It is hardly possible to imagine a more hateful coalition than that which arises from a reluctant assumption of noble ideas and purposes by men whose natural narrowness of mind and selfish apathy give the lie to the assumption at every turn.

A PÆAN OF THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

Safe in our licensed unconcern,
Who so merry as we?
Hence, ye grumblers, slow to learn
That collision's terrors, with shrieks and groans,
In accidents two or three,
Mangled bodies and crippled bones,
Are not, as the public idly dream,
The fault of our regulations (made
To be most stringently disobeyed);
But a hecatomb offered—the only rite
That appeases the murderous appetite
Of the twin fiends, Iron and Steam!

Let the paid Inspectors take delight
To say hard words, and to make a fuss;—
Who so merry as we?
It amuses them, and does not hurt us—
Let them pocket a fee!
In revenge for their flagrant breach of manners
We'll tear their Report (and serve them right!)
To kindle our evening choice Havannahs!
Comrades, who's afraid?
Ho! pass the bottle! we lay no stress
On the fact of a passenger, more or less,
When backed by the Board of Trade!

At Statute Law we may boldly laugh;—
Who so merry as we?
We've a giant to fight on our behalf!
Another bottle! and three good groans
For the idiot juries that fail to see
Romance of travel in broken bones!
Hurrah! there is yet a theme
Of triumph! our friend does all he knows
To shield his pets from such paltry foes,
And some stray jurors may, whilst we dine,
Be smashed to bits on our model line
By the twin fiends Iron and Steam!

A NEIGHBOURLY SUGGESTION.

The Prussian Admiralty has just proposed the adoption by all civilized nations of a flag of distress. It is suggested that the flag should be of a dark yellow colour with a red cross upon it. Should the suggestion be adopted by England, the Union Jack will no longer be our national ensign, for how many ducal castles, gentlemen's mansions, and common people's houses will have to put up a flagstaff with the new signal hoisted thereon! Why, Carlton Terrace alone will wear quite a gay appearance, even at this dull season of the year.

MINISTERIAL ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE RECESS.

THE PREMIER will, it is hoped, enjoy that relaxation which he so well deserves, and by the end of his holiday be thoroughly restored to health. If he wants employment for his mind let him calculate how he can repair his Cabinet, substituting real gold for the tinsel which now forms so great a part of its ornamentation.

MR. BRIGHT will pass the recess in drinking adulterated beer and tea, and eating adulterated bread and pickles. He will also travel every day by excursion trains. It is hoped that by the end of the time thus profitably employed, he will see that if adulteration is good for competition, it is very bad for the human stomach, also that if he meets with an accident, he will claim ample damages.

MR. LOWE will go to France and get the waiter at some hotel to give him lessons in good manners. He will also by living on £200 a-year (paid weekly) find how it is cheaper to pay £5 income tax out of one week's salary than £1 5s. every quarter out of the whole year's.

MR. CARDWELL will walk up and down Pall Mall from 10 to 3 in a private soldier's tunic, stock, and proper accoutrements. He will be accompanied on very warm days by the Commander-in-Chief, similarly attired. The Minister for War will then understand (if he keeps his ears open) what is meant by the *civil* control of the army.

MR. CHILDERS will go and take up his residence for one half of the time with a discharged Admiralty clerk (paying his share of the board), and for the other half with the family of a dock labourer lately dismissed. He will thus learn the real blessings of economy.

MR. AUSTIN BRUCE will spend the greater portion of his time with the police, of whom he is so fond, and from whom he will doubtless gain some useful hints on hard swearing. The remainder of his holiday he will pass in the congenial society of some of the convicts whom he has reprieved, who may enlighten him on the heavenly effects of mercy.

MR. LAYARD will amuse himself in the people's parks and in the rustic lanes of Bethnal Green. Next year will probably show us some diminution in the estimates for the decoration of Hyde Park, for the sole benefit of that portion of the community which wilfully deserts the scented meadows, and leafy dells of the country, to say nothing of their own splendid gardens, to spend their time in hot ball rooms, and in driving up and down a mile and a half of dusty road, which has to be planted on each side with flowers at the expense of some £5,000 to the nation.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL and LORD GRANVILLE will go for a tour on the Continent together, from which it is hoped that the noble Duke will return with his hair cut, and with some idea of the existence of other nations on the Continent besides the Scotch. Considering the dogmatic *dominie* air of the giant duke during the debates of last Session, he hardly deserves such a pleasant companion, but it is almost impossible that he can fail to derive some benefit from such intercourse.

"DEUS EX MACHINA."

A MONSTER gooseberry has appeared at the pleasant watering-place called Ramsgate, in the shape of about a couple of hundred million ladybirds, which last week visited every nook and corner in the town. Of course, there were numerous "oldest inhabitants" (who had never seen such a thing before since 1781, when only two hundred thousand ladybirds put in an appearance in the same way) ready to write to the papers to inform the various editors of the startling phenomenon; and more than one of our morning contemporaries have profited considerably by the seasonable occurrence. If only a few thousand sharks would turn up at Greenwich, or a couple of hundred tigers or so in Hyde Park, really the papers might be able to drag on a profitable existence until the people begin to come back to town.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Volume XXII. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 15 Waterloo place, 1869.

THIS truly charming edition of the "Great Master's" writings is at length complete. With the concluding volume we have "Catherine, a Story," "Little Travels and Roadside Sketches," "The Fitz-Boodle Papers," "Critical Reviews," and "The Wolves and the Lamb," a portrait of the author taken in 1864, and several illustrations from the pencil of him who knew so well how to handle the pen. The *novelette* appeared years ago in *Fraser's Magazine*, and was written to counteract the injurious influence of some popular fictions of that day, which made heroes of highwaymen, and created a false sympathy for the vicious and the criminal. The "Fitz-Boodle Confessions" are too well known to every educated Englishman to require a word of explanation in these pages. "The Critical Essays" have the drawings of Cruickshank and Leech for their subject. In them Thackeray alludes to his desertion of our poor dear quasi-brilliant contemporary, *Punch*, in the following words, "Another member of Mr. Punch's Cabinet, the biographer of Jeames, the author of the 'Snob Papers,' resigned his functions on account of Mr. Punch's assaults upon the present Emperor of the French, whose anger Jeames thought it unpatriotic to arouse." We fear there is a tinge of cruel sarcasm in this little bit of "chaff," as Thackeray was well known for his hostility to "Looey Napoleon." Perhaps Mr. Mark Lemon (the best editor in the world, "although we say it who ought not to say it") might give a different version of the matter. The last pages of this magnificent volume are devoted to a little comedy, which proves in every line, that although Thackeray was the greatest of modern novelists, he had not the remotest notion of dramatic construction. "The Wolves and the Lamb" is full of charming passages. The following quotation is a fair sample of the delightful lines with which this brilliant, plotless, natural, unactable piece abounds:

LADY K.—My dear Horace, you *shouldn't* shake hands with Miss Prior. You should keep people of that class at a distance, my dear creature. [*They go into dinner*, Captain TOUCHIT *following with* MRS. BONNINGTON. *As they go out, enter* MARY *with children's tea-tray, &c., children following, and after them* MRS. PRIOR. MARY *gives her tea.*]

MRS. PRIOR.—Thank you, Mary! You are so kind! Oh, what delicious tea!

GEORGY.—I say, Mrs. Prior, I dare say you would like to dine best, wouldn't you?

MRS. P.—Bless you, my darling love, I had my dinner at one o'clock with my children at home.

GEORGY.—So had we: but we go in to dessert very often; and then don't we have cakes and oranges and candied-peel and macaroons and things! We are not to go in to-day; because Bella ate so many strawberries she made herself ill.

BELLA.—So did you.

GEORGY.—I'm a man, and men eat more than women, twice as much as women. When I'm a man I'll eat as much cake as ever I like. I say, Mary, give us the marmalade.

MRS. P.—Oh, what nice marmalade! *I* know of some poor children——

MISS P.—Mamma! don't, mamma [*in an imploring tone*].

MRS. P.—I know of two poor children at home, who have very seldom nice marmalade and cake, young people.

GEORGE.—You mean Adolphus and Frederick and Amelia, your children. Well, they shall have marmalade and cake.

BELLA.—Oh, yes! I'll give them mine.

MRS. P.—Darling, dearest child!

GEORGE.—(*his mouth full*).—I won't give 'em mine: but they can have another pot, you know. You have always got a basket with you, Mrs. Prior. I know you have. You had it that day you took the cold fowl.

MRS. P.—For the poor blind black man! oh, how thankful he was!

GEORGE.—I don't know whether it was for a black man. Mary, get us another pot of marmalade.

MARY.—I don't know, Master George.

GEORGE.—I *will* have another pot of marmalade. If you don't, I'll—I'll smash everything—I will.

BELLA.—Oh, you naughty rude boy!

GEORGE.—Hold *your* tongue! I *will* have it. Mary shall go and get it.

MRS. P.—Do humour him, Mary; and I'm sure my poor children at home will be the better for it.

GEORGE.—There's your basket! now put this cake in, and this pat of butter, and this sugar. Hurray, hurray! Oh, what jolly fun! Tell Adolphus and Amelia I sent it to them—tell 'em they shall never want for anything as long as George Kicklebury Milliken, Esq., can give it 'em. Did Adolphus like my grey coat that I didn't want?

MRS. P.—You did not give him your new grey coat?

GEORGE.—Don't you speak to me; I'm going to school—I'm not going to have no more governesses soon.

MRS. P.—Oh, my dear Master George, what a nice coat it is, and how well my poor boy looked in it!

MISS P.—Don't mamma! I pray and entreat you not to take the things!

But there, we have done; when we write of Thackeray it seems desecration to criticise—we can only admire.

Nuts for Boys to Crack. By Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. London: Bemrose and Sons, 21 Paternoster Row and Derby; and R. J. Pike, Nottingham. 1869.

WE have glanced at the contents of this little work, and can conscientiously recommend it as an excellent substitute for laudanum.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW PHASE.

IT is pleasant to know that the friend of our youth, the Royal Polytechnic Institution, is in a flourishing condition. We do not mean to hint for a moment that the entertainments at the Polytechnic have not always been excellent and satisfactory, for they have; but it seems that it has not been until quite lately that the concern has been made to pay. According to the last report, however, the financial position of the Polytechnic is now all that could be wished for, and a good dividend has recently been paid to the shareholders. It would indeed be unsatisfactory to a degree if a place of amusement and instruction, such as this is and has been for years past, were to prove in the long run a bad speculation. At one time, however, it looked very much as if such would be the case, but the excellent management of Professor Pepper has resulted in the present sound position of the undertaking. It is scarcely necessary for us to tell everybody to pay an occasional visit to the Polytechnic, for the Institution numbers its visitors as legion, and its halls and lecture-rooms are never empty; but it may be as well to remind the public that a large establishment as the Polytechnic is needs and deserves their support, and that they could not better spend an evening and a shilling than by wending their way to Langham Place, and profiting by Professor Pepper's pleasantly-instructive lectures.

FITS AND STARTS.

EVERY now and then, but more often at this time of the year, when there is "nothing in the papers," the press raise a cry for reform in the fashions of the day. The costumes of ladies, however, our contemporaries have long since fairly admitted to be beyond the limits of their influence and control, so they now fall back upon the attire of the male species. A short time back the *Daily Telegraph* devoted a leading article to the demolition of the chimney-pot hat, and within the last few weeks other journals, scarcely less influential, have attacked with vigour and in detail the dress of those members of the community who belong to the sterner sex. In fact, the "sensible costume" fit has once more taken possession of the newspapers, and until something else crops up that can be written upon and argued about, we shall assuredly find a certain number of their columns daily devoted to the discussion of the new movement.

It would be far too great a demand on our space if we attempted to describe the numberless suggestions thrown out within the last fortnight for a new costume for gentlemen, for no two journals seem to have the same tastes. On one point, however, all our contemporaries agree—namely, that the only means of introducing the reformed style with any permanence is by enlisting the Prince of Wales into their service, and getting him to wear the clothes prescribed until they become—as they shortly surely would become—*de rigueur*. As the simplest way, therefore, of giving our support to the movement, and as a practical measure, we have carefully compiled, from the various suggestions now before us, a costume which we recommend for the immediate adoption of the Prince of Wales, who, we doubt not, as heir to the throne, will be glad to bow to the decree of the fourth estate of the realm; and we take the liberty of requesting his Royal Highness to forward the following description of his future attire to Mr. Poole with all convenient speed in order that the new regulation may be at once successfully inaugurated:—

EVENING DRESS.

Coat.—Coloured velvet jacket, with silk collar and brass buttons.
Waistcoat.—White stuff of some sort with several pockets.
Trowsers.—Knickerbockers of velvet cloth or silk—colour the same as the jacket.
Stockings.—Spun silk.
Shoes.—Double-soled pumps.
Hat.—Black pot hat, with feathers at discretion.
Gloves.—Black silk or white cotton.

MORNING DRESS.

Coat.—A blouse of serge, or other strong material. In the summer brown holland to be substituted.
Waistcoat.—None.
Trowsers.—As at present worn, but terminating below the knee.
Stockings.—Worsted of some useful colour—drab or grey, for instance.
Shoes.—Strong Bluchers.
Hat.—Coloured billycock.
Gloves.—Double dogskin.

We will not even hazard a guess whether or not such a costume as this would be becoming, but if the Prince of Wales—who, if the dress is to be carried off well, is the gentleman of all others to do it—would consent to give it a trial, we should, no doubt, in the course of a few months, look on tall hats and swallow-tail coats very much as we now regard ruffles and jack boots. Truly this is an age of progress.

£300 REWARD—MURDER!

MR. CHILDERS is certainly imbued with an extraordinary spirit of economy. Not very long since Her Majesty's ship Eclipse made her trial trip, and it was at once discovered that the ventilation of the vessel was seriously faulty, and a report was accordingly made to the Admiralty. From this document it appeared that the engine drained off its hot and impure air into the ward-room, and that nothing was provided in the way of ventilation to carry off the poisonous atmosphere. It also appeared that the necessary alterations would cost £300. This decided Mr. Childers: he did not consider the alterations necessary by any means, as they would add £300 to the Estimates, so he sent the good ship Eclipse on her way with an able officer to command her. This able officer was Captain Harvey, who has just died of yellow fever, contracted solely from the unhealthy arrangements of his ship; and it has also transpired that every one of the ward-room officers have had the disease, though providentially it has not in their cases proved fatal. However, the death of the Captain is sufficient to warrant us in denouncing the behaviour of the Admiralty authorities as utterly wicked and indefensible. We have recently heard of clerks being dismissed and reduced with a brutal disregard of any consideration beyond the mere saving of a few pounds; but the affair of the Eclipse is worse than this, for it nearly approaches the nature of a crime,—and a punishable crime, too. Instead of spending the nation's money in holiday-making with the Fleet, Mr. Childers would do better to remain at the Admiralty and look after the interests committed to his charge. This wanton disregard of everything and everybody—indeed, even for life itself—has reduced the public confidence in Mr. Childers to the lowest ebb; and few people of any shade of politics would regret to hear of the resignation of a Minister whose policy appears to be at once brutal, selfish, and disastrous to the best interests of the British Navy.

No. IX., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,
NOW READY.

LONDON, AUGUST 28, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE poor late Prince Consort! His name has been hawked about in every conceivable fashion, and now an Insurance Office has played false with it! Well, why should not a commercial company cling to a bad *policy* when greater institutions set the example?

A FUSS has been made about *Formosa's* immorality. This is silly. The piece is very bad and very dull, but there's nothing in it to furnish food for even the most prurient-minded libertine to gloat over. You may take your grandmother to see it with perfect safety. It won't harm her morals, although it may send her to sleep.

WHY has Dr. Cumming, of all men in the world, rushed forward at the present moment as the champion of England in the forthcoming Œcumenical Council? He does not even represent the National Church; and Oxford certainly would not be proud of his classical attainments. His Latin letter was a very bald, schoolboy's effort. Many religious controversialists, through their lack of logic and mathematical reasoning, may fairly be said to draw up at the *pons asinorum;* Dr. Cumming, however, seems bent on a double feat. He cannot even get through the Latin Gate!

CAN any one guess what place this is?—"Below the level of the ground, and totally unfit for human occupation. The ceiling is two inches only above the level of the street pavement. The floor is sunken, and the walls damp. Hundreds of rats infest the room, and the emanation of the drains is quite unbearable." A dungeon in a Neapolitan prison? Some Eastern lock-up? Nothing of the kind! This is simply an apartment prepared by a Christian country for the reception of its poor; in other words, the "Male Ward" in a British workhouse in 1869. We have not done with this subject.

WHO does write the Queen's Speeches? We have a theory of our own on the subject, that they are written by some of the inferior officials in the department of the Board of Green Cloth, who, having nothing on earth to do at any other time, are indulged on the occasion of the opening and closing of the Parliamentary Session with this honourable task. It must be a beautiful sight, these talented gentlemen sucking their pens and rubbing their heads in the agony of composition, with the 'Elegant Guide to Public Speakers" by their sides, culling choice sentences from the laboriously florid exercises of vestry-room orators.

M. DE CASSAGNAC is quite an anomaly. His journal, *Le Pays*, is the only one that speaks with disapproval of the liberal amnesty granted by the Emperor on the occasion of his *fête*. There is no surer proof of the wisdom and justice of any action than the fact that it is not approved by the *Pays*. In another respect M. de Cassagnac is an anomaly. He is the only remnant of that unpleasant race, the professional duellists, whose skill with the sword or pistol in a country where duelling is an institution, enables them to insult with their sarcasm and waggery every gentleman who is fool enough to accept their challenge or to call them out, and so give them an opportunity of disposing of him. We wonder that Frenchmen, and journalists especially, have not the courage to combine against this nice man for the purpose of extirpating him, and by treating his waggery as it deserves with a good-humoured smile, and something more, and by steadily refusing to give him that satisfaction which is only due to—well, never mind the rest.

A WAR WITHOUT A MEDDLE.

THE Duke of Edinburgh seems to be enjoying himself at the Antipodes, and there is no doubt but that he has been very welcome at the Australian colonies he has visited. His trip to New Zealand, however, does not appear to have turned out altogether a success. The New Zealanders have taken it into their heads that the holiday employment of a ship of war in their waters, while they are engaged in a deadly conflict, is scarcely a decent proceeding; and a bitter feeling is arising against the Imperial Government, whose care for the amusement of a Prince contrasts unpleasantly with their care for the honour and safety of British colonists. The local papers declare that it is an insult to New Zealand to send there one of the finest specimens of the British Navy, fully equipped in men and material, to lie idly in their waters in holiday trim, while, within a few miles of where the Galatea is moored, the colonists have been engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with the ferocious race whose atrocities have devastated the whole neighbourhood. Of course, we as loyal Englishmen are not going to admit that there is any reason in the complaint. What has the Duke of Edinburgh and Her Majesty's ship Galatea to do with such vulgar episodes as robberies and massacres? Of course it is too absurd to suppose that His Royal Highness can for a moment be supposed to be called upon to mix himself up in such vulgar colonial broils. Perhaps, however, taking all things into consideration, it would have been better if the Galatea had wended her way to some port than Hobartown; for her tantalising appearance at that place has evidently been too much even for the admitted loyalty of the unhappy colonists whose irritability may perhaps be partially excused, under the circumstances of having their wives outraged and children massacred almost under the very guns of an English man-of-war.

EVERY LITTLE MAKES A MICKLE.

THE Hounslow Powder Mills have once more gone off. This time, though, *only* two men are reported to have been injured, which is a great falling off from former efforts of the mills. On the last explosion before this four lives were lost, and on former occasions we remember to have seen the list of killed amount to a dozen or so souls. On the other hand it must be noted, that whereas formerly the Hounslow Powder Mills blew up once in three or four years, they now explode about every three months, which of course must be taken into consideration if the modern catastrophes are a little less wholesale than heretofore. The proprietors, however, need not despair, for if they keep up an average of four explosions a-year the death-rate will not be seriously diminished from the orthodox standard. One fact is very plain: the owners do not reside on the premises, or the concern would not be so soon put back again in working order after these little quarterly episodes.

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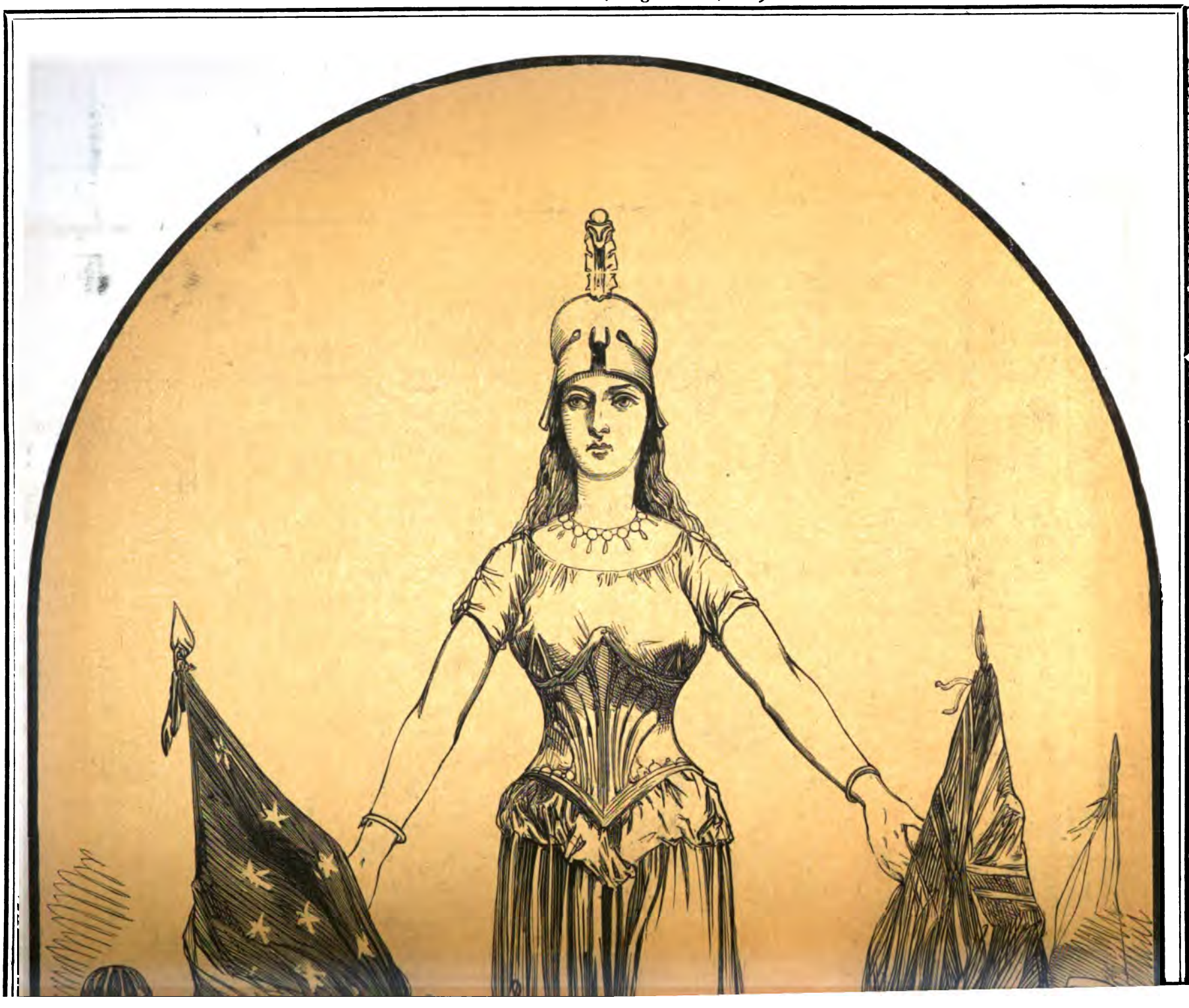

"BLESS YOU MY CHILDREN!"

A FAMILY PICTURE.

HARVARD CREW:

Lyman — Simmonds
Faye — Loring
Burham (*cox.*)

OXFORD CREW:

F. Willan — J. C. Tinné
A. C. Yarborough — S. D. Darbyshire
J. H. Hall (*cox.*)

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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 86.)

XXII.

MR. SQUIGSBY was now in extensive feather. By a judicious combination of sharpness and caution, severity and discretion, he had contrived to embellish himself with a radiant plumage. He was altogether a very fine bird—many said of prey—but a fine bird nevertheless; and there are hundreds who admire a splendid vulture, with its claws, its beak, its cruel ferocity, and its savage strength, more than they do the most brilliant cockatoo, with its splendid colour, its harmless pecks, and its vapid chatter. To him his fellow-creatures were divided into two sets of individuals—plaintiffs and defendants—who were always carrying on a bitter and determined antagonism, and who were always appealing to him for his services in the struggle. On whichever side he was ranged, it mattered very little. Whether his client was the plaintiff or the defendant was of no consequence, but it always had this peculiar effect—that his client certainly was the most honourable, virtuous, and respectable individual that ever drew breath; while the opposing party was the most unprincipled, vicious, and disreputable scoundrel at that moment not serving his term of penal servitude. This was his principle of action, and very well it answered. No opponent ever got any mercy from the indefatigable Mr. Squigsby. Whenever he got him down on his back after a legal fight, and the miserable creature had to appeal for grace—for time to satisfy the demands he had ineffectually resisted, and were now to be enforced against him, how Mr. Squigsby would jump upon him in his hour of triumph, and squeeze him and drain him of every drop of golden blood his veins possessed. And when he had finished with him how he would throw him like a rotten log upon the rocks of the Bankruptcy Court, and watch with an ecstatic delight the fury of "the general body" of vulture-creditors trying to extract some dividend nourishment from the fleshless bones!

XXIII.

"Anybody been?" said Mr. Squigsby to Mr. Topps, at the West-end branch, one early morning.

"There's an obstinate defendant waiting," said Mr. Topps; "he came here yesterday and sat in the outer office for two hours, and said he must see you. He said he had been to the East-end Office and South-end Office, and they wouldn't let him see you. He's worried my life out, for he's been blowing his nose and groaning like a ghost ever since he's been here."

"Show him in," said Mr. Squigsby; "I'll soon make short work of him."

He said this in a half-sparkling, half-savage manner, as if he contemplated considerable sport from the approaching interview. He felt like a huntsman who had got a tiger in a net, and meant to play with him—only the tiger was a fellow-creature.

The door opened, and "the tiger" came in. He was an old man, with white hair, very shabby in his apparel, and very broken in appearance. His eyes were red with crying and want of sleep, and he carried in one hand a large pocket-handkerchief, and in the other a wretched worn-out umbrella, its skeleton ribs protruding at every point through its alpaca skin, which hung about it in a flabby, uncertain manner, as if endeavouring to constitute itself by its appearance a type of its owner.

"O Sir! at last I have met with you," said the old man, heaving a great sigh. "I have been trying for a long time ——"

Mr. Squigsby interrupted him. He started up and said loudly:—

"What the deuce is the meaning of this, Sir? How dare you hunt me about in the way that you have done? One would suppose *I* owed *you* money. What is it you want?"

"Time," said the old man—"a little time, that's all, Sir, and the blessings of a ——"

"Rubbish," said Mr. Squigsby. "Don't come that sort of humbug with me. What's the amount of the debt?"

"Twenty-three pounds four shillings and sixpence," said the old man, in a trembling voice, as if the bare mention of the amount sent a shudder through his miserable frame.

"That all!" said Mr. Squigsby. "From the annoyance you've given us I should have thought it had been forty times that amount. What's the amount of the costs?"

"Twenty pounds six shillings and eightpence," again trembled the old man.

"Oh!" said Mr. Squigsby, "you appeared to the action, did you, my man, and then had to knock under! That serves you right. Attempting to defeat a just claim, were you? I suppose you call that honest and respectable, eh?"

"I only wanted time, Sir," said the wretched defendant. "I couldn't pay—I couldn't get time, and therefore I staved it off as well as I could. Pray forgive me, Sir. I didn't mean to do you any injury, Sir, upon my soul I didn't."

"Don't bully me, Sir," cried Mr. Squigsby. "How much have you already paid?"

"Nothing," said the old man, "I can't ——"

"Nothing!" cried Mr. Squigsby, "paid nothing! not even the costs! This is disgraceful," and he rang the bell. Mr. Topps came in. The old man trembled so violently that the ribs in his umbrella rattled audibly together.

"Mr. Topps," said Mr. Squigsby, in a remonstrating tone of voice, "do I understand this person rightly? He says that the debt and costs amount to forty-three pounds eleven shillings and twopence, and that nothing has been paid. When did we sign judgment?"

"Only the day before yesterday," said Mr. Topps.

"Only the day before yesterday!" echoed Mr. Squigsby. "We ought to have issued execution, and had the money by this time. This is gross neglect. We might as well close the offices at once as go on like this, Mr. Topps. If this occurs again, Mr. Topps," went on Mr. Squigsby, "I am sorry to say it, but we shall have to part."

"For Heaven's sake," burst in the old man appealingly, with a heavy groan, but Mr. Topps this time interrupted him.

"Shut up!" said Mr. Topps. "What do you come here for, making a fuss, and working upon me in the way you have been working upon me this last two days, and nearly making me lose my situation? You ought to know better. I know it, Sir," continued Mr. Topps, turning to Mr. Squigsby, "I'm sorry to admit it, Sir—I've been neglectful; I ought to have had his sticks sold up, and himself in gaol, long before this. But he came here, Sir, and blowed his nose, and groaned for whole hours together. That's how he worked upon me!"

"Worked upon you!" cried Mr. Squigsby with an accent of intense contempt, "I am afraid my confidence in you, Mr. Topps, has been misplaced. You say he has been here and stopped here for hours. He has also been to our other offices. Very good. He is here now, interrupting the business of the office. Very good. If he chooses to occupy our time with his affairs he must pay for it, that's all. I presume he disregards the value of money or he wouldn't do it. The extra costs incurred by these proceedings on his part will amount to three guineas at the least, and these he will have to pay in addition. And upon condition of his doing this I will give him one hour to pay the debt and costs, otherwise execution must go."

The old man, who had been looking from master to clerk with an excitement almost amounting to a species of frenzy—directly he heard this last announcement, gave a sort of jump, and throwing his old white hat to the other end of the room, and striking Mr. Squigsby's table a violent blow with his umbrella, that made the papers upon it discharge quite a monsoon of dust, shouted out—

"I can't do it. You won't give me time, eh? You'll skin me, will you? You'll sell me up, will you? You'll lodge me in prison, will you? You'll keep piling it up, will you, costs upon costs? You'll fatten and grow rich upon me, will you? I've worked all my life honestly, and been as poor as a rat. You're rich, Squigsby, because you're a rogue and robber. You won't get anything out of me. You won't see me again—I can tell you. Hunt me down if you can—get your sheriffs to catch me—but I defy them. You've killed *me*, Squigsby, that's nothing;" but the old man paused, and then said, as the tears rushed down his face, "you've also broken a woman's heart. Curse you!" and striking the table another blow with his umbrella that sent the ribs darting through the covering like so many serpents' stings, the old man picked up his battered hat and rushed from the room.

Mr. Squigsby was not moved in the slightest degree. He only said, "It's not my business to attend to these paltry common law matters. You know that very well. You will issue execution, Mr. Topps. Instruct Isaacs in the matter. Pay him de-

spatch money. Just make a note of it at once, or you'll remember being worked upon, and forget it."

Mr. Topps, who had turned quite pale upon seeing the old man's proceedings, and appeared even now to be petrified with astonishment and terror, mechanically took up a pen and a slip of paper to make the note referred. He muttered as he wrote it down "Issue execution. Instruct Isaacs. Despatch money to be paid—Curtler *v.* Branscombe."

XXIV.

The name seemed suddenly to strike Mr. Squigsby. He dropped his pen. "Branscombe!" he said to himself. "Branscombe! I remember that name. Why, yes, it was in the will of Mrs. Rigsworth made a couple of months ago!" He started up, and added aloud,—"What Branscombe, Mr. Topps? what Branscombe? Fetch the papers."

Mr. Topps returned with the papers in the case. Mr. Squigsby turned them over hurriedly, himself trembling now almost as much as the old man had done.

"Here's his description—John Branscombe, of 206 Clipstone street, Fitzroy square. Who served the writ?"

"I did," said Mr. Topps; "but what's the matter, Mr. Squigsby? Don't *you* work upon me."

"What is he?"

"He's a music-master, or player on some instrument, or something of that sort. He was once pretty well off when he used to take in pupils in Charlotte street, and was in Drury Lane orchestra; but he's come to grief a long time."

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" cried Mr. Squigsby. "Who did you see when you served the writ?"

"It was a substituted service, sir," said Mr. Topps. "The old man was out of the way, so I left it with a young woman I found on the premises. She burst out crying, sir, when I served her; but I made the affidavit, sir, and it added two guineas to the costs!"

Mr. Topps thought to please his master by his observations. Mr. Squigsby appeared, however, to be only intent upon his own private thoughts. At last he said—

"Fetch a cab!"

As Mr. Squigsby jumped into the Hansom, his direction to the driver was—"Clipstone street, Fitzroy square." And he added to himself, "I will see her!"

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

TOMAHAWK'S ANNIVERSARY.

TOMAHAWK does not often blow his own trumpet (all the world knows *that* fact); but there are occasions when silence becomes criminal. Such an occasion has arrived. When the statesmen were popping at the grouse; when the tourists were climbing over the Alps; when the Snobs were hunting down the Prince, and the Cads were bathing on the sea-washed sands of Margate the "h"-less, TOMAHAWK, surrounded by his braves and his friends, was dining at the Crystal Palace. It was a pleasant sight, and an impressive occasion. Bumpers were drunk to the aging Child of the Prairie (more than five volumes old, if you please) in the dryest champagne and the finest of sherry. Speeches were made, and mutual (and sincere) admiration reigned supreme. A word of thanks to our friends for coming, a word of thanks to Messrs. Bertram and Roberts for the excellent manner in which they obeyed to the letter our admirable commands—(joking apart, the *menu* was unexceptionable, the wines exquisite, and the cooking all that the most critical of *cordons bleus* could possibly desire),—and, to conclude, a shout of joy for ourselves—several shouts of joys!

Please beat the trumpets,
And blow the drums
(That's not bad language)—
The hero comes!
(*Should have been*)—SHAKESPEARE.

SEA-SIDE FOOLS.

AT a season when the dulness is felt to be so great that even big newspapers, with tremendous circulations and great breadth of sheet, are driven to the resort of publishing little letters from holiday correspondents about *Bougy sur Mer*, the *Gruphlis*, *Poppingen*, and *Flamborough*, one may be excused for recurring to a very time-honoured subject, and asking, Why on earth, when there is so much to be seen everywhere, will the great mass of Englishmen insist on scampering off to miserable British hotels, dirty British watering-places, and paying exorbitant British prices? Only last week someone wrote to the *Times* to complain of an hotel at Eastbourne, where his bill, for himself, wife, and a friend, amounted, without wine, to something like £5 in two days. The bed-room and sitting-room alone were charged at 19s. 6d. per diem, that is over 24 francs, a sum large enough to board and lodge one comfortably for three days at more than half the hotels on the Continent. Tell Puncher this and he will not believe you; or, if he does, he will not act upon it, but be off next week to his favourite British watering-place, ready again to be thoroughly plucked, and undergo any amount of imposition.

Poor Puncher, he cannot help himself. He has been bred up to this. His modest horizon of "holiday" has been bounded, as long as he can remember, at the one extreme by the solid satisfaction of Southend, at the other, by the racy revelry of Ramsgate. He cannot conceive any recreation abroad, nor would he enjoy himself, unless he got well bullied by his landlady, and nearly summoned whenever he bathed. He could not tell you anything about the hundred-and-one little quiet and reasonable places on the French coasts, but is quite well posted up on the subject of Margate. Yes, and this, though he can recall, to his cost, the sums he has often spent in a three weeks' visit to that small shopkeepers' Elysium. He has not forgotten, though he will again seek them next year, the bad rooms, bad food, bad bathing, bad fun, bad company, and seek them, knowing that there are only two good things by way of a set off against the general badness—to wit, the prices, and the chalk! But Puncher, and thousands like him, put up with this kind of excuse for a holiday—this sort of self-imposition, and never think of looking for anything better. The stereotyped vulgarities of cockney sea-side places are accepted by him as necessary integral parts of that recreation he requires, and the idea that he might spend half his money and get double its worth in some other fashion, never for a moment enters his thoroughly British and conservative head. And as Puncher and his class go to work, so do the various social strata a great way above him. The same stock places are besieged year after year by the same stock families, and the respectable English fathers and mothers hurry off with their broods for the purpose of being cramped and swindled, and tacitly supporting by their patronage that monstrous and comfortless organised system of impropriety which goes by the name of English sea-bathing. Many a British paterfamilias, who is the slave of this watering-place mania, has to pull as much money out of his purse for the six weeks' stay at the favourite and fashionable *locale* as would enable him to take his whole household, servants and all, up the Rhine and into Switzerland, or to some lovely spot on the Lake of Geneva, where *mlor Anglais* has not yet, been, and by his snobbisms, stirred into a state of rabid and restless plunder.

However, it is of very little use preaching sermons of wisdom on this theme. The British character is but slowly impressed, and very much prefers discomfort to novelty. But when every year some indignant spirit bursts out in the *Times*, with a thrilling account of half-crown mutton chops and nine-and-sixpenny beds, it does really seem strange that not a soul stirs a step towards a cheaper, if not a better, land. French bathing may not be perfection; but there is no mistake about British. It is disorganised indecency. As to British prices—well, if fools *will* pay them year after year, they must!

*OFFENBACH *v.* HANDEL.*

WHAT do people mean when they talk of a discriminating British audience? We are very much beginning to doubt whether any such body has an existence, or this would not surely be the last week of Handel's "Acis and Galatea" at the Princess's Theatre. There appears to have been no difficulty in filling the St. James's night after night at Opera prices when Offenbach reigned supreme; but now that the enterprising management of Mr. Vining has given Handel a chance at playhouse prices, the venture has met with no support, and the bills inform us that "Acis and Galatea" is about to be withdrawn, to make way for "a new and original drama by Mr. Boucicault." We are ready enough to abuse managers for producing anything sensational, but we give them no support

when they really should have it. Mr. Vining deserves well of the public, and if he is forced into producing "a new and original drama by Mr. Boucicault," we only hope it may prove as remunerative to the treasury as "Acis and Galatea" should have been.

LES FORE-OARRES.

By Jules,

Member of the Paris Rowing Club.

My books is made. If your *Oxfor-blue* win, I lose seven hundred franc. But listen: if *Le cerise*, the *Mohicainnes*, *les* gentlemen of the Harvard College Outrigge Club do first catch the win post, I lose thirty-five pound (*sterling*) to a welchère Duke. You see, the bets I make are the bets *international*. The *perfide Albion* and the *sauvage d'Amerique* engage in the contest of row heroes, but *le Français*, he is courageous, he is brave, he is *la justice!* He look on, but wish no win post to one barge or to the other. He is impartial. He is a pair of scales. He bets both. He gives the back to both. He is *magnifique*. He must lose *le stake*. *Mais*—he will see fair. *Voyons*. On the *vingt sept* he will be there, on one *grand* Edinborg steam-ship. Jules is in front, *avec son paquebot du Nord!* He clears course! *Offs!* It is a race behind *le paquebot* of Jules! There will be the swells, the waves! But you know not Jules. He has on his shipboard *un regiment de* stewards! Then *courage*, Harvar! *courage*, Oxfor! Jules sees fair. All right. Yes.

THE LAW AND THE POLICE.

It is announced that the Commissioners of Police have transferred Inspector Wade and the three sergeants engaged in the affray between the police and the clerks of the Charing Cross Branch of the National Bank, from the C division to various Metropolitan Divisions of the force. We wonder if this is meant for a promotion or a punishment? Whichever it may be, it will not certainly have the effect of giving satisfaction to the public, who have not yet forgotten the case, and who, we trust, will not let the matter drop until law and order have been vindicated in a more satisfactory manner. All we can say is, that if this is the way in which perjury is in future to be punished, the principle must be carried still further. For instance, pickpockets living in St. Giles's must on their conviction be sentenced to reside at Hammersmith, while murderers dwelling at the last-named place might be transferred to Bermondsey or Tyburnia. However sound in theory this may be, we doubt if practically it would be found to answer; but we shall now have an opportunity of judging; for we shall certainly watch the career of Inspector Wade and his three subordinates with the closest attention and interest.

VERY LIGHT LITERATURE.

Up to the present date the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which, on its reduction to one penny, faithfully promised its readers that the alteration in its arrangements should only extend to its price, and not to the matter contained in its pages, has certainly kept its word. The paper has been as uniformly excellent since the reduction as it ever was, and the "Occasional Notes," not one of its least attractive features, have been fully up to their mark of smartness and interest. Last Tuesday, however, the *Pall Mall*, in its principal column, published two such exceptionally brilliant paragraphs that we cannot do better than quote them word for word. This is the first:—

"A story is told in a Paris paper of a new method for recovering one's debts. The other day a crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Odéon round a girl with a wooden leg, whom a gentleman at an adjoining window was apostrophizing with loud cries and gesticulations. It turned out that the girl was a washerwoman, who had gone to the gentleman to ask for payment of her bill, and finding that the money was not forthcoming, she had seized her customer's wooden leg, which was lying in a corner, and had walked off, declaring that she would not return it till she was paid."

And this is the second:—

"The Belgian papers speak of a curious wager made the other day by a young man of Antwerp. He engaged to swim on his back in the Scheldt for a quarter of an hour with his spectacles on. Scarcely, however, had he swam a few yards when the sun came out, and acting on the spectacles as on a magnifying glass, gave him such pain that he was obliged to swim to shore before completing his task. It is said (though that might have been expected) that the unfortunate swimmer has not only lost his bet, but his eyesight as well."

If we were not quoting "Occasional Notes" from the *Pall Mall*, now open before us, we should really be inclined to think that such wonderful productions of wit and genius could only have emanated from that source even more worthy of great productions—the funny column of our much respected contemporary, the *Family Herald*. What a pity it is that such brilliant writing should be thrown away on a city so dull, dirty and deserted as London just now is!

"TOMAHAWK" OUT OF TOWN.

No. I.—Boulogne.

In the sad sea cabin, among the gloomy eaters of 'am and devourers of *weal*, wandered the North-American Indian! By the steamer "Rhine," by the cheap pitiful excursion, with its paltry eleven shillings "there and back," and its substantial dinner, voyaged the red skin! Drinking of fire water, and turning as white as a pale face, stood the great Tomahawk, regarding with bloodshot eyes and much-troubled digestion the waves off the North Foreland. Sad and sick at heart sat he on the paddle-box as he passed the mud-shored Margate; sadder and sicker at heart lay he on the deck as he passed the rollicking Ramsgate, saddest and sickest at heart sprawled he in the cabin as he passed the delicious Deal! It was a pitiful sight and a painful sight. Even the basin-holding-steward was sorry, and the storm-defying captain heaved a heavy sigh. Alas! alas!! alas!!! But after the rain comes sunshine, after the battle dinner, after a voyage harbour! So things must end; so ended the steamboat's passage. The port was reached, the Douane oe'rreached, and Tomahawk landed new in heart, new in life, and new in speech.

That much for a preface. And now I drop the third person and the Indian, and adopt the first person and an Englishman.

When I arrived, Boulogne was very, very cheerful. Perhaps they knew that I was coming, or it might possibly have been on account of the Emperor's Fête (I merely add the last utterly absurd supposition to stop the mouths of my enemies if they wish to call me "conceited"). The gayness of Boulogne showed itself chiefly in flags. Go where you would and there you found acres of bunting. I noticed several very gallant attempts at representing the British flag (that "flag which for a thousand, &c."), and regretted exceedingly that the efforts were, as a rule, of the order of failure. There was, however, one startling exception. Over a certain hotel floated a *drapeau* which would have been *awfully* like the "flag which, &c.," had it not equally resembled a black currant jam tart! I felt quite national when I saw this diaphonous dainty. Another ingredient of this dish of gaiety was the entertainment at the Establishment. But perhaps as my space is limited, my patience less, and my wit least, it would be as well to give Boulogne in the shape of a *rather* (?) humorous catalogue. *Commençons.*

The Establishment.—Always pronounced "*Lesstabblismong.*" Lots of people working and flirting. Big rooms, bigger terraces, biggest idiots. Nice band playing pretty tunes, nice pier-glasses reflecting (when I look into them) a very pretty face, nice ices, and nice gin at the bar. You can get plenty of gin—the French have a vague idea that the English live on gin. So they do—at least, *I* do! You sit down in the grand concert-room, and listen to the music with a smile on your lips and a wink (a "vicked vink") in your eye. Ladies admire you, rivals hate you, and all is great joy and happiness. Get bored of this, and you *can* spring from your chair (I say you *can*, I don't say you *will*) and do a *can-can* with a wild shout of delirious merriment, or betake yourself to the grounds, where you may throw a ball at some dolls, or join in a whirligig. If you are a very good boy, and are above forty years of age, you may go to a *Bal des enfants travestie*. I went to one. They "travestied" me as

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follows: I was dressed as a *bebé*, in a cocked hat and spectacles, and they said my *grey* whiskers (it's a great big story to say they're *white*) didn't show a bit.

The Fair.—While I was there they had a fair. Such a fair! and such shows! Among other things there was a waxwork exhibition. I was delighted to notice an English general officer in the usual uniform (slate trousers, hunting coat, gigantic epaulets, bell rope, and spurs), and was greatly pleased (and perhaps a little surprised) to hear that this formidable warrior was no less a person than "Milor Dudley." The proprietor of the establishment was very glad to see me, and asked me to sit for him as a model. I said I would, and asked for what? He said for Guy Fawkes. I murdered him, and dashed his brains all over the place, and told him that jokes of that kind always *did* make me so wild! When he had come to life again, and had picked up his brains, he explained that he made me angry on purpose—he wanted to get me into a "wax," his son (a boy at school) added, to make the matter clearer to me. I said I was satisfied, and asked him to dinner. We did so, but mentioning the "Oriental Question" in the presence of a waiter the man went mad—at four he was foaming at the mouth, at six he was raving and tearing down the walls, but I regret to say at seven he was much *much* worse. He was seen in the last stage of insanity buying a copy of WILL-O'-THE-WISP! It did him good, however—it sent him to sleep—a sleep from which he never recovered. Such is life!

The Municipality.—On the Emperor's Fête day I, a few friends, several thousand local generals, and the Boulogne army, went to the Church of St. Nicholas to sing a *Te Deum* in honour of the occasion. Everybody liked my singing awfully. So did I. The soldiers presented arms at one portion of the service—wasn't it charitable of them? As far as I can make out the Municipality of Boulogne consists of

2 Mayors.
30,004 Lord Lieutenants.
94 Marshals of France.
7,563 Harbour Masters.
189 Admirals.
3 Vestrymen.
and
1 National Guard.

The uniform of the municipality consists chiefly of swords, cocked hats, and spangles. In spite of all this, Boulogne is the worst-drained town (I should think) in France, England, or China! Eau de Cologne is not exactly the prevailing odour, yet everybody talks of the—Oh!—de Boulogne!

The English Colony.—Boulogne ought to be called the Commercial Chamber of Horrors Super Mare. It's just the place to meet all the celebrities of the past season. This gentleman failed for £25,000,000, much to the annoyance of several billion widows and orphans. That lady was acquitted after murdering her father. That youth over there was the co-respondent in the Strawberry Leaves Divorce Case; and stroking that dog yonder is the nice young girl about whom all that unpleasant scandal (the Grundyton affair, you know) was talked two months ago. Then we have writers by the score, and artists by the hundred. The men paint their canvasses and the ladies their faces!

The Hotels.—The big ones certainly the best, especially the Imperial—table d'hotes not *very* good anywhere. When you are at Rome, do as the Romans do. When you are at Boulogne, eat nothing but *'air*. It's the only thing I can *really* recommend. But you don't get that even, on the porte.

And now I have done. Perchance I may return to the subject, but until then I beg to sing the following pretty little song (the words are my own and copyright):—

Fare thee well, my own dear Boulogne,
Fare thee well for a while,
For the steam-boat is ready and the steam it is up,
And the waves are beginning to *bile*,
My Boulogne,
And the waves are beginning to *bile!*

RIGHTS AND WRONGS.

WHEN are we to hear the last of the Duke of Newcastle's "affairs?" One day last week His Grace's little matter occupied the Bankruptcy Court the best part of the day, but the only progress that was made on the occasion was to arrange that the case should stand over till October next, when the point which has been raised by the Duke's legal adviser, if a peer of the realm can be a bankrupt, will be discussed.

For our part we think that there is very little doubt about the matter, and the Duke of Newcastle should be only too glad to submit himself to the operation of the law. In any case, however, the dispute may finally be decided, one result will be arrived at, for even admitting that a Duke cannot be a bankrupt, it will be shown beyond a doubt that he may be something much less desirable. When small people get into debt and run away from their creditors, we know what to call them. Surely it is not because the Duke of Newcastle is known to be enjoying himself at German watering places he should be made an exception to the rule. On the contrary, there is a less excuse for a man who has had so many opportunities of learning better; and we do not hesitate to condemn the proceeding as a disgrace even to the House of Lords.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A NOBLE Prince, whose appetites and form
Were not ill-matched, delighted here to dwell;
Now flashy Jews, and tradesmen, freed from till
And toil, alike vie with the ocean's swell.

Beside the shore these elves fresh flown from heaven,
Sport and display their limbs in fancy free,
Careless who looks, or how themselves they look,
Fearless of their grim playfellow, the Sea.

1.
The tinsel of antiquity
With which some trim the robe of art;
Who fills his mind or rooms with this
With wit as well as gold must part.

2.
A quality which some men praise
Who only outsides see;
He's this who coward is at heart,
But brave would seem to be.

3.
This people I must fairly own
Are rather strange to me;
They plagued my careless schoolboy days
By getting near Judee.

4 & 5.
Half loving and half dreading storms,
How much the first the last resembles!
When pale from home they wing their way,
Be sure the Earth with tempests trembles.

6.
A sobriquet of honest men,
Which serves perhaps, to keep out water,
But not the Spirits; Sindbad-like
By these poor Jack's made a light porter.

7.
This word is like a monster, who,
So nursery tales say, eats up men:
I have seen this too, when sweetly made,
Devour young people now and then.

8.
The man whose history foretells
The future fame of German springs;
The bath seems foul to smell and sights,
But to believers comfort brings.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

L oa F
O th O
V ioloncell O
E e L

ANSWERS have been received from Slodger and Tiney, and Tomey and Joey. One hundred and five incorrect.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 122.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

A WORD WITH THE "GUARDIANS" OF LONDON.

HAIL, NOBLE (BUT PETTY) TRADESMEN!

Your wondrous deeds and charitable actions have reached my ears, and filled me with feelings of astonishment and admiration. It is not that you keep shops and sell the morning butter and the evening pork; it is not that your names appear on facias and the headings of bills; it is not that you measure the ribands by the yard and smirk behind your counters with sleek humility. All this you do, and do well. As an Englishman I admire you, as belonging to a nation of shopkeepers; but you have greater claims than even these upon my respect and admiration. You are not only noble (but petty) tradesmen, but you are also Guardians of the Poor! Hail! three times hail! You possibly would prefer me to cry out "beer;" but allow me to have my way, and let me address you with shouts of "hail!" You are (I know) as hard and as solid as stone—a fact which accounts for your love of "*quarts*." "That's not the '*pint*,'" you may probably say, when you read this. Believe me, that I agree with you.

The poor, my worthy cheesemongers, are a nuisance. You know that, and so do I. This granted, and how pleasant it is to consider your mode of dealing with them! They are ill, and you "clear the infirmary;" they are weak, and you drive them away from the workhouse door to die in the gutter! Oh! you patriots, you noble-hearted rate-payers, how I love you! Send me your addresses, and I will buy cheese and purchase ribands, and pork, and tin-tacks, and tripe at your various establishments.

Look at my cartoon, you Christians, you Gospel-readers, you "feeders of the hungry," you "clothers of the naked," you "visitors of the sick." Don't you recognise a "new guardian" in the picture? A "guardian" you have yourselves elected? Look at him well, my friends, and see how "pleasant" he seems. He brings with him the reduction of the poor-rates, the abolition of the infirmary, help to the wretched, protection for the oppressed. Greet him with plaudits, oh most pure-hearted (and economical) of Christians, oh most——

But, pshaw—to write to you (even with sarcasm on my pen and bitter disgust in my heart) sickens me. Get from before my face—England has judged you for the Present, but a more dreadful judgment awaits you in the terrible Hereafter.

Hearken to my words and tremble!

31st August, 1869. TOMAHAWK.

THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE.

MR. JUSTICE HANNEN is the very last of the Judges who should have allowed himself to fall under the suspicion of agreeing with the speech attributed to the Lord Chief Baron, that the appointments of Revising Barrister should be given only to Judges' sons. As Mr. Justice Hannen entirely owed his advancement to the independence and magnanimity of the then Chancellor, and belonged to an advanced Club, which ruthlessly condemned all promotion by favour, it is not a little startling that he of all his brethren should have been the most shameless in advocating the right of the Judges to appoint members of their families to places for which they are not only personally unfit, but which rightly should be the hard-earned rewards of other people. His former opinions notwithstanding, Mr. Justice Hannen, however, at the late Lewes Assizes, displaced two gentlemen, one of eighteen years' service and the other of seventeen years', both appointed by the Chief Baron last year, to make way for two gentlemen, sons of Judges, one Mr. Bacon, of seven years' standing, the other Mr. James Mellor, who has just completed the requisite three years, which is a necessary qualification for a Revisorship. How far the public have a right to interfere in such points as these may be an open question, but we do not hesitate to condemn the conduct of Mr. Justice Hannen as ridiculously inconsistent. It is almost a necessity that a Judge should possess not only the popular confidence, but the popular respect, and this is not the way to gain or to hold either the one or the other.

THE SOCIAL DRAINAGE QUESTION.

NOTHING could have been more admirable than the raid effected by the Police, the other day, on a couple of infamous dens in Holywell street. The report of the proceedings really was quite refreshing. No doubt that is the sort of executive treatment certain social ulcers require. Yet, at every turn, Englishmen are met by the cry of "privilege," and obliged to listen to meaningless twaddle about the liberty of the subject, as if, forsooth, the subject had not forfeited all right to his liberty for the commission of a certain set of offences! The pith of these remarks is this: Why are not raids of this kind more frequent? Why, in this whining and moaning age, are there not systematic physical force cleansings of all the social sewers? Six months of such aggression would clear away night houses, filthy museums, black holes, and all the rest of the devil's *locale*. There are dozens of disgusting resorts as well known to the authorities as the Police Courts themselves, and the man in power, whoever he may be, who first makes a determined onset upon these would deserve a public statue, though very likely he would not get it. We English are always glozing over our enormities. Why can't we look evil in the face, recognize its existence, and make a clean sweep of it?

FATHER THAMES TO THE RIVAL CREWS.

ROWED ye well, athletic strangers,
Fledglings of the Eagle's nest!
Boldly sent ye out this challenge
From your eyrie in the West!

With no lakes or noble rivers,
Such as you have, are we rich:
Narrow flows the stream of ISIS,
CAM is nothing but a ditch:

Yet a welcome, aye, a double
Welcome to each gallant crew!
Should I back the bold Magenta,
Or declare to win with Blue?

Ev'ry detail of your training
Daily had I heard and read;
Morning papers came to tell me
Of your doings, in my bed.

Gone all thought of my Embankment,
Sewage, Fisheries, or tide;
But I thrilled through all my rushes,
And my mud was stirr'd with pride.

Yes, my children, though the dog days
Put on idleness no stint,
All the world must feel your struggles,
Row the course with you *in print*.

With its plethora of "padding,"
Daily comes the well worn news,
In brain-hammered iteration,
Puffings of the rival crews—

Pace improving—fine condition—
Health and muscle hard as nails—
Steady paddling at the Soap Works—
Glorious spurt at Barker's Rails—

Legs well straightened to the stretcher—
Backs well forward to the oar—
Paragraphs of "Bravo! both sides!
Was there ever such a Four!"

You, my children, long unconscious
Of the heartbreak of defeat,
Victory on your helm was sitting!
And that goddess kept her seat!

Hardy vigour of New England,—
Light weight of the inland seas,—
Brawny South Pacific muscle
Harden'd in th' Antipodes—

Ye, whose energy spasmodic
Makes up for your want of size,
Catch the stroke at the beginning—
It is *there* the secret lies—

Turned a-stern, intrusive steamers!
Vagrant barges, cleared the way!
Father Thames would have no favour,
And the best men won the day!

MURDER ON THE HIGH SEAS.

THE authorities of the Admiralty have perpetrated another cold-blooded murder. Capt. Harvey, of H.M.S. Eclipse, died of yellow fever through the infamous state of the ventilation of the ship. The Admiralty knew of this, and they wilfully allowed the poisoned air to kill one officer at least and reduce other officers and men to a state near death. But of course the murderers will never be brought to justice, they will receive thousands of pounds from the people's pockets, and will come smiling down to the House, to assure the English nation that they have saved three hundred pounds at the trifling cost of a murder or two.

THE SNOB'S GUIDE.

A Continental Handbook for the British Traveller Proper.

BY ONE OF THEM.

SINCE I commenced this little series I have been in communication with several amiable snobs, who are at the present moment doing their very best to support the British character at some of the leading places on the Continent. They have most kindly put me in possession of many of their most effective vagaries, all of which, I trust, I shall be able to utilise for the guidance of those aspirants to peculiarity who would follow in their train. The most interesting, and perhaps, at the present moment, the seasonable bit of intelligence I have received is nothing more or less than a stray leaf from a dear snob's *journal de voyage* recently kept at *Wildbad*. The jottings are epigrammatic, but they say a good deal in their own brief way. I can heartily recommend them to my readers.

WILDBAD, *Aug.* 13, 1869.

Up at six, made for the *Platz* and hung about the back of the hotel. Think I saw one of the children at the upper windows. Waited hanging about till a soldier asked me what I was up to. He said this in German, and I gave him a bit of my mind in English. By the way, none of these fools talk English. And yet one hears such a precious lot about German education. Gammon!

8.30 A.M.—Seen him. That is, I'll lay a fiver it was. He had on a white hat and green veil, and looked out of the fourth window in the second floor. N.B. To watch that window like anything.

9 A.M.—Waiter says it's a French Count.

9.5 A.M.—Don't think it is a French Count. Only a real live Prince would wear a white hat and green veil—that is, I mean, that is what I should do under similar Royal circumstances. Hulloah! What's that? Looks like him; but the photograph I keep handy to recognise him by gives him more beard. Ah! there's a crowd coming down under those trees. N.B. Join it instanter. Yes, I'm sure they are there! I'm off for them. Done it this time!

11 A.M.—Been after lots of people who look like them, but it's no go yet. That lot I followed round the *Platz* at 9 was a dancing bear. Never mind. Faint heart, &c.

11.15 A.M.—How jolly it must be to be a Prince, out on your own hook, going about and dining at seven francs a head, perhsps ten, and then walking about for people to stare at you! How I wish I was one! Wouldn't I swell it? Oh, no!

11.20 A.M.—Another crowd. Off we go!

11.25 A.M.—Sold again. Turned out to be only a row with a policeman. Why doesn't he go about with a band, or a dozen guards or so, or something to show these German beggars his rank, and let them know what a thorough British gentleman he is? It is this dropping of royalty which degrades us in the eyes of Europe. N.B. I'll write to the *Times* about this!

11.30.—If I stick here all day, I'll see him.

11.45.—What's the good of being a Prince, if you can't walk about like other people?

12.—Hurrah! here they are. Capital! I have got close to him. Let's see—he has got on coloured, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. And she's got on blue, &c., &c., &c., &c. And the children, &c., &c., &c.

* * * * *

9 P.M.—A jolly day. I spent *seven hours* walking close behind H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and five times I got right in front of him, and had a good stare at the Princess. I like your free and easy German ways.

10 P.M.—It wasn't him after all!

HOW THE BOY OF THE PERIOD "DOES" XENOPHON.—"Παρηταν εἰς Σαρδεις,—They walked into the Sardines."

THE INFAMOUS CASE.

THERE is a certain sort of vice that imperatively demands publicity. This is its only antidote, and such as we can afford, as a sheer matter of duty, we freely give it. A gentleman who resides abroad, but is paying a temporary visit to England, applied for and obtained, on Wednesday last, from Mr. Knox a warrant for the apprehension of two people named Jordan and Miller. The case was, as the magistrate truly said, of the most abominable and atrocious description, and although we are not in the habit of quoting at length from the Police Reports, we feel that, since in this case the testimony of the plaintiff tells an infamous tale so plainly, and in such a manner as to act as a warning to others, we cannot do better than give it *in extenso*.

The prosecutor's information ran thus :—

"I called on the 10th of June at 44, Weymouth street, Portland place, and saw a short, stout man (the prisoner Miller), whose name was unknown to me, but who now appears to be Alexander Miller. I represented to him that I was in ill-health. I showed him a little book which bore the name of Robert Jordan, M.D. He gave me subsequently a bottle containing some stuff, for which he charged 11s. I called again on the 11th of June and saw Miller. He said 'the doctor' was not there, but that they had better go to him at his residence in Berners street. We went together in a cab. On entering Dr. Jordan's house, the short, stout man (Miller) and Jordan had a conversation, and then Miller left. Dr. Jordan took me into a room, in which were a large number of figures, and said, 'There are amongst these the names of noblemen, gentlemen, officers, and others, who have paid me £5,000, and some less, on being cured. He asked me particularly about my place of residence and the best way of sending money to and from that place. I had previously told Miller I resided there. I told him I would give him £20 if he cured me according to the terms laid down in 'the little book.' He said 'Go and get the money,' which I did. On my return, he asked me whether I had a banker, and I said 'No.' He then asked if I could give him £1,000. I said I could not. He then said, 'Give me £80, a further portion or a bill at a week, and a bill for £500 at six months.' He gave me something in a wine glass, and told me to walk about. After drinking it I felt quite stupefied and unnerved—very different from what I was when I went into the house. Jordan wrote out some bills of exchange, and I do not know what I did with them. Jordan then wrote something in the shape of a letter. I wrote something between the lines by his direction and signed it. He gave me some parcels of medicine, which I did not open."

There is one matter for deep regret in this affair. The prosecutor refuses to proceed with the charge, and so it has dropped, and these two medical worthies have got off for a season. There are no doubt certain inconveniences, even sacrifices, connected with a determined prosecution of this character, but we have no hesitation whatever in saying that it is the absolute duty of anyone, who has a chance of seeing justice done, to go on without flinching and let the law deal with such infamy in its most summary manner. The gentleman who has compromised this case has made a grievous mistake. He has not escaped notoriety, and has, at the same time, given a great victory to his persecutors. The security of these men lies in the cowardice of their dupes. However, there is one thing the press can do, and that is to proclaim far and wide the names of ROBERT JORDAN, M.D., of Berners street, Oxford street, and of ALEXANDER MILLER, of Weymouth street, Marylebone, and thus, to a certain, though limited extent, stretch out a hand to save some wretched victim from falling helpless and terror-struck under their merciless clutches.

SWORDS AND PLOUGHSHARES.

A LONG article in the *Times* last week informed the world that Garibaldi had turned farmer. Well, that is the wisest turn he has taken for a long time. Who, however, can dream of Garibaldi planting, as we are told he does, olives? Garibaldi sitting under his own olive tree,—literally shaded with the emblems of peace! Why, we shall have a Quakers' Volunteer Corps next!

A GENERALLY ACCEPTED ORDER.

AS a question of military precedence has lately been opened and decided regarding the relative positions of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Artillery, and as the solution of the important point raised seems to have provoked a considerable amount of interest, we subjoin a statement in continuation of that which is about to be issued by the Horse Guards.

TABLE OF PRECEDENCE OF MILITARY OFFICERS, CAREFULLY COMPILED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE AUTHORITIES AT HEAD QUARTERS :—

1.—Guardsmen being Dukes.
2.—Ditto being inferior Peers.
3.—All other Guardsmen.
4.—Subalterns of Light Cavalry being the sons of Peers.
5.—Colonels of Light Cavalry who have purchased all their commissions.
6.—Officers of the Rifle Brigade who have purchased their commissions.
7.—Officers of the Highland regiments ditto.
8.—Line officers ditto.
9.—Colonels of Cavalry regiments who have not purchased their commissions.
10.—All other officers (except officers of the Line) who have not purchased their commissions.
11.—Bandmasters, messmen, billiard-markers, &c., &c., attached to the Brigade of Guards.
12.—Line officers who have not purchased their commissions.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

Ludibria Lunæ; or, the Wars of the Women and the Gods. By WILLIAM JOHN COURTHOPE. Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS is a most charming poem. It is a burlesque, but bears no trace of vulgarity. It is a satire, but none of the lines have the nauseous taste of malice. It is an excellent example of the refining effects of classical studies. There is a grace and an elegance about the verses to which no one who had not filled the storehouse—his mind, with the highly finished gems of the Greek and Latin poets, could ever have attained. Mr. Courthope is not one of those who affect that quaintness and obscurity of expression which some people imagine to be the indisputable proofs of genius. He does not encumber his poem with rugged lines and excruciating rhymes under the impression that clumsiness is force. This musical and delightful work shows a gentle—a somewhat indolent and voluptuous, perhaps—but thoroughly gentle appreciation of the beauties of Nature. It is no blemish in Mr. Courthope's burlesque if it lacks the rollicking vigour of Hudibras, or the dazzling intellectuality of Don Juan. It bears strong traces of the Italian School, which the author professes to admire and imitate, but we know no English poet with whose work we can compare it. Spencer may have to some extent influenced the writer, and the brothers Fletcher; but though we have delicious bits of description here and there, we have none of that wealth of imagery which the great Elizabethan poet scatters so prodigally throughout the Fairy Queen. "Ludibria Lunæ" is not a serious poem, though the purpose is almost serious, so that if one finds melodious rhythm, correct rhyme, and elegant fluency, one must not be disappointed at the comparative absence of imaginative power and vigorous satire. Mr. Courthope attacks the follies of women with airy, fragile, graceful weapons, not with the sword or the tomahawk. Perhaps he is more likely to drive them from unworthy ambitions and mischievous chimeras with his feathered shafts of ridicule than those who steep their darts in the poison of bitter contempt. But we confess that so melodious a preacher seems to us more likely to find the road to woman's heart than to her mind, or conscience. "I must be foolish and naughty if you sing to me so sweetly," is likely to be the caressing reply of the younger advocates of "Woman's Rights," and Agapemones of Saints, to Mr. Courthope's admonitions and rebukes. But we must not quarrel with those whose amiable placidity and genial humour forbids them the exertion or severity of indignation. Mr. Courthope's sympathies are undoubtedly on the right side, though he prefers the sweet pipe of the shepherd to the shrill trumpet of the soldier.

No. IX., Price 1s.,

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,

NOW READY.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THERE has been a Railway war in America, the Albany and Susquehanna line serving as the battle-field. The New World has wisely borrowed many useful institutions from the Old; but it is scarcely politic in it, in the middle of the nineteenth century, to revive the *Train-bands*.

A GREAT fuss is being made just now about the means of communication between railway passengers and guards. It is to be hoped that, if the question is satisfactorily settled, the boon may be extended. What a blessing it would be to many dividend-less people to know that a perfect means of communication was established between shareholders and directors!

TWO offenders have already been fined, under the new Act, for stopping trains without any legitimate reason or necessity; and quite right too. What a pity, though, the penalty is not capable of extension in an opposite direction! If there were only a legal punishment attached to the reckless starting of trains as well as to the unnecessary stopping of them, what a great deal of commercial ruin would be averted! Surely the Government might take a hint, and be down on those inveterate stockjobbers, the railway promoters!

BREAKING THE BARRIERS.

A SUBJECT which has summoned into existence two *Times'* leaders, to say nothing of a heap of correspondence, may merit a word or two more from us before it is consigned to the limbo of yesterday. We have now had a free and open discussion of *Formosa*, and Mr. Boucicault himself has told us the worst. "I have," says he, "broken down a barrier which prejudice had established. I have proclaimed a literary thoroughfare, with the full approbation of the public. And I mean to keep it open." We may therefore be said to be, what is familiarly termed, "in for it." We need never turn to the French stage for strong meat. We are going to have it manufactured here for us at home. The prospect is brilliant and encouraging, and as one reads about barriers of prejudice broken down, and literary thoroughfares proclaimed, for a moment one feels there is a sort of chivalry about the whole thing. One sees Sir Dion, clad in the most glittering of armour, and mounted on the most mettlesome of steeds, riding proudly into the arena, to do battle for free speech and morality, against all the black mailed-champions of cant and false sentimentality the wicked world can produce. Farewell to our spurious philosophy! This is an immoral age, and Mr. Boucicault has taken it by the throat. We cannot keep evil from the mind of youth. Let us face the difficulty boldly. Off with them all to Drury Lane!

Mr. Boucicault is a hard worker, a clever writer, and has a wonderful knack of catching the public taste. He deserves all his remarkable success, and we take off our hat to him. But he may take our word for it—his moral lesson, from a purely moral point of view, is a mistake. Let his heroine end her days neglected in the gutter, and we shall have a moral to point to our daughters, *if* we have a taste for pointing morals of this sort to them at all, on the subject of prostitution. Let his hero go to the dogs, being first kicked out of the Oxford Eight by his disgusted College acquaintances, and we shall have another moral of a certain kind to point to our sons who happen unfortunately to be cursed with generous but dishonourable tendencies. We are quite at one with Mr. Boucicault about Wycherly and Congreve. We will go further. We believe the great hold that the *School for Scandal* has upon public taste results not from the unquestionable brilliancy of its dialogue, but from the coarse impropriety which pervades it from beginning to end. As to the Opera, it was scarcely fair to drag it into the question, but as it has been dragged in, we cannot do better than publish several letters we have received in its defence. An uncomplimentary comparison with *Formosa* seems justly to have annoyed several well-known characters:—*videlicet*

To TOMAHAWK.

(1.)

SIR,—Mr. Boucicault has instituted an invidious comparison between me and that creature he has taken up as his heroine. He wants to injure my reputation! Now surely I have an excuse for shocking everybody in my first and second acts. Why, in my third, I can't pay my rent, and I have a terrible cough, which, together with remorse and disappointment, kills me before I can marry *Alfredo* with his papa's consent. Surely no one will care to sing *libiamo* after seeing to what an end it brings,

Yours devotedly,

TRAVIATA!

(2.)

Lucrezia Borgia, Duchess of Ferrara, &c., presents her compliments to the Editor of THE TOMAHAWK, and wishes him *candidly* to say whether he thinks she is, on the whole, the sort of person a British public admires. Does she excite the sympathy or disgust of the audience? The Duchess will be glad to hear, as she has always intended to be very bad indeed, and should the Editor have not felt that horror of crime, which she has hitherto flattered herself she has successfully kindled, perhaps he would kindly inform her of the fact, when she will poison an extra chorus in the first act, and give up the study of antidotes altogether.

(3.)

SIR,—I am instructed by my respected master to inform you that he has been very much shocked to hear that his efforts to point a moral have been so thoroughly misunderstood. He desires me to assure you that though he makes very light of the supper with the Statue, he really considers it no joke; while as to his destination, *after* that meal, he really would be glad to hear what possible lower depth Mr. Boucicault can have hit upon! I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

LEPORELLO.

(4.)

DEAR SIR,—It is really very cruel to say that I teach people to be bad. Surely you must know what my folly and vanity cost me, even down to the bitter end! I could not do more than come to utter misery and ruin, and then fly from temptation and repent? Dear Sir, could I?

Yours, very sincerely,

MARGUERITE.

(5.)

Fancy bringing *my* name forward! I who never—oh fie, Mr. Boucicault!

AMINA.

(6.)

SIR,—I have simply put the matter into the hands of my solicitors. Yours, indignantly,

THE COUNT.

And we might continue the list of letters, including one from *George Barnwell*, which is, however, totally unfit for publication. But to dismiss the subject. If Mr. Boucicault "means to keep open" this new thoroughfare, pleasant or unpleasant, as it may be, according to taste, let it at least lead to the reading of some sound moral lesson. This is where his first successful attempt to "break the barriers of prejudice" has failed.

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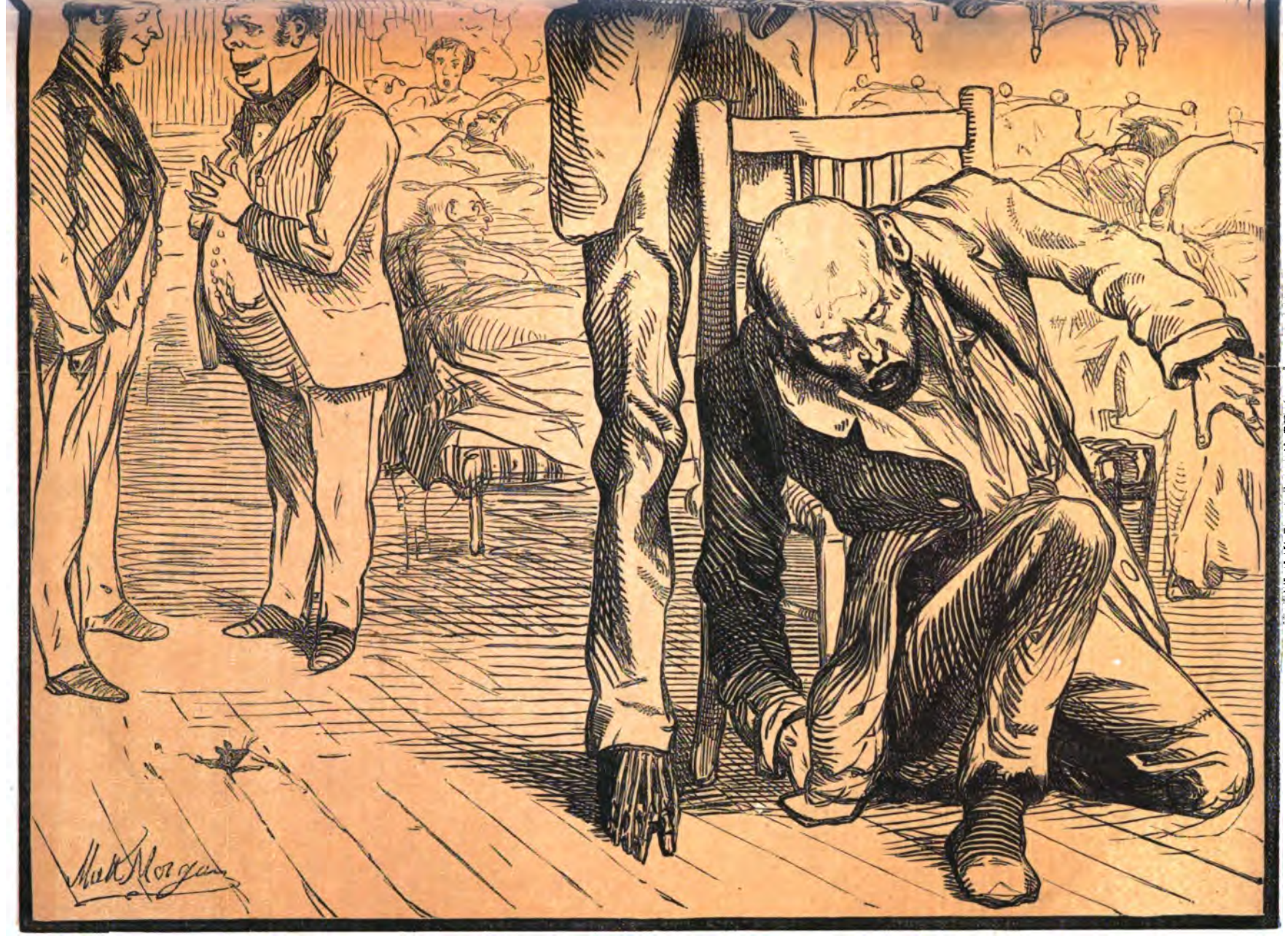

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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 98.)

XXIV.

As Mr. Squigsby is driving along in his cab, we feel the opportunity has arrived to present him in person to our readers. We all know the popular idea of the Lawyer, more especially as represented by our novelists and dramatists. An old crabbed man, with a hard-lined, clean-shaven face, wearing old-fashioned clothes, and taking snuff, possessing an office which is ornamented with cobwebs and dust-begrimed boxes, the furniture of a broken-down character, and a general appearance of neglect and dirt covering everything—a man whose one idea is to accumulate money and to save it, harsh to the poor and servile to the rich, and maintaining a strict and hypocritical solemnity before the world to inspire confidence in his learning and his honesty. Mr. Squigsby was not a lawyer of this description: he was of the new school. We live too fast in these days to wait to be harsh, and cruel, and overreaching, and money-grubbing, and unprincipled until we are old men, as seems to have been the custom in older times. We exhibit all these attributes in our young men of the present day. In our Law Courts, upon our Exchanges, and in our Markets, it is our young men who drive the hardest bargains, who are harshest in enforcing them, who are shrewdest in their calculations, who have the fewest generous impulses where money-making is concerned, who make money quickest—it may be by the sacrifice of principle, but still who make money—who are worshippers of the golden calf in the sense that, so long as their devotion is successful, they can do no wrong. Mr. Squigsby, in himself, discarded all antiquated notions as regards lawyers in general. While maintaining the severity and cruelty of the harshest of the old school, he endeavoured to present himself as the most brilliant of the young school. He dressed in the height of fashion: his trousers were made in Vienna; his boots and waistcoats in Paris; his coats at Poole's; his hats at Melton's; and Wheeler took a pride in describing him as "one of the best-shirted and best-gloved men in London." He was shampooed by contract in Cornhill and Bond Street, and in each establishment there was one man retained who understood thoroughly, after careful and anxious study, the proper trimming to be applied to Mr. Squigsby's hair and beard, and the correct curl, done with heated tongs, to be given to Mr. Squigsby's moustache. The same in his habits. Did he care for the public prejudices as to what a lawyer or "a man of business" ought or ought not to do? Not he! He would smoke the finest havannah in the middle of the day, walking or riding down Regent street or Lombard street. When a good client, or, what was the same thing, a good defendant, such as a Duke or a Marquis he had got into his net, called upon him, he would bring out his cigars and his *Perrier Jouet* like a man, and the very last thing they would talk about would be business. It was all anecdote and "chaff." His offices were furnished in the grandest style. No cobwebs there: Turkey carpets, handsome tables and chairs, valuable cabinets, pictures on the walls, green and gold paper, elegant curtains. Papers on the desk, it is true; but papers with titled names upon them, that if the wandering eye of visitors fell upon them, it would be riveted with the idea of Mr. Squigsby's greatness and extensive business. Boxes round the room, it is true; but japanned boxes with golden names upon them of Mr. Squigsby's most distinguished clients. Personally, he was good-looking and happy-looking. He was not over intellectually well looking, and he was somewhat coarse; but what of that? He was young and wealthy. He was the architect of his own fortunes. "More credit to him for that," said everybody!

XXV.

The cab pulled up. It was 206 Clipstone street. Mr. Squigsby jumped out, paid the cabman, and knocked at the door. A middle-aged woman answered the summons.

"Does Mr. Branscombe live here?" inquired Mr. Squigsby.

"Yes, sir;" and without waiting for any further communication, she proceeded to the bottom of the stairs, and shouted at the top of her voice:

"Wanted, Mr. Branscombe!"

Mr. Squigsby waited several seconds. There was no answer to the summons—the woman, having discharged what she considered her duty under the circumstances, had retired. Mr. Squigsby stood upon the door-mat considering what he should do next. The seconds became minutes, and then, the street-door being still open, he knocked another double knock. The middle-aged woman immediately reappeared, and, without saying a word, once more proceeded to the bottom of the stairs and shouted, apparently louder than ever:

"Wanted, Mr. Branscombe!" and again immediately retired.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, after he had waited several minutes, "this is a curious system; I wonder whether anybody will ever come."

The observation had scarcely passed his lips, when a small voice was heard, saying from the turn of the staircase—

"Did you want Mr. Branscombe?"

Mr. Squigsby looked up and immediately perceived that two dark eyes in a very pale face were contemplating him in a timid manner from the turn in the stairs. Mr. Squigsby shut the street-door and went up the stairs confronting a young woman.

"I want," he said, "to see Mr. Branscombe."

"Father is not at home," said the young woman in the same timid half-frightened manner, and looking at Mr. Squigsby's unusual appearance with manifest suspicion and distrust. "He went out this morning early and he's not been home since."

"I wish to see him particularly," said Mr. Squigsby in his softest manner; "but if he is not at home perhaps you will allow me to leave a communication for him. The matter is of importance."

"Will you walk in, sir?" said the young woman becoming apparently still more frightened in manner.

Mr. Squigsby followed the young woman into the room. It was a modestly-furnished apartment on the second floor. In one corner an oboe hung upon a nail. Mr. Squigsby glanced round the room with an eagle's eye, as if mentally calculating the value of the furniture and accessories it contained. He then deliberately sat down, and with the same rapid eagle glance contemplated the daughter of old John Branscombe. She was a girl of about nineteen. Her face was pretty, though pinched and drawn with anxiety and suffering. Her figure was perfect, and her manner charming in its elegant simplicity.

"May I be permitted to ask," said Mr. Squigsby, still with an eagle's eye upon her, "whether I am speaking to Miss Maria Branscombe?"

"Yes, sir," she said with some surprise, "that is my name; but how do you know me? I have never seen you before. Oh tell me, what do you want to say to father?"

She said this in a trembling, nervous voice, as if she expected nothing but ill-tidings, and wished to hear the worst. She said it as though her life had been passed in this sort of anxious trouble—as though every moment of her existence had brought forth some new grief—as if every stranger she met were some enemy to her father—as if every interchange of words with any of her fellow-creatures would bring with it some communication of a fresh misery or a new sorrow.

"I hope I do not disturb you in any way," said Mr. Squigsby; "but my name is Squigsby——"

He had scarcely mentioned the name when she uttered, with a half-scream,—

"The lawyer!"

"I am a lawyer," said Mr. Squigsby. "Your father has some business with our office, and it is that which has brought me here; but do not be disturbed——"

"Disturbed!" interrupted the trembling girl. "It is your name that has been present to us night and day. It is as to what you would do and how you would act which has agonised us both since father could not pay. What have you come to do now? Do it at once. Do it. Seize—sell—do everything; at least you will rescue us from this miserable suspense—from these horrible phantoms of coming evil that will drive us mad."

"Where is your father?" said Mr. Squigsby quietly, and stroking his beard.

"I don't know," said the girl. "He went out this morning to see you—to appeal to your mercy to grant him a little time. Oh! how I prayed for his success. He promised to return immediately to bring me the news if he had succeeded. He has not returned. You are here instead. What is it you want?"

She drew herself up as she asked this question, and her

defiant attitude and flashing eyes made her look so handsome in Mr. Squigsby's eyes, that that immoveable gentleman, instead of feeling terrified, inwardly chuckled and congratulated himself upon the turn affairs were taking.

"I'll draw her out still more," thought Mr. Squigsby, with a silent laugh.

XXVI.

But at this period came a thundering single knock at the street door, and the next moment the shrill shriek of the landlady, shriller than ever, rose up the staircase of—

"Wanted, Mr. Branscombe!"

No one attempted to answer it. The new visitor did not, however, stop upon any question of formality, for a heavy step being heard upon the stairs and the door of the room being pushed violently open, a gentleman in a blue uniform and a helmet presented himself, and demanded, in a tone of authority,—

"Is this Mr. Branscombe's?"

It was a policeman who made the inquiry.

The girl flew to the man.

"Where is he? What has he done?"

"He is in Vine Street Police Station," said the policeman, without moving a muscle. "The charge is—attempted suicide by drowning."

The girl staggered forwards, then backwards, repulsed Mr. Squigsby, who made an attempt to assist her, uttered one scream, and fell senseless on the floor.

Mr. Squigsby took out his cigar case. He lighted a cigar. The policeman recognized him and touched his helmet.

"Who's the magistrate to-morrow?" said Mr. Squigsby.

"Mr. Knox," said the policeman.

"All right; you can go. I shall appear for the defendant."

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 116.)

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

IT should be scarcely necessary that we should, year after year, have to plead the cause of the school-children and their solitary summer treats. By the many letters to the newspapers, however, it appears that the good people who institute these "days in the fresh air" are very short of funds; indeed, in some districts where 300 children or more could be taken into the country for a healthy scamper in the fields for twenty pounds, the subscriptions of the neighbourhood in which the schools are situated have not reached one quarter of that amount. Perhaps just now when it is holiday time in London it will not do to expect those unfortunates who are left behind to cater for the enjoyment even of their parish charity children; but this is more the reason why those who are fortunate enough to be abroad or in the country should, on reading the appeals in the London papers, put their hands into their pockets, and transmit their mites to the various committees now employed in performing a kindly task. It is seldom that when Englishmen really entertain a question of this kind that they refuse assistance; and we, therefore, are glad to be able to put the claims of the poor children forward, in order that those people who are enjoying themselves away from dusty London may be reminded that even a single day's holiday is better than none at all; and that thousands upon thousands of their poorer neighbours are anxiously waiting for the response to the appeals made in their behalf.

AN ENTERTAINING POINT.

IT is announced that the visit of the Empress of the French to Constantinople will cost the Sublime Porte fifteen millions of francs. A bran new Palace is being built for Her Majesty's occupation, new streets are being formed, and a new neighbourhood has been established in the course of a few weeks. All is, of course, confusion and preparation at Constantinople, but everything is sure to be finished by the 20th instant, when the Empress will be due in the Bosphorus. We venture, however, to express a doubt whether these embellishments of Constantinople will be quite as soon paid for. "Payment on delivery" is by no means an admitted principle in Turkey. We suppose, however, that between this and Christmas another small batch of Turkish Five per Cents. will be thrown on the London and Paris markets in consequence of this extraordinary call on the Turkish Treasury. We wonder if we Western nations will ultimately have to pay for the Eastern hospitality accorded to our Princes. We certainly find the money, and the chances of our getting repaid in any reasonable time are points of simple conjecture. However, in the meantime, we trust that the Empress will pass a pleasant week at Constantinople.

THE PARROT PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

NO. I.

THE PARROT APOLOGISES FOR HIS LONG SILENCE.—HE TOUCHES ON HIS SUFFERINGS.—HE DISCOURSES ON PACKING.—THE HORRORS OF MOVING.—THE USE OF SCREAMS.—THE SICK CHILD'S PRESENT.—AT THE RAILWAY STATION.—A WORD ABOUT TUNNELS.—HOW TO MAKE STEAMBOATS THAT WILL NOT ROLL.—CONSOLATION IN SICKNESS.—HORRIBLE APPREHENSIONS OF THE PARROT.—HE LANDS AT DIEPPE.—"SUR LE PLAGE."—FIRST OBSERVATIONS ON FRANCE AND THE FRENCH.—A NATION OF BUTCHERS.—THE PHENOMENON EXPLAINED.—THE POVERTY OF FRANCE: SHOWN, FIRST IN THE DEARTH OF DRUNKARDS, NEXT IN THE DEARTH OF BONNETS.—THE INDISTINCTNESS OF THE FRENCH.—THE NECESSITY OF AN UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—HINTS FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE SAME.—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

I SUPPOSE the world thought it never was going to hear from me again, and that I had laid down my pen of instruction for ever. I really must say, that having once begun to enlighten mankind, I owe them some apology for having so abruptly desisted from my charitable task—and, I beg herewith to express my sincere regret for all the dreadful calamities that have resulted from my long silence. It will reawaken hope in many a despairing breast when they receive the reassuring tidings that, having once embarked on the labour of reforming the world and regenerating mankind, I do not intend to give up until my efforts are crowned with that complete success which they cannot fail to attain.

It appears that a solemn consultation having been held by the chief members of the family which resides with me, it was determined to remove me to a more bracing atmosphere than London. Without needlessly alarming my anxiety on my own behalf, they fixed on Dieppe, as the place to be honoured by our immigration. I was too prostrated with repeated attacks of bronchitis, brought on by the east wind, to care about having a voice in the matter. So I made no remonstrance when I perceived the inevitable signs which precede "a move." I must say that if there is a thing I do detest it is the worry of packing. Not that, personally, I have anything to do with it. Another sign of the superiority of Parrots over men is that when they travel they require no luggage. Their palace is portable, a little food for the journey is all they require. While to see men and women preparing for a journey, one would think that they were removing the whole population of their native town piecemeal in trunks and portmanteaus. What loathsome hideous things you human creatures must be, when you are obliged to travel about with so many disguises for your misshapen bodies! Not that I should care the least, if you could only contrive to pack up, as you call it, without making everybody around you miserable. The fearful noise of bumping boxes and opening and shutting drawers gave me a dreadful headache. Then, for the last two days nothing could be found. Everything was put away. Since my illness I have been recommended barley-sugar. On the day before our departure no barley-sugar could be found. They wanted me to go without. But I was not quite such a fool. *I shrieked till I got it.* I generally find that plan successful. You can't muzzle a Parrot like you can a dog. The youngest child, Bobby (whom I hate), has the impudence to imitate my tactics. When he wants anything he shrieks, and that fool of a mother of his absolutely gives it him, just as if he was a Parrot. It is some satisfaction to me to reflect that that child has every day been getting paler and thinner, and the other day he absolutely gave me his sugar. He must be bad. I was not to be cajoled by such valueless gifts. I took the sugar, but I left my mark on his flabby hand, and I can see he has got a piece of sticking plaister on it still.

At last we got off. I went in a carriage, of course. The children went in the cab with the servants. When we got to the railway station I looked about me. I was much struck by the animal that dragged us along. It was like a clumsy Macaw, with smoke coming out of its crest. It shrieked horribly,—a most discordant shriek, not the least like my beautiful screams. However, I made a mental note of the shriek, in order to imitate it in the dead of night,—it may frighten the children.

At last we got to what I hoped was the end of the journey. We had gone through a number of dark holes, called tunnels. They were made by men, of course, or else they would not have been dark. If Parrots had made them they would have taken the roof off and put in glass, then they would not have been dark. But men never can think of anything—not even such a simple precaution as that.

My hopes were disappointed. We had not got half through our journey. We had to go by a horrible steamboat for six hours. Such a *beastly* place I never was in. It smelt like the footman's pantry when he's cleaning the lamps. I know the smell; it's horrible. Then the smoke and the rolling of the beast of a boat. There's another instance of the stupidity of men. Why don't they build boats which can't roll? You don't see swans roll about when they go through the water. No, they are much too sensible animals. England is an island, an island is on the water, but England does not roll about. Why not? Because it is too heavy. Then make steamboats so heavy that they can't roll. Nothing can be simpler than that.

I must confess that I was not comfortable. It was, as I have said, a horridly uncomfortable boat. There was no private cabin; and we had to go amongst a whole crowd of women, who were all sick. It was a filthy sight. Of course I was not sick, but I suffered horribly. It was some consolation, however, to see the wretched creatures in their agony. Bobby was very bad. He had brought a cake with him, intending to stuff it; but I got that cake. I screamed for it; and in a cabin full of sick people a little screaming goes a long way. What *did* give me a turn was to see the people getting green; for I thought, good heavens! "if I turn green, I may be taken for a parroquet." I was miserable till I looked in a glass and saw that I was as beautiful as ever, with the exception of a slight disarrangement of my feathers. Three of the women looked so yellow and white that I really expected they were going to turn into cockatoos before their time.

At last we got safe on shore, and I found myself in France. Some inquisitive men (called "Buccaneers," as far as I could make out) wanted to look at my palace to see if there were any cigars or spirits inside it. As if a Parrot could be guilty of such filthy habits as smoking and drinking spirits! They must be an ignorant people here. I believe it is one of the customs of France to search your luggage and clothes for cigars. It is a very rude custom, I think.

We have got settled now, thank heavens! and I have got my room with cheerful windows looking out on the sea and what they call the Plague, I suppose because so many men and women walk up and down there. I have been here three days, and I am happy to say I know all about France and the French nation. It does not take a Parrot long to understand such people.

The first thing that struck me about the French was that quite two-thirds of the men are butchers. This must be very annoying to cows, and calves, and sheep, and pigs, and creatures of that sort. It must make their lives a burden to them to see such a number of their executioners always about. I always heard France was a great military nation; and everybody knows soldiers are butchers, and here I suppose butchers are soldiers. They can't be all wanted to kill beef and mutton, because the French eat nothing but frogs and chickens. But I have come to the conclusion that as they are a very feeble race, it takes five or six of them to kill an ox, three or four to kill a sheep, two or three to kill a chicken, and one or two to kill a frog; so that, in this way the number of butchers is quite satisfactorily accounted for. At this rate it would take about nine or ten of them to kill a man, so that they want a larger army than any other nation, and they are quite right to have it.

I could see at a glance that France is a very inferior country to England. In the first place, there is not half so much rain here; and I am certain it is a very poor country, for I have not seen a single drunken man since I have been here, and it is nonsense to tell me that men would not get drunk if they had money. I wonder some of the butchers don't turn bonnet-makers, for it is perfectly disgraceful to see the women going about without any bonnets on their heads. But I knew the French were a very indecent people. Parrots might just as well go about without any feathers on their head. It's no use talking to me about their clean white caps. A pretty thing, indeed! You don't see women in England walk about all day in their nightcaps because they can't afford to buy bonnets. No, they had rather lie in bed all day first.

I have had occasion to remark in one of my former papers on the strange indistinctness with which the men and women speak; but on this point the French are really unbearable. Then they rattle on at such a pace that, even if they could talk a decent language, you would never be able to hear them. A crowd of starlings is nothing to them. I never heard of such impertinence myself as these people presuming to talk a different language from English. I know no Parrot would stand it. If the general of the English Army had got any courage, he would just walk his men over to this country and make them speak English, or put them down as inarticulate vermin. That is the way we used to manage in Parrotland. There, any tribe of Parrots, Cockatoos, or Parroquets, that dared to talk any peculiar language of their own, we told them to learn ours, and if they did not we killed them. This saved us and them a great deal of trouble.

I must end this paper now, for I am tired. I shall have some more to say about the French next week; not that they are worth all the trouble, for I am *quite convinced* that a more frivolous, immoral, dirty nation does not exist. I don't understand a word of their language, and this is the first time I ever saw France, so nobody can say that I am prejudiced. Thank heaven! That's the last charge that ever can be brought against me.

"TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

No. II.—Ramsgate.

I AM a simple child of nature, in spite of my naturalisation in England. For instance, when I am wronged or insulted, instead of going to my lawyer and commencing an action for libel, as civilisation prompts me to do, I would far sooner fly at my opponent's throat and have at his life blood—a far more merciful revenge. Instead of asking my enemy to dinner at my Club and plying him with some "peculiar" champagne of a cheap and poisonous vintage to the danger of his life, I would far sooner meet him hand to hand and knife to knife on the yellow grass of the lonely prairie, as becomes a brave and a warrior. This last idea strikes me so forcibly, that for the benefit of the world I present it in a dramatic form. It's not about Ramsgate in the least; but I am out of town, by the "sad sea waves," and shall write what I like—and I like to write this.

SCENE.—*The morning room of the Pantheon Club.* BUSBY *discovered waiting patiently for the* CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE. *He reads the August number of* "BRITANNIA MAGAZINE," *and is much delighted thereat. Still he eyes the clock hurriedly from time to time, and in pantomime expresses that he hungers for food. Members (reading newspapers) eye him with sympathising glances. Enter abruptly the* CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—My dear Busby, I *do* hope I've not kept you waiting.

BUSBY.—Oh dear no—I'd only *just* come.

Enter a SMALL BOY *in a livery tail-coat and a very stiff white choker.*

SMALL BOY (*savagely to the* CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE).—Your dinner's h'up, Sir.

Exit SMALL BOY, *banging the swing doors after him.*

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*heartily*).—Come, my dear fellow, the banquet awaits us. (*Aside*) He goes to his doom! (*Exeunt.*)

The scene changes to the Coffee-room of the Pantheon Club. Slow music of knives and forks heard as the CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE *and his* GUEST *enter. The* WAITERS *shudder and murmur to one another as the* CHILD *passes them.*

FIRST WAITER (*cutting up a joint*).—'E's at it again! It shouldn't oughter to be allowed.

SECOND WAITER (*carrying pan of vegetables*).—The committee ought to h'interfere! Yes, Sir! (*He hurries away on a mission of mercy—to feed the hungry.*)

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—Sit there, my dear fellow. Send the Butler to me (*a* WAITER, *trembling, obeys him*). You drink champagne? (BUSBY *nods and the* WAITERS *shudder and turn pale.*) Ah, here's McFarlane, our Butler. McFarlane, please bring me the wine list.

BUTLER (*almost fainting from emotion*).—Yes, Sir.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*looking over the wine list*).—Get me a bottle of THAT!

BUTLER (*aside to* CHILD).—For Heaven's sake, Sir, forbear! (*the* CHILD *regards him sternly*). I obey! (*rushes to the cellar in an agony of tears*).

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—The soup was cold, I'm afraid. My fault. Will you take any more fish?

BUSBY.—No, thanks. (*To* WAITER *bearing first entrée*) thanks.

WAITER (*in a low tone to* BUSBY).—Beware!

Re-enter the BUTLER (*with red eyes and tear-stained cheeks*), *bearing a bottle of champagne. He entreats the* CHILD (*in pantomime*) *to have mercy. The* CHILD *points sternly to* BUSBY'S *glass. The* WAITERS *grow paler and murmur more loudly.*

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*to* BUTLER).—Fill Mr. Busby's glass. (*His order is obeyed.*)

SECOND WAITER (*bearing second entrée to* BUSBY, *in a low tone*).—Beware!

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*heartily*).—Now, Busby, drink that, and tell me what you think of it.

BUSBY *raises the glass and puts it to his mouth. Groans from surrounding* WAITERS.

BUSBY.—Here's to you, old boy! (*Drinks.*)

The WAITERS *turn away their heads and weep bitterly.*

CHORUS OF IMPATIENT DINERS.—Here, waiter! waiter!! waiter!!!

The WAITERS *smother their emotion and hurry off.*

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE.—I triumph!

* * * * * * * *

Extract from the "Times" of the next day but one.

DEATHS.

On the — July, at his residence, 1869 Wimpole street, John Charles Busby, Esq., barrister-at-law, of cholera, aged 33.

CHILD OF THE PRAIRIE (*reading the above*).—Ha, ha! He said I had a bad complexion! Thus perish all my enemies!

* * * * * *

Now, I may be asked what has the above to do with Ramsgate? I love frankness, so I answer without hesitation—Nothing whatever. So much for a preface.

Ramsgate is a very nice place for listening to music. By the latest statistics we learn that there are

27	brass bands,	yielding a total of	5	tunes.
10	string "	" "	7	"
349	barrel organs "	"	24	"
18	nigger troupes "	"	4	"
5	"comic" singers (inclusive of religious hymners)	"	8	"
409			48	

From the above it will be seen that there are more than 409 bands of musicians in Ramsgate, yielding daily (between them) no less than 48 tunes, or attempts at tunes—a very fair average. This does not include numberless fish criers, sweeps, &c., who are quite as musical as their more pretentious brethren of the cornet, flute, and violin. Quite as musical! On my word, *more* musical! I may here give a sketch of one of these bands, written some years ago, but which still affords an excellent portrait of the performers. *Semper eadem* should be the motto of the Ramsgate bands. I wrote three years ago of my pet orchestra—

It numbers six musicians, divided into three divisions. The first division consists of one musician—a clarionet with seven notes; the second of three musicians—two cornets and a trombone, with a couple of notes a-piece; and the third of two musicians—a drum and a bassoon with one note a-piece: giving a grand total of six instruments and fifteen notes—not so bad for a watering-place band when it confines itself to dance-music, and does *not* attempt Meyerbeer, Rossini, or Verdi. Unluckily, the Ramsgate orchestra is very ambitious, and quite turns up its nose at anything less classical than the "Miserere" out of the *Trovatore*. As I stand listening to them this morning, I find them engaged in an extremely gallant attack upon the Overture to *Zampa*, which promises (if conducted with vigour and skill) to end in a partial success. The opening movement (dŭm-dĭ-dŭm; dŭm, dŭddĕr dŭm, &c.) is performed with great spirit, the clarionet leading the musical forlorn hope with the most reckless bravery; while the bassoon, flanked by the cornets (in skirmishing order), keeps up a well-sustained fire of "boom, boom!" The drum and the trombone are engaged in foraging among the audience—for pence. At this point of the engagement the band looks quite like winning. Alas! that the battle should be lost by the thoughtless greediness of the clarionet. At the moment when the bassoon is doing wonders in battering down the bass bars defending the "Prayer," the clarionet cowardly deserts, to join the foraging party. The result of this unkindly manœuvre may be easily imagined. After a noble and excited attempt on the part of the first cornet to convert its two notes into five (which, although it ends in dismal failure, is thoroughly deserving of a musical Victoria Cross), the attacking party is obliged to raise the siege, and the Overture to *Zampa* remains untaken. The band, it is true, is repulsed, but not routed; it quickly rallies, forms into line, and makes a "demonstration" in the shape of an extempore polka-mazurka of the bassoon's composition, which causes the audience (hotly pursued by the foraging party) to beat a very undignified and extremely hasty retreat.

Thus wrote I three years ago, and I do not recall a word. But, stop! the printer warns me that I have exceeded my allotted space. More, much more about Ramsgate next week.

LAW AND EQUITY.

IF the metropolitan police magistrates are not competent to pass an opinion on our criminal code who should be? Yet, one day last week, in two different courts, two different magistrates abused the laws which only enabled them to administer comparatively light punishments for heinous offences. In the first case, a shoemaker was charged with a brutal assault upon a young woman. It appeared from the evidence that the unfortunate prosecutrix was forced to support the prisoner by living in an immoral manner, and he beat her when she plied her trade unremuneratively. Mr. D'Eyncourt, in sentencing the man to two months' hard labour, expressed his regret that he could not give him more, adding, at the same time, that the prisoner deserved to be dragged through a horse-pond, and afterwards hanged. The second case was that of one William Henry Hall, who was brought up on remand, charged with having, according to his own confession, committed the Cannon Street murder. The police had made inquiries and found there was no truth in the man's story, but it appeared that he had more than once been imprisoned for assault and attempting to commit suicide. The magistrate had to set him at liberty, but he expressed a strong regret that he had not the power to commit him to the House of Correction as a rogue and vagabond, and order him a good flogging. We are not prepared to agree or disagree with the opinions expressed by their respective Worships; but we must admit that, at first sight, there appears, at least, a basis of reason for their strictures on the shortcomings of the law.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

B	ric Bra	C
R	as	H
I	chthyopophag	I
G	ul	L
H	usban	D
T	a	R
O	gr	E
N	aoma	N

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost and Slodger and Tiney, and two hundred and four incorrect.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 123.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER* 11, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

"LET THE DEAD REST."

IT may be doubted whether the whole annals of literature contain anything at once so cruel and so painful as Mrs. Stowe's *Revelations of Lady Byron's Confidence to Her.* Whether this fearful story of secret crime be true or not, whether it be exaggerated or not, whether it is the produce of a nature distorted by jealousy and debased by ill-treatment, nobody will envy the feelings of the person who has told it. For, however true it be, the guilty creatures who lived this life of infamy, and the innocent person who was their victim, are all alike dead. To tell this secret, and to tell it in such a way, can have no effect but to shock the living, to awaken feelings of bitterness, to let loose torrents of abuse and virtuous wrath, perhaps undeserved, and, above all, to wring with agony, if spirits can feel agony, the spirit of her in whose behalf this hideous profanation of the tomb is professedly committed. We cannot see ourselves the faintest justification of Mrs. Stowe's repulsive eagerness on Lady Byron's behalf. The worst ever said against her was that she was cold, austere, and wanting in the gentle patience which the wife of a man of such genius, but of such violent ill-regulated passions as Byron, would have been fortunate in possessing. That Byron was not at least to blame in a great measure, none but her enemies, and not his friends, could ever wholly maintain. Those who knew Byron and who loved him,—for that he was capable of inspiring love, is, alas for human frailty, too true,—were pardonably exasperated by the ceaseless stream of abuse and calumny which was poured upon him by the professed friends of virtue and Lady Byron. Strange as it may appear to such paragons of purity as the *Times* critic, Byron was accused falsely of many horrid crimes in his lifetime. This his friends knew; and, in the bitterness of their soul, seeing as they did, to quote Lady Byron's own words, "how much of the angel there was in him," they uncharitably blamed his wife for the wreck of his happiness and of his fame. There must have been something not quite bestial in the nature of that man who never sat down without his child's portrait, all that he was allowed to see of her, before his yearning eyes.

Byron was one of our grandest poets; every line he has written has added a stone to the temple of Britannia's fame. He is one of our Dead, and his Memory is as sacred to us as his very dust. Cruel is the hand who casts dirt upon his coffin —base is the pen that "writes down" his honour. "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" It is a hacknied line, but the words breathe of the noble spirit which marks the "gentleman." Mrs. Beecher Stowe has not added a whit to her "friend," Lady Byron's, fair fame, and has pelted with pitiless mud the escutcheon of one of England's Greatest Men.

We do not envy her her handiwork.

PIPES AND PRINCIPLES.

SOME enemy of the Temperance enthusiasts has complained that on the occasion of their great *fête* at the Crystal Palace the other day, though there was no drinking there was a terrible amount of smoking. It appears "that pale youths of fourteen could be seen lounging about with cigars in their mouths." This is very suggestive, as well as awful. Unhappily for the total abstainers, their movement in this country seems always destined to be under a *cloud!* To supply this from tobacco-smoke is certainly to make the best of it.

MONEY AND MONEY'S WORTH!

MR. BARCLAY, whoever he may be, has made a very vigorous attempt to introduce an entirely new system of musical criticism. In the *Times'* report of the Norwich Festival on Thursday last, the following editorial note was appended to the article:—

"Mr. Barclay, who gives no address except London, and who has insulted our musical reporter at Norwich by writing him a letter enclosing £20 in notes in order to influence his criticism on some of the performances at the Festival, is desired to call at our office for those notes, which will be delivered to him after he has described them, and given their numbers and his address."

Although we have sometimes expressed our dissatisfaction with the manner in which some musical critics of the period have performed the tasks assigned to them, we were not prepared to suggest the comprehensive method of teaching them their craft which Mr. Barclay's note and enclosure would inaugurate. Although the extreme vagueness of the name, "Mr. Barclay, London," may not lead to the identification of this worthy person, two facts are worth noting:—Firstly, that the singers or musicians, to abuse whom the bribe was offered to the critic, will certainly rather gain than suffer by Mr. Barclay's recommendation concerning them; and, secondly, that the chances are that Mr. Barclay will not have the courage to put in an appearance at the *Times* office to get his money back. If, however, he does make an attempt to repossess himself of his bank notes, let us hope that the musical critic to whom he addressed himself may chance to be on the premises at the time; for, although he and his brethren may not always understand the subject they have to write upon, we may safely say they one and all know how to handle a horsewhip, and the use to make of it when they are grossly insulted.

In conclusion, let Mr. Barclay try us with £20 (or even £40 if he likes), and then let him see what we will do!

A PSALM OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
Life Assurance is a dream,
And that while the public slumbers,
Figures are not what they seem!

Really, I am quite in earnest!
So would you be. Here's a goal!
Come let's have enquiry sternest.
It's too bad, upon my soul.

Here a set of fellows borrow
Money that they can't repay,
Then buy up, till each to-morrow
Finds them deeper than to-day.

Thus my claim they'll fail in meeting,
Though they've taken all I gave!
They, not muffled drums, want beating
Soundly till they look quite grave.

Talk of board rooms' tittle tattle!
Stuff! I have insured my life.
I'm not dumb, like driven cattle!
And I'll make a precious strife!

Trust the Future? Come, that's pleasant!
Wait until I'm buried—dead?
No, I'll make a row at present.
On official toes I'll tread!

And directors think to blind us!
Humbug us just for a time.
Till we go, to leave behind us
Nothing? Why, the thing's sublime!

Nothing! Do they think another
Will insure, like me, in vain!
No! the outcry they'll not smother,
Nor catch shipwrecked dupes again!

Let us, then, be up and doing,
Never mind what be our fate,
Each director still pursuing,
Shouting out, "Investigate!"

DEMAND AND SUPPLY.

FASHIONS are said to repeat themselves as time goes on, and, true to this theory, Fancy Bazaars are once again coming into vogue. We are glad to observe, however, that their promoters now appear to be a little less exacting on their friends, as a few years ago it was their wont to be. At one time, watches, clocks, baby linen, or, at least, magnificent home-made table cloths and sofa cushions, were regarded as very ordinary contributions towards a stall; but now this is all altered, and Fancy Bazaar promoters have learned to be contented with offerings of somewhat less intrinsic value. Of course, it does not follow that because articles are not so costly as heretofore, they should fail to serve the charitable purposes for which they are intended; and we are glad to observe that this point was most unequivocally proved only the other day at a Fancy Fair held under the patronage of the Queen, at Portsmouth, for the fund for the re-decoration of the Garrison Chapel at that station. The articles for sale on the stalls, the report stated, were very numerous, but the object which attracted the greatest amount of attention, and commanded the highest price, was a bird's nest taken from a branch of a tree near Lord Raglan's quarters in the Crimea.

As probably our readers are aware, we are ever ready to lend a willing pen in the furtherance of a good cause; but if such articles as those recently offered for sale at Portsmouth are of any real use to charitable committees, we can do even more than this. With a view, then, to rendering practical assistance towards chapel restoring generally, we append a list of articles suitable for fancy sales, any of which may be obtained at our office, 199 Strand, on the application of any well-disposed person, who can satisfy our publisher that the institution in which he interests himself is deserving of our sympathy and support:—

1. A piece of a paving-stone over which the funeral car of the late Duke of Wellington passed on its progress past the site of our office in 1852.
2. A playbill of the last Drury Lane pantomime.
3. A copy of an evening newspaper with an account of the Oxford and Harvard boat race.
4. Two thousand incorrect answers to double acrostics.
5. A halfpenny piece (damaged), picked up in Pall Mall, not far from Marlborough House, the residence of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
6. The current number of the TOMAHAWK (on the receipt of the merely nominal fee of 2d.).

We may as well add that our stock of many of the above articles (especially No. 6) is unlimited, and that they may be obtained in any quantities on the conditions named.

OUR COLUMN
FOR LITERARY GHOULS.

THE real reason of Bolingbroke's retirement into the country during his early youth has been discovered at last. In a private letter which has recently come to light, one Dennis Broke says that he heard from one Margaret Eburn, who heard it from some one else, that he wished to find a spot to bury the limbs of a servant-girl, whom he had seduced when a child and then murdered.

POPE'S deformity was caused by a fall he had when he was a child. He tried one day to strangle his mother, and in the struggle he was thrown down and hurt his spine.

ADDISON'S relations with Steele are well known, but not the intrigue which he had with Lady Steele. This is proved by the correspondence of a housemaid in the service of Lady Steele, who makes frequent mention of this scandalous connection.

THE secret history of Prior's wife will shortly be published. It will prove very sensational reading. She was, as is well known, a woman of very low character.

SWIFT confessed on his death-bed that he had tried to poison Stella some fifty times, but unsuccessfully. He was a horrid monster. His secret memoirs will be ready soon.

GOLDSMITH'S chequered career has often furnished food for the moralist; but we may expect shortly some revelations as to his nightly debauches, which will astonish the admirers of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

THE real reason of Churchill's quarrel with Garrick was that on several occasions the poet forged the actor's name.

"LITTLE'S Poems" will be shortly published, with copious notes, and a key to all the allusions both to persons and places. This will throw much light on the character of the author of the "Irish Melodies."

WE are sorry that we can promise the admirers of "Revelations of the Lives of Celebrated Men" no more for the present; but they will allow that the above promise well. Magazines had better apply at our office (under cover to Mrs. Pry) as soon as possible.

BROAD CHURCH.—"The numerous clergymen" stated, on the authority of Messrs. Boucicault and Chatterton, to be nightly assisting at the performances of *Formosa*.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

An After Dinner Duologue.

Man about Town (*with ideas of the Period*).
Country Cousin (*with ideas behind his Time*).

Man about Town.—Seen the new Play?
Country Cousin.— Not I. You know I hate
This modern craving for th' indelicate.
(*Decisively.*) I read the Papers.
Man about Town.— Yes—and, on their word,
Condemn our favoured Dramatist *unheard?*
Country Cousin.—I read the Papers, I repeat.
(*More decisively.*)
Man about Town.— Your views
No doubt are largely borrowed from the news.
You join the blatant chorus, when the Press
Abuses, till abuse ensures success;
With sympathetic indignation bristle,
And, at its bidding, tune your penny whistle.
Judge for yourself. I argue that the Play
Pictures the manners of the present day—
No more, no less.
Country Cousin (*indignantly*).—The heroine, a jade!
A—why not let me call a spade a spade?
Man about Town.—The evil *is*,—then where the wrong to show it?
Country Cousin.—None,—if you drew it so that all might know it.
Man about Town.—We show it *as it is*, are we to blame?
Country Cousin.—Make it attract,—call *that* your moral aim,—
For Sin in cotton, dreary, vulgar vice,
Can point no moral when it can't entice!
Urged by propriety your tastes require
That tigress' claws be hid in silk attire;
The scene must be all glitter—but you scout
The thought how soon the gas must be turned out,
The paint be dimmed by premature decay,
The dust and broken spangles swept away!
There's a *true* picture! *You* prefer the task
To preach the genius of Grant and Gask,—
You, who from life-long study of the nude,
Give startled Innocence the name of Prude;
The "tawny Siren's" inner life unfold;
Make guilt a legal tender for pure gold;
And, *coram populo*, have dared proclaim
The splendid home of marketable shame!
Is this your sermon? Preach on, unperplexed,
And trust the Devil to supply your text!
Man about Town.—Bucolic virtue! would you then deny
The evil rampant in our midst?
Country Cousin.— Not I!
When girls (who should know better) strive to win
Our admiration in the garb of sin.
I know it all. I see the self-same paint
Bedaub the Siren, and conceal the Saint;
And even country cousins in their dress
Assume a lack of virtue they possess.
Man about Town.—You wander from the subject. Let me bring
You back. This Drama is indeed "the thing."
Let's go. I promise you the treat in store
Shall leave you starched in morals as before.
(Country Cousin *shows signs of indecision.*)
Country Cousin.—Hem! ha!—*Formosa?*—Fulham?—yes—'tis true
No harm can come from seeing something new—
'Tis well to live and learn, to see new life—
Not that I'm curious—I may take my wife—
But first, in my respect for Mary Jane,
I'll see myself—(*with great decision*)
Hi! Hansom! Drury Lane!!
[*Exit, in a burst of curiosity*—Man about Town *follows triumphant.*

A Hacknied Saying.—Hi! cab!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

"Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii!"

The Seven Curses of London. By James Greenwood, "The Amateur Casual." London: Stanley, Rivers & Co. 1869.

Rather a disappointing work. When we opened the book we expected to find any number of exposures and suggested reformations. Alas! hope told a flattering tale. Mr. Greenwood has certainly produced an amusing collection of essays, but we question very much whether the world will be any the better for their publication. Emphatically, the author is impracticable. We have stories of wickedness and wrong-doing, but for real names and true addresses we have stars and blanks by the score and the hundred. This is a great mistake. The "Amateur Casual" should have attacked the evils of which he complains with greater freedom and spirit. He gives us what we *don't* want, and keeps from us what we do. We *don't* want sensational accounts of wretchedness and spasmodic word pictures of gaudy wickedness;—those kinds of things we can get at any time in the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Morning Star;* but we *do* want to have facts put before us that will assist us in crushing out from our social system the many parasites that live upon us and destroy us. The "Seven Curses of London" (according to Mr. Greenwood) are "neglected children," "professional thieves," "professional beggars," "fallen women," "the curse of drunkenness," "betting gamblers," and the "waste of charity." We think our author might have added another curse to his list—the "quacks." In conclusion, we may cordially agree with his strictures upon certain "bookmakers"—nay, we can go further than our author; *he* only abuses the "bookmakers" of the Turf, while *we* consider the "bookmakers" of the Press quite as objectionable. Perhaps Mr. Greenwood will understand our allusion, and be warned for the future.

THE BACCHANTE AND THE INK-BOTTLE.

Nobody has yet discovered who threw the bottle of ink at *M. Carpeaux's* group *la Danse* that adorns the exterior of the new *Grand Opera.* The *Figaro* says that there is a certain sort of moral protest in the atrocious act of vandalism, inasmuch as *M. Carpeaux's Bacchante* is *very* French. "Still," it further remarks, "it is at best retaliating on an infamous act by a brutal one." The *can-can* in marble is, in fact, too strong even for Parisian tastes. But what is the use of ink, printing otherwise? How many gallons, we wonder, have been hurled this side of the water at *ballet* indecency without any result? The Paris *morum censor* was not only an enthusiast, but a fool. Ink, in these days, spite the nonsense we put into newspapers, does very little. It protests,—*mais voilà tout.*

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Notwithstanding the reports of the brilliant reception accorded to Prince Arthur in America, an ill-feeling has already arisen against us on the part of our American cousins, in consequence of its having been decided that his Royal Highness is not to visit the United States. It is reasonably enough suggested that the hearty welcome accorded to the Prince of Wales a few years back is a sufficient guarantee that Prince Arthur would be well received, and that the great respect that all American citizens bear towards the Queen is alone a sufficient passport for her son. That the Americans should make a grievance out of the matter we are not surprised, but it is quite a mistake for them to suppose that the English nation or the English Government has anything to do with it. Prince Arthur is possessed of a free will, which, report states, he is wont to exercise, and it is not likely that he would alter his plans and put himself to inconvenience simply to be polite to a foreign nation. If there is one gift that our modern Princes have learnt to appreciate more than another, it is the value of independence, and we must not expect Prince Arthur to admit any one's right to dictate to him even what would be wise and creditable.

The Right Man in the Right Place.—"Professor" Risley in the Dock.

No. IX., Price 1s.,

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,

NOW READY.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Duke of Edinburgh has arrived at the Sandwich Islands. We hope that he will not try and do a stroke of business there by selling the natives cold beef and pickles cheap, else the nation may have to pay for his extravagant generosity.

AGAIN this gallant age is down upon the weaker sex. A correspondence is at this moment raging on the subject of the "Waist of the Period!" *Cui bono?* Surely every day proves that the real *waste* of the period, as far as woman is concerned, is—words!

THE papers that delight in personalities are full of General Prim's French journey. They insist that he has gone to Paris to see his mother-in-law, and to Vichy for the hot water. Taking into consideration the condition of Spain, the General's excursion must be strongly suggestive of home.

IN the evidence given by the sister of the poor little girl who was shot at Wormwood Scrubs through the most culpable carelessness on the part of some Volunteers, she deposed most clearly and decidedly that on telling one of the Volunteers who was at the Range that they had shot her little sister, the brute answered, "Serve her right." As the girl says she should know the monster again—and it is not likely she could forget such a choice specimen of ruffianism—it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in discovering the name of the brute, and in expelling him with every ignominy from the corps which he disgraces. The Volunteers owe it to themselves to show by every means their horror and disgust at this piece of brutality on the part of one of their number. It would be well if he could be literally kicked out of his corps. Should his name transpire before we go to press, we shall have great pleasure in holding him up to the execration of mankind.

WE cannot sufficiently admire the courage and almost Roman devotion to duty shown by the Empress of the French. It must have involved no slight struggle for one of so sensitive a nature to leave her husband when he was so unwell. But duty and the interests of France demanded that she should go, and she went. Here was no selfishness of sorrow. The Emperor could bear his illness alone; if the Empress had deferred her visit to the South, not only would the anxiety on account of her husband's health have been much greater, but the disappointment of many loyal persons would have been inevitable. A woman who can thus free herself from the sentiment of sorrow so as to be capable of action is very rare indeed. It can have been no pleasure-trip to the Empress; the world is too slow to appreciate such real unselfishness and heroism, and to attribute to heartless indifference what really is the result of painful repression of feeling and magnanimous self-control.

WE are glad to see that one Englishman, at least, has been found who is not afraid to row against the American champion on the Thames, and that it is finally settled that Sadler is to represent this country against Browne. It appears that Renforth, though Browne had had the pluck to come from New York for the purpose, declines to race him over the Putney and Mortlake course. The matter is scarcely one for public comment, except that it serves to illustrate the fact we have so repeatedly pointed out—namely, that the clap-trap talk about English generosity is sheer nonsense. Here is a man who has come all the way across the Atlantic, thwarted in his object simply because his English rival will not travel three hundred miles to his three thousand. Not being a sporting print, we know nothing of the ins and outs of the question, but, looking on as mere spectators, we can only say it does not do much credit to our national large-heartedness. However, *pro tem.*, Sadler is the real English champion, and the American, if he wins, may justly go home and say we can show no better man.

A SOP FOR CERBERUS.

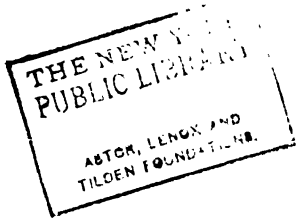
IT seems that, owing to the contemplated financial reforms in France, it is estimated that a surplus of sixty million francs will be left at the disposal of Government at the close of the year 1869. Of this amount, twenty millions will be applied to the increase of small salaries of persons holding official appointments; twenty millions towards the reduction of the land tax; and twenty millions towards the reduction of the octroi duty on wines entering Paris.

While we congratulate our neighbours on the soundness of their pecuniary position, and compliment them on the excellent use they propose to make of forty out of the sixty millions saved, we must admit that we scarcely understand why the last twenty millions to the good is to be devoted to cheapening the drink of the Parisians. Of course, we are well aware that Paris is France, and the provincial population has always admitted its responsibility in having to keep the capital in a state of magnificent repair; but it is scarcely equitable that the Parisians should alone enjoy the advantages of a substantial saving, and the talked of removal of the wine duty will surely create no little discontent outside the barriers. What would Englishmen say if Mr. Lowe's next surplus were to be expended in providing gin within four miles of Charing Cross at half price? And yet this is very much what M. Magne's scheme amounts to.

A MODERATE SUGGESTION.

THE *Church News* of last week, in discussing the possibility of Dean Stanley being nominated for a Bishopric, declared that "there are times when rebellion is not only excusable, but a positive duty," and that such a time may be at hand should a notorious abetter of heretics be chosen by the Government to act as a spiritual head of the Church.

No doubt, as the *Church News* suggests, there are exceptions to most rules; and although rebellion is generally regarded with some degree of popular aversion, certain circumstances might justify it; but the *Church News* is on dangerous grounds when it makes the recommendation, for, on the same principle, interference with the liberty of the Press might "not only be excusable, but a positive duty," when it would become the immediate business of the Government to seize and demolish our seditious contemporary, and, much as we all should mourn the loss of a periodical professing a policy so deeply religious and so truly Christian as that of the *Church News*, we should have in sober justice to admit, that if our contemporary were suppressed for using such indecent language as we have quoted, it would serve it perfectly right.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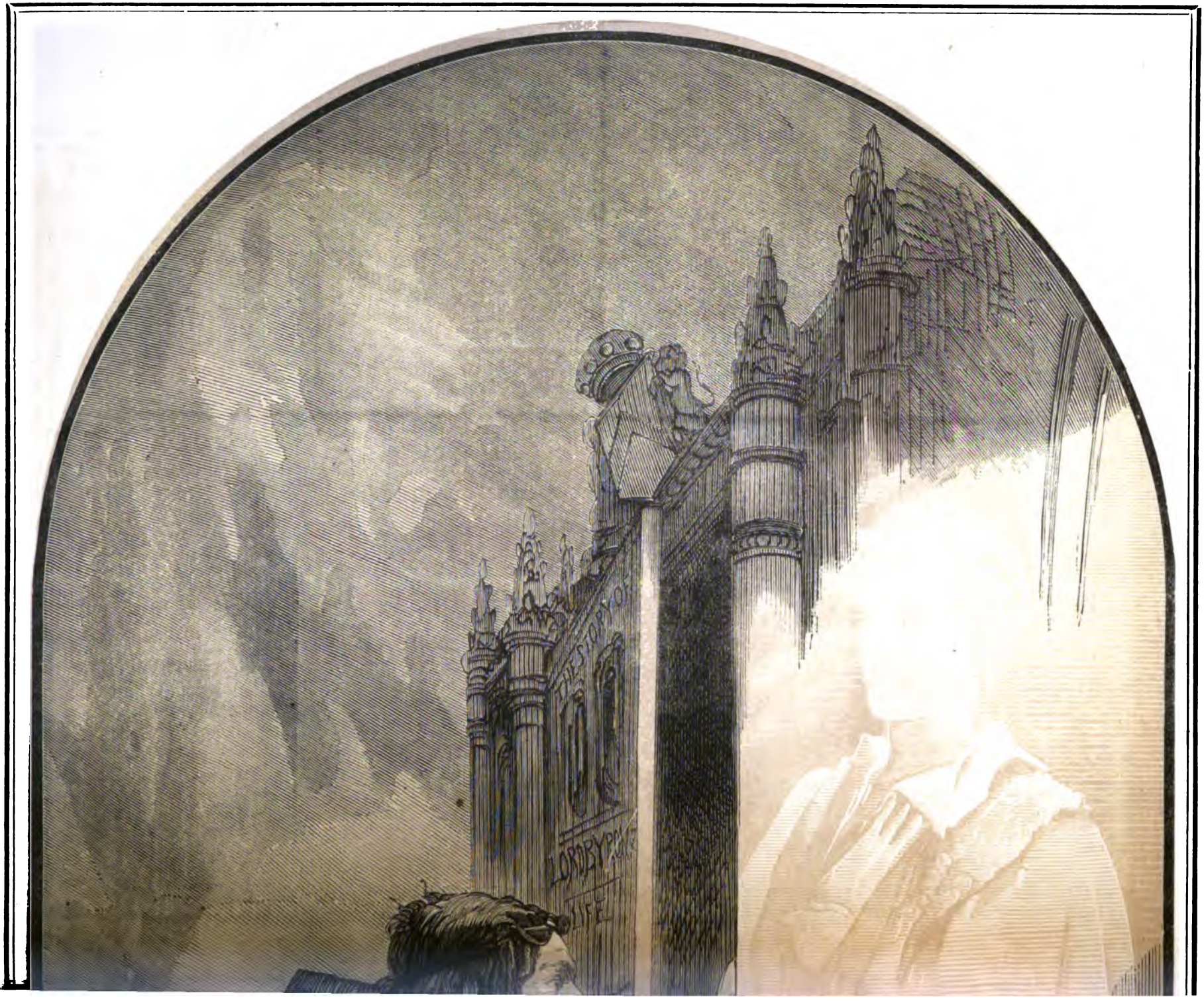
THE STORY OF
LORD BY

"FORBEAR!"

OR,

"UNCLE TOM'S" NEW SPEC.

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and guide his hand
To drive this pestilence from out the land.—BYRON.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 110.)

XXVII.

"An old gentleman, named John Branscombe, a musician, was this morning brought before Mr. Knox charged with attempting self-destruction by drowning. Mr. Squigsby appeared for the defendant, and made an earnest appeal for his release. Mr. Branscombe's daughter also joined in the entreaties for the discharge of her father. It appeared that the defendant had been very despondent of late, and his rash attempt was attributed to some temporary embarrasment in money matters, which Mr. Squigsby explained could be easily removed. Mr. Knox, after reading the defendant a severe lesson upon his conduct, and Mr. Squigsby undertaking that he should be looked after for the future, he was discharged. The defendant, who left the court with his solicitor and daughter, was apparently quite bewildered at the proceedings."

This was the descriptive paragraph in that evening's *Pall Mall Gazette* of what had taken place. No wonder old John Branscombe was bewildered at the lawyer's sudden generosity. He was still more astonished when Mr. Squigsby insisted upon his having a suit of new clothes and a bran new hat, and a new umbrella; and, to enable him to provide these necessaries, he compelled him to accept a loan of thirty pounds, payable three months after date, at ten per cent. interest alone, and upon his own personal security! Was there ever such benevolence? Even Maria Branscombe, who still maintained a sort of mysterious terror for Mr. Squigsby, without exactly knowing why, somewhat softened in her manner when she saw her father so altered for the better.

"You may depend upon it, my dear," said Mr. Branscombe to his daughter as he brushed his new hat, "that Mr. Squigsby has a large heart—a very large heart; only he don't often show it."

"You may depend upon it, father," replied his daughter, "that Mr. Squigsby is not taking this interest in us for nothing."

XXVIII.

Mr. Squigsby, a few days after this, was driving down one of the noisiest of the noisy streets running out of Golden square. The street was lighted, and suddenly the glare of the various coloured bottles shining in a doctor's shop threw a bright and demoniac light through the windows of his brougham. It was apparently more by accident than anything else that Mr. Squigsby in looking up caught sight of the name of the owner of the shop and the brilliant bottles. Mr. Squigsby's face, coming full within the reflection, had scarcely time to change from red to green, and from green to blue, of the brightest possible description, when he ordered the coachman to stop. He got out, and went into the shop. It was "Dr. Plummy's." Dr. Plummy was behind the counter, pounding away with a pestle and mortar in a savage noisy manner, and a small boy, with his face tied up in a white handkerchief, was sitting on a chair, evidently waiting for the completion of the compound, and looking on in the interval at the doctor's proceedings with a sort of fascination of mingled terror and curiosity.

"Will you oblige me," said Mr. Squigsby as he went in, "with half-a-dozen boxes of tooth-powder and a couple of ink-extractors?"

The doctor looked up. "Why, surely, it is Mr. Squigsby."

"Why," said Mr. Squigsby, "it is, if I mistake not, Dr. Plummy."

"It is," said the doctor; and then, sternly addressing the small boy with the swollen face, he said: "Perhaps, Sir, you will allow me a respite in the preparation of your medicines to wait upon Mr. Squigsby, whose carriage I see is waiting at the door?"

The small boy gave a sort of gasp of relief, and Dr. Plummy proceeded to crawl into the shop-window in order to produce the articles required by his customer.

"How's business, Doctor?" said Mr. Squigsby, leading the conversation; "much sickness about, eh?"

"A good deal, Sir," said Dr. Plummy, reappearing from the window; "a great many disorders raging about this neighbourhood just now; but my system of treatment, Sir, is active—very active. No half measures with me." The small boy looked white. "I think you said a couple of ink-extractors, Sir?"

"Make it half-a-dozen," said Mr. Squigsby; "they're always useful."

"Thank you, Sir," said the doctor. "Upon my word I really don't know what would become of my profession if it wasn't for the retail business. A period of general rheumatism or influenza is good to a certain extent, but a brisk demand for corn plaisters and hair-oil is very much better. Here's a case however," he continued, pointing to the small boy on the chair, "most interesting from a medical point of view. We've been treating him for ever so many things; but his head won't go down. We're going in at present for neuralgia with him; but if he don't answer to that, I am afraid we shall have to deal rather actively with his back teeth."

The small boy looked intensely miserable, and began to whimper. "Don't let him be obstinate, then. Don't let him defy the Science of Medicine, or we shall have recourse to Surgery. Anything else, Mr. Squigsby, Sir, to day? No soap, Sir? or skin-brushes? or the newvermin-powder?"

"No, thank you, Doctor," and Mr. Squigsby took up his purchases. "Oh, by the way," he said, turning round as he reached the door, as if the matter in question had only just crossed his mind, "can you tell me how your patient, old Mrs. Rigsworth, is getting on? I've not seen her since I met you there. How is she, Doctor?"

"Going fast, Sir," said Dr. Plummy; "it's lucky she made the will at the time she did, for she never would have been able to make one since. It's just what I said, Sir: going, Sir, with the cold weather coming in. Shouldn't be surprised to hear the news at any time. More's the pity; I shall lose a good customer and a first-rate patient."

"I am sorry to hear it," said Mr. Squigsby, as he left the shop. He might have been; but directly he got into his brougham he threw himself back upon his seat and laughed quite loud.

"This will be a game," he said.

XXIX.

"What do you think, my dear?" cried Mr. Branscombe, bursting into his daughter's presence—and dancing frantically round the room. "What do you think? Here's happiness! Here's joy! Here's unexpected bliss! Here's cherubs sitting up aloft for you! I can't believe but what I'm dreaming."

"More likely mad, father," said his daughter, quietly.

"No, not mad. I heard it with my own ears. I heard him say it. I heard him myself. It is all about you, my darling, and you deserve it. You've been a good, devoted, affectionate daughter, and you deserve it."

"But what is it?"

"Mr. Squigsby," said her father with a sly laugh, "Mr. Squigsby, you pussy-cat-mew. Mr. Squigsby, you goody two shoes."

"Mr. Squigsby again! It's always Mr. Squigsby now."

"Yes," said Mr. Branscombe, "and it always will be. What do you think? Your bright eyes have struck him hard. He has proposed for you, my dear. He wants our consent to his marrying you."

"Mr. Squigsby marry me!" cried the girl in unfeigned surprise. "Why, I hate the man—and I won't have him."

"Won't have him!" cried old Mr. Branscombe. "Won't have him! Won't have the great Mr. Squigsby! Won't have carriages and horses, and no end of money a year—and you without a penny, my dear!"

"No, I won't have him," repeated the girl.

"Won't have him, and I getting into debt to him, and he lending me money, and only at ten per cent.—and on my personal security! What is to become of us if he comes down upon me again? Mr. Knox is a good magistrate," went on the old gentleman, "but he's a severe one—and I shouldn't like my enemy to stand in my shoes if I get before him again!"

"Oh! father," screamed the girl, "don't speak like that. I will marry Mr. Squigsby!"

* * * * * *

Within a fortnight Mr. Squigsby became the lawful husband of Maria Branscombe.

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

A CHALLENGE TO ALL ENGLAND!

TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in informing the world at home and abroad that,

AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE!

that *may* be estimated, if anybody likes to take the trouble, at

£16,478,000,

he has secured a number of what the authors have been pleased to term—

"NEW AND ORIGINAL PIECES,"

scenes from which will shortly be published in these pages.

When the Series is complete, a Prize of indescribable (for excellent reasons) value will be given to

THE PRIZE PIECE.

In accordance with this programme, TOMAHAWK will publish next week scenes from a Grand Sensation Piece, entitled—

POOR NOSE, SIR!

or,

THE HANSOM CAB TO DESTRUCTION.

BY

DYING BOUGICAULT, ESQ.,

Author of "A New Literary Thorofare," "A Great Pecuniary Success," "Shakespeare Outdone," &c., &c.

SILENUS ABROAD.

IT is a melancholy thing to see a journal so deservedly respected as the *Pall Mall Gazette* opening its columns to the ridiculous misrepresentations of prurient imaginations. In the impression of August 19th, we find a letter from Dieppe, which is full of the most objectionable falsehoods from beginning to end. It gives a picture of sea-bathing at that charming watering place, which can only have been derived from a study of the pictures in the purlieus of Wych street and Holywell street. The writer commences by an inaccuracy which is only important as showing that, in a matter so easily capable of disproof as the situation of a building, he is too careless to be truthful. Everybody who has been at Dieppe knows that the warm baths are without the enclosure of the *établissement* within the gate of the town, and directly oposite the theatre, not of marionettes, but of the live drama. But nothing can exceed the vulgar insolence with which this advocate of purity goes on to invent a scene, which is, doubtless, the offspring of his wish as much as of his imagination. Take this sentence as a specimen: "But never in England have I had to make my way in a state of nudity (drawers excepted), down a long beach thick with ladies, many of whom bring their work, which I fancy makes little progress, and their books, which I misdoubt their reading, and take up their positions as nearly as may be to the edge of the water, in which scores of naked men are disporting themselves." This is entirely untrue. The ladies sit on the terrace in front of the Casino, and there are never more than a very few at the end where the men bathe, and these are waiting for their husbands. A woman on the beach by the men's bathing-place is as rare a sight as a man on the beach by the women's bathing-place. In England, at any small watering-place, this miracle of manly modesty may walk naked without any drawers out of his machine, within a few yards of benches or beaches crowded by grown-up women and girls. So much for proper delicate England. We ourselves were obliged to bathe in our clothes at a small watering-place on the Yorkshire coast, to try and shame the English matrons and virgins from sitting within six feet of the machines from which, in very low water, we were bathing.

It would be tedious to wade through the tissue of chaste fictions which this apostle of decency has evolved from the purity of his inner consciousness. Women walking about in diaphanous robes before crowds of admiring men; gentlemen with their opera-glasses glued to their eyes; ladies wrapping up their beloved ones in "peignoirs," and patting them affectionately on the back,—such are some of the groups called up by this moral enchanter. Everybody who knows Dieppe, everyone who is there now, who is not interested in bathing machines at Margate or Ramsgate, will testify to the utter falseness of those "views of Nature." The paragraph near the end of the letter, about the way in which women cling to the male "guides" who attend on them, we will not reproduce, as we are afraid we have not much sale in Holywell Street, and we respect Lord Campbell's Act. We will conclude this article on a most unpleasant subject with the remark that we do not know which to wonder at most—first, how any man with any respect for truth or decency could write such an article; secondly, how any respectable journal could admit it into its columns. The desire to be sensational as well as clever has its dangers: let the *Pall Mall* be warned in time, and not, however distantly, imitate that pandering to pruriency which it so eloquently denounces in others.

THE MOVINGS OF THE SPIRIT!

WHAT is the mysterious connection between licensed victuallers and the Evangelical persuasion? The *Morning Advertiser*, that constellation of journalistic literature, which is embellished with so many rings by the pewter-pots of devout publicans, has been thrown into a fearful state of alarm by hearing that the Bishop of Oxford is to go to Winchester, that Dean Stanley is to be Bishop of Oxford, and that Dr. Vaughan is to be the new Dean of Westminster. The Deanery of Durham was offered to Dr. Temple, and, being refused by him, was given to Mr. Lake, another broad churchman, and, like Dr. Vaughan, a contributor to Dr. Alford's *Contemporary Review*. All we can say is, that if the statement of the *Morning Advertiser* is true,—and who shall doubt the veracity of this inspired journal?—such a list of proposed recipients of Church patronage does credit to any Minister who selected them. It is long since so many distinguished men have been available candidates for the prizes of the theological profession, and it is important at a time when the Church of England is on its trial to show that she possesses among her members so many men of noble intellect and enlightened Christianity. There are very few names that are so surrounded with grand associations as those of Dean Stanley and Dr. Vaughan. There are few Reviews so distinguished for intellectual liberality undimmed by heartless scepticism as the *Contemporary Review*. We can imagine the fact of a man having contributed to the *Rock* being a slur on his Christianity; but to have written in the *Contemporary Review* is an honour of which any clergyman of the Church of England, who does not deem cultivation of mind inseparable from Christianity, might be proud. Does not the *Morning Advertiser* see the moral of its fit of pious horror? The Broad Church and the High Church contain most of the intellect and most of the active benevolence of the Church of England; and, therefore, it is not unnatural that a Minister who studies the real welfare of that Church should select its dignitaries from those sections. No doubt, there are many among the Evangelical saints adored by licensed victuallers who are respectable, if narrow-minded men; but, until they can produce some greater claim on the admiration and respect of mankind, they must expect to hide their light under a bushel or a quart.

ANOTHER LAW-COURT QUESTION.

IT is said that Sir Alexander Cockburn, in consequence of ill health, is about to retire from the Lord Chief Justiceship of the Court of Queen's Bench. If this is a fact, we are extremely sorry for it; more especially as rumour suggests Lord Penzance as Sir Alexander's probable successor. What Lord Penzance has done to entitle him to the honours and rewards already heaped upon him, we cannot see. He is a good Judge, no doubt, and conducts the business of the Divorce Court in a satisfactory and creditable manner; but this did not call for his elevation to the House of Peers, which took place a few months back, and certainly would not justify his selection for the high place which is understood to be about to become vacant. No doubt there are wheels within wheels in most matters, and we must suppose that the machinery which drags Lord Penzance up the ladder of promotion must be powerful and well greased.

"TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

No. III.—Margate.

GENTLE reader, do not think evil of the poor Red Skin. The Noble Savage, the Child of the Prairie, has left London, and wandered far away from the street called Fleet footed—the Cross surnamed after the Chief of the Women of Charring—those terrible creatures who sweep in the kitchens of the wigwams of the Pale Faces and imbibe terrible potations of nut-brown beer, and drink great drinks of crystal-coloured fire water. He has wandered far away into the desert—to Boulogne the brilliant, Ramsgate the rollicking, Dieppe the deceptive, and Margate the mobile. He has done all this, and surely shall he not write of what he has seen? Most assuredly. He is at Margate. Tremble, ye who hate vulgarity—be much afraid, ye who never sink below Deal! The poor Red Skin is at Margate! alas! alas!! alas!!!

So much for a preface.

Do you know anything about Margate? If you *do*, please don't read any further in this article; if you *don't*, you may safely continue.

HISTORY OF MARGATE.

Margate was discovered early in the twelfth century, and built in the tenth. It was the birth-place of the celebrated Temple Bar of Fleet street, and the whole of the Pike family. Hence its name—Mar-gate, *i.e.*, the mother of the turnpikes. It was here that William the Conqueror came after the passing of the Bill of Rights at Runnymede. Since then the inhabitants have been great hands at "bills." The following is a specimen:—

——— Hotel.

THOMAS HAWK,* ESQ., Dr. TO NEMO KNOWWON.

		£	s.	d.
Sept. 1,	To apartments*.....	1	5	0
	„ service †.....		1	6
	„ pennyworth of paper		2	0
		£1	8	6

It is said that Margate once was a part of France. Our readers must clearly understand that we refuse flatly to give up our authority for this assertion. This was about the Middle Ages—who have since resided a good deal at the place. From that time we hear nothing about the place until last year, when Brown's aunt went there and saw a good deal of the Robinsons, who know Smith (*our* Smith, not the Smith who married Miss Jackson), and—but this is intruding upon the sacred ground of private life. On second thoughts, why should I give the history of Margate? No one cares a pin whether Oliver Cromwell died there or not? *Apropos*, it *is* said that the Prince of Orange *did* dye there. He went to Margate in the winter an Orange, and found the place so very cold that he began to look quite black! I should not have mentioned this little *on dit* but for two reasons—firstly, because by some unaccountable mistake Lord Maccawley has omitted to insert it in his history; secondly, because the little story may please some of my readers in the North of Ireland.

EXPORTS OF MARGATE.

Chiefly the letter "H." At least, you never find that consonant in the town. Perhaps it is sent to Ramsgate, where in truth it is much needed. The letter "V" also is largely exchanged for "W" by the shopkeepers.

IMPORTS OF MARGATE.

Bad grammar, vulgarity, cads, snobs, drunkenness, oaths, and ribald tomfoolery.

Shopmen and women are also imported during the season in large quantities. Moses and Noses always on hand.

THE HALL BY THE SEA.

On the sands. Conducted by the boatmen of the town. When a sailor induces a family of six to patronize his pleasure (?) boat, he considers that he's obtained a very good "haul by the sea."

THE JETTY OF MARGATE.

A sort of pier into the seas. Mild wags have been known to declare it "a worthy pier of the harbour." The name is taken from the French; in fact, in Offenbach's *Orphée aux Enfers* there's a song about it, called "*Si j'etais*," or, as we spell it, "Sea jetty." It is here that the Margate world promenades. It is made of iron, because it has to bear a great deal of *brass!*

THE ASSEMBLY ROOM.

"A place to send a happy Dey;" for in it the amiable Oriental will find plenty of females to his taste. There are balls here occasionally—balls, however, which have nothing to do with "great guns."

THE BATHING MACHINES.

These charming carriages are unquestionably a great improvement upon the London cabs. The horses that drag them into and out of the water stay at Margate only three months; they devote the rest of the year to winning races in France.*

MARGATE FASHIONS.

It is the fashion in Margate to watch the bathing from the shore. This fashion is known in London as the "snob's survey."

It is the fashion in Margate to bully and brag; to persecute the police, and to howl at anything approaching to respectability. This fashion is known in London as the "rowdy's waggery."

It is the fashion in Margate for the police to occasionally interfere. At these times the visitors are rather severely handled. This fashion is known in London as the "cad's desert."

* * * * * * * *

There, I think that will do for the present. Before I conclude, I think I ought to print, in the interests of science, the following case (in point of fact, my own—*I* was the patient), which will, or should be, reported in the columns of our excellent contemporary, the *Lancet*:—

Notes of a Case of Extreme Nausea—a caution.
By Dr. Lardner Esculapius.

Monday.—Was called in, and found the patient weeping bitterly. He was nervous, irritable, and half insensible. He was very sick, and could not eat. I administered stimulants.

Tuesday. — Delirious. Raves about "dummy" advertisements, and quotes doggrel from some Conservative comic paper. Ordered a strait waistcoat.

Wednesday.—Still delirious. Raves about some Conservative comic paper. Declares he sees horrible cartoons, senseless and out of drawing. Ordered a Seidlitz powder.

Thursday.—A little better. Delirious in the morning, and very sick in the afternoon. Ordered tincture of iron.

Friday.—Decidedly better, but still weak. I allowed him to read the *Pall Mall Gazette* for five minutes at a time. Administered stimulants.

Saturday.—Quite well. I ascertained that the nausea had been brought on by the patient imprudently reading *Will-o'-the-Wisp*, which is very bad at this time of the year.

I am happy to say I am quite recovered now. The sea-bathing, and Oxford winning the boat-race, cured me.

I am now off to the machines. The sun is shining brightly—the water is as smooth as glass. Sweet reader, do you envy me?

* A room at the back, with a splendid view of a dead wall.
† Evidently on foreign duty; no one came near me.

FOREIGN POLICIES OF THE NEW SCHOOL.

THE failure of the Albert Life Assurance Company threatens to become an awkward question for the Foreign Office. It seems that the Albert's victims are distributed throughout the whole face of Europe, and meetings are already taking place in several Continental cities. The North German policy-holders have already passed resolutions against liquidation and against the proposed scheme for reconstruction, and call for a declaration of bankruptcy in the usual course. With this view they have requested the intervention of their Government, and it is not unlikely that the matter may become troublesome.

* A fact.

It will, no doubt, be difficult to make foreigners comprehend that in England the State has no direct control over the class of societies to which the Albert belongs, and that the customers of such companies are entirely in the hands of the dozen or so persons to whom their direction has been entrusted; but the sooner this is understood on the Continent the better, for it will never do, in these days of economy and retrenchment, to throw on the Foreign Office the extra work which would be entailed on that department if it undertook to become the apologist for all the questionable ventures which have extended their depredations beyond British territory. Our neighbours must learn that they have to take care of themselves; and if they are at all reasonable, they must surely admit that they cannot expect protection from our Government in such matters when Englishmen themselves are left out in the cold.

MACBETH.

NOTICE.—We are sorry to say that the libretto of this Part is not quite complete; we, therefore, give the argument. Managers desirous of producing this unequalled work in England must apply at the office of the TOMAHAWK, 199 Strand.

PART IV., AND LAST.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE scene opens with a chorus of Witches in the cave, expressing their triumph over King Macbeth's soul in having urged him to the murder of Duncan and of Macduff's wife and children; also their delight at the guilty intrigue which has now commenced between Banquo and the Queen. After a wild ballet of imps Macbeth enters dejected, and seeks counsel of the Witches in his difficulty. Banquo, through his knowledge of the murder, holds an insufferable tyranny over Macbeth, which inspires him with hatred and rage; but these are lashed into a perfect fury by the implied information of the Witches that Banquo is the favoured lover of his wife; he now swears vengeance against Banquo and all his. The Witches artfully feed his fury, and he leaves with the resolve to murder Banquo and Fleance on their way from the Castle that night. In the next scene we find the Queen and Banquo plotting how to get rid of Macbeth, whose cruelties have excited the populace against him. Banquo resolves to treat privately with the principal Thanes, and, if he find them favourable, to raise the flag of insurrection at once, depose Macbeth, and make the Queen absolute Regent. The interview has taken place at night, Macbeth being away on some affair of importance. After an affectionate duo Banquo departs, and the lady watches his departure from the window—presently a scream is heard, and Fleance rushes in covered with blood, and tells the horror-stricken Queen that his father has been murdered. The chorus of Lords, Ladies, &c., enter, and afterwards Macbeth, whom his wife at once suspects of the murder. He denies it to her, and she conceals her anger. The scene ends with a grand finale, in which the chorus threaten the murderer of Banquo with vengeance. A short pause takes place now while the final tableau is preparing, during which a beautiful piece of instrumentation is introduced, in which the good genius of Scotland is supposed to triumph over the wicked machinations of the Witches, and Macbeth's punishment is foreshadowed. The curtain then rises on the banqueting hall of the Castle—a most magnificent piece of stage grouping, Macbeth and the Queen in gorgeous robes are seen seated on the throne. The chorus bursts out into a congratulatory ode, between the passages of which are introduced concerted pieces for Rosse, Angus, and the discontented Thanes. Everybody is deploring the absence of Banquo, for his murder is not yet generally known. Macbeth rises to sing a drinking song, and, with the goblet in his hand, has just finished the first verse, when the apparition of the gory Banquo rises by his side from behind the throne and lays his hand on Macbeth's arm. The cup drops from the King's hand as he leans horror-stricken against his wife. The guests are astonished at the conduct of Macbeth, but the spectre having disappeared, he regains his self-control and resumes the drinking song, in which Lady Macbeth, whose face has suddenly lit up with strange joy, madly joins. As the refrain is being sung, the spectre of Banquo again rises in the midst of the hall, and as the horror-stricken guests retreat from around it, raises its bloody hand and denounces Macbeth as a murderer. The discontented Thanes, headed by Rosse and Angus, gather on one side, and Macbeth, who remains alone upon the throne, stands fixed with horror. Lady Macbeth has fainted in the arms of the ladies near her, but now recovers, and, with assumed tenderness, implores her husband to speak. The muffled discontent of the people breaks forth, and in a grand chorus they bid Macbeth disprove the charge or die. The ghost has meanwhile disappeared, but as Macbeth staggers from the throne to defy the rebellious Chief it again steps in front of him. Mad with rage, he draws his sword and rushes on the spectre, which, to the astonishment of all, defends itself vigorously, and after an exciting combat Macbeth is slain. Banquo, for it is he himself alive and well, explains that having suspected Macbeth's designs, he always wore a shirt of mail underneath his dress, which fortunately saved his life; he declares on his oath that Macbeth was his assailant, and that he has slain the tyrant from no motive of private revenge, but from love of his country. The Chiefs and Thanes cheer, and hail Banquo king. Banquo thanks them, but declines the crown for himself, at the same time proposing that Lady Macbeth be made Regent till the majority of Fleance is attained. This all assent to, and with hearty acclamations greet the Queen Regent. The body of Macbeth is borne away, and the curtain descends on the congratulations of everybody, including, it is hoped, the audience.

The librettist is aware that in departing thus from the story of Shakespeare's tragedy he may incur the censure of some pretentious prigs and pedants. But he confidently appeals to the British public whether, as a lyrical drama, his version is not much better than any strict adherence to the tragedy could have given. Where there is so much material to choose from, it is difficult to select the finest gems so as to please all. But the librettist ventures to state that most of the beauties of Shakespeare's tragedy have been preserved, while the interest is better sustained, and the happy ending is at once more moral and is likely to be more popular. The taste of an English audience is proverbial, and on that the librettist feels he can confidently rely.

A SHOCKING IMPUTATION.

A WAGGISH contemporary has stated as a fact that on the occasion of the recent Teetotal Fête at the Crystal Palace, such was the rush on the refreshment stalls, that by five o'clock bottled ale had run out of stock, and that every drop of brandy and lemonade in the establishment had been consumed at even an earlier hour. We cannot pretend to endorse such scurrilous assertions as these, but there is no doubt but that of the fifty thousand odd teetotallers who were at the Crystal Palace the other day, a goodly percentage of their number indulged somewhat heavily in malt liquors. Whether teetotallers have special rules for special occasions, or whether bitter ale and gin-and-water are the usual remedies prescribed by their medical advisers for those people with whom "the pledge" does not agree, we do not know; but certainly the proceedings of the teetotallers on the occasion of their last festival would lead us to form some theory, giving a more liberal interpretation to the term "total abstinence" than it is popularly supposed to possess.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

WHEN parvenus all social bonds would burst,
The upper ten fall back upon my first,
And yet e'en parvenus are often reckoned
Men of my first, because they have my second!

1.

You're off to Paris? Missed the mail? it's plain
That far your quickest way is by this train.

2.

Burthen your horse, and load him as you will,
He likes to have these heavy on him still!

3.

"Improper word," say prudes! and yet, forsooth
Men hate it most when it's allied to truth!

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 124.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER* 18, 1869. [Price Twopence.

THE BYRON SCANDAL.

It is difficult to believe, even of Byron, the mad debauchee of whom we catch a glimpse at Venice in the memoirs of the friends or companions of his after-life, that he could be guilty of such deliberate and fiendish villany as Mrs. Beecher Stowe imputes to him. But if the accusation is true, surely it should have been boldly advanced in his lifetime and in the lifetime of the so-called "partner of his guilt," or it should not have been made at all. If this terrible crime was revealed to Lady Byron in the carriage on the wedding day, as Mrs. Stowe says, and if Lady Byron's charity and long-suffering patience were sufficient to sustain her after such a revelation in the endurance of cohabitation with her husband, and of the terrible disgrace of bearing a daughter to such a monster, surely no person who, on whatever slight grounds, calls herself the friend and confidante of Lady Byron, can, with any semblance of truth, pretend that she is vindicating the character of her departed friend by publishing this revelation years after the deaths of all the principal persons concerned. We can imagine nothing more cruel to Lady Byron, we can conceive no more deadly injury to her, than the course which her friend, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, has thought fit to take. If Lady Byron's chastity, if her fidelity to her marriage vows, had been called in question, if she had suffered under the filthy imputations so freely brought, without a tittle of evidence, against her husband in his lifetime,—then the heroic vindication of her character might have been necessary. But the very last person who, in body or in spirit, can be gratified by this ecstatic and sensational tribute to her virtue which Mrs. Stowe offers, is the wife who, to the last, through years of separation, embittered by the imprudent enthusiasm of friends and the malignant malice of enemies, still loved her impulsive, violent, dissolute husband; who, in spite of the loathsome degradation into which he had sunk, according to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, still confessed that there was somewhat of the angel in him. If there is any certain fact to be evolved from the inspired rhapsody of the guardian spirit of Lady Byron's reputation, it is that to the end, through all provocation, through all insults, through all outrages, the forlorn wife loved her unfaithful husband. In proportion as this increases our reverence, our love, for the memory of Lady Byron, in proportion as it adds to the bitter sorrow with which we deplore the viciousness of Lord Byron's life, are we infuriated against this lady authoress, who, in order to snatch from the pollution of the grave of the suffering loving wife, and the suffering erring poet, some ray of that glory and that fame which must ever cling to them, with which to decorate her literary reputation, thus mercilessly drags into light the wicked scandal of years gone by, and revivifies the buried monster of crime past, and, let us hope, repented and atoned.

We fearlessly challenge that reckless malignancy which, biting its lips over such a congenial morsel of scandal as this, imputes to all who will not join in its rabid assumptions of virtuous indignation, the crimes that it gloats over while it deplores. We are content to be classed by such creatures with the irreclaimable votaries of vice, because we have protested against the beastly curiosity which lays bare the repulsive secrets of the lives of those who were great in spite of their moral blemishes. Even if the next week produces indisputable proof of the truth of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Great Revelation, we shall be proud to have protested against the publication of it. If we are to add to the acknowledged vices of that fitfully noble poet the indelible stain of incest, the time has gone by for the expression of any more vindictive feeling than heartfelt pity. It is easy to exalt our own virtue by denouncing the vices of dead men,—vices which have happily lost all power for evil, all power of injury, except for the unhappy author of them, if even for him. We shall be the last to falter in the fearless execration of all evil, whether in the dead or living, which is illumined by the halo of success, or which is held up in the disguise of good by facile parasites to the admiration of the world.

But even as no sense of our own demerits can cause us to falter in the advocacy of right, or in the impeachment of wrong, so can no false and hypocritical assumption of the lives of virtue's servants delude us into the sin of worshipping what is really the corrupted curiosity of degraded minds. We would respect the sanctity of the grave, even if it conceals the bones of the most vicious, so long as we are not called to worship the mock image of a saint set over them. If the growing apathy of mankind, if the revolting insincerity of public morality, robs us of the glorious privilege of being gentle and indulgent to the sins of the present, at least we may hide our heads under the silver-lined cloud of mercy that protects the dead from our weapons. If there is any occasion when man may, without presumption, ape the graced toleration of a god, it is when life no longer gives to the sinner the power of doing evil. In words more vehement than it may seem fit to the well-disciplined writers of the present day we have pleaded for reticence, if not for truth and justice, towards the dead Lord Byron; we know that we plead in vain; and that if the fierce rebellious spirit that for comparatively so

short a time inhabited that beautiful but crippled form, can feel in its present abode pangs other than those which a just God may inflict, it will writhe with torment at the impatient torrent of execration which this Revelation of Mrs. Stowe's will invoke against the name of Byron.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S NONSENSE.

PERHAPS there is not a place on the face of the earth where more humbug, *pur et simple*, is laboriously spun out than in the columns of a French Liberal newspaper. The recent stupid speech of Prince Napoleon, for instance, gave this department of literature a text, and it has, in consequence, preached plenty of sermons. There has been the usual talk about English, Italian, and Prussian liberty, as compared with French, and a good deal more to the same purpose on the subject of press privileges here and in other favoured spots on the Continent. The fact is, the whole story is baseless. French liberty is about as perfect as it can possibly be. No one who has resided any length of time in France can help admitting that, for all the purposes of personal security, liberty of the subject, protection from lawlessness, prompt legal redress—in a word, for a comfortable existence in *equity*, one is a great deal better off than in this country. The general contempt for the executive and unfettered licence given to evil-doers, strikes an Englishman on his return to his native shores most forcibly. We may boast more talk, more bombast, more what is called "free discussion" in our papers; but then the opposition to Government with us does not mean revolution. If a thundering leader in a penny Sunday paper meant with us red-caps, barricades, blood, gunpowder, and an exiled Queen, we should soon be down upon our press liberties with all our hearts. Across the Channel, men of the *Henri Rochefort* stamp do not aim at a change from a French Gladstone to a French Disraeli: they want—and would fight for it too, if they had a chance—a French Cuffy, or a French Donovan O'Rossa, dressed in a Roman toga, consigning bloated aristocrats to execution at a French Charing Cross. On the whole, *liberal* France has got quite enough liberty. Prince Napoleon therefore talked nonsense, and possibly no one was more thoroughly aware of the fact than the hero of the *Palais Royale* himself.

A JACK IN OFFICE.

THE Russian naval journal states that during the late manœuvres of the Russian Fleet in the Gulf of Finland, a large frigate of 57 guns went to the bottom in consequence of an accidental blow from an iron-clad steam ram. The hole made by the steam ram in the frigate's side was so large that she sank in a quarter of an hour; but the journal expresses its satisfaction, that owing to the sea being calm, that only sixteen men were drowned. We are not aware if Mr. Childers is a subscriber to the publication we quote, but anyhow the story is particularly applicable to him in his present position, for he may reason with himself, that if an experienced admiral, when in command of a fleet, can make such a disastrous mistake as to lose a fine ship by such means as these, what risk does not a landlubber of a First Lord run if disposing of a whole squadron when he puts himself into the false position of a Commander-in-Chief? Is the sinking of half-a-dozen men-of-war a new phase of Mr. Childers' tendency towards wholesale reduction, or is the right honourable gentleman really an experienced seaman, who is desirous of teaching the officers of the British Navy how to navigate their vessels? If all First Lords are to be like the present gentleman, we hope and trust that he may be the last of them.

MOTTO FOR M. LEDRU ROLLIN ON HIS REFUSAL TO RETURN TO FRANCE.—*Rollin*-g stones gather no moss!

THE CHINESE MANDARIN ON EUROPEAN CIVILIZATION.—"I don't care a *button* for it."

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.—The removal of the dog-seller's shops from Seven Dials.

SHAKSPEARE'S APOLOGY,

Addressed to

MANAGERS, AUTHORS, ACTORS, AND THE WORLD IN GENERAL.

MISLIKE me not, good Managers, that I
Have brought a plague of ruin on the house
That gave me shelter, frighted troops of friends,
And left your benches empty as the purse
Of managerial indiscretion. True,
Much evil have I done, in that I wrote
Too well to be forgot, and that my memory
Is green as those who would do honour to it.
More have I wronged you yet: you love to shout
The praises of my master mind; unearth
My hidden beauties to the groundlings' eyes;
And, with th' allurements of a mammoth type,
Parade me through the provinces, where none
Are found to listen. Such uncivil outrage
I own with sorrow melts your ducats down
To form the diadem of ill success.
Forgive me for my genius, whence you reap
A certain Ruin—O that stone could speak,
And my poor bust could ope its marble jaws
To cast up your account of moneys gone!—

A greater burden yet of crime I bear.
I scorned the dazzle of a painted cloth—
Nor witched the eye with gay habiliments—
Nor padded Nature to the actor's fit—
Nor dwindled human passions to the scope
Of some poor player's manner—nor events
Have I so twisted as to fit the groove
Of realistic cravings—nor have shown
My paste-board profiles for two hundred nights,
The last abortion of a shallow brain—
Nor have I gilded Sin—nor held to Vice
The lying mirror, nor have hung her neck
With the false jewels of attractive name—
Misruled indeed by genius!—I have left
No opening for the idol of the day
To supplement my lines with passing jest,
Or foist his own poor humour on the crowd.—

Thus have I wronged the stage. These faults have power
To make remembrance bitter: and I blush
To see myself, who did these thousand ills,
Enshrined in gaudiest morocco, lie
The gift book of the season,—or in type
Of meanest style to suit the humbler purse,—
My name on every lip, as he who wrote
For all time, *but the present*. So, farewell.

"TOMAHAWK" AT THE SEA-SIDE.

No. IV.—Dieppe.

A VERY pleasant place when you get there is Dieppe; but the getting there from England is the difficulty. From Paris it is easy and pleasant enough; but from London the journey, unless you go round by Calais, combines all that is disagreeable.

In the first case the steamers start at the most fearful hours—four o'clock in the morning—two o'clock in the morning; and this involves waiting some four or five hours at that dismallest of dismal places, Newhaven. To the one merit of the Newhaven route that it is cheap, we may add variety. The railway is one of the worst in England. On no line are the servants so rapacious. Everybody, from the police-inspector to the porter, expects to be "tipped" for doing anything, however small a part of their duty. By the evening train there is only one carriage that goes direct to Newhaven, so that if there are more than six passengers they must change at Lewes. The pace of the train is leisurely. To be in time is neither its aim nor its desire. "Three quarters of an hour late," cheerfully remarks the ticket-collector; "I dare say you've missed the tide," as if this was

part of the programme. To wait from 9.30 or 10 o'clock, to 4 a.m., is not pleasant. You can't go to bed, and you can't keep awake. There is no delightful train like that on the Chatham and Dover Line, which takes you quickly and surely, almost up to the boat, starting at a most convenient hour, and enabling you to arrive at Calais just in time to have an excellent supper. The authorities of the Newhaven Line played a pleasant little practical joke on TOMAHAWK, which he begs to record, as an instruction and warning to others. Wishing for a private cabin for himself and spouse, such as are always obtainable on the Calais boats, he inquired at the Telegraph Office whether he could get such a thing on the Newhaven boat. He was told he could, and in the innocence of his young heart, he telegraphed to Newhaven for one. The result was, that the very worst berth in a small stuffy cabin (the only one for ladies) was reserved for his wife's use. TOMAHAWK thought it strange that a benevolent company should induce him to waste his money in telegraphing for what they must have well known he could not get.

The passage to Dieppe! what misery! The most uncomfortable boat—the deck occupied by contributors to ocean's store—the cabin occupied by contributors to steward's basins! The passage is just long enough to make it impossible to keep awake all the time, and not long enough to make it worth while—supposing one could do so, to go to bed! Then you arrive at Dieppe—at least, we did, at 5 o'clock in the day, and had to wait an hour before the luggage could be passed. This is cheerful. We recommend all persons going to Dieppe to go by Calais and Paris, if they can afford it, and, if they can not, to go somewhere else. In spite of its financial catastrophes, we place the London, Chatham, and Dover Line first of all lines in England for comfort, civility, and punctuality—at least, as far as concerns passengers to Calais; while decidedly last for comfort, civility, and punctuality, and for every other good quality, we place the London and Newhaven Line, or whatever it may call itself.

But Dieppe is reached at last. It is a queer old town. It consists of two parts. The one part is a long terrace, or rather collection of houses of all sorts and sizes, looking on the sea, which we may call La Plaze, and the other a number of houses looking on to each other, or to nothing in particular, but all absorbing through their noses, if they have any, the most horrid smells. Cologne must yield to Dieppe as a "bouquet de parfumes naturels." The shopkeepers may be briefly described as the most impudent and most exorbitant which we have ever had the happiness to encounter. There are a few exceptions, but even they rob you while they bow and smile. Nearly every other shop is a "magasin d'ivoirerie," or otherwise a shop where the articles in carved ivory would (if they could feel shame) be dyed red with blushes at the monstrous prices asked for them by their proprietor. We do not write without some experience of the various "marchands." We have "kept house" at Dieppe; and can safely say that for insolence, imagination, and high prices, the butchers of Dieppe cannot be matched. The only civil robbers are the fish women in the market. We have not included "Le Pollet" in our description of Dieppe; but there the odoriferous portion of the town will be found in superlative form. It is a study for amateurs of dirt and squalor. It has almost shaken the proud boast of TOMAHAWK that for downright filthiness and horror Seven Dials had no rival in Europe.

The hotels of Dieppe are well known. They are comfortable and expensive. The Royal swarms with English. The Imperial is more cosmopolitan, and the hostess has a pleasant way of sitting at the receipt of custom. Dear as these hotels undoubtedly are, it is possible to get what we never got yet in any English hotel, notwithstanding any amount of mendacious professions, viz., a good bottle of wine at a reasonable price. Many worse places might be selected for a temporary home than the Hotel Imperial, Dieppe. Here Prince Napoleon, hero of the recent great debate in the Senate, descended from Olympus for a short time to refresh his mind and body previous to his great effort of oratory. TOMAHAWK saw the noble individual more than once, and he remembers only one thing about him, he wore a white hat. Perhaps for the same reason as the miller, to keep his head cool.

Life at Dieppe may be varied at your pleasure. You can commit suicide in two ways; rapidly, by jumping down from the very high and steep cliffs; slowly, by walking about the smaller streets of the town. Other modes of self-destruction will suggest themselves to the ingenious. For example, you can drink iced soda American drinks—this mode is slow, but sure; or you can go and see the performance of a comic opera at the Casino—this method is slower, and not quite as sure, as you may fall asleep during the process. The ordinary way of passing their days in vogue with the visitors to this "elegant and fashionable watering place" is to get up in the morning and go to the Casino; bathe, go back to breakfast, back to the Casino; go back again to dinner, and after that again to the Casino. This place of amusement provides balls and concerts gratis for subscribers. It also, as mentioned above, occasionally provides theatrical or semi-theatrical entertainments. We do not, as may be believed, go with the mob. But, speaking of one concert, we can say that the instrumental music was fair, and that one of the singers was very fair. But her style! Grasping her music (in a roll) with both hands, she fidgeted it round and round (without ever looking at it); meanwhile she oscillated the upper half of her body in a manner highly suggestive of one's experiences on board the steamer. She did not keep time either with the music or with her body. Our advice to the very fair songstress is, "Play as often as you like, but never sing." One of those fearful creatures, a local favourite, sung, through several layers of throat, some utterly inaudible words. The whole concluded with a comic opera, which, we rejoice to say, was hissed. This concert was for the benefit of the poor. If the incapacity of the performers in the opera fairly represented the incapable nature of the objects of the charity, let us hope the receipts were enormous.

The bathing at Dieppe is excellently and modestly managed. This, TOMAHAWK most positively asserts, spite of the account given by some prurient snob a few weeks ago in the *Gentleman's Journal*. We were amused for some time by trying to guess who the fellow could have been who possessed such a vivid and cleanly imagination; but it was decided that he was probably some relation of the widow of William Wiggins, proprietor of bathing machines at Ramsgate and Margate—perhaps the immortal Mr. Knox himself. The most remarkable thing at Dieppe is that the people on the terrace trouble themselves with anything but the bathers. No men are allowed on the women's side, not even husbands with their wives, while no women ever are seen on the beach by the men's bathing place. Men are not allowed to bathe with women. Every precaution is taken against any accident; in fact, such a thing as a person being drowned is almost impossible. TOMAHAWK does not think that everything is managed in France better than in England; but certainly bathing is. Last year we visited a quiet place in South Devon. Here women bathed, not in tunics and trousers, but in bathing gowns. They bathed within a few yards of men. They displayed their limbs very liberally. This was considered proper. One lady ventured to bathe in a French costume. A mob crowded around her machine. "How improper!" sneered the virtuous matrons and virgins who had been just before floundering about in limp dressing gowns.

As for men's bathing in England, TOMAHAWK used to bathe at a very quiet place in Yorkshire. There were four benches within one yard of the men's bathing machines—always crowded with women. The men bathed stark naked, and that in water so shallow that for twenty or thirty yards it did not come much above your knees. The Chief, as a gentle hint, always bathed in a coat and pair of trousers. He was jeered, but he preferred ridicule in this case to admiration. It was at this quiet village in modest England that the clergyman once saw a whole girl's school undress on the shore and go into the water without any more protection than conscious innocence could give them. Scenes worse than this might be witnessed. We withhold the name of the place only because we do not wish to send a troop of pure-minded inquirers there. But there was no one to interfere with these exhibitions of modesty, any more than there was any one to prevent any bather who got out of his depth being drowned instantly. If people want to bathe comfortably and modestly, let them go to Dieppe, not to a quiet watering place in England.

The country round Dieppe is beautiful. It reminds one constantly of English landscapes; but nowhere in England can you get such butter as you do at the farm-houses about here. It is worth being bilious for. Very few things are.

TO ALL SPIRITUALISTS.—TAKE NOTICE!—The real medium for moving furniture—the broker.

No. IX., Price 1*s.*,

BRITANNIA for SEPTEMBER,

NOW READY.

NEW NOVEL

BY

PALGRAVE SIMPSON,

"WORSE THAN DEAD,"

SHORTLY.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 18, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Sultan is still angry with the Khedive. Nothing will persuade him that the Suez Canal was not meant for the *cut direct.*

ONE Insurance Office has put itself under the protection of the *Phœnix.* Considering the revelations made of the state of the affairs of several others, a bird of less amiable omen suggests itself. The next time an absorption process begins we would suggest the *Albert-ross.*

LOW and High Church organs are in a fever of excitement at the reported determination of Mr. Gladstone to "move up" some of his late clerical friends. Fancy a shuffle that will find Stanley a Bishop, and Jowett head of a College! Well, if the list is not very long, it is certainly *broad* enough! What more can the extremes want?

"LOST AT SEA," the title of Mr. Boucicault's new piece, fairly puzzles us. He talked of the new thoroughfare he meant "to keep open." Can it be possible that he is still in remorseless pursuit of the unhappy Oxford eight? If these frisky veterans are to go down, mid ocean, rowing, for £5,000 a piece, a race against time, across the Atlantic, let us hope at least they will have *Formosa* on board!

THE NEW DRAMATIC THOROUGHFARE.

IN another place we have confessed ourselves at a loss to fathom the plot of Mr. Boucicault's new Adelphi piece. This was a mistake. A little serious thought would have told us the truth in a few minutes. Mr. Boucicault has declared his determination to "break down barriers" and "keep new literary thoroughfares open." He began by a good fling at the Universities. What next suggests itself, as most intimately allied with those time-honoured institutions, but the Church? The title is most striking. Surely it is a misprint for *Lost at See!* This granted, it *must* be a hit at the Bishops, and we may confidently look for the same truthfulnesss to existing facts, the same clever spicing with strong sauce that has so distinguished the great national drama at Drury Lane. Really, if it were not for the fear of not only breaking down, but of literally sweeping clean away, the barriers, one might almost be tempted to anticipate the leading dramatist in his heroic task. The capabilities for startling effect and racy novelty possessed by such a subject are simply enormous. The very thought of Mr. Romer, let us say, as the Bishop of St. David's, is in itself overwhelming! Mr. Eburne again, as a young Curate, suggests much food for serious reflection; while Mr. Stewart, as an ambitious Rural Dean, affords grand scope for the introduction of unhackneyed situation! The scenes might be laid here, there, and everywhere. We might have the Sheldonian at Commemoration time, with Mr. Benjamin Webster as the Vice Chancellor, surrounded by a thousand clerical Adelphi guests. With such elements adroitly turned to account, by the introduction of a dance of Dons, a song and chorus in Convocation, and a headlong young fellow in Deacon's orders, the dramatic interest might be rendered tolerably strong. Then, again, the Bishops might be supplied with mitres as well as lawn sleeves, and rove about Piccadilly after the fashion of the famous, careless, and one-suited eight in *Formosa.* The "syren" and the "tigress" being used up, fresh spice might be secured by a deeper dig into the social *substrata.* There *are* things even worse than the evanescent life in Fulham Villas! Indeed, when one reflects how much putridity there is underlying society, one feels that there really are magnificent opportunities for an author of a dashing and not over-particular turn! The new dramatic school is to abolish vice by dragging it out of its holes and corners for two hundred night runs. Is not this something like a prospect opening upon the playgoer of the future? But to pause. We may be quite at sea ourselves about this or any other new piece. One thing, however, is quite certain. The Lord Chamberlain's amiable reading of his duties to public morality has prepared us for anything!

A HINT TO MEN ABOUT TOWN.

IT is no doubt a particularly hard fate to be left in town at this most depressing season of the year; but, after all, London in September may possess its advantages. There are few people who are not willing to add to their stock of general information when they have nothing else in the world to do; and for the use of these unfortunates we append a programme for getting through the week in a manner at once exhilarating, inexpensive, and original.

Sunday.—Take a Hansom to Kew Gardens (after church, of course), and thence go by train to Hampton Court. Return by omnibus through Bushy Park to Richmond, and get a steamboat from there to Hungerford and Greenwich. Spend the evening in the park, and be careful to come home by the last train.

Monday.—Pass the day in the Tropical Garden at Battersea Park, with a few light volumes of reference and a sausage roll in your pocket.

Tuesday.—Take a Favourite omnibus from Charing Cross, and wait until it turns you out, which will be in the course of two or three hours. Make acquaintance with Holloway, and get an unexpected view of the Alexandra Palace. Avoid it carefully, however, and walk home through Colney Hatch.

Wednesday.—Go to all those sights which, as a dweller in London, you have never before visited. Your round may include St. Paul's and the top of the Monument, the Tower, the West India Docks, London Wall, half-a-dozen manufactories, and as many museums as possible.

Thursday—Friday.—Try and find out where the Victoria Park is. The attempt will occupy two clear days; and, if you are particularly intelligent, may prove successful. *N.B.*—It is better, however, as a rule, if you are in earnest about the matter, to begin on a Monday.

Saturday.—After a busy week, a quiet day will no doubt be an acceptable change. You may therefore walk down to St. James's street and Pall Mall. Exercise may be taken in these solitudes, without danger of intrusion, between the hours of noon and 6 p.m.

If this programme is strictly and conscientiously adhered to, it will prove an excellent substitute for "change of air" in its accepted sense. Indeed, some people, capable of forming an opinion, consider it more enjoyable than a trip to Boulogne or a week at Baden. We ourselves, however, are not quite sure about this; but, from our experience, we are ready to aver that the tour we have laid down is better than going to the British seaside; or, at all events, to Margate or Ramsgate in September.

MOTTO FOR MRS. BEECHER STOWE.—"Brass, not (B)yron."

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PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON IN THE COLLECTION OF MRS. BEECHER STOWE.

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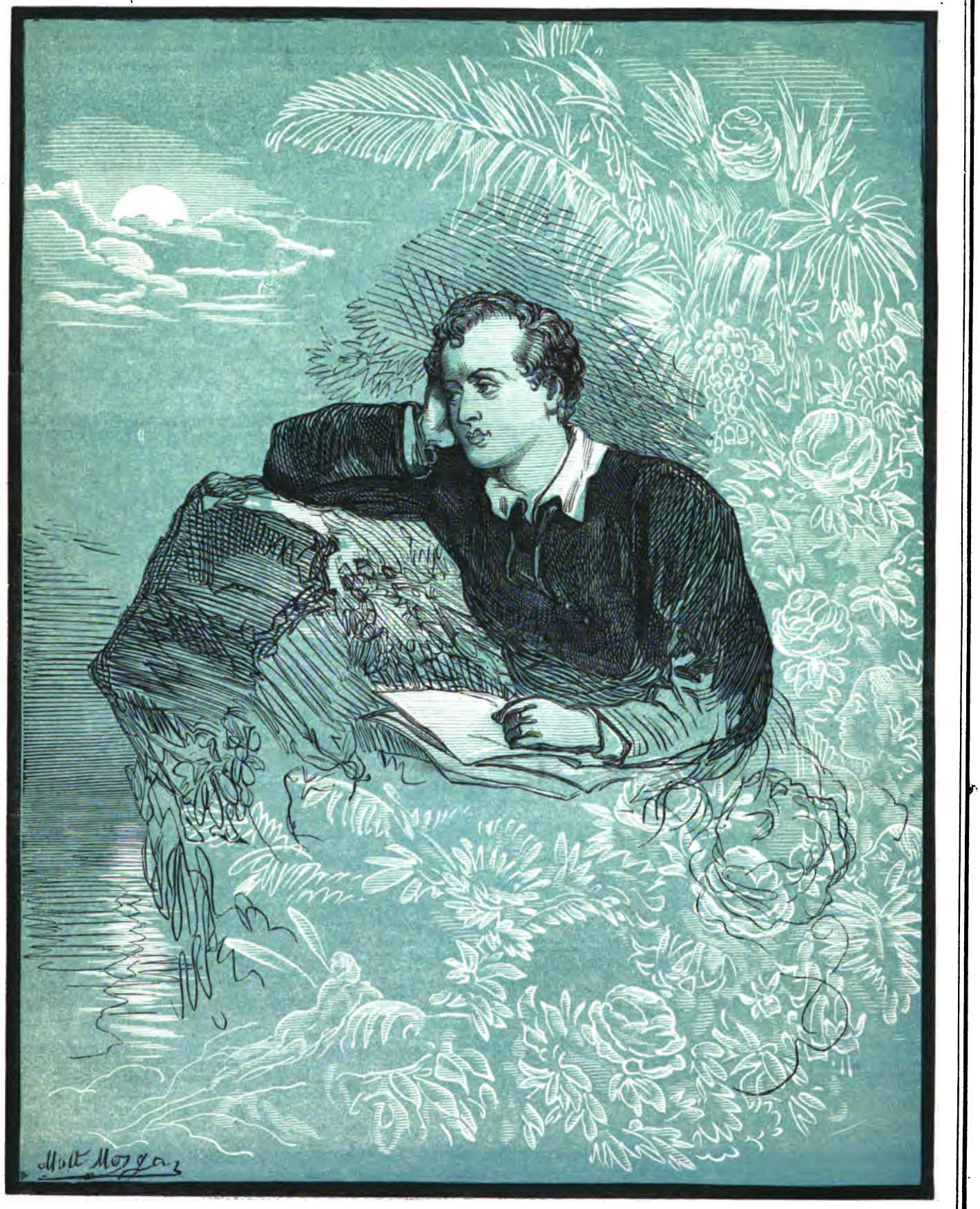

PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON IN THE HEARTS OF THE BRITISH NATION.

E, AND ON THAT."

ASTOR, LENOX AND
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THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 121.)

XXX.

MR. SQUIGSBY'S honeymoon was not of long duration; but, short as it was, Mrs. Squigsby was enabled to form an excellent opinion of the industry and attention to business of her lord and master.

In order that the time might not hang heavy upon his hands, he had taken with him a whole portmanteau full of legal papers which required his attention, and to these, during the brief period of his absence, he devoted himself with unremitting attention. He "settled" huge bills of costs. He read and annotated for answering voluminous Bills in Chancery. He prepared "Cases for Counsel" to be submitted on his return; and, in doing this work, he took the unfortunate Mrs. Squigsby into his confidence. It was extremely agreeable to that patient lady to have to listen to the long and incomprehensible paragraphs of a Bill in Chancery, or the still more monotonous items of a bill of costs, for hours together, in their private rooms in the Grand Hotel in Paris; and it was real ecstacy to Mr. Squigsby to be able to indulge his newly-married wife with this diversion.

"It is really much more amusing and interesting, my dear," Mr. Squigsby would say, "doing this sort of thing than driving up and down the Champs Elysées, or promenading the Boulevards, looking at the shops, or going to see those stupid fairy pieces at the theatres. This gives you an insight into the business of the law, and enables you to take an interest in the proceedings." When he did put down his work his conversation was equally entertaining, relating, as it did, exclusively to the "cases" he had in hand, and what he could do, under the circumstances, to obtain advantages over his opponents, garnished with anecdotes of what he had done in other "cases" of a similar description, and how he had come off triumphant. Mrs. Squigsby's lot was, indeed, one to be envied. Even her occupations were furnished for her by an ever-attentive husband. Mr. Squigsby wrote dozens of letters every day to England, and as he had no letter-press with him, and as he never sent out a letter without, of course, keeping a copy, what better employment for his wife—who wrote a fine bold hand—than to make her do the copying? "I had no idea a wife could be made so useful," thought Mr. Squigsby, as he watched his partner for life doing clerk's work. She proved to be an admirable writer, and never made any mistakes, although, when Mr. Squigsby examined her work, he found many curious-looking blots upon the paper. Were they of tears?

XXXI.

She was thus writing one bright afternoon. The windows of their apartments looked out upon the Boulevards, and now were heard the *sonnettes* of the horses, the distant drums beating, the joyous cries of children, and the thousand and one sounds which go to make up the harmonious and exhilarating life music of the streets of Paris. Mr. Squigsby, pen in hand, was peppering a bill of costs with omitted six-and-eightpences, and thirteen-and-fourpences, and guineas, when a tap came at the door.

"Come in," said Mr. Squigsby. A waiter with a telegram.

Mr. Squigsby opened it, read it hurriedly, looked steadily at his wife for some seconds, and then said:—

"Leave off writing, my dear Maria. We go back to London to-night."

A smile of pleasure mantled her face, the first that had shone upon it since she had been married. "Thank Heaven," she murmured to herself, "at last it is over." She now asked him what had called him back, or what was the nature of the intelligence he had received. Her heart was too full of thankfulness that the honeymoon was at an end.

When they were in the *coupé* of the train, on their journey home, Mr. Squigsby said suddenly to her—

"Oh! Maria, did you ever know a Mrs. Rigsworth?"

"No," she replied; "never; why?"

"Nothing," said her husband. "I thought perhaps you might have heard of her." Presently, and once again for the hundredth time, he took the telegram he had received that morning from his pocket and read it to himself with avidity. It was from Mr. Topps, his clerk, and it ran as follows:—

"Come back. Mrs. Rigsworth died this morning. The servant has been here and left the keys."

XXXII.

Mr. Squigsby, in his position as executor of the deceased old lady, took possession of everything. She had not over estimated her fortune. He ransacked the drawers, the safes, the cupboards. He found the property in the shape of "securities" everywhere. He carried them bodily away. They represented quite £80,000. He inserted no announcement of her death in the papers; but the next of kin and expectant legatees seemed to have acquired a mysterious instinct of her decease, and hurried in a crowd to the spot. They were referred to Mr. Squigsby. Mr. Squigsby dealt with them all calmly and coldly. "Was there a will? Had the poor dear lady arranged her affairs by testamentary disposition, or would the property be distributed by administration?" These were the questions. Mr. Squigsby only made one answer. "He was the executor. There was a will. It was in his possession. It would not be read till after the funeral." In the meantime, Mr. Squigsby quietly took the will down to Doctors' Commons and proved it. "It's better," he said to himself, "to get these things done as quick as possible. The duty on £80,000 is a good round sum, and I don't see why Government should be kept out of their money. Besides, it saves a good deal of trouble to prove the will at the earliest possible moment."

When, therefore, the funeral being over, at which solemn entertainment Mr. Squigsby had assisted the next of kin as one of the mourners, that is, he had steadily carried a white pocket-handkerchief to his mouth, and kept his eyes shut throughout the ceremony, and had partaken of a good many glasses of sherry, and eaten a great many sandwiches, and had felt uncommonly cold in his feet, and had sneezed several times, and had wondered who it was that made undertaker's gloves, and why the fingers should always be too long, and why the sensation of wearing them should always be like putting tight eelskins on to your hands, and why it was necessary to wear cloaks which smelt abominably, and when he had been driven in a stuffy coach flavoured with coffins to the cemetery, and jolted back again to the house, when, in short, the funeral was over, then it was Mr. Squigsby produced the probate of the will, and, with an air of authority, which the appearance of the document (now no longer upon a few sheets of foolscap, but written in fair round-hand upon a sheet of parchment, stamped with blue and silver, and having hanging to it a portentous seal) in no way diminished.

He read it to the crowd of next of kin and expectant legatees, and when he had finished there was a general shout of disappointment and disgust.

"But who," cried Mr. Bilberry, the law stationer, "who is Maria Branscombe, the residuary legatee, who comes in for upwards of £60,000? Who is she?"

"Ah! who is she?" echoed everybody.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Squigsby, quietly folding up the probate, "Maria Branscombe is Maria Branscombe no longer. Her name is Maria Squigsby. She is my wife. A married woman, I need not inform you, can hold no property; the amount, therefore, you refer to, comes to me! Gentlemen, I wish you good morning."

(*To be continued.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

RADICALISM WITH A VENGEANCE.

A RETURN has just been issued by the New Zealand Government, showing that the number of "rebels" killed in the recent skirmishes at the north part of the Island during the year ending June, 1869, was 260, which, considering not 1,000 of the natives have at any time been in revolt, cannot but be regarded as a satisfactory result. We scarcely think, though, that the New Zealand Legislature has much right to take credit to itself for thus reducing their enemies. Extermination is at the best but a clumsy mode of putting a stop to rebellion; and there are means quite as effective, but more gentle, of winning the New Zealanders back to their allegiance. Perhaps the Government will try some such method of reducing the seven hundred odd Maories, who are still at large; after all, the stamping-out process does not seem to have been particularly successful; forthe New Zealand authorities cannot altogether congratulate themselves on the success of the vigorous policy they pride themselves upon having adopted.

"PROGRESS."

SCENE.—*A street near the Strand. Enter* DION BOUCICAULT *and* TOM ROBERTSON, *at opposite entrances, meeting.*

DION B.—Do I indeed behold the modern Sheridan?

TOM R.—Is this the modern Shakespeare that I see before me? (*They laugh heartily, and shake hands.*)

DION B. (*recovering himself*).—Well, how are you, old boy? I think I am astonishing them with *Formosa*, eh? Got up a sensation this time with a vengeance, haven't I? I've just posted six more letters to the newspapers. The six will be answered by twelve correspondents. Fourteen leading articles will be written upon the eighteen letters. There's an advertisement for you! Everybody says nobody ought to go and see it, and that's the very reason everybody comes to see it.

TOM R. (*wiping away a tear*).—Precisely the system that made *School* go. Let the correspondents fight about something. That's all you want.

DION B. (*with animation*).—How's *Progress* going on?

TOM R. (*with great animation*).—Oh, very well indeed. I have got a good sound plot—besides, you know, I go in for moral lessons. My idea in the piece is to show that we must always keep progressing,—always keep pace with the times,—never stand still.

DION B. (*laughing sardonically*).—Especially in dramatic matters, eh? We don't, do we?

TOM R. (*continuing*).—So I arrange my *dramatis personæ* in this wise:—Old fogies who are always talking of the past as better than the present, who always appreciate what was higher than what is, and who are averse to change or improvement in whatever form it may come.

DION B. (*explaining*).—The idiots—men who prefer *Lady Macbeth* to *Formosa!* I hope you lash them well, Tom.

TOM R. (*still continuing with increased animation*).—I make my hero an engineer, who comes to survey the grounds of an old aristocrat for the purposes of a railway.

DION B. (*interrupting*).—Railway! That's good. Had it mechanically in *After Dark*. Got it figuratively in *Formosa*. How do you do it? Do you explode, or run off the line?

TOM R. (*explaining*).—No, the railway is not seen; hero only comes to survey for one. Heroine, relation of old aristocrat, sees him surveying from the window. Falls in love with him because he surveys. Love so powerful that it gives her a fever. Atheistical doctor attends her, finds out her complaint, prescribes for her, sends her to sleep, and tells her in her sleep that her love is returned by surveyor, and that old aristocrat has given his consent to her marrying him. Surveyor comes on—meets heroine—grand love scene. Surveyor indifferent, not knowing he is loved. Heroine affectionate, believing herself loved and engaged. Heroine works upon surveyor; surveyor gives way, and declares his passion. Heroine happy. Canting old woman comes on, informing heroine that it is only a scheme on the part of doctor and old aristocrat to bring her round from her love-sickness and cure her of her fever, and that surveyor does not love her, but pities her, and has lent himself to the arrangement. Heroine, left alone, gets delirious in consequence of conduct of surveyor. Long window at back leading to balcony. Snow seen to fall. Heroine, more and more delirious, rushes out of window. Snow falls harder than ever. Heroine tears off all her things in her delirium to get her death. Everybody rushes on. Heroine falls insensible into arms of surveyor. Her teeth chatter as the curtain falls. That's a strong act, isn't it?

DION B. (*with excitement*).—By Jove! it's done at last. I've waited for it, I've passed sleepless nights thinking who would be the first to do it. I congratulate you, my dear Tom. You are, indeed, making progress. You are increasing your dramatic reputation with giant strides. I must look to my laurels.

TOM R. (*flattered, raising his hat and wiping his brow*).—I'm glad you like the plot as far as I've told you. I'll go on with it.

DION B. (*with gentle irony, interrupting him*).—No; don't. Let me continue. Last act. Heroine in a very bad way. Atheistical doctor in attendance. The doctor again prescribes the mixture as before. Tells old aristocrat that she must marry surveyor. Old aristocrat must get consent from still older aristocrat—the Duke of something—not Loamshire, my dear Tom. Sick-room business all over again. More physicking. Surveyor arrives; again declares his love. Heroine repulses him because she has not got old aristocrat's consent. Tableau. The older aristocrat, having overheard her, pushes the door open, and gives his consent. Tableau! The heroine is immediately cured, and marries surveyor. Curtain!

TOM R. (*with astonishment*).—Why, you know the piece!

DION B. (*patting him on the back*).—Know it, my dear fellow? I should think I did. That rascal, Victorien Sardou, is under sufficient obligations to me to make me well acquainted with him. Didn't I open a thoroughfare for him upon the English stage with his *Seraphine*, in the same way that you opened a thoroughfare for him with his *Dégèl*, or what you called *A Rapid Thaw?* And to think I shouldn't know *Les Ganaches!* However, it shows progress on your part, old fellow. I'm glad to see, my dear Tom, you are leaving off writing such rubbish as "Caste" and "Ours," and going in for good healthy dramatic literature—such as "Home," or "A Breach of Promise," or "Progress"—you do it much easier; and, as you have got a name as I have, it pays. Remember that it pays. What's the screw?

TOM R. (*timidly*).—A mere trifle—£200 a night.

DION B. (*with passionate gesticulations*).—That all! You are spoiling the market, old fellow. Why, the dramatic critic of the *Times* would have done it for that, with a column of *Kudos* in the leading journal into the bargain.

TOM R. (*apologetically*).—I think, perhaps, I ought to have had more; because, you see, I go in for dialogue.

DION B. (*placing his glass in his eye and smiling wildly*).—Precisely. You write in the English language; Sardou writes in the French; or Benedix in the German. The critics say, "This is thoroughly Tom Robertson," as they used to say of Labiche's farces; in English, "This is thoroughly Maddison Morton." You've got your critics into a groove, old fellow, as I have. Make money. You ought to have had £500 a night for *Les Ganaches*. Bucky, of the Haymarket, or John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety, would have given it you, I've no doubt. (*Stopping, and after looking round.*) Between ourselves, it's an awful bad piece; but that's all the greater reason why managers would jump at it. It is frightfully discursive, and there is nothing but sickness and physic bottles from the commencement to the end. It's the *Traviata* with the best part cut out—the immorality. The only acting part is the old aristocrat, played by Lafont; and where can you find any actor to play Lafont on the English stage? My system is, train mediocrities; get them to do what you want, and you make them respectable. Take this as a rule: No English actor can "create" a part. The author must create it for him, and it is much easier to do it with a mediocrity than it is with an obstinate first-rate conventional, who fancies he knows more than you do, and spoils your whole idea.

TOM R. (*exultingly*).—You're right, Di! But I'm sorry you don't think much of *Les Ganaches*, or, I should say, *Progress*.

DION B. (*affectionately*).—I don't say that, old boy; only let them snow hard in the great scene. Have plenty of paper ready—I don't, of course, mean in the front of the house—and don't snow brown, and you are safe! The snow will bring them down, you'll see.

TOM R. (*with emotion*).—Thanks! a thousand thanks! It comes out on Saturday, the 18th, at the Globe Theatre. But where are you off to?

DION B. (*with volubility*).—Off to, my dear Tom! I'm so busy that I don't know where to go to first. I've got to superintend *Anonyma*, at the Princess's; then I've got to read my new drama of *Skittles*, at the Gaiety; and after that I've got to put the finishing touches to my new comedy, entitled, *Who is Mabel Grey?* which I think is exactly suited for the Holborn!

TOM R. (*with envy*).—Well, good-bye. I hope *Progress* will be a hit. (*They shake hands with fervour.*)

DION B. (*with enthusiasm*).—Sure to be. You have done it, old boy; that's enough. You have made *Progress*, my dear Tom—(*quietly aside*)—like a crab! [*They exeunt severally.*

DRAMATIC MEASURE.

2 "*Traviatas*" ... ... = 1 "*Dame aux Camelias.*"
2 "*Dame aux Camelias*" = 1 Holywell-street Publication.
3 Holywell-street Publications = 1 "*Confessional Unmasked.*"
1½ "*Confessional Unmasked*" = 1 "*Formosa.*"
1 "*Formosas*" ... ... = 1 Pint of Laudanum.

RATHER "FULL" DETAILS OF AN EVENT!

BEFORE the Boat Race of the season is quite a thing of the past, with a graceful acknowledgment of the perfect good temper and kindly feeling of the American press, we must just note the *personal* strain in which some of the New World papers indulge when dealing with events of this sort. What would any random Oxford Four say if disposed of in the *Times* in this fashion?—

No. 1.—Mr. Blank, a son of Mr. Blank, the celebrated member for Loamshire, who paid his creditors 5s. 6d. in the pound in 1848. He is a wonderful oar. The development of his muscle, fine reach, and open brow, place him at the head of English rowers. In 1867 he won the Kilkenny sculls. He is of a melancholy temperament, and is said to be engaged to a youthful heiress, whose name begins with K. He stands 6 feet 2½ inches in his shoes.

No. 2.—Mr. Dash, related to the renowned General of that name. His maternal uncle married late in life a half sister of Lord Star, and his condition may now be regarded as perfect. He has the real grip of the water, and is an excellent mathematician. Report says he is intended for commercial pursuits, but the Bar or the Church have been more reasonably suggested by his admirers. He pulled No. 13 against Cambridge in 1865 to 1869, and is slightly blind in the left eye. He has a cousin in trade in Manchester, with whom he is not on good terms.

No. 3.—Mr. Cross, related to the firm of Cross and Lines. The finest oar in the boat. His father is said to be enormously rich, though divorced from his second wife. It is impossible to watch the fine sweep of his oar without feeling that he must contribute immensely to the success or defeat of his crew. He is said to be most amiable to ladies, and sings comic songs. His present weight is 172 lbs., and his views are Evangelical.

No. 4 (STROKE).—Mr. Asterisk, a nephew of Lord Asterisk. A perfect athlete, from whatever side he is regarded. He is to be married to Lady Augusta Points soon after the race, unless money difficulties, about which a good deal has been said, stand in the way. He seems to have the veritable catch of the water at the commencement of the stroke, though his great grandfather was reported to have realised an enormous fortune out of damson cheeses. His *biceps* measures 29½ inches in circumference. His tailor is Mr. Poole, of Saville row. His bootmaker and hatter he changes continually. He can row 52 strokes to the minute; and there is said to be a serious mortgage on his uncle's estates in Paddingtonshire.

COX.—Mr. Spot, only son of Mr. J. Spot, of the City. The house of Spot realised £100,000 alone by one operation in damaged shoe leather. Mr. Spot has a wonderful eye for the river, though report says he is on bad terms with his father!

Such is the Oxford crew, and it ought to be a slick and slick match.

A HINT TO HOLIDAY FOLK.

WHEN enlightened Englishmen (by whom we mean Londoners) make up their minds to take a holiday and go out of town their first consideration is where *not* to go to. Margate is healthful, but hopelessly cockneyfied. Ramsgate is almost as unbearable, and as for Ryde, Hastings, and Brighton, they are all more or less fashionable, hot, uninteresting, and expensive. It is, therefore, something to find out a "new place," and as such we recommend Aldborough, in Suffolk, to people who want real change. To begin with, Aldborough has none of the usual watering-place attractions. Pleasantly situated on the sea, it has no pier, no esplanade, no town band, no niggers, and no extravagant prices for the necessaries of existence. No doubt, as soon as the place is properly appreciated, it will be as certainly spoilt; but, pending its fate, we recommend it to those who want a few weeks of real holiday at comparatively little cost. Our most respectable contemporary the *John Bull* has taken the initiative in recommending Aldborough to the notice of the enlightened public, a recommendation which we in all sincerity endorse; for the paucity of English watering-places which are by any means enjoyable is becoming a national nuisance.

OAKUM OR STONES!

SNUG in insolent ease of good worldly position,
Sitting, feet on the fender, and dreaming of gold,
Shut the door of your hearts to forlornest petition
Of paupers who dare to be hungry or cold!
Is there place for stray thought in your happy seclusion,
Of fevers, starvation, or bed-ridden crones?
Wake one instant, and softly reward the intrusion—
Sleep again, with a murmur of OAKUM or STONES!

See the widow who trembles, so cowed and heartbroken!
Is this one of God's creatures so humbled and worn?
Sleep on, deaf to the truth—leave her story unspoken—
Mute appeals of her agony answer with scorn!
She is poor,—odious crime!—to the Board she is debtor
For bread—what but labour for hunger atones?
Give her vicious companions,—she'll serve you the better—
Soothe her sorrow, good Guardians, with OAKUM or STONES!

Bent with age comes another—misfortune has made him
Unfit—see the jail bird is striving to shirk!
To the yard with the idler! for illness upbraid him!
Paralysis? pshaw! send the beggar to work!
Gentle words of your charity go on repeating,
"The parish we'll rid of these pestilent drones—
"Show your face here, my friend, at our next merry meeting,
"Ask relief, and you'll find it in—OAKUM or STONES."

Fit reward for long years of privation and meekness
Hard words,—cold neglect,—cruel insult,—the street,—
Strength in well-fed security trampling the weakness
That crawls, as a worm, at gentility's feet!
Guardians,—only in name, when your charge is forsaken,
And self-love the prompting of conscience disowns,—
Look around! Let strange Pity your slumber awaken—
Find a text in your OAKUM, read sermons in STONES!

WORDS AND WIND.

NOW that the Emperor is really "out of danger," the recent satisfactory official reports of the state of his health are vanishing into thin air. It appears that he has really been very seriously ill, and, for once, those most unscrupulous of all news-makers, the Radical French papers, have told the truth, and no merit to them for having done so. The malicious reports unceasingly propagated in their pages in reference to the approaching death of Napoleon III. have so thoroughly established in impartial minds the conviction that with them the fear of the catastrophe is very nearly related to the wish for it, that their paragraphs about "Serious illness of His Majesty" have lost their force. However, as far as this last occasion was concerned, their "grave solicitudes" had the warrant of facts. While we heard that the Emperor was taking walks in the gardens of St. Cloud, he was literally lying on his bed in a dangerous condition. The only personal friends with whom he was associating in a quiet way, turned out to be his medical man and his nurses. Such society as there was at the Palace consisted of a bevy of doctors, discussing in anxious consultation the latest development of their master's symptoms. But this crisis, fortunately for Europe, has passed by. He seems on the road to recovery. As spectators of a farce such as this, we can only be on our guard for the future. And perhaps the easiest method of avoiding subsequent delusion will be to table out some sort of standard by which "official" news may be correctly translated for our benefit. Judging from the authorized language used by Government organs on former occasions, something of the following kind might prove very useful to the European stockholder. A trustful reference to the equivalent might show him the true state of the Emperor's health, and protect him from the effect of that

sudden confusion in the Money Market which will inevitably follow upon a change of Government across the Channel :—

REAL STATE OF THE CASE.	OFFICIAL RENDERING OF THE SAME IN THE GOVERNMENT JOURNALS.
A cold.	A State dinner at St. Cloud.
Taking a Seidlitz powder.	Private theatricals.
A toothache.	An interview with the Chinese Embassy.
A touch of neuralgia.	Distributing the prizes at an Agricultural Show.
Influenza (*mild*).	A Cabinet Council.
Ditto (*aggravated*).	Giving an audience to the Minister of War.
Gout.	Promulgation of a new Liberal measure.
Ditto (*rheumatic*).	Reception of M. Jules Favre.
Fever.	Arrangements for a review of 100,000 men.
Paralysis (*partial*).	A promise to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal.
Ditto (*total*).	A walk in the grounds at St. Cloud.
Highly dangerous state.	A slight attack of rheumatism.
Considerably worse.	Much better.
Life almost despaired of.	Symptoms quite disappeared.
Consultation, and scarcely any hope.	Quite well.

AS CLEAR AS MUD.

THE question of the real state of the Emperor's health threatens to become one of those mysteries which are never to be cleared up ; such are the reports and counter-reports, statements and counter-statements with which the French newspapers have been teeming for weeks past. Seeing, however, the numerous bulletins which are semi-officially issued from St. Cloud several times a day, it appears quite unnecessary that there should be any room for doubt about the case. If the French authorities were entirely silent there might perhaps be cause for alarm regarding the Emperor's health ; but, as on the contrary, they are extra communicate concerning His Majesty's doings, the feeling of uneasiness which prevails cannot be well-founded.

As a rule, of course we never make use of the showers of telegraphic despatches which pour in upon us at our office at all hours of the night and day, but as the true condition of the Emperor is a moot point which it would be a charity to set at rest, we for once depart from our custom, in order to insert the latest intelligence, derived from the highest official sources showing the state of His Majesty's health during the last five minutes before going to press.

(TELEGRAM No. 1.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.6 A.M.

The Emperor has passed an excellent night, but the morning being cold, he will not leave his room to-day.

(TELEGRAM No. 2.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.7 A.M.

The Emperor, though pronounced to be decidedly better, had his sleep interrupted by a slight return of the rheumatic pains. His Majesty, therefore, rose at 5 a.m., and rode unattended into Paris, for the purpose of correcting the proof sheets of the *Journal Officiel.*

(TELEGRAM No. 3.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.8 A.M.

The true condition of the Emperor can no longer be concealed, His Majesty is alarmingly ill, and the worst fears are entertained concerning him. Seventeen of the leading doctors of France are in constant attendance at the Palace.

(TELEGRAM No. 4.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.9 A.M.

The Emperor is perfectly well, but is so busy with arrears of business, that no one is admitted upon any pretence whatever into the royal presence.

(TELEGRAM No. 5.)

St. Cloud, 13th September.
10.10 A.M.

The Emperor has eaten a hearty breakfast, and, notwithstanding the heavy rain now falling, has gone out shooting.

Should any slight discrepancy be apparently detected in the facts recorded in these despatches, we should remind our readers that they are purely official documents, which of course cannot be incorrect, and as such must be accepted as not admitting of question.

FRIENDS IN COURT.

MR. DOUGLAS STRAIGHT has certainly fairly earned his reputation of being the leading counsel of the day for making the best of a bad case ; but, notwithstanding the undoubted advantage the firm of Messrs. Harwood, Knight, and Allen derived from being represented by that gentleman at the Mansion House last week, they appeared but to sorry advantage. Yes, we regret to state that the "Great City Robbery Case," of which Messrs. Harwood and Co. were the victims, has come to an untimely conclusion, and those gentlemen having withdrawn from the prosecution, Mr. Clement Harwood, who stood charged with stealing bills and securities to the amount of £15,000, the property of his employers, has been set at liberty. Mr. Straight, in withdrawing the charge, covered the retreat of the prosecutors with much eloquence and tact ; but the bare facts still remain that a clerk in a City office embezzled an enormous sum, and that, owing to private influences being brought to bear in the matter, he has been let off.

We do not think that any but a civic magistrate would for a moment have listened to the idea of an abandonment of the case ; but as Mr. Clement Harwood was fortunate enough to have committed his depredations within the liberties of the City of London, we cannot of course say what would have happened if he had figured at Bow street instead of at the Mansion House. However, here is the moral of the story as it stands :—

TO THOSE ABOUT TO EMBEZZLE.

If you want to effect this desirable proceeding without fear of punishment, first take care that your father is a "senior partner," and then rob his friends of say ten or twenty thousand pounds. Afterwards, get an alderman to hear the charge who has a proper appreciation of a "painful case," and you will find yourself "an unfortunate young man, much to be pitied."

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

T ida L
O at S
N ake D

ANSWERS have been received from Mumbles and Co., Sid, Ponteland, Cabana Chica, and Samuel E. Thomas.

ERRATA.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC, No. CXXI.—First stanza, fourth line, for *And toil, alike* read *And toil alike.* Last stanza, third line, for *sights* read *sight.*—PARROT PAPERS, No. CXXII, Page 110.—Title, seventh line, for *Le Plage* read *La Plage.*—In answer to Double Acrostic, page 112, for *Ichthyophagi* read *Idumæi.*

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 125.] *LONDON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

FASHION'S MUMMERS.

Autumn brings other things besides fruits to perfection, among them the extravagance of each year's Fashions. The season of general holiday-taking is a capital opportunity for the extravagant powers that rule the land of Le Follet, and they avail themselves of it to the utmost. At a time and at places when simple dresses would, one would think, be most suitable, the brains of the modistes and the fingers of their wretched workwomen are taxed to the utmost to produce the most costly, useless, and ridiculous sort of garments which can possibly be imagined. Arrayed in these, the queens of Fashion and the imitative apes who wait in their train, take their pleasure at the sea-side by walking up and down some few yards of terrace or esplanade, showing themselves and staring at others. This is their idea of pleasure—of the beautiful country around them, of the many interesting objects of Art or of Nature, they take not the slightest notice. They may rouse themselves to the effort of lunching, in a new and special costume, on board some yacht; or of being transported, in another new and special costume, to some old ruin—not to a picnic, but to an elaborate out-of-doors luncheon, where all the comforts and luxuries of a dining-room are imitated, if not exaggerated, and where a due regard for their dress prevents them from wandering far from their well-cushioned seat. None of these parties of pleasure would be deserving of the name unless attended with the utmost expense in the way of dress. Each excursion is made the excuse for some fresh enormity of extravagance, and the most religious care is taken by those who profit by this wicked folly that the nature of the dress shall prevent any healthy or vigorous exercise of the muscles; the shoes are made for anything but walking; while the whole dress is formed of the material most easily stained or torn, and generally adorned with lace, the safety of which is quite sufficient to occupy the mental powers of the puppet who is its temporary owner.

That this is not an exaggerated picture no frequenter of the fashionable autumn resorts can with truth deny. It is a very striking feature of modern Fashion, that it seems to have been one of its aims to render all honest simple enjoyment out of doors impossible. The time was when women were as ready as men to ramble through woods, or climb hills, or explore the mazes of some wild dell and scramble beside the mountain stream. But now all this is at an end except for the few who despise fashion. The tight stays that impede all healthy respiration, the dress which, while pretending in its shape to be simple and comfortable, is so lavishly ornamented, and made of such costly material as to give the lie to the pretence; the useless high-heeled shoes, throwing an unnatural strain on the muscles of the instep, and, in time, deforming the foot, while they render walking martyrdom; the monstrous pinnacles of false hair, twisted and pinned and plaited and messed about so as to produce headache after the slightest exertion; when to these are added the, happily, not universal accessories of bismuth and other poisons gradually making their way through the pores of the skin into the blood, and producing sickness, dizziness, and a host of uncomfortable sensations; when all these items of Fashion's livery which now-a-days her servants are content to wear, it is not surprising that all pleasure should be confined to the gratification of that contemptible vanity for the sake of which such crosses are borne. The amount of perverted heroism which is displayed by woman in submitting to the monstrous caprices of *la mode* is enough to raise her, if properly directed, to any height in the social scale which she may desire.

Another equally distinctive feature of Fashion, but one which we believe she has generally exhibited in all civilised communities where female disciples have not been wanting, is the wanton extravagance which she enforces. Certainly now-a-days this seems carried to its utmost limits, but it would be dangerous to say so, for next year the inventive brains of the milliners' artists might produce some kind of garment in which money was more recklessly wasted than it is in the "costumes," "drapeaux," &c., &c., of the present season. We have not the slightest objection to women bestowing attention on their dress, it is one of the very few things on which they are capable of bestowing any, and it would be cruel to deprive their petty minds of such a congenial occupation. Let those who can afford it wear real lace, and dress as handsomely as they like. But let those who can't afford it not try and emulate them with trashy imitations, dear at any price, because in themselves utterly valueless, and of a most perishable nature. But lace is but a slight item in our wives and daughters' bills; we do not wish to dabble in the nauseous jargon of the artists who piece together that elaborate mosaic—a full-dressed lady of 1869; suffice it to say that by every device expense is added, and that no one ever seems to give a thought to real comfort or to economy, but solely to appearance and ostentation. Girls now-a-days *must* have this and *must* have that, till Heaven and their fathers only know the mean shifts and hard screwings which must be resorted to in order to provide these useless necessaries. Even in man's dress, which remains monotonous only in its ugli-

ness, this reckless extravagance is gaining ground. Silk facings and velvet collars and satin linings, and the tailor only knows how many expensive items, are added at the bidding of Fashion. One sees not many, thank Heaven! but still, not a few men with their feet squeezed into finicking patent leather boots, and their clothes cut in such a manner as to make it dangerous to laugh, even if they were capable of so manly an exercise. Dandies, we thought, were things of the past, but *petits maitres*, to devise a very expressive synonym, seem on the increase. It is a bad sign when even ever so slight a tendency is shown to effeminacy in the young men of a country, especially if that is accompanied by a tendency on the part of woman to imitate man in no other point but in his dress. Neither good citizens nor good wives are to be chosen from such. As for mothers, now-a-days, the nurse usurps their place; maternity is a duty for which, like the conscription, every one who can afford the luxury gets a substitute.

This extravagance of dress is very stale food for the satirist. But he is none the less obliged to feed on it sometimes, for neither the physical nor moral effects of this folly are easily limited. Something more than imperfect respiration and injured digestion, than excessive vanity and levity, spring from this source. It is always said that the extravagance of the rich finds employment, and so food, for the poor; and to a certain extent it is so. But, various as are the materials employed in the adornment of the human form, from the excrement of the insect to the spoil of the corpse's head, everybody cannot live by dress-making and its kindred trades. Extravagance in mere ornament may enrich a few, but it does not benefit the many. The great branches of industry do not receive a stimulus from the elaborate shapes or excessive trimming of women's dress. Where servile imitation makes all society lavish of money on dress, it either compels families of moderate means to practise meanness in more useful branches of expenditure, or it lands them in the Bankruptcy Court. And, though Art, in its noblest and purest sense, is not much thought of now-a-days, we may say that it is invariably the case in a country where much attention and expense are devoted to the bastard art of adorning the human person, true art languishes. In the cause of intellectual and moral progress we plead for fashion in dress, handsome, but not extravagant—comfortable, but not indecent.

PUBLIC OPINION AS A POWER.

THIS is an age of humbug. We are continually saying what we do not mean, and deceiving not only everybody about us, but ourselves as well: for instance, we are never tired of canting about "public opinion." We allude to it as a sort of infallible despot, at whose power Poor-law Guardians, money lenders, statesmen, and anatomical museum proprietors grow pale and tremble. We know all the while that this is sheer nonsense. Over and over again we have seen public opinion howling frantic—literally kicking with tumid indignation at some momentary evil, but kicking hopelessly and in vain. A fat noisy baby would have had more influence in putting a stop to many scandalous abuses than our great flaccid and petulant demi-god. We know this well; yet we write leading articles about it, and repeat the conventional twaddle with unabated vigour. Here in England we shake our heads solemnly, and refer to "braving public opinion" as the culminating effort of the hero or of the maniac. Foreigners have caught the phrase from us. Dirty Frenchmen, with bad educations and worse incomes, allude to "*the opinion publique*" with fervour, and picture to themselves some strapping heathen goddess with a red cap, atheistical tendencies, and broad views on the marriage question. We do not undeceive them. We do not admit, except quite privately to each other, that the lady in question is nothing but a helpless, mumbling, querulous old crone, to whom nobody on earth pays the slightest attention whatever. If a proof be sought, one is ready at hand. A reference to any number of any daily paper will supply it at once. There it is, the everlasting letter full of indignant complaint, shrieking to all-powerful public opinion to raise its mighty voice and put an end, once and for all, to some intolerable nuisance. Day after day the ball is kept rolling. Policemen, railway directors, organ grinders, foot and mouth diseases, and all the other social scandals of life take their turn. But nothing happens. The torrent of indignation pours down the accustomed course, but not a rock stirs an inch. The noise is terrific. The result is *nil*.

We make these very few commonplace remarks by way of preface to several appeals that have, from time to time, come into our hands. We are not in the habit, as our readers are aware, of publishing letters, but a perusal of the following will carry a short lesson of instruction to the least reflective thinker. All the grievances alluded to below have been, to say the least, suggested before. How far they have met with any remedial treatment, an occasional look at the column of the *Times* will show. Single cries for help appear to have produced but little result: possibly a chorus may prove more effective. We subjoin one:—

(1.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TOMAHAWK.

London, Sept. 19, 1869.

SIR,—To those who may, in any emergency, be induced to make use of the General London and European Cosmopolitan Telegraph Company's wires, I beg to recount the following facts, which speak for themselves. A grandmother of mine, who resides at Bermondsey, was seized on Thursday last with a severe attack of superficial *epistragitis*, and in the sudden crisis she had a telegram despatched to me at my town residence in Little Peter Street, Westminster. Six days were occupied *in the transmission of the message*, and I have been charged three shillings and ninepence *for its keep at the Head Office during that period.* I need scarcely add that I brought an action against the company for heavy damages; my grandmother, offended at my silence, having struck me out of her will, and died immediately afterwards. I lost my case, and have been mulcted in £259 3s. 10d. costs, the Judge having ruled that "no telegraph company shall be held responsible for its own defalcations provided the message be delivered within six calendar months." And this, Sir, takes place in England in the middle of the nineteenth century, and within ear-shot of Printing-House Square! I appeal to your powerful pen to assist,

Yours, &c.,

DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI.

(2.)

The Police Station, Bobbinham, Cornwall, 12th August, 1869.

SIR,—I took a ticket yesterday evening, from Blaxham, on the South Middle Counties Extension Line, asking at the same time most distinctly for a return second-class, *vid Pottsborough*, to Piggleton Junction. I paid 7s., the fare demanded, and got into the first train that came to hand. I was, without any warning, taken three hundred and ninety-five miles in the wrong direction, to this place, SLUGGS HILL. The station-master has given me a black eye, and sent for a policeman, and my *return ticket has been taken from me by force.* What had I better do?

Your obedient servant,

FIAT JUSTITIA.

(3.)

Margate, Sept. 22, 1869.

SIR,—After beating about for 172 hours in an open boat with two old ladies, one suffering from tubercular paralysis, I have managed to reach this place. On the 19th of August last I took a passage by one of the Mid-Ocean and Overland Steamship Company's packets to Hull. After three weeks' severe weather in the Channel, during which every living thing was swept off the decks, I discovered that we were carrying a cargo *of live gorillas and gun cotton.* I remonstrated strongly with the captain, who, after putting me into irons, said I might do what I liked. The two old ladies to whom I have referred were at their own request let down in an open boat at a quarter to three in the afternoon, and it was only on their threatening to have their

passage money returned that I was allowed to accompany them. I have since applied to the Secretary, but his only answer is that it is a rule with their Directors *never to interfere* in the concerns of the Company. Trusting to the mighty influence of public opinion to investigate this scandalous case,

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED FREQUENTLY.

(4.)

Belgrave Square, N., 19th Sept., 1869.

SIR,—Yesterday afternoon, in Bray street, E.C., I noticed a policeman knocking out the brains of an apparently harmless old man of eighty. On my gently remonstrating with him about his unnecessary severity, he threw me down, broke my nose in, and jumped on my chest for three quarters of an hour. I have applied to the Chief Commissioner, but he refuses to interfere. I merely mention this case as a warning to others. I endorse my card, and subscribe myself,

JUVENIS OLIM.

(5.)

South Kensington.

SIR,—I live in what is supposed to be a quiet street. Last night, between the hours of ten p.m. and three a.m, I was disturbed by seven military bands, an open air meeting, an Irish riot, a howling dog, five organs, a drunken man selling bird-cages, a collision of three coal waggons, a man practising on the French horn, and the continual firing off of street crackers. I appealed to several police, who all said that I had *better go and live in Buckingham Palace.* Now, Sir, I do not wish to complain; but when I tell you that for years I have been such a martyr to nebulosous contraction of the nerves that the passage of a fly through the air throws me into paralytic hysterics, you may suppose that I passed a *very* uneasy night. I have spoken on the subject to my landlord, but his only reply has been to add £10 to my rent. Trusting to the aid of your powerful pen,

I am, yours, &c.,
NUDA VERITAS.

But we must close our list for want of space, for the urgent appeals to the "powerful voice of public opinion" in our possession would fill, not only one number, but every volume we have written. Would their appearance in print have touched a single grievance, or removed a single scandal? *Credat Judæus!*

THE ORACLE OF ROCHDALE.

ON Thursday, September 9th, appeared this sensation announcement, under the head of "This Evening's News:"—

"MR. BRIGHT, M.P., ON FOOLS AND KNAVES.

"Rochdale, Sept. 8, 1869.

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for the newspaper. There are knaves in the world and there are simpletons, and the one class preys on the other"!!!!!!

Wonderful discovery! How original in the great Tribune! He goes on to denounce the Tory party as usual. We do not certainly approve of Tory politics; indeed we suspect we are much more hearty and sincere Reformers than Mr. Bright; but we certainly hope that we have generally something more to the point to say than Mr. Bright has in his dogmatic, pretentious letter. If wages have risen from 20 to 50 per cent. since 1840, what does it prove? Certainly not that our commercial policy has been a wise one. How much have provisions and house-rent risen since then? How much has Pauperism increased since then? Mr. Bright has always been one of those who think that three things only are necessary to make the world perfect: Free Trade, an Extended Suffrage, and the Ballot. But we want something more than free trade, as he understands it. We do not want that free trade which allows the tradesman to adulterate the poor people's food with impunity. We do not want that free trade which encourages commercial dishonesty, and all the mean tricks and falsehoods of great speculators and petty hucksters. We should like to hear from Mr. Bright something a little less arrogant in tone, more truly liberal in spirit, and, above all, more honest, than this epigrammatic epistle. A person who defends false measures and adulteration of food has only the choice of being classed among the simpletons, or among—the Tories.

THE POET'S PLEASAUNCE.

(SUGGESTED BY MR. BOUCICAULT "DE ARTE POETICA.")

YOU ask me, in what happy ground
The poet's garden may be found,
In gayest liv'ry dress'd,
With dazzle of perennial bloom,
And heavy with the rich perfume
Of Araby the blest?

Think not the Bard with blossoms bright
Can stay his heaven-born appetite,
For flowers of nobler birth;
The soul athirst for greater things,
Can find no joy in that which springs
From cold material earth.

The higher craving of his kind,
Choice Flora of a brother's mind
To gather in his sport,
Where, wet with fancy's dew-drop, peer
The leaflets of a stray idea,
In unmown fields of Thought.

To slyly pluck with furtive care
The buds of genius here and there,
Wherever he may find it;
And reaping where he has not sown,
Call the choice bouquet all *his* own
Who found the thread to bind it.

And, blending with harmonious skill,
The chosen flow'rets at his will,
To saunter up and down,
While wreaths of stolen blossoms, tied
Around his temples, serve to hide
His baldness with a crown.

So when we find our search repaid
By Wit and Fancy ready-made,
What need of useless pains?
The workers of our age profess
The noblest watchword of success
Is—SCISSORS *versus* BRAINS!

SCARCELY WORTH THE CANDLE.

A VERY sad accident happened the other day at the Edgware Road Station of the Metropolitan Railway. A passenger rushed on to the platform just as the City train was moving away, and attempted to force an entrance into the carriage. The guard, on seeing this, immediately struggled with the passenger in order to prevent him from effecting his purpose, and the result was that the unlucky old gentleman—for he was a man of sixty-five years of age—fell between the platform and the train, and, the carriage-wheels passing over his body, was launched into eternity with the abuse of the officials ringing in his ears. We do not wish to offer any particular remark upon this particular case, but we cannot refrain from questioning the advisability of the rule generally adopted by the railway officials when a passenger is foolish enough to imperil his life in trying to catch a train, of so obstructing him in the attempt that the chances of his getting crushed to death become seriously increased. The rule should be to do all that is possible to prevent passengers arriving on the platform after the train is in motion; but when once there and they have managed to get half into the carriage, it should not be considered worth while to pull them out again simply to ensure their falling under the wheels. We can sympathize with the guards being indignant at an infringement of the bye-laws of their railway company; but this very proper and natural feeling scarcely justifies a reckless sacrifice of human life.

No. X., Price 1s.,

BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,

NEXT WEEK.

NEW NOVEL

BY

PALGRAVE SIMPSON,

"WORSE THAN DEAD,"

SHORTLY.

Vol. IV. price 8s. 6d.

THE TOMAHAWK.

Handsomely Bound, Bevelled Boards.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 25, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Khedive, in the opinion of the Sultan, has been taking far too much *steel*, and the regimen is to be changed. *Cui bono?* For it seems very probable that the patient will fare no better. He will be expected now to swallow far too much *Porte*.

IT is with great pleasure we write, for the first time, "Sir David Salomons." At a season when religious rancour and sectarian animosity are hissing themselves hoarse, it is refreshing to hear that a Baronetcy has been conferred by Her Majesty on one of the leading English Jews. And, more, there is no class of Englishmen who are harder workers, better men of business, and more respectable members of society generally, than those who are of Sir David's persuasion. The Snobbish bigotry of the day has received a satisfactory shock, and we congratulate Mr. Gladstone most heartily on his spirit and tact.

PROGRESS IN INDIA.

THE Maharajah of Jeypore has danced a quadrille! and one of our contemporaries has made capital out of the event to felicitate India on the satisfactory progress which this condescension on the part of his Highness indicates. We often hear of the *rapid strides* which civilisation is making, but we have hitherto failed to perceive the extent to which this metaphor might be made to admit of a literal interpretation. TOMAHAWK, however, takes his stand against humbug in every shape and form, and would like to ask the writer in the *Standard* what his idea of the civilisation of India is, which is to "advance" in harmony with the great fact of the Rajah's performance. If saltation is the gauge of progress, then cannibals must rank high in the human race; and we may hope to see Professor Huxley converted to the *can-can* soon, after he has finally demonstrated our community of origin with apes. Hindoos have already much, too much, of that superficial veneer of civilisation which manifests itself in eating meat and drinking brandy, and generally in aping European habits of vice and self-indulgence; and the Rajah of Jeypore has had the acumen to hit upon a new method of gaining a notoriety, which is to him cheap at some twenty thousand rupees. If he and his fellow-countrymen will show that they have some love of good government and justice for their own sake, that they can be unselfish, and care more for the improvement and enlightenment of their wives and subordinates than for their own gratification, and learn to practise a mean between servility and presumption, between self-abasement and self-conceit, we can afford to let them remain for another century, if they like, in ignorance of the Lancers or the Deux Temps. Surely it is cruelly, not to say unjustly, sarcastic in the Conservative organ to declare that "no greater triumph has yet rewarded Lord Mayo's diplomacy." Perhaps ere his Excellency's diplomacy reaches its maturity, he may yet succeed in playing a rubber with Scindial, Holkar, and the Rajah of Puttiala.

A PROVISIONAL RULE.

RETRENCHMENT is still the order of the day at the Admiralty, and, notwithstanding Mr. Childers' absence from Whitehall, his agents are busy economising. The field for reduction has certainly become limited lately, since stores, clerks, and junior officers have been disposed of in that wholesale manner which has rendered the rule of Mr. Childers unenviably notorious; but a new branch of expenditure in which the pruning-knife can be used has been dexterously discovered, and we understand that the following Circular will shortly be issued :—

MEMORANDUM.

Admiralty, Whitehall, S.W.

In consequence of the immense waste of provisions in Her Majesty's ships of war resulting from the great and unnecessary number of articles of food at present supplied to vessels on their being put into commission; it is hereby directed that in future, the undermentioned articles only shall form the provisions for the crew of Her Majesty's sea-going ships :—

Biscuit (*hard*).
Water.
Salt pork.
Salt beef.
Salt.
Pepper.
Lime-juice.

As it has been ascertained that these articles are all that are really necessary for feeding the men, and as a simple diet has been recommended by a committee of naval medical officers as best suited for sailors, no other stores will in future be put on board the vessels of the Royal Navy.

The only exception to this rule that can be made is in the case of an officer of great rank (such, for instance, as the First Lord of the Admiralty) hoisting his flag on board a man-of-war, when, in addition to the usual stores of beef, mutton, poultry, &c., put in stock under such circumstances, the following articles may also be supplied at the public expense :—

Game (*if in season*).
Truffles.
Champagne (*any amount*).
Fruit (*from Covent Garden*).
Cigars.
Oysters.

As the saving effected by the reduction of the present scale of rations will be considerable, the latter part of this Memorandum, referring to exceptional cases only, may be interpreted in a liberal spirit.

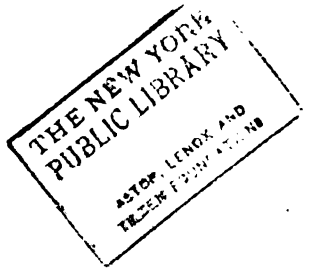
By order of the STOREKEEPER OF THE NAVY.

October, 1869.

Although the above has not yet been promulgated officially, we understand it has already been partially acted upon, for our special correspondent at the Fleet reports to us that not only has Mr. Childers given several excellent dinners on board his flagship, but that the right honourable gentleman is extremely bilious.

THE NEW FLOWER FOR SPAIN.—The PRIM-rose.

A REAL PUBLIC SERVANT.—The Holborn Valet!


THE NEW YORK
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THE WASTE OF

A PLATE OF FASHIONS

THE PERIOD!

OR,

OR THE BRITISH "FOLLY."

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NATION.

No. I.—Mr. Squigsby, the Lawyer.

(*Continued from page* 133.)

XXXIII.

MR. SQUIGSBY proceeded to administer the testatrix's estate in a manner surprisingly expeditious, which proved, more than anything else could do, that Mr. Squigsby was personally interested to no small degree in getting the whole business wound up. Had he not been so interested the estate would have been administered under the usual system in his office. He would at once have thrown it into Chancery, where he would have kept it for a couple of years or so, driving the next of kin and creditors almost to madness by the delay and the ingenuity of his operations, and piling up the costs in a steady, methodical manner, that when they were made out no one could object to them, although the amount was absolutely bewildering in its enormity. In *Re Rigsworth*, however, it did not suit his purpose to administer in this fashion. He, therefore, went at it upon another system. He got his advertisements out for creditors. He got in the bills. He paid them all. He routed out the legatees, and paid them down upon the nail, himself included. He realized everything the old lady possessed, down to the last pair of boots she had worn. He paid himself the costs of administration. He made out the residuary accounts, and when he had struck the balance of residue coming to himself in right of his wife, he rushed up to Somerset House and passed the accounts in one day (he was a wonderfully energetic man, it must be admitted), and having paid the residuary duty, the whole estate was then legally administered, and the balance of upwards of £60,000 as completely Mr. Squigsby's property as a few weeks before it had been the lamented Mrs. Rigsworth's. What a popular lawyer, too, Mr. Squigsby became in the Golden-square district! What an honest one he certainly was to wind up the estate in such a rapid and straightforward manner! How his fame spread! The baker's man, the policeman on the beat, the printer's compositor, and the other legatees, went about showing their legacies in good crisp bank-notes within a fortnight of the old lady's death. What high jinks and revels were held in honour of the honest lawyer! From Marlborough-street Police Court to Blanchard's in Beak-street, Mr. Squigsby's proceeding was the topic of the hour, and never had that worthy gentleman more cause to congratulate himself upon his conduct of a difficult case to a successful conclusion.

XXXIV.

There were, however, two persons who, when the facts of the case had become known, were certainly not disposed to join in the song of praise to the lawyer's integrity; and these were old John Branscombe and his daughter.

"I told you, father," said Maria Squigsby, in an excited conversation they were having upon the subject, "that Mr. Squigsby would not take an interest in us for nothing. He made the will. He alone knew of the fortune that had been left to me. He got you into his power, and compelled you to give your consent to my marriage with him. He married me for the money, which is his now. I hated him then. I hate him now more than ever."

"The villain! the abominable villain!" cried old Branscombe. "And to think that my old flame, Maria, should have thought of me at the last moment; and that a villain like that should not only rob me of my child, but rob her of a fortune." And he dashed his hat upon the ground in his rage and disappointment.

"There is no help for it now, father," said his daughter quietly.

"And to think," continued the old musician, "what we might have done with the money. Why, we might have taken a theatre, and brought out English opera, and I would have got together a first-rate orchestra, and conducted it myself, and we should have doubled the fortune in a couple of years."

The mere idea of having lost the opportunity of making so valuable an investment seemed to add to the agony of the old gentleman's despair, and he promenaded the drawing-room like a caged animal, kicking down and striking the chairs as he encountered them, as if each chair possessed not its own particular legs and back, but those of Mr. Squigsby.

"You must control your passion, father," said his daughter; "you must remember that you are still in my husband's power. I, of course, have no power to assist you. The money is not mine, and I have no influence with him to enable me to obtain any. You must be quiet and patient."

"Quiet and patient!" roared the musician. "I won't be. I won't accept a shilling from him; I'll play the oboe in the streets first, that I will. Let him throw me into prison for the money I owe him and the costs. I don't care. He's villain enough to do anything."

"I'm glad," said Mr. Squigsby, entering the room at that moment, and having overheard Mr. Branscombe's speech; "I'm glad, Mr. Branscombe, that you form so correct an estimate of me. I can assure you, Sir, that you are not at all mistaken. I am a lawyer; and so long as I exercise my talents within the limits of the law, I have as much right to make my fortune how and in what method I can, as you have to make yours by playing upon your instrument. Had you used the ability and intelligence you evidently possess in the earnest pursuit of your profession, you might have risen to a position equal to my own."

There was something particularly sardonic in Mr. Squigsby's manner as, with intense unction, he burlesqued the favourite dictum of the learned judges, so frequently used by them in passing sentence upon some hitherto highly respectable prisoner in the dock, who has brought himself, by his injudicious operations, within the meshes of the criminal law.

"Pursuit of my profession!" cried Mr. Branscombe. "I have pursued my profession: pursued it honestly and without doing any man an injury. If you had played on the oboe all your life, and done nothing worse, you would never have been in the position you talk of now. Look here! if I grind my flesh off my bones, I'll pay you back all I owe you—principal, interest, and costs. Don't forget the costs, Squigsby. Stick it on. Make all the six-and-eightpences you can into thirteen-and-fourpences; and don't forget the 'Term fees.' I'll pay it all—I will—sooner than be under any obligation to such a rogue as you. There!"

He was hurrying out when his daughter intercepted him. "Father," she said, "let me go with you."

The old man caught her in his arms and kissed her wildly. "Not now, dearest; not now. Not till I am free from him." He placed her half fainting on the sofa, again kissed her, and, with a scowl of defiance at his son-in-law, rushed from the room.

Mr. Squigsby walked calmly to his wife.

"My dear Maria," he said, "I think your father is most selfish and unreasonable in his request. He wishes his bill made out at once, at a time when really we have so many more important matters to attend to in the office. However, to show him that I can be generous, I will give orders that it shall be done immediately!"

XXXV.

Slicker was dead, and Squigsby was the sole surviving partner of the firm. Squigsby gave up the branch offices; but enlarged the West End establishment, and increased the number of his clerks. Squigsby now went in for mortgage business; that is, he lent money upon the mortgage of estates. He used his own money upon the best mortgages that came in. He got the money from clients when he didn't care for the particular mortgage himself. He combined his own with clients' moneys in very large affairs. He had the management of all the arrangements—and very profitable they were too. No lawyer ever sweated the mortgage money with more audacity, cold-bloodedness, and ingenuity than Mr. Squigsby. When a man wanted money upon his estate, and went to Mr. Squigsby, Mr. Squigsby would tell him to bring his deeds. If they were brought—and they often were, without the intervention of any other solicitor—then Mr. Squigsby would glance through them, and make a comparatively small advance, upon the understanding that when the title had been examined, and a proper legal mortgage was executed, a further advance should be made. Once having got possession of the deeds, then his operations commenced in earnest. He would send surveyors to survey the property. He would go into the title and make requisitions upon requisitions. He would have a score of "cases" submitted to counsel for opinions

in the course of the investigation. He would have the deed settled by counsel in consultation; and then, when he did "complete," and hand over the balance of the money to the borrower, after deducting the costs, how the borrower would stare to find that Mr. Squigsby, the lawyer, got nearly as much money from the transaction as he did himself.

It was in pursuance of some such operations as the above, carried out to their extremest limit, that Mr. Squigsby became personally possessed of the magnificent estate of Crockington. Young Sir Richard Crockington requiring money, and having borrowed it of Mr. Squigsby, and having executed a mortgage and gone abroad, and omitted to pay the interest, and being generally reckless and indifferent, and fond of betting, Mr. Squigsby took advantage to the full of these agreeable weaknesses, and proceeded to file a bill to foreclose; and young Sir Richard not having the money to pay him off, and Mr. Squigsby holding the deeds, and steadily refusing to give them up, or furnish abstracts, or do anything whatever in reference to them, except to stick to them, and there being no legal remedy to compel him to alter his amiable intentions, it followed that there was no one who would advance the money to take them up, and young Sir Richard still remaining abroad, and the suit in Chancery still proceeding, it also followed that in due course of law, Mr. Squigsby found himself the proprietor of the Crockington Estate, at something like half its real value.

"Well," said Mr. Squigsby, after he had accomplished this feat, "I think now I shall retire. I shall apply next term to be struck off the Rolls, and go in for county magisterial business and Parliament! I think I shall make an excellent member. I could at least, I am sure, give them some 'wrinkles' upon measures of Law Reform!"

L'ENVOI.

And here we must part with him. Artistically speaking, we ought, no doubt, to bring him down from his high estate, reduce him to poverty and misery, send him begging through the streets, an object of pity and the type of the dishonest man punished for his ill-doings, drowning the pangs of conscience in the tap-room, and lamenting over the days when he had strayed from the paths of honesty and commercial morality. Unfortunately we cannot do this. We meet so many (especially of Mr. Squigsby's profession) who, honest and straightforward, generous and kind, talented and hardworking, have not been able to keep pace in the race of life with those who regard all the finest principles of our nature as "folly," when exercised to the loss of money. A little of what an unscrupulous lawyer can do in the exercise of his profession we have endeavoured to show in the person of Mr. Squigsby, and, by so doing, point out some of the many abuses which call for remedy. How many hundreds in his profession are there who, rather than sacrifice one honest principle, would forego the most brilliant and certain chances of wealth, we all well know! These are the truly honest lawyers—but do all these rise to the position we have left Mr. Squigsby now enjoying? We fear not.

(*Concluded.—Commenced in No.* 116.)

NOVELTIES FOR THE SEASON.

IN consequence of the great success which has attended the introduction of paper petticoats, we understand that the following articles have been patented and registered, with a view to being immediately introduced:—

PAPIER MACHE BOOTS, manufactured from that million of used postage stamps which we have all, in our day, assisted to collect.

EARTHENWARE WATCHES, at a shilling each, being expressly adapted for the use of travellers on the Great Eastern Railway.

SAWDUST BREAD, as already largely consumed under the title of "Best Wheaten Loaf, only 7½d."

CAST IRON OVERCOATS.—To be worn, after dark, as a protection against the Police.

Fashions are said to be continually repeating themselves, so the rumour that "Mud Pies" will soon be in season again may be well founded. Indeed, we have reason to know that several influential persons possess the recipe for their concoction.

(POLICE) COURT AND FASHION.

IN this dead season of the year we admit that we do not make a point of studying the columns of the *Morning Post*, but that fashionable record within the last few days contained some such paragraph as the following:—

"Sir Robert Carden has returned from his trip to the Isle of Thanet, and is back at his business on the Stock Exchange."

We are sorry we missed noting so important an announcement at the time; but the fact that the irrepressible alderman was once more amongst us was soon promulgated by means of the police reports, which have already informed us that Sir Robert is as eccentric in his notions of justice as ever he was.

The case to which we allude was one in which a man (who himself had been beaten on the head with a heavy boot by a friend in a public-house brawl, for which the friend in question had received two months' imprisonment) came home to his wife with his head in a bandage, and assaulted her in exactly the same way (though with a greater show of cruelty and brutality) as that in which his recent assailant had served him. The man, when called upon to answer the charge, made no defence of any kind. The evidence went to show that the poor woman, fearing his violence, had tried to hide herself, but had failed, and the villain had actually beaten her in the chest with his hob-nailed boot within an inch of her life, for no reason whatever. For this outrage Alderman Carden sent him to prison for one month, being just half the term of the sentence imposed upon the man who had beaten the ruffian in the first instance.

If there was ever a case in which the extreme penalty of six months' hard labour should have been the sentence of the Court for an offence such as this, this was it; but Sir Robert Carden was on the bench, so the wife-beater got off next to scot free. We wonder if the injured woman will, in her turn, thrash Sir Robert with a hob-nailed boot. Were she to do so, according to the code now in force at Guildhall, she would have to be discharged with a caution simply. At all events, the point would be worth trying.

SLEEPING PARTNERS.

THE Foreign Office agency system has ceased to exist—at all events, we hear that the following arrangement has been come to. Mr. Alston (the chief clerk) and Mr. Bidwell have handed over their agencies to Mr. Stavely, on an agreement that the latter gentleman is to pay Messrs. Alston and Bidwell a large sum annually; and Mr. Stavely has resigned his post in the Foreign Office. How far this compromise will be tolerated by the public still remains to be seen. No doubt the agent is now no longer a public servant himself; but a couple of public servants are, nevertheless, in receipt of large incomes, which, of course, are derived from the business from which they have nominally retired.

We doubt that if Colonel Macdonald were to resign his post of Private Secretary to the Duke of Cambridge, and agree to pay his Royal Highness £2,0000 a year for the use of his patronage, the authorities in Pall Mall would quite see the propriety of the arrangement; yet this is simply the plan which has been introduced into the Foreign Office. Really, we are getting tired of the agency scandal, and it is time to insist it should be finally put an end to. Who are Messrs. Alston and Bidwell that they should be allowed to degrade the service to which they happen to be attached by the introduction of a traffic which is as illicit as it is unquestionably remunerative? In these days it is not the fashion to show great consideration to Government clerks, and these gentlemen, of all others, have little enough claim to be exempted from the fate which has already overtaken so many of their poorer brethren. Let us hope that the day is now at hand when Foreign Office clerks will be made to understand their real position, and learn that the high opinion they entertain of their own merits is not shared in by their employers, the British public.

MISPLACED CONFIDENCE.—That Be-*Stowed* on a friend.

MOTTO FOR SOLDIERS.—Care killed the cat, and the cat the British army.

MOTTO FOR THE ALBERT ASSURANCE COMPANY.—"Your money *and* your life!"

THE PARROT PAPERS.

SECOND SERIES.

No. II.

STILL AT DIEPPE.—THE FINAL CAUSE OF THE CREATION OF FRANCE.—A PREPOSTEROUS NOTION.—A DISCUSSION.—MR. GEORGE, THE AUTHOR.—THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."—A DIGRESSION ON LOW PEOPLE AND THEIR WRETCHED STATE.—HOW TO BE REALLY CHARITABLE.—THE USE OF NEWSPAPERS.—MR. GEORGE'S LETTER ON BATHING.

I FIND I am better for the change of air. This country is of some use after all, for it possesses a climate which is found useful in restoring the health of Parrots and Englishmen. This must have been the final cause of the creation of France.

That pale-faced brat—Bobby, I think they call him—is also better. I heard some one say the other day that we came here not on my account, but on his. This is putting the cart before the horse with a vengeance. Next they'll say we came here on account of the servants.

My opinion of the French people has not altered. My opinions, as I said before, never do alter. There has been an amusing discussion here at which I assisted as listener, interspersing a few interjections or ejaculations when I thought fit.

One of our party, Mr. George, it appears, excited by my example, has taken to writing for the papers. He, by some underhand influence or other—for surely no editor in his senses, even though he was a man and not a Parrot, could have admitted anything from such a gaby on account of its merits, obtained admission into the *Pall Mall Gazette* of a letter in which he described the bathing at this place. I don't know much about the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but I believe, as papers go, it is rather a good one. It is apt to take up rather low subjects, but it is found in the houses of very first-class people. In fact, it is admitted into good society on the same grounds that prize-fighters used to be entertained by young noblemen; their art was a low one, but it was recognised by fashionable society. Your aristocracy likes to read about paupers and low women, so long as it is not asked to take them by the hand, or kneel in church beside them. Accounts of people dying in filthy cellars, of young boys sleeping four together in vermin-thronged beds, and swearing horribly, of women living like rabbits in a hole in the earth, give to those who have comfortable houses, good dinners, and plenty of servants, a very pleasurable sort of pain. Such pleasing relations are like the hot pickles which give a relish to meat. One can shudder and say "very dreadful," and perhaps go so far as to express an opinion that the wretches ought to be cleaner, that it is their own fault if they are not more comfortable—for, as we pay an enormous amount for poor-rates, &c., to say nothing of subscriptions to charities—whose fault can it be?—but having roused oneself to this laborious effort of sympathy, it is perfectly absurd to expect one to do anything else. And that is where it seems to me these newspapers are so useful, they drag to light these interesting secrets of the private lives of low people, and they express a great deal of indignation at such a state of things, in much better language than one could oneself, without taking a great deal of trouble, and one reads the article and agrees with it, and there's an end of it. One's conscience is satisfied; one feels one has been very virtuous and benevolent; and one is not fatigued. It would never do for well-dressed people with delicate constitutions to go near these creatures and see their dirty disgraceful condition. It might make one sick, or might spoil one's dress. I hate dirt and bad smell, I always did. I can quite sympathise with society in this respect. These newspaper fellows can do the thing—it pays them—and they really describe it all very cleverly; and I've no doubt everybody, including the dirty wretches themselves, are very much the better for it. This is what is called a digression. To return to my hempseed; Mr. George's letter duly appeared; it was smartly written, and it made out, that bathing, as carried on here, was very indecent, and that, spite of what some stupid people say, they do not manage these things much better in France. Everybody liked the letter very much among us, it made the young ladies blush a little, but girls like blushing, it's a change for them, and their lives are very monotonous.

One evening, shortly after the letter of Mr. George appeared, a man came to visit us, who had a copy of the paper with him, and he did abuse this letter most heartily. His name I found was Plainman, and plain enough he was, uglier than a cockatoo, and not half as intelligent; add to this he was a nasty low radical, always speaking ill of his own country. Well, I saw everybody smiling when he came out with this tirade against Mr. George's letter, and I whistled loudly, in order to express my conviction that this time he had put his foot in it. Mr. George looked rather aghast, then he said in a sulky sort of tone—

"I wrote that letter!"

"Oh, did you?" rejoined Mr. Plainman, "I am very sorry for it."

"Why?"

"Because I think it from beginning to end a tissue of misrepresentations, if not something worse."

"Do you mean to insult me?" asked Mr. George, biting his cigar as if it was his enemy's nose.

"I mean to tell you the truth, and I am not afraid of you. If you want to quarrel wait till the ladies are gone; in fact, I should be sorry to discuss the matter before them for several reasons," said Mr. Plainman, very calmly.

One horrid trait in this low fellow's character is, that he is always most disgustingly in earnest, and that he is never afraid of speaking what he thinks, or believes to be right. Such fellows should be suppressed. They are always contradicting one, and are not fit for decent society.

The young ladies all got up to leave the room. I notice the young ladies hate Mr. Plainman. I don't wonder at it. He never pays them any compliments. As for me I loathe him, he called me a stupid bird once. He little thought I wrote for the papers.

Well, when they were alone he turned round to Mr. George and he said, "George, I have known you many years, and I repeat I am very sorry you wrote that disgraceful letter. You have fallen into the too common mistake now-a-days of thinking that to be flippant is to be clever. You are imitating a class of writers—I cannot dignify them with the names of authors—who have no respect for truth or decency. Under the pretence of correcting abuses, and defending morality, you pander to the lowest tastes of the most vulgar and the most degraded of mankind, and you care not one straw for truth, so that you can get what you call smartness. It is a dishonourable, a dastardly trade, and for God's sake, my dear fellow, give it up."

This was a pretty long sermon—once or twice I was on the point of whistling, but as I wanted to listen, I waited till the end, when I said "Bosh!" very distinctly. This remark, though not very original, was clever, and raised a laugh against Mr. Plainman. But that did not put him out, the low thing. He looked at me and said very quietly, "That bird is not a bad type of debased ignorance, you see it is with you."

Now, coming from such a quarter, of course the remark is not worth noticing. It would be folly to expect such an underbred dolt to understand Parrots. Debased ignorance indeed!

I should like to have Mr. Plainman's eyes on a biscuit—with a little brown sugar to help them down. I could dine off that dish. Mr. George looked rather sheepish for a few moments after Mr. Plainman's speech, then he said, "Everybody knows you are one of those fellows who admire everything that is French, merely because it is not English."

"A very good hit that," thought I.

"I am nothing of the sort," was the answer. "I don't choose to flatter my countrymen, or to blind myself to their many vices and vulgarities"—a nice creature to talk about vulgarities!—"while I admire their many good points."

"You're prejudiced, Plainman, you know you are; I suppose next you'll say Schneider is perfectly proper?"

"I shall say nothing of the sort, nor do I go and see her. But that has nothing to do with the subject."

"Oh yes it has; I suppose you think it decent for women to walk about in tunics and trousers. You're a nice sort of moral man—you are."

"If women were always so decently dressed as they are here when dressed for bathing, I should go to the opera and balls with a great deal more pleasure."

"Now you are going to talk rubbish about shoulders and bare bosoms and all that sort of cant. Pah! you'd like to see women as they are in *tableaux vivans*."

"You are talking rubbish. The question is, whether your letter is true or not. I say it is not. I say that bathing here is conducted very decently, that women do not go near the men's

side of the beach when they are bathing, that men do not go near the women's side of the beach. I say that women nearly always go straight to their 'tents' from the water. That opera-glasses are few and far between, and these directed at the ships, not at the bathers; that all the inuendoes which are contained in your letter, are catch-penny bits of prurient affectation, that you never saw what you describe, and that as a man of honour, you ought to retract your statements."

"If I did, the paper would not put it in. Editors can't afford to look like fools."

"It is better to look like a fool than be convicted of falsehood, and anybody has only to go down to the casino here to convict you of that at once."

"What the d——l do you mean by that?"

"What I say!"

"You confounded impudent thief, you—do you mean to call me a liar?"

Here the others tried to interfere. I enjoyed the noble warmth of Mr. George, and the dastardly coldness of that fellow Plainman; so I whistled and drew corks. That is my way of expressing delight. It is much better than laughing. Plainman stood quite cool. "The dispute is getting warm," he said. "I am sorry to speak what seem harsh words to you, George, but I am not going to retract anything I have said. I will not mention to any one, for your sake, that you are the author of the letter; but if I am asked my opinion of it, I shall give it honestly, fearlessly as I have done to-day."

George muttered something, and the other fellow put on his hat, and, without bowing to me, left the house.

"Plainman's a regular low snob," said George.

"A dangerous man," said another.

"A free-thinker, I fancy," said a clergyman brother who was there.

"Writes for the TOMAHAWK, I believe," said a talented individual who collects scandalous stories for a fashionable morning paper.

"This shows," said Mr. George, "what impure-minded creatures these social reformers are. Plainman's always clamouring for the reform or abolition of something or other. He admires the French just because they have had a few revolutions, and he thinks they are going to have another. I consider it the duty of a writer to show up the indecencies of the filthy nation of monkeys and—and—apes, as Voltaire called them. The idea of a man calmly defending such a thing as the bathing here! Why, look at the French stage—look at the French novels, perhaps he'll say next they are not immoral. Pah! I hate the anti-English cant of these snobs. Come along, Harry" (to his clergyman brother); "let's go down to the Casino and look at the people. Here, I may just as well take that novel of Paul de Kock's. One must read these things in order to judge of them. It's a blackguard sort of book. The French are, 'pon my soul, the most immoral nation in Europe."

And George and his clergyman brother went off to the Casino.

"Bravo, George!" said I to myself, "I agree with you, and in my opinion, and that's worth something, you had the best of the argument."

ANOTHER EASTERN QUESTION.

THE Viceroy of Egypt is certainly happy in the organisation of his invading expeditions. If we remember rightly, the Abyssinian affair cost England something between ten and twenty millions of money, but the whole sum which the Khedive has expended on the great exploring party which is on the point of leaving Cairo for Central Africa as yet only amounts to £25,000. The most extraordinary point though in the matter of the cost of the projected expedition is, that the expenditure is to be recovered by Sir Samuel Baker and his select band of 1,500 men in a year's time. If this really is the case and if Baker Bey is to be absent four years, as it is at present proposed he should be, the invasion of the Bari country will not only be inexpensive, but actually a remunerative speculation.

Of course we do not know enough of the plan of action which is to ensure this satisfactory surplus on the Egyptian army estimates to offer any criticism on the soundness of the principles on which the calculation is based, but from a superficial glance at the question, we should consider that a modern Rob Roy would be far better fitted for the command of the Egyptian expedition than Sir Samuel Baker. Although perhaps it would not at first appear so, scientific research and wholesale robbery may be analogous after all, but we would rather it were left to some other than an English gentleman to give a practical proof of such being the case.

THE TROUBADOUR ON SALT.

I'M left here in London,
Yet happy to stay,
Though fashion and beauty
Are flying away,—
To roll in the billows,
To plunge in the sea,
To ride o'er the breakers
That—break not for me!
And yet by an ocean
In rapture I halt—
'Tis my bath, fresh and brined
With *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

Think you that I'm ailing,
Though wanting fresh air?
Just show me the burthen
That I cannot bear!
I toss up my dumb-bells
Like feathers on high,
The strongest of strong men
I simply defy.
You ask, "Whence these forces,—
Gin, brandy, or malt?"
Delusion! This muscle
Is *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

And 'tis thus I revel
In manhood's proud prime!
Don't fancy I'm dreading
The ravage of time!
My brow may grow wrinkled,
My teeth may fall out,
My legs may grow shaky,—
Yet still I'll not doubt.
But limp to the chemist,
And,—never at fault,—
Buy youth—by the gallon!
Youth? *Tidman's Sea Salt!*

HINTS TO LONDONERS IN SEPTEMBER.

FROM OUR DULL CORRESPONDENT.

YOUR HOUSE.—Pull the blinds down and live in the back rooms. Do not knock at your door, but come in quietly with a latchkey by the servants' entrance. If you are careful your neighbours will then fancy you are out of town.

YOUR GARDEN.—Plant mustard and cress in the form of your initial letters, and watch it come up. This will be found a never failing resource for the dull season of the year. To pick Michaelmas daisies and preserve them (after the recipe for making marmalade, as extracted from your Cookery Book) will also be found a pleasing and original experiment for your leisure evenings. In giving this compound away to your friends describe it as something someone has sent you from Japan.

YOUR CLOTHES.—Look out everything old you possess. Wear a wide-awake in Pall Mall, and tell everyone you meet that you have been travelling all night.

YOUR SERVANTS.—Insist that because everyone is out of town but yourself, that they have necessarily nothing to do. Attempt to reduce their wages, but failing to do so, let everything in the house undergo a "thorough cleaning" at least twice a week.

YOURSELF.—Persuade yourself that you are deeply to be pitied, and hate everyone you see riding in a cab with a portmanteau on it.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 126.] *LONDON, OCTOBER 2, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

THE MORAL FROM LIEGE.

Is it too late for this self-worshipping egotistical land to learn any lesson? or have ages of delusion blinded it hopelessly and completely? Has the voice of the charmer sent it off into a drunkard's leaden doze, from which there is no waking, even were flames bursting through the rafters, and the cry of "Fire" echoing away upon the night? Yes, Tomahawk knows the answer before it is spoken. This is the great land of progress and of liberty, over which the hand of Providence for ever rests. This is the land where all is good, perfect, and true, where all is known and the goal reached. Civilization centres here! The barbarians have no place in us! Wisdom has guided the great, and their ways have been the ways of honour. Within there is no misery, no crime, no weeping. Christians throng here on the sea-girt isle, and can look down in pitying charity on the pagans afar off. Great good England is respectable, pious, and orderly in her home. And she is more than this, she is profoundly sympathizing and loving to her neighbours. How bravely and unselfishly has she not sacrificed all a thousand times when brute force has swept down upon defenceless weakness at her gates! What has she cared for the cost? Her love has been given to the right, and her mighty arm has ever been raised in the one good cause wherever its battle was being fought. Thus it has come that Europe bows down to her, and the wondering world admires!

But let Tomahawk pause, for he is much afraid that not a word of all this is true. He only sees that their Belgian brothers have welcomed his own Volunteers, and he marvels at it. He marvels at it, and he turns to Britannia and asks her, what single thing she has done for half a century to merit Continental sympathy—to win international esteem?

He asks her, if she did not even repay the hospitality of her friends with mean neglect? He asks her, if she can witness the ovation accorded to her sons without shame and remorse? Yes, for she deserves nothing but the self-same cold shoulder she has given to every neighbour that she ever knew.

May she wake up from her dream, and re-read the past aright!

If she but do this, the Liège Gala may yet turn its moral to account.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE EMPEROR.

It is a fact that there was nothing whatever serious the matter with the French Emperor the other day. He was suffering from the effects of a mild attack of *sciatica*, accompanied by a very harmless form of a troublesome, but extremely common and not at all dangerous complaint. The Liberal papers, anxious for his death, exaggerated every report that reached their ears. As it happens, the Emperor was very nervous about himself, and it is doubtless due to his extraordinary precautions to get well immediately, that such amiable accounts of his condition were spread far and wide. To his view Imperial Purple is a colour that is best left as it is. It might lose all its lustre in the process of dyeing.

SUCCESS!

A Little Farce, in One Act (not Original).

Scene.—*In London. Period* 1869.

Manager (*to his Sec.*).—Have you sent off all the orders?
Secretary.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—A box for the *Thunderer?*
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—And for the *Bellower?*
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—And two stalls to the six other papers of which I gave you a list?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—And a single for the dozen others?
Sec.—Yes, Sir,
Man.—Placed the fifty dress circles?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Eighty upper boxes?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Hundred and twenty pits?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Hundred and fifty galleries?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man. (*with jocularity*).—All got big hands?
Sec. (*smiling*).—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Told them to have lots of champagne in the saloon?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Made sure of Pitch, Figsby, Topper, Plummet, and Slop?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Told Snobber, Lumpton, Filch, and Scatteraitch that their pieces are being read?
Sec. (*mournfully*).—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Advertised well in every one of the papers?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man.—Gagged here, cringed there, and made all straight everywhere?
Sec.—Yes, Sir.
Man. (*exultingly*).—Then it will be a success!
Sec. (*mechanically*).—Yes, Sir.
Man. (*in a rhapsody*)—A success, by Jove! [*Exit.*
Sec. (*aside*).—For a fortnight! [*Exit.*

Curtain.

SOMETHING LIKE A DUCHESS!

To have seen a live Duchess is an event in many persons' lives. It is a visible assurance of the existence of a superior order of beings, which we often sigh for on other occasions, and which we very rarely get. The old lady's exclamation who saw the Queen for the first time in her life—"Lor! she's just like anyone else"—conveys a deep moral. It is disappointing sometimes to find that the fortunate and semi-divine beings who live on such nectar and ambrosia as this world affords, and breathe only the pure refined air of Society's Olympus, are, when they deign to descend among us ordinary mortals, not so divine after all.

But it would appear that the Duchess of Beaufort is in no danger of disappointing those who are fortunate to see or hear her Grace. She is an orator of surprising excellence. All the papers contained, in the most prominent part of their columns, last week, a report of three speeches delivered by her Grace at the annual dinner of the Badminton Farmers' Club. We are sure that, if our readers should have been happy enough to have read these gems of eloquence, that they will only be too glad to read them again. We give them entire :—

First Speech.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—You must not expect from me speeches such as you have been accustomed to hear from this chair, so ably filled as it has been in former years; but I think anyone can feel a pride and pleasure in giving the Queen's health, and I give it now—'The Queen: God bless her.'"

Modest, short, and to the point we should say if speaking of any ordinary person's speech; but, coming from a Duchess—Gad! Demosthenes is nothing to it.

Second Speech.

"Her Grace the Duchess next rose and said—I have one more toast to propose, and then I think the arduous duties of chairman—or shall I say chairwoman?—will cease (applause). It is 'Success to the Badminton Farmers' Club.' May it go on and prosper, and be for many years to come a happy gathering of friends and neighbours, a day to be remembered with pleasure, and to be looked back upon with satisfaction (cheers)."

Original, poetical, is not it? Witty, too, that touch about "chairwoman." How the farmers must have cheered! Everybody present must have been struck with amazement at such a masterpiece of oratory coming from a woman and a Duchess!

Third Speech.

"Her Grace, in responding, said—Again and again I thank you for the kind manner in which you have received the toast which has been proposed by Mr. Kilminster. I wish I had the power to say all I feel; but accept my imperfectly-expressed gratitude, and believe that I have never greater pleasure than in being at Badminton and finding myself surrounded by so many kind and friendly faces (cheers)."

If this had not been preceded by the other two, it would have dazzled one with its brilliancy; as it is, it seems a little commonplace. But we must remember who the speaker was, and then we can understand why these, at first sight, not very interesting specimens of "The Elegant Speaker" should have been so paraded before the world by our honest, independent Press, which, we know, is "no respecter of persons."

Let us not be misunderstood. We heartily applaud the Duchess of Beaufort for supplying her husband's place: we have the greatest respect for her; and we consider, now the papers have made us one of the audience at the dinner of the Badminton Club, that she acquitted herself very fairly.

But we protest against the ridiculous prominence that has been given to the report of these simple, and not in any way remarkable, speeches. In the first case, it seems to us an insult to woman to treat as an exceptional instance of talent a readiness of resources, such a very easy matter as standing up before a very friendly audience of persons whose position with regard to her was in some sense that of dependents, and saying a few sensible words. Surely we cannot have such a low estimate of woman's intellect as to think such an exhibition of her talents in any way remarkable.

But this matter also illustrates very strongly the gross toadyism of the English nation. If the Duchess of Beaufort had been plain Mrs. Beaufort, and had made thirty speeches much longer and much more talented than those which we have quoted, no notice would have been taken of them; but because she is a Duchess every word that falls from her mouth is to be reported as if they were of the greatest political or moral importance. This snobbish adulation of the aristocracy would be bad enough in an oligarchy, but in a country like this, which boasts of the sturdy independence of its people, and its practical common sense, it is simply nauseous.

BYRON *versus* STOWE.

PROBABLY we have not heard the last of this now famous case, but there may not be a better opportunity for reviewing the conduct of those concerned in it, and for examining the matter with regard to the general moral effects which it has produced, rather than to the details of the question immediately at issue. It is said that Mrs. Stowe intends publishing a vindication of herself. She had better be silent: nothing that she can say in her own defence can fail to add to her offence; putting her case in the very best possible light,—supposing not only that this story were true, but that Lady Byron had solemnly abjured her to publish it, supposing the Countess Guiccioli had published the most disgraceful accusations against Lady Byron (which she did not), supposing that Mrs. Stowe had done her task with great delicacy and unfeigned sorrow,—still she would none the less have been guilty of an unnecessary and cruel outrage on the dead, she would none the less have forfeited the esteem and respect of every generous and honest mind. But when we consider what her conduct really has been, that she ought to have known that she was publishing the most damning statements, that she might have known that she was arrogating to herself a duty solemnly delegated by Lady Byron to her executors, that she was making an infamous charge against a lady, and so dishonouring her children without due evidence to support the charge, that she was entirely misrepresenting the position occupied by one living lady towards the poet in his lifetime, that she was implicating the dead friend whose long suffering and patience she praised so much in an act of vindictiveness, in a cruel calumny to which history possesses no parallel, that she was, as it were, dragging Lady Byron out of her grave and making the hand of the helpless corpse write the foul charge that should blast the fame of him whom she so much loved,—when we consider this, and we have not exhausted half the outrages on decency and morality included in this act, we may well hope that for the future Mrs. Stowe may court oblivion in obscurity.

But far worse even than her conduct is that of those writers who, without any inquiry, sitting in the calm retirement of their own studies, adopted this calumny. First, to the publisher belongs the responsibility of having opened the pages of his Magazine to such a painful personality. He has his excuse, such as it is. He was afraid this "good thing" would be picked up by some other publisher, and the gains pocketed by some brother in the trade—perhaps some one in the religious line—so he was determined to be the first to profit by the horrid tale. He is quite welcome to his excuse, and to the high opinion of English publishers implied in it. But now we come to the critic of the *Times*, who, without stopping one moment to question the truth of this highly-spiced and improbable story, gladly hugged it to his congenial breast, and wrote of Byron and Mrs. Leigh the vilest things possible to write of man or woman. Mark the meanness which this writer managed to gather round him: The next day appears a letter with an anonymous signature, stating that Mrs. Leigh was probably not the legitimate child of Captain Byron, and, therefore, "the poet and she might have been right in considering that there was no blood relationship between them." Conceive the moral state of the man who could put forward this excuse for incest, or of the public who could relish such excuse! Some days later the *Times*, having found that every honest and decent-minded person was disgusted at the outrage on Byron's and Mrs. Leigh's memory, published a leading article, which for meanness and cowardly venom has never been surpassed even in that paper. If the *Times* were incapable of apologizing for the vileness of its critic's conduct, the least it could have done was to have held its tongue, and not have shown that while it had just enough sense left to know it had committed a disgraceful action, it had not the

courage to apologize for it. The *Daily News* is a paper from which, professing, as it does, ultra-Liberal principles, one might have expected a little liberality of sentiment. But it threw in its lot with the *Times*. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, two years ago, published, without a word of comment, a letter signed "Midlander," which stated that Byron "had never done a single action, or written a single line, which could by any possibility benefit any human being"—a lie so easily capable of disproof that we wonder some one on the staff of that clever journal was not capable of disproving it. That letter passed unnoticed, except by the contempt and disgust of every one who read it who knew anything of Byron's life or works. As might be expected, the *Pall Mall Gazette* was conspicuous on the side of those who gladly mouthed the filth which Mrs. Stowe had provided for them; it went even farther, for it absolutely tried to twist the letter of the lawyers of the Byron family and Lord Lindsay's excessively foolish communication into a confirmation of Mrs. Stowe's story. So degraded does the moral nature of some writers become, that the only atonement they can find for calumny is dishonesty.

We now come to the greatest offender of all in the Press—the *Saturday Review*. It is always impossible to say what side of a dispute this journal will take, as the writers in that paper are not selected for their fixed principles, and advocate whichever side gives them the most opportunities for display of sharpness. But one thing may be predicted with safety of the *Saturday Review*, that on whichever side generosity, manly forbearance, decency of feeling, and purity of motive are, on that side the *Saturday Review* will not be found. Since its commencement there have been many clever articles, many malicious articles, many calumnious articles, many insolent articles, many untrue articles, many dishonest articles, both in the way of attacking enemies and defending friends—many unjust articles, abusing unknown authors or artists, and lauding up the few personally connected with the writers; but we defy any one to produce one article in the *Saturday Review* which can by any stretch of charity be characterized as generous, noble-spirited, or in the highest sense humane. Of geniality or common kindness, there never has been a trace in the articles of this paper. The writers will say, "We do not want to be generous, kind, or genial; we want to be sharp, and we are sharp." They are quite right not to assume qualities which they would wear with so ill a grace as to betray the assumption.

The silliest article of all appeared in a weekly paper, which one would have thought from the strong predilection shown in its literary articles for the poet Swinburne, would have been generous towards Byron. But this foolish writer said he could not help believing the story, because "the internal evidence of Byron's writings was so strong in favour of it."

The ridiculous error committed by this writer has been committed in a far less honest or simple spirit by those of the Press who have sided with Mrs. Stowe. Ridiculous, we say; for what can be more ridiculous than to convict a poet of crimes from the internal evidence of his work? John Ford, a very serious and proper man, wrote a defence of incest, which for eloquence and sophistical skill is nowhere exceeded or equalled in the English language. We do not know that he has ever been accused of incest, or any other crime, though his tragedies all turn on some horrid form of lust. Shakespeare has never been accused of being an Iago, though Iago's defence of villainy is written with all the vigour and earnestness of one who believed that what he was saying was true. His sonnets, it is well known, have been interpreted in a manner anything but favourable to the poet's character; but we do not find that any petty scribbler of the seventeenth century, jealous of our dearest and noblest poet's fame, maligned his memory by cooking up some filthy story of his profligacy, and supporting it by reference to his works. Cyril Turnour wrote two plays which are infinitely more horrible than Manfred—he was certainly not so great a poet as Byron, though he wrote some very fine passages. Nobody ever tried to prove him guilty from his works. To come down to later times, the decorous Walpole wrote a tragedy, which Byron said was the finest in the English language, which turns on the most revolting form of incest possible. We do not think that the elegant and dyspeptic Horace was ever accused of indulging in the vile profligacy he discusses in verse. If these clever speculators on the meaning of Byron's works wish to know what suggested to Byron the idea of Manfred, we can assure them, from the evidence of his own mouth, that it was the almost legendary horror which surrounded his father's character. The vagueness of Manfred's crime is intentional, and is part of the poet's art. Incest has always been a favourite subject of tragedy. As for Cain being a defence of the crime, one might just as well say the Book of Genesis was.

It is a well known fact that the minds of some poets, by nature gentle and pure, love to exercise themselves in the portrayal of characters stained with some horrid crime. The very contrast of the nature of their hero to their own has a strange fascination for them. How far Byron has permeated his works with incidents of his own life and the features of his own character is a very difficult question. But to say that all his noble poems are disgusting pieces of hypocrisy because the poet himself was profligate, is to be guilty of preposterous injustice, and, moreover, exhibits an utter ignorance of human nature. If there is one fact to which analysis of human nature decidedly points, it is to the double nature of men, to the perpetual conflict of the good and the evil part of ourselves; and the union of the purest sentiment, of the noblest aspirations, and of deep and sincere religious fervour, with abominable lust and general moral weakness, is a phenomenon by no means of rare occurrence. When the weak body and the undisciplined passions or appetites have yielded to temptation, such natures in their frantic penitence utter appeals to Heaven more eloquent and sincere than any that more staid and less frequent sinners utter. They often seek relief from their own impurity in the purest thoughts. No man intending it for publication ever wrote a true autobiography, no poet or novelist ever introduced absolutely his own experiences; the poet idealizes, the novelist exaggerates; but neither alllows his nature in naked truth to appear in his works. With some men their writings are the expression of their better nature, with some of their worst. It is possible that, in private life, the author of the *Times* critique, or of the *Saturday Review* article, is not without generous feelings. Either would probably shrink from condemning their worst enemy on such evidence as they condemned Mrs. Leigh and Byron. Had the action of Mrs. Stowe been confined to private life and concerned only obscure persons, scarcely a soul would have been found so malignant and so filthy-minded as to have received it as truth; but when uttered of a great poet and his sister, plenty are found ready to embrace it as an edifying truth.

The moral of this is very sad, but very simple. We have often and often repeated that the tone of morality in England now-a-days is very degraded. We are glad that so large a majority of the public have vindicated humanity in this matter. But the possibility of men accepting such a story told in such a manner as true without any scruple; of commenting on it in such language, of never listening to the natural suggestions of generosity and delicacy—"Can I countenance this hideous accusation against a lady of whom I know no evil, who is dead, but who still lives in her children; can I abet this outrage on a man of genius, of unhappy life, whose end at least was noble, who is now in the grave, and whose soul is in the hands of God?"—the very possibility that men attached to two of the principal journals of this country should have been deaf to such pleas, and should have been guilty of the conduct which we have stigmatized above by its real name, is a melancholy proof of the low tone which now exists in many minds with regard to truth, generosity, and honesty.

NEWSPAPER SNOBBISM.

THE foolish and snobbish mania for seeing our monarchs in "*deshabille*" which was so much fostered and encouraged by the *Queen's Journal*, has produced in France a most wonderful effort of some Court eavesdropper. The *Gaulois* publishes an exact account of how the Emperor and Empress meet every morning when no one is there, except, sometimes, their son; what they do, wear, say, eat, and drink at their family gatherings. This proves that walls have eyes as well as ears, for we cannot suppose either of the illustrious trio could have written the article. Seriously speaking, this pandering to the most degrading form of snobbism is very disgraceful. Talk about hero-worship! We shall soon have the Royal washing-bills published every week, or a bulletin every morning to say whether the Prince of Wales has a headache or not. If Sovereigns are losing their power, they might try and retain their dignity.

THE NATION.

A new Paper of this Series will be commenced in the next Number of the TOMAHAWK.

LONDON, OCTOBER 2, 1869.

THE WEEK.

ACCORDING to a well-informed correspondent of the *Times* the best way to treat the Garter King-at-Arms is to keep him at *arms' length.*

MONS. VIEULLOT has written to the papers to say that his celebrated *Parfum de Rome* has not a particle of *Hyacinthe* in its composition.

AMERICA appears to think the Cuban harvest is at last fit for carrying. If she fail to accomplish the work it will not be for the want of *Sickles!*

MR. AUGUSTUS SALA has made a step in advance in literature. He has written a burlesque for the Gaiety Theatre. He had better have retraced his steps, and taken another turn "Round the Clock."

THE articles which have appeared in the *Saturday Review* on the subject of the Byron Controversy, lead us to believe that when Death robbed that paper of its *Cook*, the Scullion must have been promoted to fill his place.

MR. ROBERTSON calls his "new comedy" *Progress.* Some persons imagined that this implied that he could acknowledge the source whence he translated it. They were disappointed. We must give Mr. Robertson time. He has got uncommon talent; in time he will get common frankness.

THE intrusion on the privacy of society, first started by the *Owl*, has been developed by a younger and more ambitious journal. A young scribbler goes to a French watering-place, and, being hard up for copy, on his return to London publishes an account of the private conversations, flirtations, &c., of the ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance he made there. This he does in such a manner that none who knew these persons could possibly fail to identify them in the article. Is this clever, or honourable, or fashionable? Certainly it is neither of the two first; it may be the last, at least, in journals intended for the aristocracy. We do not write for such noble readers; therefore we may be excused if we express a decided opinion that such a violation of the tacit agreement which regulates social intercourse between ladies and gentlemen is most mean and cowardly, and deserves the severest punishment that society can inflict.

IGNORANCE IN EXCELSIS.

OUR highly respectable contemporary, the *Standard*, is fast losing its character as an intelligently conducted journal. Cardinal Cullen's Triduum was not an event of so much importance as to require a leader; but if in the dull season, and in the dearth of large gooseberries, it was found necessary to make it the subject of editorial comment, it would have been wiser, to say the least, to have handed it over to one of the staff who had at least a ghost of an idea of what he was writing about. Speaking of the persons who were present in church we are soberly told:—

"But the vast bulk was composed of women—materfamilias was there to earn, by her presence, if not by her prayers, the liberty of taking her daughters into society where they might meet with profitable suitors, and the dear little girls themselves flocked to the Cardinal's standard as a means of winning liberty to waltz—a pastime they have been for some years past deprived of by the inexorable 'Prince of the Church's' ordinances; but which, after their presence at the Triduum, they may enjoy to their hearts' content for one hundred days and nights without incurring the penalty of eternal damnation, through the merit of his Eminence's 'plenary indulgence.'"

This is, indeed, startling! Cardinal Cullen has passed an ordinance prohibiting young ladies from going into society, or waltzing, under pain of eternal damnation, but has been gracious enough to suspend the operation of his eleventh commandment by a *plenary* indulgence for *one hundred days*—through the *merit* of which his flock will be enabled to waltz as much as they please for one hundred days and nights as well as to commit any other sins "they have a mind to;" for obviously as the indulgence is "plenary," it extends to all the other commandments also! What a happy event for the officers of Dublin, not to speak of the dressmakers! For the next hundred days there will be a perfect delirium of balls, parties, and waltzing; but the happy period will terminate on the 13th of December, and it was thoughtless of "the Prince of the Church" not to extend it over Christmas and the New Year. If he is not above a hint from an outsider, cannot he give another thirty days *plenary* indulgence for the approaching Council? Any doubts as to the meaning of the terms (which might puzzle his flock) could be removed by a reference to the Editor of the *Standard*, No. 105 Shoe lane, Fleet street, where a dictionary of Popish phraseology is kept on the premises.

NON PLACET.

IF TOMAHAWK could shed a tear, it certainly would fall over a piece of intelligence that has reached him from the theatrical world. He asks whether it really is a fact that there has been a terrible secession from the Adelphi company? Have his old friends, Messrs. Romer, Eburne, and Stewart, quitted their *locale* for good? TOMAHAWK sincerely trusts that they have not. He cannot get himself to believe that never again will he note the vigorous and earnest action of Mr. Romer, as he quaffs glass after glass of Adelphi porter, surrounded by a gang of Adelphi pirates. Will TOMAHAWK have eagerly to scan the features of the leading people in the market-place, and meet no familiar gaze? Is, in short, the wide stage world to lose its representative man? Are gallant tars, slave-holders, military bucks, uninvited guests, noblemen, and outlaws, never to have a fitting spokesman again? And what of Mr. Eburne? Is his tremendous *répertoire* of dashing juveniles to disappear for ever? Woe to Adelphi farces if it is. The "young dog" of a midshipman "just home from sea" was worth a dozen sensation dramas. And lastly, Mr. Stewart,—who will dare to laugh when he has gone? Where is the representative of terrible but cheerful despair to fill his place? What will the Adelphi company, to speak metaphorically, be without him, but a conscience robbed of its remorse? Stewart, Eburne, Romer no longer in the bills! The Adelphi has, indeed, fallen upon evil days! But let TOMAHAWK indulge in a hope that the report may prove utterly unfounded. Should it not, he can only regret that he cannot straightway turn his office into a new theatre, and place it at the disposal of his old time-honoured friends. A fresh and far nobler career might then be opened to them. There is not a doubt of it but that a series of "legitimate" performances, in which Mr. Stewart were to undertake "Romeo," Mr. Eburne, "Macbeth," and Mr. Romer, "Antony," would draw all London. But, joking apart, TOMAHAWK does not like to see hard workers and old favourites drop out of their accustomed home. Tenant-right is not a very popular cry, but it is one that might well now and then be heard behind the curtain. The public likes old faces, and does not care to lose sight of them without good reason.

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LES BRAVES

TOMAHAWK (*log.*)—SEE, BRITANNIA, THEY HAVE TREATED YOU

S BELGES!

SONS WELL—WHAT WILL YOU DO FOR THEM IN RETURN?

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THE PARROT PAPERS.—No. III.

SECOND SERIES.

THE PARROT DISCOURSES OF MR. CHARLES.—HOW THE PARROT WAS FIRST ATTRACTED TOWARDS HIM.—REMINISCENCES OF MR. CHARLES'S CHILDHOOD.—HIS BENEVOLENCE.—HIS KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.—HIS PLEASANT LITTLE WAYS WITH DOGS AND CATS.—MR. CHARLES'S FATHER.—HIS CHARACTER.—A NOBLE-HEARTED FOOL.—HIS DEATH.—MR. CHARLES'S LEGACY.—WHAT HE DID WITH IT.

MR. CHARLES is rather a remarkable character. He is a favourite of mine. I have known him from childhood, and have watched his career with great interest. I first took a liking to him on account of a very ingenious habit he had of stealing my sugar when nobody was by, and then, at the first opportunity, drawing the attention of his parents to the fact that "poor Polly had got no sugar," upon which the want was at once liberally supplied, so that I was no loser, while I could not but admire the ingenuity with which Mr. Charles thus obtained not only my sugar but also a character for benevolence, to which he certainly had but a very slight claim. I was also much delighted at the way in which he treated those despicable animals, the dogs and cats. His father was one of those silly people called good-hearted, and was very fond of these low creatures. Master Charles obtained the reputation of being very fond of them too. In fact, it was said that he had a wonderful power of fascinating animals. I knew the secret of that fascination. When no one was looking, Master Charles would get hold of one of the dogs or cats and pull its tail, twist its paws, pinch it, prick its ears, and otherwise divert himself with the contemplation of its misery. But before people he was all blandishment and affection for the "dear creatures." I never had such a thorough contempt for dogs until I saw these wretched beasts crawling towards him cringing and wagging their tails, quivering with fear while the amiable boy—he was only eight years old—covered them with kisses and overwhelmed them with caresses. "I never saw a child so fond of animals"—"quite marvellous—how they love him!" the people would exclaim, and Charles' weak-minded father would give him some coin as a reward. The cats were not quite so bad, but even they used to let him scratch their heads, and purr while he did it. Only *I* knew how these creatures really dreaded and hated him; and I chuckled to myself one day when a new dog, not understanding Mr. Charles' pleasant little ways, bit him through the hand. He never forgot it, and while he pretended to forgive it, and said the poor dear thing did not mean it, I saw him give the beast the poison of which it died two days afterwards in fearful agony. A promising child Mr. Charles was, and I am happy to say he has fulfilled the promise of his early years. I think I may say, without any vanity, that I have had a good deal to do with the formation of his character.

I understand that Mr. Charles' father was considered a very clever man. In fact, he was a celebrated author. He certainly had not the pleasure of my acquaintance till within a few years of his death, but it has generally been remarked that his latter works were by far his best. The inference is manifest. I did what I could to improve his style. One insuperable objection I had to his writings—which were not devoid of merit—and that was the moral tendency of them. He was what you men call a philanthropist. Nearly all his poems and prose works had the same object, to relieve the misery of the poor and the unfortunate. This was very weak. If he had written panegyrics on statesmen, he might have got some prize in a public office; if he had made pretty verses about the Royal Family, he might have got a berth at Court; if he had flattered his brother authors, he might have got more favourable reviews of his books; if he had pandered to the public taste, and praised the pet weaknesses of mankind, he might have been a very popular author. But he was a fool; he had ideas about goodness and benevolence, and the sacred responsibility of authorship, which ruined him. I have heard him spoken of—after his death, never before—as a noble-hearted man, who through much evil report held fearlessly on the path which he knew to be the right one; who never raised his voice in defence of tyranny or in justification of selfishness; who loved his fellow-creatures not for what he could get from them, but from the fulness of his generous, gentle heart; who was ambitious not of the praise of men but of their gratitude; who took more pride in the simple thanks, if only conveyed in a look, of a poor and wretched man, than in the encomiums of the rich and the mighty. I repeat, he was a fool. He never could see misery without letting the sight of it make him wretched. He never could think on the sufferings of the poor without shedding tears. Contemptible driveller I must call him. It did not pay. What was the good of his worrying himself about a lot of dirty starving brutes? They could not make his books go through several editions. Why did not he write novels with a spice of immorality in them? Why did not he get into favour with managers, as his son has done, and produce popular pieces, full of vulgar jokes and pretty women? That's what pays. I have no patience with such folly. However, I don't want to speak harshly of Mr. Charles' father. He always treated me with respect. I believe he dedicated a poem to me. It began,—

> "Oh, beauteous bird, whose notes of loving praise
> Make Heaven more heavenly—"

I forget the rest. However, he went on slaving and slaving till at last he died in harness, as men say; and when he was dead, people found out "what a great and good man he was, and that they had had amongst them, without knowing it or honouring him, one of the purest and perfectest poets whose genius has ever illumined this dark and dismal earth." I quote from an obituary notice of his father, written by Mr. Charles, to whom his father left the copyright of all his works,—and a very valuable property they have turned out to be.

But his father left Mr. Charles something more valuable still. It was not his "noble heart," it was not his "genius;" it was *his name*. On that Mr. Charles has traded to some purpose. His father was scarcely in his grave before he wrote round to all the editors of newspapers and magazines to say "in what distress" his dear and honoured father had "left his family, and how on him had devolved the sacred duty of labouring from morning till night to provide for them, not the luxuries which they had known in happier days, but the bare necessities of life. His father, he regretted to say, was a very imprudent man, and was far too liberal with his money." No one knew that better than Mr. Charles, who had drawn his father into all kinds of extravagance on his account. Besides, the silly old man had denied himself every comfort and luxury in order to help poor sick people and fellow-authors. The number of idle rascals he used to feed from his hardly-gained earnings was fearful. Mr. Charles, I felt sure, would not imitate him in this point. I heard one of these productions of Mr. Charles read out aloud to the family circle, and I could not help drawing a few corks to express the satisfaction with which I regarded it. What a jolly humbug Mr. Charles was! I never saw any signs of poverty after his father's death. I got everything I wanted, that's all I know. If I had not, I should have made a pretty fine row. Mr. Charles' appeal, of course, ended with a request for some literary employment, however small and however poorly remunerated, and so by working on the softness of human nature, which is always ready to help a man after he is gone, he got a good deal of work on the newspapers; and a very nice income he makes now—about £2,000 a year, out of which he allows his sisters £100 between them. And while he takes care not to let people know what he earns, he always tells them "that he is very poor, but he tries to do something for his poor sisters," which gives them an idea of unbounded liberality on his part.

Mr. Charles knew the value of his father's name. "Charles Marvel" signed in full at the bottom of a copy of verses or a little essay, brought to the reader's mind at once very charming recollections. The name was so associated with genius, that you could not help believing, however common-place the verses or essay might seem, that there was really something in them. Mr. Charles was not the man to overlook this advantage, and, to judge from his works, which I have been studying lately, it must have made his father shudder in his grave to see the rubbish to which his name was put. For I will say this of old Marvel, whatever he wrote was first-rate of its kind. But, bless you, Mr. Charles does not care; so long as he gets paid, he will write anything. He often says with a sigh, "Ah! my poor dear father, I wish he had not been such a genius—for I know how inferior my poor talents must seem to his, and people can't help comparing us." But, all the same, Mr. Charles makes now, I understand, twice as much as his father was making when he died. But Mr. Charles is not a philanthropist—or, at least, only when it pays to seem so. He puts his feelings in his pocket, if he has really got any. He never thinks whether what he writes will do any good to anybody else; so long as it brings him money his conscience is at ease. I repeat again, I like Mr. Charles. I shall have something more to say about him in my next.

TOMAHAWK ABROAD.

IV.—Liege.

THE Red Indian, the Child of Nature, the middle-aged Infant of the Boundless Prairie of London the nearly-empty, has misbehaved himself! Rejoice, ye who have him, and do not pay the weekly tribute of twopence; be exceeding glad, ye who buy his precious words but to revile him and to laugh him to scorn! Alas! alas! alas! TOMAHAWK has been in a chronic state of intoxication for the last three days! Has he not "liquored up" with the King of the Belgians? has he not partaken of strong waters (*very* strong waters) with all the rank and beauty of Liége? Yes, of a verity has he, and the result has been an enlarging of the heart and an invasion of the pocket most painful to his feelings and understanding!

So much for a preface.

By this time nearly all the London papers have commented upon the late *fêtes* held in Belgium. Some have been full of praise of the Volunteers; others of admiration for the *brave Belges*; but all without exception have sung the song of Peace. We have been told how our hosts have entertained us—the banquet has been described amply by the amiable penny-a-liner who "does" the "spasmodic descriptive" for the *Daily Detonator*. The illuminations have been more or less humorously described by that literary weathercock—the *Times*. But still, the moral has remained—"Non Intervention." Let the Belgians pipe unto us, and we will dance; let them give us the "hip! hip! hip!" and we will cheer; let them feed us, and we will eat; let them ask us to save them from destruction, and—we will turn our back upon them and their troubles! Happy nation of Englishmen, who know their own interest, oh so well! Open-hearted people of Britons, who have learned, oh so charmingly, where to draw the line between feasting and—fighting! TOMAHAWK respects ye with an admiration too intense for words of breath or type either!

Alas! that I should have to admit it—the Child of the Prairies has been a little imprudent! Yes, everywhere has he been acknowledged as *the* representative of that very "canny" brute the British Lion, and, on this occasion (*only* let me trust) the British Lion, through the medium of his representatives, has shown himself to be little better than an ass!

It came in this way:—

The Representative of the British Lion (otherwise, the Child of the Prairie, alias myself) was walking through Liége, got up in martial array (what was not silver in his uniform was gold), looking as much like a soldier as a very white shirt-collar and a very long sword could make him, when he met a *brave Belge*.

"Hip! hip! hip!" said the *brave Belge*—subsequently adding, in a laudatory tone of voice, *Vive les Anglais!*

The Representative of the British Lion made a military salute of the Volunteer Order of Architecture.

"You spiks the French?" asked the Belge.

"Ung pooh! may par grand chose," replied the Lion.

"Come and drink, Sare," said the Belge.

"Certainmong wee," acquiesced the Lion; and liquor was consumed in large quantities. Perhaps it may be as well (for the sake of future historians) to give the names of the "drinks" imbibed by the Belge and the Lion at the various *cafés*. They met at noon.

At 1 o'clock they went to the *Café Venetien*, and drank deeply of champagne.

At 2 o'clock they marched to the *Café Somethingelse*, and imbibed largely of bitter beer.

At 3 o'clock they strolled leisurely to the *Café de Thingambob*, and assuaged their thirst with port wine.

At 4 o'clock they lolled in a *degagé* manner to the *Literary Club*, and partook of *Gin d'Ecosse*, otherwise whiskey.

At 5 o'clock they reeled to the *Athenè Royal*, were they were served with champagne and Vienna beer in alternate glasses.

During this entertainment the following conversation took place:—

BRAVE BELGE (*helping British Lion to champagne*).—England is von big country—ah yes!

BRITISH LION (*with condescension*).—Wee, ung pooh!

BRAVE BELGE (*with admiration*).—Oh yes! You are officer, Sare—is it not?

BRITISH LION (*telling a pardonable lie to gain the respect of the Brave Belge*).—I am the aide-de-camp of the Lord Mayor!

BRAVE BELGE (*with painful respect*).—Mon Dieu!—quel honneur!

BRITISH LION (*conscious of the effect he has produced*).—Ah wee—ung pooh!

BRAVE BELGE (*with enthusiasm*).—Sare, we drink the Lor-Maire, is it not? (*They drink.*) You are great nation—will not your Queen cum over ere to make us visit, Sare? De Lor-Maire cum not of course, too great honor—but perhaps your Queen? What you say, Sare?

BRITISH LION.—I have not the smallest doubt but what she will.

BRAVE BELGE (*trying to kiss the British Lion*).—Ah, Sare, we are broders! Is it not?

BRITISH LION (*cordially*).—Yes—ung pooh! No, I mean yes, *noos som frère*, and, what's more, we (*with much meaning*) will help our friends!

BRAVE BELGE (*with great enthusiasm*).—You will help us, Sare—is it not? If the French cum over, Sare—is it not?

BRITISH LION.—We would die to a man in your defence! To a man, Sir—you understand—to a man!

BRAVE BELGE (*with tears in his eyes*).—Ah, Sare, you are too good! What shall I do?—my eart she is too full! (*tries to kiss the hem of British Lion's garment*).

BRITISH LION (*with superb condescension*).—Not at all. And now take me to your banquets and all that kind of thing. (*Brave Belge goes mad with enthusiasm, and the Belgian populace cheer Les Anglais to the echo.*)

Let me drop the jester's bawble for a moment. Even as I shake the bells of my motley, the music sounds full of sadness. I cannot laugh at these poor good kind-hearted people doing their best to please us in every way, in the trust of our help and friendship; the subject is too painful for a generous nature to contemplate. It is cruel to deceive them, and I assert that we have deceived them. It is cruel to raise false hopes, and I solemnly declare that we have raised false hopes. Yes, as the vision of the Belgian fêtes passes before my eyes, I see through the glare of the gas and the tinsel of the decorations, a poor people, putting faith in a hard-hearted nation of egotists, a community of victims, trusting blindly and madly to a rotten straw for deliverance from fire and the edge of the sword!

Only those who were present at Liége last week know how kindly was the welcome accorded to the English by this homely people; how vast was the enthusiasm expended in singing the praises of our veritable "nation of shopkeepers." It is not good to laugh at their deplorable mistake—it is not generous. The old spirit of British courage died away when we left the Danes to their fate, and refused to assist them in their dire necessity. Tush! it sickens me to think how wedded are we to the counter and the scales. For the sake of the shop we will sacrifice honour, justice, everything! We have "buried the sword"—verily, and with it everything our ancestors fought for and our fathers died to preserve!

A DEPARTED SAINT.

ANOTHER of the ecclesiastical institutions of this country besides the Irish Church may be said to have passed away. Bishop Phillpotts, at the age of 92, has died. We do not wish to harass the dead, particularly the holy dead: but it is impossible to read the life of the great Bishop Phillpotts, and to recall his appearance, without some serious reflection. Looking back on his career, we find the most important events to have turned on disputes concerning the possession of money or of tyrannical power. When first appointed to the See of Exeter, what was the privilege for which this good man fought with tongue and pen and all his energies? The privilege of helping the poor and miserable? of increasing the comforts of the many hard-working, half-fed curates under his charge? of spreading peace and goodwill throughout his diocese? of diminishing the immorality of his flock? No, none of these trivial things roused the right reverend Bishop's generous fire, but the question whether he should be allowed to retain the rectory of Stanhope, £4,000 a year, together with his bishopric, which was only £3,000 a year. Pious zeal! He thought himself ill-used when the Whigs, whom he had opposed and abused all his life-long—

at least, as long as he thought he could get something by doing so—only allowed him to hold a canonry of Durham Cathedral, a great concession, but still not representing so valuable a property as he had to give up. Next we find him relentlessly pursuing, through a dark tunnel of law-suits, a good, honest man, Mr. Shore, and when at last, by aid of the tortuous sophistries of the ridiculous volumes of rubbish called Ecclesiastical Law, he won his suit, and his victim was condemned in enormous costs, clamorously demanding his last penny, till he was shamed into accepting a portion only of the spoil raised by public subscription. He had vindicated his precious authority, but that did not content him. The Gorham case still stinks in the nostrils of all men who value religion above dogmatism, and morality above forms, to this struggle the great Bishop, the Shepherd of his flock, devoted a large portion of his energies and of his fortune; what he gained by it we do not know.

We shall not be suspected of any sympathy with Evangelical opinions, considering the narrow-mindedness and hypocrisy from which they are generally inseparable, but we cannot feel anything but disgust at such a career being held up to admiration as one which a Christian Bishop could pursue with honour or respect. "It was stated by his son, Chancellor Phillpotts, that his venerable father had spent in the course of his episcopate between £20,000 and £30,000 in law expenses for the preservation of order and discipline in the diocese." Surely this is no commendable trait. We consider it eminently a disgrace that any minister of a religion of peace and brotherly love should have squandered so much in attempting to vindicate his own absolutism and in persecuting the unfortunate clergy placed under his fatherly supervision. Had he spent one half of it in charity we should have honoured him, even if he kept the rest for his own luxuries. We are sorry to speak so severely of one who died at such an advanced age; but old age is reverend only when one can say of the possessor, "A man made old to teach the worth of age." Bishop Phillpotts was certainly, as a Christian Bishop, no such man. As an upholder of discipline, he might have distinguished himself in the army of earth; but the soldiers of Heaven should be neither mercenaries nor martinets.

AN ENGLISH AUDIENCE.

SCENE.—*Exterior of the Café de Suède, on the Boulevards, Paris.* VICTORIEN SARDOU *and* TOM ROBERTSON *discovered sitting at a small table, taking refreshments, and in conversation.*

V. SARDOU.—And so you have done my *Ganaches* into English, produced it at the Globe Theatre, and called it *Progress?*

TOM R. (*sipping his coffee.*)—Yes; and it has proved a great and triumphant success. The critics are in ecstasies with it. The public is delighted with it. The acting is superb. On the first night everyone called on at the end of each act, and I myself enthusiastically applauded when the curtain fell—a sure sign in England that the piece has made an enormous hit!

V. SARDOU.—I am glad to hear it. It is indeed gratifying to find an English public so disposed to appreciate my work.

TOM R. (*brightly*).—Ah! but it required an immense amount of adaptation and alteration. I understand English audiences. I know exactly what they will stand, and what "goes" with them, and what they will not have at any price.

V. SARDOU.—No doubt; but I should think there was very little to alter in my *Ganaches*, M. Robertson.

TOM R. (*laughing heartily*).—Very little to alter! That shows how little you know an English audience, M. Sardou. In the first place, they won't stand modern comedy with the scene laid in France, and representing French life and manners. So I, of course, changed the scene to England, and made all the characters English men and women, and represented the incidents of the comedy as those of English society.

V. SARDOU.—But, M. Robertson, that is impossible! How can you do this? It is absurd.

TOM R.—Ah! You don't know how to adapt, I can see; and, what is more, you don't seem to understand why we English authors adapt. You write a French piece satirizing a particular class of French society. You take great pains with it—and no doubt you consider it a work of art. We English authors only regard it as a work in which there is a more or less good plot, with the construction nicely arranged, and some brilliant ideas in the dialogue. We have got names as dramatic authors. We can't invent good plots. We can't construct; but we can translate, and, further, we can alter and adapt to suit an English audience. We know where to hit them. That's the great secret.

V. SARDOU.—Is it possible? But will not a French work of art, played out steadily and fairly, without adaptation, "hit them," as you call it?

TOM R.—Not likely. Now look at your piece of *Les Ganaches*. Without me it would not have run a night.

V. SARDOU.—But it ran some two hundred nights in Paris. What have you done to it, M. Robertson?

TOM R.—In the first place I have reduced it from four to three acts.

V. SARDOU (*starting*).—Reduced it to three acts! Why, there is the whist party in the first act, which I use to develop the characters of the *dramatis personæ*.

TOM R.—Cut it out!

V. SARDOU.—Cut it out! But there is the arrival of the heroine, Marguerite, poor and ill, who is taken charge of by her old and aristocratic relatives—a splendid situation—and which is the keystone of the whole plot.

TOM R.—Cut it out!

V. SARDOU.—Cut it out! Ah! Robertson, how can you expect an English audience to appreciate my work when you yourself do not seem to understand it?

TOM R.—I understand it well enough. I know what will "go." I knock the two first acts into one. I cram the situations together to get over them as quickly as possible. A very little explanation of character goes a long way with us. The audience get bewildered, no doubt, as to who and what the different people upon the stage are intended to represent; but you get over the ground sharply, and come straight to the plot, and that's what an English audience likes. They don't care about character in a comedy. They want action.

V. SARDOU.—But, surely, character ought to form the foundation of a good comedy, and when characters are good portraitures they would prove effective before any audience. There's my old *Duc de Rochepians*, for instance.

TOM R.—Oh! I've cut him out.

V. SARDOU.—*Ah, ça mais*—— Cut out my Duc!

TOM R.—Yes, I cut him out and introduced instead an old dummy, called Lord Mompesson, without any distinguishing characteristic. I was compelled to do this, because I had taken your Duc before, and put him into an original piece of mine, called *Dreams*, and I couldn't use him again. An English audience wouldn't stand that; besides, it would affect my reputation for originality.

V. SARDOU.—Then there is the Duc's son—the old Marquis—the heroine's uncle—Lafont's great part. At least, you have not cut him out?

TOM R.—No, I've not cut him out, but I've cut him down. Instead of an old man, I've made him a young man of about thirty, and the heroine's cousin——

V. SARDOU.—A young man! Why, he is the principal *Ganache* in the piece. Next to the Duc he is the oldest man in the play.

TOM R.—I know that. But you can't get English actors to make up old when any love business is to go on. Besides, the part is played by an actor who is very proud of his personal appearance. So, what are you to do? It is, however, beautifully dressed, especially in your third act (my second), and the latest fashion from Margate Jetty is sure to be pleasing to an English audience.

V. SARDOU (*faintly*).—What have you done in the second act?

TOM R.—Oh! the sick girl business, and the love scene are safe. I've got a reputation for love scenes, and therefore your dialogue between the Engineer and the sick heroine came in very well. I translated it literally, and the critics have largely complimented me upon it, and have called it thoroughly "Robertsonian." Can you have greater praise than that, M. Sardou?

V. SARDOU.—Did you cut out the snow-storm? I didn't think much of that myself.

TOM R.—Cut out the snow-storm? Cut out the greatest effect in the whole comedy? Why, it's the making of the piece. A bushel of white paper thrown from the flies goes down better

than any amount of acting or dialogue. Cut out the snow-storm! I am afraid, M. Sardou, you will never understand an English audience.

V. SARDOU.—Not from your estimate, M. Robertson. And the last act? What did you do with that? With the Duc cut out and the Marquis cut down, what have you left for the last act? I intended that to be refined and delicate throughout.

TOM R.—I saw that; but that wouldn't suit us, M. Sardou, so I introduced a drunken scene.

V. SARDOU (*starting violently*).—A what?

TOM R.—A drunken scene. The act wanted strengthening—wanted bringing up. I thought at first of introducing a broad-sword combat between the Marquis and the Surveyor. I did it in *Dreams*, and made a great success; but I felt it wouldn't be prudent to do it again, so the next best effect I could think of was a drunken scene between old Formentel and his son.

V. SARDOU.—A drunken scene in the third act, where the interest is concentrated upon the heroine, who is supposed to be dying. But did an English audience stand that?

TOM R. (*with hesitation*).—Well, that did not "go" as well as I expected, I must admit; but then the actors didn't put on steam enough. A boxing match would have been better, no doubt; or a Music Hall duet and breakdown. However, I'll have that strengthened when I get back. Nevertheless, the piece was a great success; only you must admit, M. Sardou, that it was owing to the fact of my understanding an English audience.

V. SARDOU.—Forgive me, M. Robertson, if I say that in my opinion I think you have altogether formed a wrong notion of an English audience, and, so far from thanking you for bringing me before the public of your country in the form you have done, I consider I have great cause for complaint. It is unjust to your own powers, unjust to me, unjust to your public, by whom you admit you are treated with so much favour, to produce such wretched adaptations as you have described to me, and seek to justify your course by urging that your countrymen can appreciate nothing better. When I write, remember I write as an artist, and, as such, am as sensitive of any interference with my work as I am proud of any admiration that may be expressed concerning it. You once wrote a piece called *Caste*. It was your *chef d'œuvre*. Suppose I took this piece and adapted it to the French stage, in the way you have treated my *Ganaches*. Suppose I said to you that a French audience would not tolerate the idea of a young woman in the ballet marrying a nobleman, and that therefore I had transformed her into his mistress as more suitable to win the applause of a Parisian public, would you have considered that a worthy treatment of your comedy? Suppose the whole of the Parisian press had thereupon, in noticing the comedy, given me credit for bringing "the celebrated Mr. Robertson's comedy into shape," praising me for all that was good, and condemning you for all that was bad, and which I had myself introduced, would you consider that fair to yourself? Take my works as much as you please. Translate them, and set them fairly before your countrymen, and I will not complain; but it is this wretched system of adaptation which is proving the ruin of your drama, once so grand, so noble. You ruin both yourselves and the authors you adapt. I have met with, as you know, a success perhaps far beyond my merits in every country in which my works have been performed; but in no country should I esteem success higher than that which I might honestly obtain in your own. Such a success as you tell me you have obtained for *Les Ganaches* by mutilating it into *Progress* I utterly repudiate. I would no more share your triumph in such a desecration than I would the money to be paid for its performance. *Adieu!* (*Exit.*)

TOM R. (*calling*).—*Garçon—l'addition!*

(*The scene closes.*)

"LOST AT SEA."—During the late gale nothing has been heard of Lord High Admiral Childers and the Channel Fleet. Let us hope this distinguished naval hero came in for the full benefit of the glorious weather; for we are sure he must have been anxious to encounter all the peril possible. As he is already married, it would be rude to hope he might have fallen into an engagement, but we may wish him a good tossing at the hands of "the stormy winds," for then he can at least claim one quality of an old and experienced tar,—he will be weather-beaten.

THE DIAPHRAGM ON THE STRIKE.

DEAR TOMAHAWK,

I've often felt
(In spite of scalps hung round your belt)
You hide beneath that warrior's dress
A heart alive to true distress,
And in your strength would ne'er pass by
The humblest suppliant, such as I
Tear from your head a plume, and then
With scalping knife, come, nib a pen,
And fight for me, whose wrongs to heal
Were triumph worthy of your steel.

Can I, then, utter this complaint
To you, my friend, without restraint?
Be free for once to speak my mind,
Although thus "cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,"—
The slave of idle Lungs, who shirk
And leave poor *me* to do their work,
Till in his zeal to find them breath
The willing horse is worked to death,
As if by Science it were shown
I had no duties of my own,
Nor right to fill the smallest space?—
I wish they'd learn to keep their place!
Or that you'd teach those lazy fellows
To take their fair turn at the bellows!—

But yet my sister organs claim
Exemption from imputed blame—
And those poor ribs, I must confess,
Are harshly handled by the press—
Digestion, too, beyond a doubt,
Is one small item crowded out—
The Liver in a sad condition,
Deformed beyond all recognition—
And worse, these startling woes to crown,
There is indeed a "Heart bowed down!"
Such jostling as is felt by us
Is unknown even in a 'Bus:
Nor would you find the like behaviour
In midnight salons of Belgravia!
And all this crush is but the whim
Of Miss, unsound in wind and limb,
Who, moulding nature to her taste,
Is struggling with a wilful waist,—
Thinks form divine and maiden graces
Can only be secured by laces,—
Despite the warnings of the *Lancet*
Is sworn to squeeze the more, and "chance it,"—
At pain, for Fashion's sake, ne'er flinches,
And triumphs but to die, *by inches!*—

With my last gasp I've had my say—
Down on this wrong! you know the way—
Good bye, dear TOMAHAWK, I am
(I won't say *your*) *a* hard-worked

DIAPHRAGM.

P.S.—I snatch a moment's rest
(My mistress having just undressed)
To pour into your friendly ears
This rare expansion of ideas.

CRYING NUISANCES.—Children.

A PROSECUTION WITH A VENGEANCE.—The directors of the Albert Life Insurance Company are to be prosecuted for a conspiracy. Could not something be done to those persons who have tried to insure the life of Prince Albert in marble, by erecting statues to his memory in every conceivable place?

AN UNNECESSARY COMPLIMENT.—We understand Mrs. Beecher Stowe intends to devote the money she has received for her contributions to the biography of Lord Byron towards the erection of a monument to that distinguished poet. Mrs. Stowe may save her money; for it needs not this to make public her connexion with so honoured a name.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

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THE PATRIOTISM OF PICKPOCKETS.

It wants but one man to commit a murder, several to commit a theft. The truth, thus put, may perhaps be put a little broadly, but it is nevertheless the truth. Indeed, it is capable of almost universal demonstration. Exceptions, as a matter of course, there are. There are such things as thieves on their own account. There have been, and may be again, butchery companies. Queen Elizabeth and her Ministers, the Convention of 1793, and the late Mrs. and Mr. Manning, all testify to the fact, that murder, as a fine art, may be studied in common. The careers respectively of William the Third, Bertrand Barrère, and Mr. Benjamin Higgs, equally well prove that there is some fascination about the idea of independent self-help of an extremely potent and engrossing character. As a rule, however, men do cut each other's throats best on the sly, and rob each other best when someone is ready to lend them a helping hand. Indeed, men, well banded together, will occasionally descend to extraordinary acts of dishonesty. There have been times when fraud has seemed to be the special prerogative of a certain kind of commercial respectability. Things have been done by gentlemen of the highest integrity, and by their common consent, in the open day, over board-room tables, that would have necessitated the interference of the police had they been attempted after dark under the gaslight. But there is no need to drag blue blood into the gutter. The friendly intercourse and social sympathy of low-life pickpockets are proverbial. There is no more delightful place, presuming, of course, one's tastes are thoroughly liberal, in which to pass a quiet hour or two than the regular thieves' *home*. To the perfect satisfaction accompanying the feeling that every member of the society has done somebody, is to be attributed the air of cheerful harmony that pervades that domestic resort. In the words of the poet,—

> "Some thing accomplished, some one done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

The law may therefore be laid down that robbery ceases to present its unattractive side to a community. And it may be stretched even to a further point yet. The greater the number of the thieves, the less objectionable will appear the theft. For one man to deprive another of something that belongs to him is a theft; but when a dozen help the thief, it becomes a different matter. Society, in a small degree, looks on, approves, and shares. As the scale progresses, so does the wrong diminish. Fifty thieves, acting in common, can do nothing dishonest. This is English law. And it is even more than this. It is the universal principle upon which mankind acts. When nations thieve in the most barefaced and reckless fashion, they not only leave the regions of questionable morality, but soar among the virtues. Patriotism and chivalry are dragged in to colour the proceeding; and the very act which, if committed by each individual member of the community, would involve a sentence of six months' hard labour, becomes, when committed by all *en masse*, a god-like act, worthy of a great and honourable people.

Such has been, in times past, the explanation of the most infamous thefts which the page of history has recorded. Such is the only explanation, to-day, of the conduct of the United States in its dealings with Spain on the Cuban question. The pickpocket is a mighty one, to be sure; but he is nevertheless a pickpocket, and a very barefaced one too.

The Americans do not deny it themselves. The word that implies the dishonour of theft is not, of course, used. Euphony forbids it. But, nevertheless, the necessity of "annexing" is admitted. No one from one end of the States to the other for an instant disputes the fact that Cuba is to be absorbed, or "insalivated," or "squelched-up" by the great Republic sooner or later. The other man's property is to be acquired somehow, and its acquisition is only a matter of time. An offer of so much money would perhaps be the wiser way of securing it, but this would not prove so economical as giving him a good knock on the head when he is not looking. He may tumble down and bruise himself, and then there would again be a fine opportunity for negotiation. He might, when suffering from his wounds, receive just one other ugly thrust to quiet him, and the prize might then be carried off without the slightest risk of opposition. The trick might be considered a dirty, a despicable one, but that would not matter. The "'tarnal destinies" of a mighty Empire are in the balance, and as long as that "biles up to bustin' point," it doesn't much matter what means are taken to procure the fuel.

Such is, at least while these lines are going to press, the position assumed by the United States, a position which, at present, this country has had neither the intelligence to appreciate, nor the integrity to condemn. A few days, or even hours, may change the situation, and the bully that would wound the weak may be brought to book by a stronger arm, but as yet there are no very encouraging signs of such a turn in the tide of events. The attitude of Europe is not promising, and statesmen here seem inclined to grow deaf, provided the miserable twaddle known as the Monroe doctrine

be bawled loud enough in their ears. We are not going to discuss here the merits of Mr. Monroe's teaching, but it amounts to this: the moral and social interests of the world are divided by the—Atlantic; outrage committed on one side of the ocean must never look for punishment from the other. Involved in this monstrous retrograde assumption are several other propositions as amusing as they are striking. But when thirty-two millions of men lay claim to the absolute espionage of a continent geographically representing half the world, and lay claim to it, too, on no better grounds than those of a diseased national vanity and an insatiable national greed, they must be regarded as outlaws in the great international republic of mankind. Were the noisy supporters of Monroe principles to act up to them, they would have a prodigious task before them. England would have to be driven from Canada to-morrow, and war levied against nearly the whole of the continent from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn. Fortunately, the States are not equal to the consistency. The police of the world are too strong for the socialist—that is, if the police will only interfere. Europe saw the other day what the Monroe doctrine meant in Mexico, and has had leisure to appreciate the miserable character of principles which would see a country given up to bloodshed, plunder, and ruin, rather than it should owe order, peace, and prosperity to a European power. America was successful in her machinations against France, and the result is a disgrace to the civilized world. Let it be hoped, not only for the sake of European honour, but, above all, in the interests of international integrity, that she will be kept at arms' length from Cuba.

She could crush Spain without an effort, and pocket the Pearl of the Antilles easily enough; but she could also be kept under the eye of the police. A war would be undesirable, but it would not cost Europe much to read America a lesson she should not forget for a hundred years.

QUESTIONABLE CLEMENCY.

In the Spring of 1868, one, Archibald Brown, having pleaded guilty to a charge of forgery, was convicted at the Kingston assizes, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude. The young man—for he was a very young man—resided at Surbiton, and had, by means of forged cheques, managed to purloin a large sum of money from a local banker. In the Autumn of 1869, we hear that this same Archibald Brown has been pardoned by the Home Secretary, Mr. Bruce having simply stipulated that Mr. Brown should reside abroad for the remainder of the unexpired term of five years.

If people want to know the reason of this extraordinary clemency on the part of the Home Office, we are sorry we cannot throw any light upon the matter, except, perhaps, by suggesting, as a clue to the proceeding, that at the time of the trial Archibald Brown was described as "the son of a gentleman." But, unfortunately, Parliament is not sitting.

CHILD MURDER.

The crime of infanticide is a grave subject, a good deal too grave for discussion in such an intellectually acrobatic arena as that provided by the good people who talk social science. The subject was very poorly discussed, and very little really to the purpose was suggested. The fact of the matter, as of many other social matters, is this. Until Englishmen look evil in the face, no good can possibly be done. We are the hypocrites of Europe. We boast of our respectability, by which we mean that we will not talk of what is improper. Hence, a hundred social ulcers for which there are no remedies..

Mercy to fallen woman and a plentiful supply of foundling asylums will stop infanticide. To urge that this would encourage immorality is simply monstrous. What woman ever yet was hastened to her fall, because she contemplated the advantages of a foundling home for her possible child? Man may have reasoned thus, but not woman. Child-murder is the result of a horrible dread of social misery and shame. When these are removed or mitigated, the back at least of this daily increasing scandal will be broken for ever.

A MUSICAL MISSION.

The English Opera Season at the Crystal Palace has come to an end, but it has left a pleasant mark on the musical history of the year. That the venture has answered beyond the most sanguine expectations of its originators cannot be doubted, for towards the close of the fifty performances of which the season consisted, the operas were put upon the stage with a degree of completeness which did not characterize the production of the earlier works. As English Opera has found a home at the Crystal Palace, we can only hope that it may prove to be a permanent one; but we would remind Mr. Manns, or Mr. George Perren (which of them it may concern), that the *Bride of Lammermoor* and *Il Trovatore* are not strictly British works, and might with advantage be omitted from the future repertoire. Surely, English works are sufficiently abundant, and English composers sufficiently prolific, to preclude the necessity of falling back on the foreign market. Rumour says that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has an opera on the stocks. If this be true, here indeed is a chance for an enterprising management.

A PRECAUTION AFTER DATE.

Another explosion at the Hounslow Powder Mills is certainly not yet due; but we think we may at last safely congratulate the dwellers in the locality of the Mills that, in future, the explosions will be fewer and farther between. The proprietors have at length taken active measures to put a stop to the possibilities of accident, and we hear that, as a first step, no less than fifty-eight men in their employ have been suspended for having in their possession pipes and lucifer matches, each man having been searched as he came on the premises. It seems strange, though, that this simple and necessary precaution should never have been taken before. In past instances, when accidents have occurred, unfortunately those on the scene of the disaster have never been left to tell the tale of how it happened, but nevertheless, coroners' juries have generally come to the conclusion that it was somebody's fault, and that somebody should be more careful in future. We wonder how many of these sad disasters, which have periodically shocked us for years past, have been entirely owing to the carelessness of lighting a pipe? No doubt we should be safe in averring that ninety-nine per cent. of the explosions have been due to this cause, yet it is only last week that "smoking on the premises" was effectually put a stop to. However, better late than never.

THE SECRETS OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.

The Social Science Congress at Bristol has been dragging its length along during the past week, and many interesting discussions have taken place in the several sections, which have been duly reported in the newspapers. But we protest against the Ladies' Committees holding their meetings with closed doors. On Thursday last, the subjects under discussion were workhouse visiting, secret drinking, female intemperance, and other questions of a similar nature; but the representatives of the Press were carefully excluded. This is not fair. The fair dames who devote their time and attention to social science should not be selfish, but should give the world the benefit of their experiences. We should particularly have liked to have heard the debate on "secret drinking." Why it should have been made a ladies' subject, though, we cannot guess, unless, indeed, there be truth in the stories we have heard of females of position consoling themselves in the solitudes of their dressing-rooms with eau de cologne and sal volatile by the tumblerful. But can such things be?

THE "WORKING MAN"—HIS SENTIMENTS.

"One man is as good as another, and—better."

ORATOR STUBBINGS AT LIEGE.

MR. EDITOR,—You've not 'eard much about me lately. The last time I wrote to you wos more than two years ago, and since then I've 'ad bad times—werry bad times. There aint been no sort of chance for me these twelve months. Beales is shut up, and even Broadhead is a-going off to America with Finlen. It's quite disgusting, but "work and no beer" seems to be the order of the day, which, as you knows, aint my sentiments. Give me a big stick, I says, and good 'eavy boots, and I will argue with Mr. Gladstone 'imself, and get the best of the argyment too!

'Owever, lately I did 'ave a chance, and I made the most of it. I am a Wolunteer. I belongs to a regiment where they gives me a uniform and beer, and as much as I please to swill. The hossifers pays for it, and so they should. Aint I a man and a brother? Don't I wop my wife with the 'orny 'and of industry? Aint I a working man? In course, so I must be paid for, and heavily too. In return they may cover themselves up in silver lace and call theirselves "captins" and "leavetenants," and suchlike games, for all I care. *I* don't mind as long as they don't order *me* about. When they do that they gets a bit of my mind, and a good strong bit too. Oh, the Wolunteer movement is a glorious institution, and will be *werry* useful in times of war!

Well, I went over to Liege, I did, and didn't I come out strong? You knows 'ow jolly drunk I can be at home—but you don't know 'ow awful 'appy I can be abroad.* It's what I call stunnin. Them foreign chaps 'elped me to lots of drink, but they weren't quick enough, so I put my 'ands upon whatever I saw, while they paid, and called out "Weeve the Onglay," or some such stuff, until I up with my fist and gave 'em one for themselves.

We 'ad such larks! The werry first day we 'ad wot was called a Church Parade. Not that I'm partial to sermons, but it was such jolly fun, lookin at the furriners and seeing 'ow riled they were at our goings on. They are lovely Papists, these 'ere furriners, and it did so wex 'em to see us a praying and a singing just in front of their church. Law bless ye, we didn't care. What we said was "Why aint they Protestants?" But only let them bring their monkey tricks over to London and their lovely Mass, and just see 'ow we would 'oot 'em!' Oot 'em! ah, we wouldn't stop there, when stones and sticks could be got 'andy!

Well, after this 'ere Church Parade I went to the 'Otel de Wille, and received my medal. Then I went to a club—such a tip top place! And didn't I get jolly screwed with the champagne! You would 'ave laughed to 'ave seen 'ow surprised them lovely furriners looked when I began a dancing and pulling down the decorations. They didn't say anything, but they *looked!* Ah, they don't know me! Just fancy, if I was invited to a banquet at the Reform Club, would'nt I show them stuck-up nobs 'ow one man is as good as another! That's what I did at this 'ere club, and it surprised 'em!

But *the* greatest lark was at the Banquet. Oh, my eye, that was fun!

They 'ad their King there, but he didn't come in time. Well, we weren't a going to wait for 'im, so we sat down and began a-eating. Oh it was such fun to see the furriners trying to stop us, saying as 'ow the King wouldn't like it, and 'ow it wasn't respectful—respectful! don't know no such word! Ain't I as good as any King? Ain't all men ekals? That's what I want to know.

Well, I soon gobbled up what they gave me, and then I just lit my pipe and lounged up to the Royal table and 'ad a look at this 'ere King. Oh! it was such a lark! Bless my soul, *I saw two of 'em!* But what d'ye think of it, Mr. Heditor, I'm 'anged if one of them hossifers didn't try for to get me to go away! I gave 'im a bit of mind, you may be sure! And I ups with my fist, when some one collared me and 'ustled me away. What riled me was I couldn't do much—for, you see, I was so jolly drunk!

By and bye down comes the King round the table and then you would 'ave laughed to 'ave seen 'im. I took the conceit out of 'im, you may be sure. Is lapped 'im on the back and called 'im "old chap," and was as affable as the 'orny 'and of industry can be with one of them stuck-up nobs. And it *was* fun seeing 'im trying to grin at my little waggeries!

After the banquet they 'ad an entertainment at the theatre, but laws I didn't think much of it. I tried to get to that there King's box, but was too jolly screwed, and that beastly champagne made me as sick as a pig! But, law bless you, it *was* fun!

I like Liege, I do! You see you can do anything you like there—there ain't no police! The hossifers tried to interfere with me once or twice, but I soon shut *them* up! I never see such imperdence! Daring to speak to me—law bless me, I 'ad 'arf a mind to give up the Wolunteers, so I told 'em. I let 'em off afterwards, because they begged me 'ard to remain and get the capitation grant. I ain't much of a soldier—I argues—not quite such a fool, but a uniform becomes me—it's better than my native rags. And I likes lots of beer. So I won't give up the Wolunteers as yet!

But there was one piece of fun I can't leave out. I don't understand these furriners' cussed lingo, but Bob Sykes told me as 'ow THEY THOUGHT WE WERE ENGLISH GENTLEMEN, AND THAT'S WHY WE GOT SUCH LOTS OF CHAMPAGNE AND SWILL!

Ain't that a lark! English gentlemen! I 'ope as 'ow the "working man," with the 'orny 'and of industry, is something better than that!

[We print this letter for the information of those it may concern. Our correspondent describes in his usual graphic style the disgraceful scenes that characterised the visit of the English Volunteers to Belgium. Every word of the above is literally true. Mr. Stubbings, we may add (in justice to a large body of well-conducted men), is *not* in the Artillery.—ED. TOMAHAWK.]

* Oh yes, we do. We saw you at Liège, Mr. Stubbings, and you, and many like you, were a credit to your country!—ED. TOMAHAWK.

A VOICE FROM THE BOGS.

HURROO! brave boys! to you belongs
(Let them forbid who dare!)
The right to bellow Ireland's wrongs
In street and open square,
To stay the 'busses in mid-street
With eloquence so grand,
Entrance the bobby on his beat,
Bring hansoms to a stand!

Beat, beat the drums! in proud array
The "sun-burst" banners wave!
With hireling music, come, display
Your sorrow for the brave!
From North and South with plaintive cry
Repeat the harrowing tale
Of those poor innocents who lie,
And fatten, in the gaol!

Indignant Munster, bellow, Shame!
And, deck'd in patriot green,
Wake, Ulster, join us! and inflame
Your ardour with potheen!
Run, ragged bog-trotters! prepare
To cry injustice down!
Would-be Republicans, who wear
Ev'n hats that scorn the crown!

Who'd talk of justice kindly meant?
We scorn to own her sway!
What recreant soul would be content
Until he has his way?
Justice, indeed!—*We* "mark" a man,
Then brain him at his door—
Rude vengeance is *our* simple plan,
And Murder stands for Law.

Britannia, tremble in your shoes,
Or deign to learn in time,
TREASON is lawful if *we* choose,
And FELONY no crime;
A barb'rous Verdict stamps this Reign
As bad or worse than Nero's,
With glory gilds the martyr's chain,
And dubs our convicts heroes!

No. X., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,
NOW READY.

LONDON, OCTOBER 9, 1869.

THE WEEK.

IT was announced that places for *Lost at Sea* could "be secured a fortnight in advance"—this before the production of the piece. The public who would book on this invitation deserve anything they can get from Mr. Boucicault. Can intellectual stupor and the fever of sensationalism go further?

PENDING the inquiry into the affairs of the European Assurance Company, it may be interesting to note the fact that this company is the only guarantee society acknowledged by the various departments of the State. This fact proves a somewhat unusual discrimination on the part of the authorities.

THE *Spectator* has an article in its number of September 25th on the Byron controversy, which may be almost said to be the hardest and most calumnious article published on the subject. It is impossible to conceive anything in worse taste than this last outrage on the dead poet. "Byron was ineffably mean and cruel." Imitation, they say, is the sincerest flattery: if the *Spectator's* estimate of Byron be correct, that journal must certainly be numbered among his worst flatterers.

MR. GLADSTONE is courteously receiving petitions for an amnesty to be granted to the Fenians, meantime the members of this blessed brotherhood who are at large are openly boasting of their strength and of their intention to drive England out of Ireland. It is even said that in America they have passed a resolution to abduct Prince Arthur. They intend to make him their king, we suppose. Don't let us be in a hurry to grant the amnesty. Had not Mr. Gladstone better wait till we can exchange prisoners? When the Fenians have captured Prince Arthur they can exchange him for a score of their rascals. Perhaps this is their real object, if they have any serious object at all.

YET another Atlantic cable—and, what is more, a cheap one this time. A new company has just been formed, under the title of the "Oceanic Telegraph Company," for a new line from the south-west coast of Ireland to Halifax, Nova Scotia; and, as that reckless disregard of all cost which has hitherto characterised the construction of former long sea cables is *not* to be a feature in the new venture, we may hope that the means of communicating with the New World will, in a few months, be brought within the reach of ordinary people for ordinary purposes. It is a mistake to suppose that science is necessarily expensive; and if the new "Oceanic Cable Company" can reduce the usual cost of outlay for construction by 40 per cent. (as the Prospectus promises), it will deserve an additional 40 per cent. of public patronage. In any case, all competition is wholesome.

AN edifying discussion has been going on in the columns of the *Standard* about spirit-rapping, conducted by one John Addison on the one side, and a Mr. Greg and some medium on the other. Mr. Addison is a vulgar practical joker, who appears to pass his life in going to *séances* and playing the fool, in company of Mr. Toole, and in various disguises. The public does not care much about spiritualism. At the more serious side of it, it does not wish to laugh; at the ridiculous side of it, it is tired of laughing; but, though very sick of tables turning themselves and people's heads at the same time, it is sufficiently alert to detect the fact that spiritualism threatens to produce a class of men worse than the mediums, who, devoid of any scientific skill or of any decency of feeling, go about playing tricks more vulgar, if not more silly, than those that they pretend to denounce. Mr. Addison's endeavour to force himself into notoriety in connection with this subject is ingenious, but not very successful. There is not much to choose between the fools of self-delusion and those of self-degradation.

THE Government have completed their task of economy at Woolwich. They have closed the Dockyard, and turned out the labourers employed there without a penny of compensation. They are told that they can emigrate. Excellent economy this; it cannot be too highly praised. Liberal and benevolent conduct towards men in that position, we cannot deny. But why not carry out the same system when discharging persons in high places from sinecures? Why not send them away without compensation, and with the cheering advice to emigrate? Why should not they enjoy the same advantages as the men employed in the Dockyard? Why insult them by pensioning them? True, there is a difference,—the dockyard man has worked hard for his wages, the fat and titled sinecurist has done nothing at all for his. To have drawn his money for doing nothing must have cost his conscientious nature so much agony that it is only fair to give him some compensation, besides having taught him that he can get an excellent income out of the public purse by doing nothing; it is safer to pension him, lest he should take to robbery. It rhymes with jobbery. But the dockyard man has no such claim to compensation. Let him enjoy the proud distinction of having aided the economy of a truly Liberal Government.

A WORD WITH THE MANAGERS.

THE dullest part of the dull season is now over, and most of the middle-class people, with a fair sprinkling of the upper ten, are back in town; indeed, Royalty itself has returned, for Marlborough House is no longer desolate. Yet, of course, notwithstanding this, nothing is "going on in the fashionable world." Balls, dances, and even dinners, are voted as unseasonable as oysters in June, and people are, consequently, thrown back on their own resources for their amusements; in other words, they are driven to the play in shoals, yet, strange to say, several of the principal theatres are now closed, or have only within the last few days reopened their doors. The result of this is, that those houses at which performances have been given have, for the last few weeks, been crowded to excess. We do not mean to say that there is anything surprising in the fact that the Prince of Wales's should have been turning away hundreds nightly from its doors, for the excellence of the entertainment at the little theatre in Tottenham Court Road warrants any amount of overflow; nor can we wonder that the "Field of the Cloth of Gold" at the Strand should attract thousands; but it seems to us a pity that, just when people would really patronise the British drama, the chance of doing so is partially denied them. We hear a good deal of the complaints of theatrical managers that catering for the public amusement never pays; but we can only say that, if this is really the case, the managers have, in a great measure, themselves to blame if they close their houses at the very period when they are most likely to be well filled.

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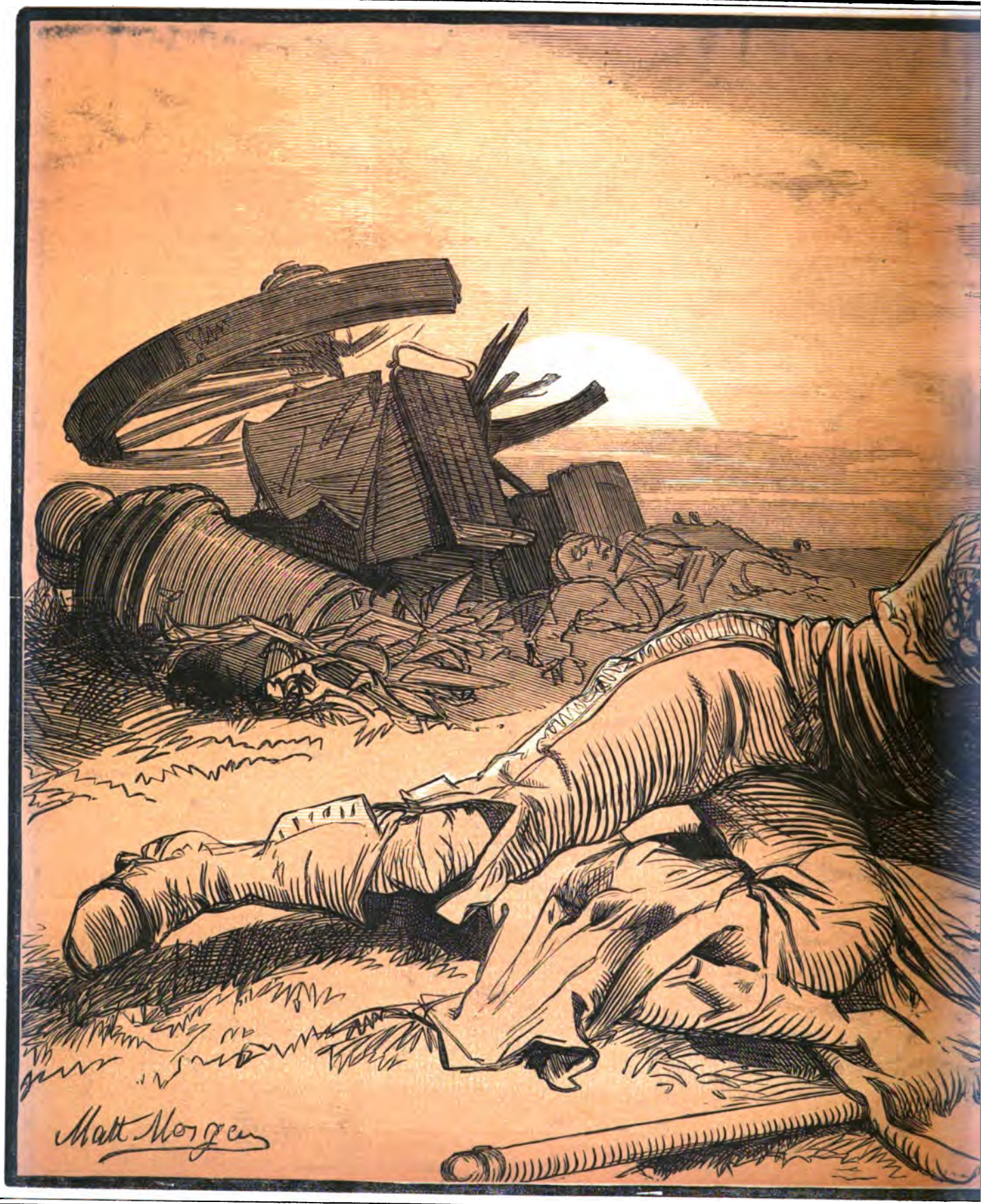

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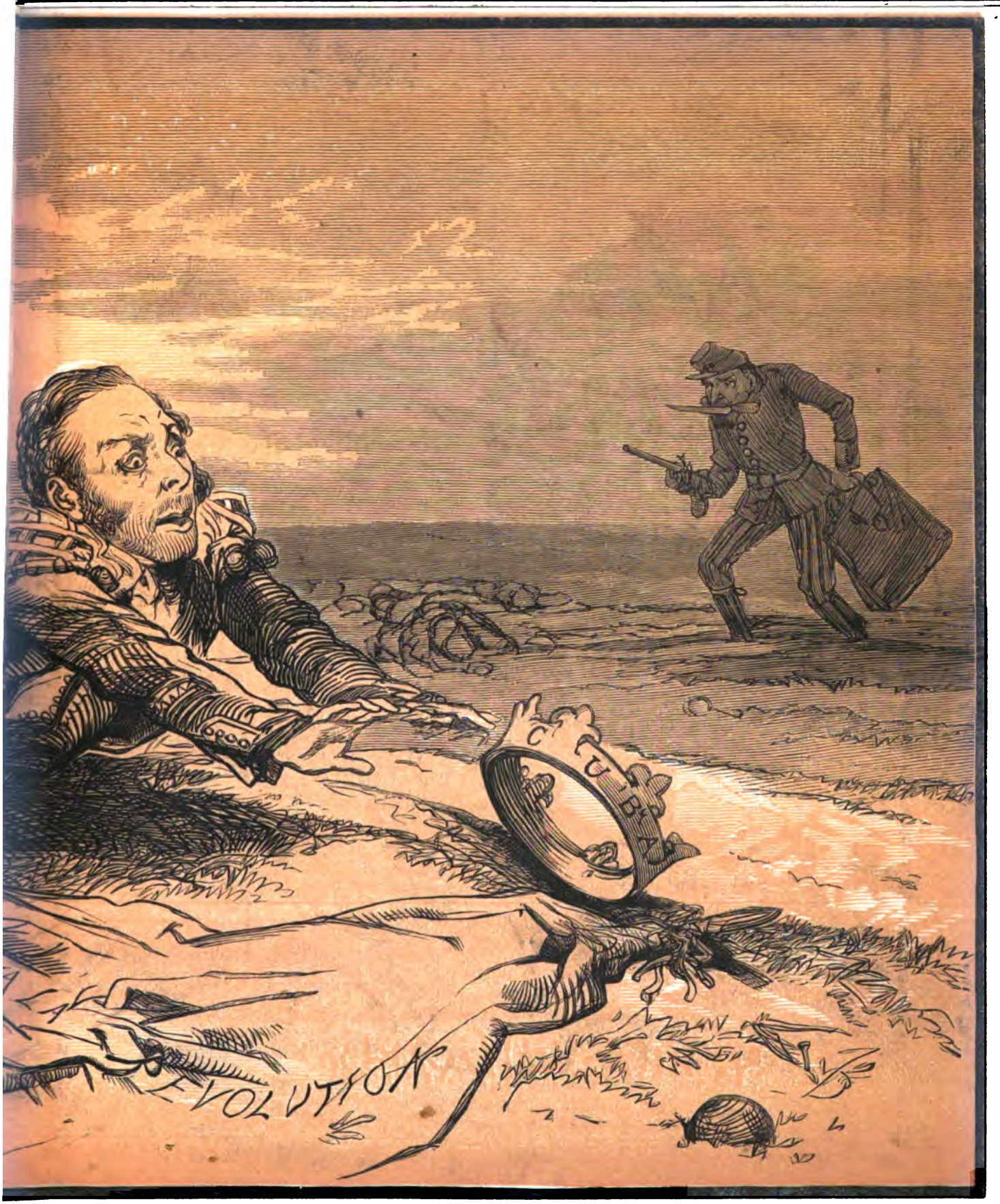

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MERICA'S OPPORTUNITY.

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THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

I.

MR. JOHN PULP, or "Jack Pulp," as he was more familiarly called, was a medical student at the time when, by some mysterious arrangement of Providence, medical students were universally regarded as the types of everything that was loose and dissolute. They were the men about town of the period. They had the reputation of stealing door-knockers, of fighting in the Haymarket, of haunting the night-houses, of upsetting coffee-stalls, of shouting through the streets at night, and bonneting policemen, and generally of behaving in that amusing and adventurous manner which is generally supposed as representing what is called "fast life." Upon their shoulders would appear to have fallen the mantles of the young bloods of the past. Only, the mantles soon became in their possession of a very ragged and beerstained and sawdusty condition. Instead of settling their quarrels with small swords and pistols, they went in for "the noble art of self-defence," and bludgeoning. Their festivities were furnished with gin and beer, instead of champagne or burgundy, and instead of habituating Crockford's and the St. James' hells, they were satisfied with the humble skittle alleys of the Borough and the Whitechapel road. They were too—the medical students of this period—to a certain extent, the leaders of the advanced fashion of the day in the matter of costume. The very low hat and rough coat and bright waistcoat and gorgeous cravat and large-patterned trouser, was the dress for which the medical student at that period was apparently distinguished. A general recklessness of manner and conduct, a perpetual condition of being "hard-up," a daring facility in evading the demands of his landlady and creditors, which developed itself into a complete system of "breking" everyone who had a claim upon him, and a habit of always speaking in a language garnished largely with pleasantly delivered anathemas, constituted in everyone's opinion his most prominent characteristics.

Jack Pulp, at this time was walking one of the large Borough hospitals,—and soon became one of the leading spirits, if not the leading spirit, of this peculiar society. Pulp *père* was a highly respectable old gentleman, living in a quiet mansion in one of the northern squares. He had made what money he was living upon in trade, and his only son Jack was necessarily his pride and his hope—more especially as he was to be made a "doctor." Jack; when little more than an infant, had decidedly shown a predilection for this profession. A habit he had acquired at an early age of dissecting mice and any unfortunate animal he could catch, and a pronounced tendency to "treat" everybody for whatever he or she might be suffering, together with a personal fondness for the most nauseous physic that might be administered to him, had convinced Pulp *père* that Pulp *fils* would certainly make his way in the medical profession. As an instalment to this parental hope, Jack Pulp, as a student, certainly did make his way. Of all his particular associates he was the best hand at skittles, whilst at the same time he was the most courageous and callous at an operation. At a choice meeting of fellow "spirits," he could put away more liquid of an intoxicating character than any other man present; he could sing the best songs; he could tell the best hospital stories about "cases," and give them the most humorous turn; he could describe ghastly operations with a comic force that raised the loudest laughter. He knew how to use his fists too, with the strength of a coalheaver and the science of a Cribb. There was not a barmaid he hadn't kissed, or a policeman he hadn't assaulted in the whole Borough. In the hospital he was attentive, steady, and clever. Out of it he was the Spring-heeled Jack of the neighbourhood. He was christened at an early period "The Borough Terror," and well he maintained the *soubriquet*. To see him sitting in the theatre of the hospital listening with rapt interest to the lecture of "Old Podder," the celebrated surgeon, who was about to extract a gentleman's jaw, you would have considered him the very model of a quiet and diligent student. To see him in the early morning bartering with the man-butcher, who had just made his matutinal divisions of the remains that had arrived by the undertakers' carts, and was now disposing of the portions to the students, according to the more or less advanced state of their dissecting powers, you would have thought him the most careful and thrifty of medical aspirants. To see him in his kindness to the patients to whom he was deputed to attend, you would have thought him the most sympathetic and tender-hearted of rising doctors. But to see him in his social character, you would have formed no other opinion but that he was possessed of an uncontrollable, mischievous, humorous, combative, reckless, maddening devil!

II.

"Turn him out! Turn him out!" roared the audience of the old Surrey Theatre in the midst of the performance, as a disturbance which had been going on in the "slips," without any interruption, for something like two hours, now appeared, from the portentous row it suddenly evolved, to have reached its climax.

"Turn him out! Turn him out!"

They had stood it for two hours, and they couldn't stand it any longer. A row being heard in the slip boxes, everybody had whispered at the commencement, "It doesn't matter. It's only the medical students!" It was a nightly occurrence then, and the students always were allowed a limit. They had, however been particularly demonstrative that particular night. The piece had met with their displeasure, and well they knew how to express their opinion. In our more modern days (when a manager, who, if he hear a hiss directed it may be at an idiot actor, who buffoons a part, rushes about, and declares he is the victim of an organized clique to destroy the reputation of the theatre), it is scarcely possible to realize the grand old rows that used to take place in our theatres, when the critical portion of the audience insisted publicly upon their rights, and proclaimed their objections,—not on one night only, but night after night, until the obnoxious piece was driven from the stage. Would we could do it now!

How many bills with "triumphant successes" upon them would be speedily changed!

The students had been very bad, however. They had dined together at an extravagant Borough tavern, selected on account of the beauty of the waitress and the absence of limit placed upon the consumption. They had drank many glasses of hot toddy. They had adjourned to the favourite "public," and had played many and exciting games of skittles—and playing skittles after unlimited dinner and beer and hot toddy and tobacco, however amusing and exhilarating an entertainment in itself, is certainly not a sobering process. When the games, however, are further assisted in their convivial character by occasional disagreements, resulting in short but desperate fights between the players, invariably terminated by everybody concerned, combatants and interceders, rolling for a quarter of an hour in the sawdust, and then making friends again and drinking largely to their reconciliation, the exciting character of the entertainment becomes all the more pronounced, and, in an inverse ratio, all the less soothing. When, therefore, Jack Pulp suggested a visit to the theatre, it was not without some questions as to the appearance the party presented that the suggestion was encountered. However, the objections were soon overcome, although it must be confessed that a company of six gentlemen, three of whom were in possession of elegant black eyes, four of whom wore battered hats, and all of whom were elegantly sprinkled with sawdust and walked unsteadily, did not present such an appearance as to justify any very pressing invitation on the part of a manager to visit his theatre.

III.

They had gone, however, and had, immediately upon arriving, commenced their system of expressing disapproval. They had groaned at the villain, laughed at the lover, uttered cat-calls at the heroine. They had stamped, and danced, and yelled—had pointed out absurdities to one another in a loud tone of voice, and laughed uproariously at each other's remarks. The audience stood it all good-humouredly. To a certain extent they shared the students' expression of opinion, but it got so fierce at last that the cries of "Turn him out! Turn him out!" from the "contents," swelled louder than ever. The officers of the establishment appeared. The students stood upon their defence. A short sharp scuffle and fight took place, and the officers were beaten back. Then the students shouted their triumph in repeated hurrahs! The audience, carried away by their excitement, joined with them. The actors retired from the stage. The curtain was dropped. The next instant the police appeared. Another struggle, this time fiercer, and more desperate. The students still stood their ground. Blows, sharp and

ringing, resounded through the house. Dark spots appeared upon men's brows. The fight was desperate—down stairs—in the lobbies—down stairs again—in the street; but in the end, the law, as usual, was triumphant, and Jack Pulp was taken prisoner, as ringleader, and lodged that night in a cell!

IV.

The next morning he was brought before the magistrate. The police were lenient in their evidence, although he had punished them severely. However, his reputation as "the Terror" had even reached the ears of the magistrate. The police were bound to answer the questions put to them as to the prisoner's character. The magistrate looked very grave at poor Jack Pulp, and then in solemn tones, and after many homilies upon the disgraceful nature of his conduct, declared he would make an example of him, declined to impose any fine whatever, and sentenced him to one month's hard labour!

(*To be continued.*)

THE QUALITY OF MERCY—A GOOD DEAL STRAINED.

As a great amount of sympathy has been expressed by the friends of the directors of the Albert Life Assurance Society at the unpleasant predicament in which these gentlemen have been placed by being subjected to criminal procedure, and as the magistrate himself before whom the summons for conspiracy was heard officially expressed his sorrow for the annoyance to which the directors were exposed, it may, perhaps, be useful to those of the British public who have not been foolish enough to insure their lives (of which class the friendly sympathisers above alluded to must surely consist), if we publish a tariff of rewards to suit the peculiarly "hard cases" arising from the windings-up of assurance companies, which events are daily becoming more numerous. We submit the following scheme for approval:—

SERVICES.	REWARDS.
Directors, being shareholders, who have failed to attend a Board meeting for a year or more,	An address of sympathy.
Directors, *not* being shareholders, who have failed to attend a Board meeting for a similar period,	An address of sympathy and a piece of plate.
Directors who have not received less than £2,000 a year for their services since joining the direction,	A gold watch, and a presentation to the Bluecoat School for the youngest boy.
Directors who, knowing that affairs were in a hopeless condition, have managed to get in more capital at the last moment,	£100, and a seat in Parliament.
Directors who have falsified the annual accounts, and have, by means of perjury, forgery, or otherwise, rendered valuable services to each other,	A pension for life of £500 a year to the wife, and a commission in the Guards for the eldest son.

Of course, special cases may arise to which the above regulations do not quite apply; but there can be no harm done if a committee is formed, with Mr. Knox, the police magistrate, as its president, with the object of at once carrying out these sympathetic regulations.

PRIZE RIDDLE (communicated by a discharged Admiralty clerk who has lost his income and senses simultaneously).—Why has the naval ardour of our countrymen recently cooled down? Because they have *chill'd us* at the Admiralty.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

A Cruise in the "Gorgon." By W. COPE DEVEREUX, Assistant-Paymaster, R.N. Bell and Daldy, 1869.

WE have seldom read a more stirring or interesting account of a cruise in one of Her Majesty's ships than is to be found in these pages, and it is heartily to be wished that more of our naval officers would be at the pains to jot down their experiences on board ship. The modern appliances of steam power in our Navy enable, in these days, many officers to visit every quarter of the globe in a very few months; and what railways are doing in leading neighbouring countries to know each other more intimately, and consequently, we are happy to think, to make them value each other more sincerely, that same mission might well be forwarded, as regards more distant countries, by the more constant visits paid to them by our cruisers, and flying squadrons, if, on every occasion, one or more of the intelligent young officers who now abound in our Navy would be at the pains to tell us all that struck him as new, or commendable, or of good report among the strangers with whom he had been abiding in his rapid cruise round the world.

Mr. Devereux, in this pleasant volume, has managed, without any attempt at fine writing or bookmaking, to bring before his readers many interesting scenes and descriptions both of the more quiet days spent with his comrades on board their floating home, and of the stirring incidents of that most harassing and often most painful duty, the watching and impeding of the cruel trade of slave-carrying on the West coast of Africa. A short extract must suffice to describe the dreadful inhuman measures which these stealers of men do not hesitate to adopt when detected with slaves on board:—

"These northern dhows ply between Muscat, the Persian Gulf, and Zanzibar. They are the acknowledged pirates of the coast, and when chased they throw their slaves overboard. A short time ago, one of them had on board two hundred and forty slaves, which, having cost on an average not more than two dollars each, were not equivalent to the value of the vessel. On seeing a cruiser in chase, the crew cut the throats of all the slaves, then threw them overboard, in order to save the dhow from being captured and forfeited. But when the value of the slaves exceeds that of the dhow, the crew either make a bold run of it, or else land the slaves. Their most common method when chased near the coast is to throw the slaves overboard, trusting to their being picked up on the coast by canoes. At other times, when they are sore pressed, the whole cargo, *in chains*, are dropped over the side and perish. This is not a story of West Coast origin, nor of ten years ago, but of the present day. People are apt to think that these horrible features of this inhuman traffic have disappeared. I only wish they had."

Our author is particularly happy in painting the portraits of the strange characters whom he from time to time encounters. Here is quite a photographic sketch of an Arab agent, not often of the very highest repute:—

"This morning our Captain engaged an Arab, named Bullhead, to be our cruising interpreter and general spy on the slave coast. He is to have £5 per month, and a reward of £10 if we capture a dhow, and £20 if we capture a square-rigged vessel on his information. These half-breed Arabs are generally rogues,—a species of low, cunning outcasts, possessing the subtlety of the Asiatic, the treachery of the Arab, and the cowardice of the negro, and would do anything for a few dollars, even to selling their own parents, if they only knew them. Our ruffian I will describe. He wears a large white turban on a little grisly, cocoa-nut-looking skull; his right eye is bleared, his left, blind; face, a dirty black, indented by small-pox, the marks of the disease being darker than the other parts of the skin; extended nostrils, thick lips, and short neck; a light soiled cotton garment coming below the knees, and over it a bad imitation of a Zouave jacket, white, with a dash of blue; feet very large, toes awkwardly separated, like extended fingers. He speaks half-a-dozen coast jargons, besides a smattering of Arabic, French, and English. His ears are always at full cock, and his one eye here, there, and everywhere. Such is our interpreter."

Not the least interesting portion of the book is that which relates the author's meeting and sojourn with Dr. Livingstone. This part of the author's narrative is of the more value, as giving

the view taken by an "outsider" of the Doctor's proceedings in his adventurous travels; and now that there seems so little hope of our ever hearing again of the great traveller, or of obtaining his own account of his further wanderings, every sketch that presents even a glimpse of his energetic figure contending with difficulties and dangers at every point is of lasting interest.

Our space will not allow us to dwell longer on this pleasant book. Our object has been to draw the attention of our readers to its publication; and we feel assured that all who peruse its pages will find themselves well pleased with this interesting account of a "Cruise in the *Gorgon*."

THE PARROT PAPERS.—No. IV.

SECOND SERIES.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.—THE TWO BROTHERS.—MR. GEORGE'S GOOD FORTUNE.—THE MUTUAL PROFIT COMPACT.—GEORGE'S TREACHERY.—BROTHERLY LOVE.—CHARLES' REVENGE.—HIS INDEPENDENCE.—A PARENTHESIS THE ORIGIN OF A PROVERB.—THE PARROT PARENTHETICALLY DEFENDS HIS SIZE.—THE CAREER OF MR. CHARLES CONTINUED.—HIS DRAMATIC SUCCESSES.—HIS GENEROUS CHARACTER.—HIS CAUSTIC WIT.—HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.—THE PARROT LEAVES HIM FOR THE PRESENT WITH A FINAL BLESSING.

IT may seem curious to my readers why I should devote so much of my valuable writings to such a subject as one man; but if they want any reason for my doing so, they must be content with this—that I choose to do so. Mr. Charles was brought to my mind by the mention of Mr. George, who is his younger brother, but who, having succeeded by the interest of some Cabinet Minister who admired his father's talents in getting a snug berth in a very fashionable Government office, affects to look down very much on his elder brother, as a low author. Not that Mr. George is really very proud, for he is not above accepting orders from Mr. Charles for the different theatres, or obtaining from him introductions to any actress whom he may admire, or with whom it may give him *éclat* among his fashionable fellow-clerks to be seen in familiar converse.

Mr. George has also made use of his brother in other ways. He succeeded by his influence in getting one or two articles into the magazines, and he has only discarded the literary patronage of his brother for the present because he has been taken up by the managers of some fashionable journal which despises those who are literary men by profession, and prefers the feeble lucubrations of those who can write English as it is spoken in fashionable circles, and can talk familiarly about Lord This and Lady That, who can call a young duke "Harry," and a marquis "old John," and tell of the doings of these distinguished persons in a jargon full of French slang words and vulgar Americanisms—a jargon as far removed from English as its speakers are from men. Now, Mr. George always possessed a power of toadyism quite unlimited, and of a more elegant type than his brother Charles'. It would be hard to say which eats the most dirt, but certainly the younger eats it with a better air, and with less greedy appetite. The two brothers now hate each other most heartily, Mr. Charles having been quite deceived as to his part of their mutual compact, which was that George should introduce him to all his fashionable friends, and induct him into all the high society which he frequented. But George was too wise to do this. He knew his position was not firm enough for him to be any one's sponsor—such an effort of patronage might imperil his own ticket of admission—so he tried to palm off on Charles some parties of aspiring *parvenus*, who were anxious to fill their rooms at any price, and who, moreover, had not lost all their good nature, as the real thing; but he always managed to invent some excuse when he met any of his very severe friends for not formally introducing Charles. The elder brother stood this for some time, but finally he saw through George's "little game," as he termed it, and now he writes sarcastic sketches of his brother in a comic journal, and occasionally bribes an actor to dress at him by writing up the part. He also pens magnificent denunciations of society under the signature of "Honestas," and otherwise revenges his brother's faithlessness and the neglect of society as his noble nature may suggest. One much more substantial retribution it has been in his power to execute: George came to him after the last Derby to borrow a hundred pounds, telling him he should have Lord Scamper's name on a bill for it; but though quiet usury is not out of Charles' line, the advance was sarcastically refused, and George is now in the hands of some sixty per cent. spider, who, his brother fondly hopes, will soon devour him.

It must not be supposed from this that Charles would not write for the fashionable journal if he got the chance, or that he has any real contempt or honest scorn for the humbug and selfishness of society. That would be doing him an injustice. He would give fifty pounds to dine with a real duke, and would take notes of the conversation at dinner, and of the personal appearance of his host and fellow-guests, in order to write a smart and pungent article, which he would dispose of to any journal that offered him five shillings more than he gets from those to which he is one of the regular contributors.

Perhaps some impertinent persons may ask how it is, that, living such a retired life as I do, I can possibly have learnt all these details. No man or woman knows the resources of a Parrot. You have a proverbial saying among you, when you mention any fact which has come to your knowledge by any secret or unusual way. You say, "Oh! a little bird told me that." I am that little bird. I object to the epithet "little," as being founded solely on a comparison with your great unwieldy carcases—and all comparisons are odious, as another of your proverbs says—for I am quite big enough, and by no means an insignificant object to the eye,—like a canary. Diamonds are the most valuable jewels that you possess. I am a jewel, and I am sure I am bigger than any diamond.

But to return to Mr. Charles' career. He began well, and he went on better. From occasional work on one weekly journal, he got on to the regular staff of two or three; from an outside contributor to magazines, he became the editor of one; from doing criticisms at transpontine theatres for the regular critic of the *Daily Stunner* at ten shillings the night, he became the author of a successful farce at the Royal Fleshings Theatre. It was always quite enough for Mr. Charles to get the extreme end of his nose in anywhere—he was not long in introducing the rest of his body. He soon found out the great secret of the success of dramatic authors: namely, to drink plenty of gin and water with actors and managers, and to flatter actresses. Being a shrewd fellow, he soon laid down for himself a certain syllogism, which took something of this shape. Most men are fools! Most men are governed by women: therefore, men who are governed by women are fools. Having arrived at this conclusion, he resolved to try and make favour with the women who governed the fools, and he succeeded. He was not beautiful, but he had a certain name in the literary world. He professed to have a good deal of influence with the critics, and he invariably flattered his favourites when he got a chance, on the same principle as some Jews lend a rich young heir money on easy terms at first in order to draw him into their net. Then he had some little accomplishments, such as women of very little education and not of much intelligence can appreciate: he could imitate the flute on a walking-stick (very badly), he could sing serio-comic songs (indifferently), he could say satirical things (not original), and he could draw little pen and ink sketches, such as schoolboys ornament the benches and desks with. Altogether, he was voted a "very clever man" by the women, and as he did not mind any amount of dirty work so long as he saw any gold dust at the bottom of the mud, he soon became quite a favourite with the managers and the influential actresses.

He soon saw where his opening lay: it was evidently in burlesque. His education, thanks to his father's generosity, had been good enough to leave him a smattering in classical mythology and a knack of rhyming. He saw that it required a clever man to write burlesques, and that very few clever men had the requisite minimum of self-respect which was necessary to allow of their writing it. What did Mr. Charles care if his pieces were made the vehicle of indecent exhibitions? Not a bit; he said it was all humbug, and vowed that the actresses in a burlesque were dressed as decently as the ladies in front. What did he care that the work of the author's brains should be entirely subordinated to the work of the actors' and actresses' legs? It paid; that was all he knew or cared. So he became a successful burlesque writer, and pocketed the proceeds of his achievements in that line without any question of conscience.

But Mr. Charles was no commonplace literary hack; he had peculiar qualities which gained my admiration, and which I could not help thinking he owed to my silent tuition. He was

by nature a very sneering, malicious fellow; but he soon found out that it would not pay to be satirical. So he hit on a way of writing criticisms, by which he could partly satisfy his malice, and yet not offend his friends. He wrote a funny account of the piece, in which he managed to get in all his sneers and malicious remarks under the veil of burlesque, which were very thinly veiled when directed against anybody whom he thought he could offend without any danger to his interests; and then, in a postscript, as it were, he lauded the manageress or manager and all the principal actors whom he could not afford to offend. For the rest, he managed to make himself feared without exactly being hated; for while he was all humility and civility in the presence of his fellow-authors, he would say the most ill-natured and calumnious things to some common acquaintance outside the charmed circle, who would, of course, repeat the same (in strict confidence) to the friends of the subject thereof, which gave the said friends a very high idea of Mr. Charles' wit, and a still higher idea of his honesty. Those of his sayings which were not coarse and vulgar he took from some book or other, or from the mouth of someone whose conversation he had overheard,—for he was never above "picking up any good thing"—but as his hearers were rarely acquainted with the original, his claim as author of their being was rarely disputed.

I believe that the trait in his character which most delighted me was his total want of those foolish qualities, generosity and benevolence. He never tried to write anything or to do anything that could possibly do any good to his fellow-creatures. He never advocated the cause of the poor or the oppressed. He never tried to alleviate the misery of the wretched. He never busied himself in schemes of charity, in any plan for social or political reform, in any question of education, or poor-relief, or any philanthropic humbug of that kind. He found that the public, on the whole, preferred not to be made to think, and whatever he wrote spared them that labour. He said they liked nonsense, and so he wrote nonsense, not as his father had sometimes written it, with deep sense at the bottom of it, but pure, silly, jingling nonsense. But he was wise enough to affect some meaning, though nobody was wise enough ever to find it out; so that the critics gave him credit for subtle humour where they should have given him credit for feeble idiotcy.

In his private character he was none the less to be admired. As a friend, his malignancy behind the friend's back was simply exquisite. I have heard him say as cruel things of the man whose hand he has just wrung with apparent heartiness as that man's worst enemy could wish. To all those who had helped him at any time in his career, or shown him any kindness, or laid him under any obligation, he was always most delightfully treacherous. He sneered at them as soon as he thought he had got all he could out of them. All those to whom he owed any respect or courtesy he insulted, if he dared.

Though he always exercised his malice behind his victims' backs, it sometimes came to their ears. This forced him into many quarrels. In some cases he would get the credit of other persons' evil sayings. It was then he came out most nobly. He acted injured innocence to perfection; the better that he never scrupled to deny an accusation if he knew that it could not be proved. In such cases it was very dangerous to apologise to him; if you bullied him he gave in; but if you tried to behave handsomely to him, and begged his pardon, woe betide you! In such cases it is usual to accept the hand held out frankly and heartily; but Mr. Charles knew better. What made others forget the offence only made him remember it the more; what conciliated others exasperated him; what shamed others encouraged him. He was never so brutal or so arrogant as when he had received an apology; he mistook gentleness for cowardice; and the man or woman who threw themselves on his generosity never failed to have a very ugly fall.

Mr. Charles is a successful man, and long may he continue so. He combines in himself that mixture of pliability and courage which some call meanness and insolence. They are quite wrong; and they do not know the world so well as I and Mr. Charles do.

A QUESTION OF THE DAY.—What should be done with the two brutal country justices who last week sent a poor old man 70 years of age to Chelmsford gaol for being unable to support more than one of his grandchildren? Horsewhips and other suggestions thankfully received.

WHY HARVARD LOST.

JULES ON THE "WASH."

IT appears that the Harvard crew now attribute their defeat to the "wash" of the Oxford boat, and further express an opinion that for one boat's crew to give another boat's crew the said "wash" is an ungentlemanly act. Our correspondent Jules, the great Parisian boating authority, has favoured us with an opinion on the subject, which we subjoin with pleasure :—

"SIR,—I did, as you have known, fore-say that *Les Mohicaines* would be the victorious ones in the outrigge course on *Putnè-reache*. It was a mistake, that fore-say of Jules. But, *voyons*, now the *courses* are finished, now the *ooraks* of your compatriot die away upon the London smokes, now that your back, your *Oxfor* back, be turned—*voyons*, what do the *Harvar? Sapristi*, they turn tale, they dine and say, *Ma foi*, it was not the strokes which win, but the *washe!* This *washe*, what is it? It is that without which *le brave Français*, the gallant heroes of the *Seine*, the outrigge admirals of *France* win each race, and steal *la victoire*. What does Jules know of your tub? What does Jules want with the *washe?* Can he not win without the soaps and water? Ah, you Englische, it is you that *Les Mohicaines* insult. They call you womens. They say your heroes win the race with soaps. No, it is not so! The strong man *washe* never. Jules has win four five race, but he has never *washe*. *Courage*, then, *mes braves* Oxfor. A bas le *soap!*

"JULES."

THE OLD CLAP-TRAP.

TO those insane friends of progress who clamour for unlimited "education," and believe the world is to be socially and morally regenerated by a continual perusal of copper-currency literature, we recommend a perusal of the following headings, taken as they stand from the columns of an influential evening journal :—

CHARGE OF HAVING THREE WIVES.
BITING A WOMAN IN THE THROAT.
THROAT-CUTTING AT SEA.
SINGULAR INSANITY OF TWO BROTHERS.
FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE AT NEWCASTLE.
A GHASTLY LAW-SUIT.
CAPTURE OF A FEMALE FORGER.
TRIAL FOR MURDER.
&c., &c., &c.

Now, we do not object to the excellent editorial management that is able to secure such a *piquant* bill of fare as this. On the contrary, the horrors, such as they are, do the scissors expert immense credit. Let us, however, admit that from a moral or intellectual point of view, such literary food as the above is simply abominable. What sort of minds can be improved by a reflection on social deformity, and what possible good can come of the process? Newspapers are excellent things when a dividend of sixty per cent. is the great object of life. Under any other circumstances, let us honestly confess they "*educate*" in a peculiar school.

DOUBLE ENIGMA.

MY second on my first has tried to rear
A mud hut, that the great she might be near.
Her wish is granted: as we often see
Dead vermin nailed on some grand forest tree,
So here we find upon the oft-sought door
Of that proud temple—where, for evermore,
Shrined in the hearts of those that loved him well,
His memory, spite of calumny, shall dwell—
A warning to all mean, malicious knaves,
Who dare with lies defile illustrious graves,
Exposed to honesty's undying scorn,
My second hangs in infamy forlorn.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 128.] *LONDON, OCTOBER 16, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

A NATIONAL CURSE.

AN exhausted question! Yes, the story of Irish landlord and tenant has been told a thousand times, and we all know it by heart. What use for leading journals to devote columns upon columns of valuable space to its wearying discussion? What use to repeat over and over again the same old truisms? There it is, the one great crying scandal of the day. The bullying, heartless, grasping master on the one side; on the other, the wronged, defiant, murder-minded serf. The one turns his creature out of house and home; the other sends his persecutor to his account: brutality answered by blood! Happy landlord! happy tenant!

And for this state of things, politicians of a certain school quietly tell us there is no cure. The blot on our civilization must remain, and we must plead guilty before Europe to a reckless indifference to national honour. The continent beneath us in all else may rise above us, and look down with scorn upon us here. The matter cannot be helped. Society cannot be shaken to its base to redress a paltry Irish grievance. True, that the tenantry have some hardships to undergo, some losses to sustain; still their fathers have suffered as much before them, and if time does not bring about some satisfactory solution, there is no help. In short, a class, a great and influential class, of Englishmen are either for letting the land question alone altogether, or for approaching it in such a selfish, one-sided, and ungenerous spirit that their remedies would be more fatal even than their inaction. But it is beyond our purpose to discuss in a column a subject that has already been ventilated in volumes. Every intelligent Englishman, who has troubled himself to weigh the merits of this momentous question, must be by this time tolerably well acquainted with the arguments urged, on the one hand, by those who would place the Irish tenant in a more independent position, and, on the other, by those who would leave him precisely where he is. We merely once more direct men's minds to the coming shadow, for it will prove to be the one absorbing topic of the approaching Session.

Horrible is it to contemplate a cruel eviction avenged by a more cruel murder, and we have nothing to offer the red-handed coward but the gallows. Doubtless he has been outraged mercilessly,—still he must go the way of all murderers. He *must* be sent, without a tear of sympathy, without a murmur of excuse, and straightway—to the gallows. Murder is murder, and these hedge-row philosophers must be taught the lesson thoroughly and continually. How we are to instruct the class who provoke their crimes is another matter. There is no human law which says that a man shall not send a family to misery and ruin, while he fattens on their industry and thrift. This is merely a question between man and his God, and, being such, it is easy to understand why it often receives a far from satisfactory reply. In England here, fortunately, there is no parallel to be found; for with us it is the master, and not the serf, who spends his money on the property he owns. If we could conceive here in London a law which gave, say to the landlord of a house, the right, at the expiration of a three years' lease, to evict his tenant, and at the same time retain his furniture as part and parcel of the estate, we should in some measure appreciate the nature of the grievance under which the hard-working tenantry of Ireland are at present suffering. As to the remedy, all we can say is, that there are heads determined and able to hit upon it. Sooner or later it must come. Spite the croaking of cowards, the howling of bigots, and the vapouring of fools, it *must* come. There will be for the industrious Irish tenant some process other than eviction; for the brutal Irish landlord some fate less stern than murder.

HEAR-SAY FROM JERSEY.

JERSEY seems to be in a pleasant state. The Government has no money to meet its liabilities, amounting to the enormous sum of £10,000! and several judgments have been obtained against the Treasurer. In the meanwhile the Legislature refuses to permit direct or indirect taxation. This being the case, TOMAHAWK fully expects to receive the following:—

LATEST NEWS FROM JERSEY.

St. Helier's, Saturday.

The Treasurer has just been released from custody, the Sheriff's officer having refused to detain him any longer, on the score of his (the officer's) expenses remaining unpaid.

It is with great pleasure that we learn that the Chief Justice's wig has been redeemed from the care of Moses Isaak, Esq., the well-known jeweller and pawnbroker of High street.

There is no truth in the report that the town pump has been melted down to provide the cook of the garrison with pots and gridirons.

The officers of the —— Regiment attended parade on Thursday last without their swords. During the winter months these magnificent weapons will be exhibited in the window of Moses Isaak, Esq., of High street.

Judge Hardup was not detained from opening his Court on Tuesday by indisposition, as erroneously reported. He was prevented from leaving his residence by his tailor, who detained some clothes (sent to be repaired) in security for the payment of a bill. From what we hear, we fear that matters will not be settled satisfactorily for some time to come; consequently the Sessions will not be held this Term.

WANTED AN UNEASY HEAD!

In the present condition of affairs in Spain, when one party are advertising for a trustworthy young person to wear the Crown, and another are bent on blowing up the Constitution, it may be interesting to know *what* will be required of the candidates for the honour of residing at Madrid and playing at King. We subjoin the official form:—

MADRID: October 12, 1869.

Form to be filled up by Aspirants to the Spanish Crown.

☞ NOTICE.—*Any Candidate sending in the following form duly signed, will be expected to enclose a shilling in stamps as a guarantee of his good faith, which said amount, in the event of his successful election, will be devoted to the expenses attendant on his coronation.*

1. State in full your name, address, previous occupation, colour of your hair, height, and the amount of ready money at present in your possession.
2. Have you ever been King of Greece? If so, state under what circumstances, mentioning at the same time any extenuating facts, if you are able.
3. Say, with a view to determining if you have ever filled an exalted position, whether you have ever played—
   (*a*) The King in Hamlet?
   (*b*) The Prophet?
   (*c*) Don Cæsar de Bazan?
   (*d*) One of the Kings in the cauldron scene in Macbeth? (mentioning which.)
   (*e*) The evil genius in the opening portion of a pantomime?
   (*f*) Or, a policeman in the after part?
4. Have you ever been, directly or indirectly, connected with the Pawnbroking business?*
5. Are you under any engagement to pay a commission to the King of Denmark in the event of the thing being concluded?
6. Your income *may* be £700 a year, with use of a cab occasionally. Draw up a statement of your probable expenditure, and show how a monarch can maintain the dignity of his position on a considerably smaller sum.
7. If you happen to be Dutch, Chinese, Irish, or African, describe your feelings in regard to—
   (*a*) Spanish onions.
   (*b*) Spanish liquorice.
   (*c*) Halfpenny cigars.
   (*d*) Bull fights.
   (*e*) Castile soap.
   (*f*) Natural Sherry at 14s. a dozen.
   (*g*) Revolutions.
   (*h*) Snuff.
   (*i*) Unmarketable bonds.
8. What is a don? Is he any relation to the Lord Chamberlain?
9. Supposing that you were King, and that just as your hot water and boots were placed at your door at Madrid, you were to be informed that—
   (*a*) You had been burnt in effigy at Barcelona.
   (*b*) An angry mob were demanding your head in the sacred name of liberty in the court-yard below.
   (*c*) The palace gate had been blown in.
   (*d*) Your income cut down by a vote of the *Cortes* to £100 a year.
   (*e*) Every one in whom you trusted had, for a trifling consideration, turned traitor.
   (*f*) Your only escape was a jump of twenty-two feet into a cistern—
   What would you do?
10. Supposing your resignation were not accepted, WHAT THEN?

* *This question, as being intimately connected with the probable future domestic policy of Spain, must be carefully answered.*

EVE FOR EVER!

It is with great pleasure that we supply the report of the proceedings of the "Ladies' Congress," held (with closed doors) at the Meeting of the Social Science Association, at Bristol.

DRAM DRINKING AMONG LADIES.

MISS LIGHTHEAD said she was sure it wasn't true. She knew that when she even took the *least* drop of wine it flew to her nose, and made it quite red. Was it likely, she put it to the meeting, that ladies would do anything to disfigure themselves? One might as well say that the Paris Fashions were chosen as a means of mortification. She had no patience with all this nonsense!

MRS. BROWN quite agreed with the "dear" who had just sat down. *She* (the speaker) only touched spirits medicinally. She was *obliged* to take a tumbler of brandy four times a day. (*Sensation.*) It was the order of her doctor. (*Cries of "Name."*) She was delighted to give his address—Dr. Twaddler, Jalap Lodge, Highgate-on-Thames. (*Several of the members produced note-books at this point of the proceedings, and took down Dr. Twaddler's address.*) She was quite sure that spirits were quite harmless when taken medicinally. Sometimes, after the third tumbler, she had felt a strange sensation of ethereal lightness, accompanied by the total loss of the use of her limbs. This she understood from Mr. Brown, who had remarked the strange symptoms frequently—was also the case with gentlemen who partook too freely of whitebait at Greenwich. The feeling was not altogether unpleasant.

MRS. SMITH endorsed every word uttered by Mrs. Brown, but, unhappily for her (the speaker), *her* husband was emphatically a BRUTE!! (*Sensation.*) He never gave her more than six bonnets a quarter. (*Deep groans.*) And refused to take her up the Rhine this summer on the score of the expense. (*Deeper groans.*) Of course, he refused to let her have the proper amount of brandy—he limited her supply to a miserable quart bottle a week! And what was the result? She had to drink Eau de Cologne!

MISS MINERVA STRONGMIND said it was the last speaker's fault.

MRS. SMITH (*jumping up excitedly*).—My fault! What do mean, you great, ugly, disagreeable middle-aged thing, you! (*Sensation and titters.*)

MISS MINERVA STRONGMIND said she repeated it was Mrs. Smith's fault. (*Uproar.*) She would explain why. If Mrs. Smith had not married she might have enjoyed her brandy to the utmost. The greatest curse of the present age was marriage. Now no man had ever dared to look her in the face. (*Loud titters.*) She did not understand this unseemly merriment! Why was she always alluded to as the fair sex? (*A Voice:* "Why, indeed?" *and much tittering.*) If this very rude conduct continued she would certainly sit down. She did not come there to be insulted. Men were brutes, and that was the reason she had never married. (*A Voice:* "Of course!"—*loud tittering.*) She would stand it no longer. She had come to the meeting to help her sisters to raise the standard of revolt, and they insulted her—grossly, deeply insulted her. She ought not to be surprised—it was what she might have expected. A woman who would marry would be capable of any wickedness, as she had proved herself capable of the most idiotic folly. (*Uproar.*) She was disgusted with the meeting—a set of silly, doll-like, flaxen-haired ninnies, who—(*at this point the uproar became so loud that it was impossible to distinguish the words of the speaker, who continued her impassioned address for some five minutes, and then finished it in these words*). And now you have had a good bit of my mind. All I can say is I hope you like it, although talking to you is like casting pearls before swine!

With this the speaker swept out of the Council Chamber. Most of the members "made faces" at her as she passed them.

At this point of the proceedings we regret to say the presence of our Reporter was detected, and he was ignominiously expelled.

"PLACE POUR LE LOR-MAIRE!"—Lord-Mayor Lawrence actually wanted a Guard of Honour at Liège!!! This is such a very good joke that it requires no comment.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY'S LAST.—Why is a French girl's mother, when in a delicate state of health, like Scotch preserve?—Because she's *ma malade* (marmalade).

TOMAHAWK OUT OF TOWN.

At Aix-la-Chapelle.

PAR EXCELLENCE, the dullest place on the face of the earth. The Child of the Prairie is too sad to be funny, much less satirical. He begs to submit a programme of the amusements provided for the visitors of this dreadful place :—

6 A.M.—Morning tub.
7 A.M. (Every Monday and Friday).—Grand display of the sun.
8 A.M. (Every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday).—Grand display of the celestial water-works.
9 A.M.—Exhibition of umbrellas.
10 A.M.—Breakfast. (Entr'acte between the tea and the filet de bœuf, on cold plate, three-quarters of an hour.)
11 A.M.—Nothing particular.
12 A.M.—Ditto.
1 P.M.—Dinner.
2 P.M.—Indigestion.
3 P.M.—Ditto.
4 P.M. (If you are wise).—Bed.

Such is Aix-la-Chapelle!

TOMAHAWK presents the town to the British public as an excellent substitute for hanging for murderers. It is fortunate that the Emperor of Russia has never stayed here, or the poor exiles in Siberia would have been sent hither!

Aix should be spelt Aches.

It is emphatically dull, dear, and nasty!

WALK UP!

As we are promised at least three new theatres in London within the next six months, the question naturally suggests itself—How can they all pay? No one, however, need go far for the answer. The fact is, that in these days *nothing* fails. Plays have merely to be produced, and forthwith fortunes are made. There is no truth in the occasional reports about the ruin of managers; for no manager can, according to the papers, ever be ruined. Such a rush is made by the public at everything dramatic, that the privilege of writing oneself down "Sole Lessee" may be regarded as a bit of luck, as good in its way as a flourishing West-end greengrocery business, or a West of England Bishopric. Let us refer to the advertisement sheet.

First, of course, on the road of fortune, comes Mr. Boucicault's *Formosa*. Seats may absolutely be secured till December the 18th. Nor is this all. "Visitors from the country may address to the Box Book-keeper's Office, enclosing post-office orders or stamps, specifying the night and the seats they desire to be secured." This simple arrangement must prove a great boon to the thousands who, dying to see the great moral effort at Drury Lane, fear to be crushed to powder at its doors. Undoubtedly, *Formosa* is drawing famously—at least, so this advertisement would broadly suggest.

But to pass to the Adelphi. Here we are spared anything like a mere inference. We are honestly and cheerfully informed that the new drama is a "great success." Lost in admiration at Mr. Boucicault's golden pen, and wondering why he does not write every piece for every theatre in London, we come to the Lyceum. As at the time of our going to press this house is not yet opened, there is not much room for any congratulatory strain as to the accomplished success. We note, however, that "footstools" are promised in "all the stalls," which, in the absence of any more ambitious announcement, may be regarded as auguring at least a good understanding with the public.

The Olympic soars higher still. It is to be hoped that the stuff supplied behind the lights will equal in splendour that offered to the audience in front of them. The new management evidently does not court failure.

The Princess's takes much the same view of matters. If sensation means a full treasury, a piece that boasts the title of *Escaped from Portland*, ought literally to burst one!

The St. James's follows, with an astounding future before it. Indeed, one feels inclined to tremble at its ambition, it evidently means such a tremendous business. In the programme we are promised, among many other attractions, "Magical effects by Bland," one of which will no doubt turn out to be a balance on the right side at the treasury, for whoever is able to make the St. James's pay will prove a conjuror indeed.

At the Strand there is, of course, such a flourishing business, that such modest announcements as "glorious burlesque," "secure your seats," "crowded nightly," are only what we can reasonably expect from the management.

The Globe says little of Mr. Robertson's "new" comedy of *Les Ganaches* (Progress), but falls back upon his "immensely successful comic drama," to witness which it is a satisfaction to be assured "places can be secured at all the libraries."

At the Holborn, the new comedy of *Plain English*, another adaptation from the French, is, we are told, "received nightly with genuine and hearty applause," a fact which, though satisfactory to Mr. Barry Sullivan, can hardly be said to be encouraging to the well-wishers of the national British drama.

At the New Royalty, *Success*, like the King, never dies, and if anyone should doubt the happy phenomenon, he had better refer to the theatrical advertising column of every London paper for the last four years.

The Gaiety, though impressive in the number of its announcements, is quiet enough in detail. Beyond stating that the "Formosa Song, Colney Hatch, Break-down Pantomime, 'Rally,' and Lurliety of the Future" are "great" successes, it has very little music to give us on its own trumpet.

The Queen's, on the contrary, is an able performer on that instrument. In the "Turn of the Tide" it unhesitatingly claims *the* "success of the season."

Of the receipts, past, present, and future, of the above-named establishments, we, of course, can venture nothing; but we are a little surprised and pained to note the unobtrusive strain in which the Prince of Wales's recommends its own bill of fare. When "immense" hits are being made on all sides of the little Tottenham Theatre, *School* has nothing to say for itself beyond that it begins at a quarter to eight. Does this very unexaggerated tone mean that Miss Marie Wilton can afford to avoid puff, and rest contented on the fact that money is really being turned away from the doors nightly? We strongly suspect it does. Taking, therefore, a rapid survey of the good things the theatres have to say about themselves, we should be inclined to trust rather to few words than to many. The worst entertainment we ever sat out in our lives was announced as a "gigantic panorama of the far West," embracing a tract of country "four thousand English miles from North to South." Two clowns, a fat woman, and a brass band, ushered us in; but the "four thousand English miles" were got into eleven yards of canvas, and, though we protested urgently, we never got our money back!

A LESSON FROM THE GRAVE!

WE doubt whether the right moral of the Lord Justice Clerk's melancholy death has been perceived by many people. It is easy to make sardonic jests, and to calculate how thin the benches of the present House of Commons would be if the fact of having been indirectly concerned in bribery or some other form of corruption were sufficient to drive every man to suicide. But it seems to us that this tragic event should teach us to reflect how few men ever seriously weigh the consequence of their actions, or look at questions right and wrong by the pure light of simple morality, and not by the false light of the world's judgment, or the deceitful flicker of expediency. Lord Justice Patton's mind might have been undisturbed by any self-reproach, had not the searching investigations and the severe censures of the Bribery Commissions now sitting placed corruption before the searching rays of truth and honesty. A conscientious nature such as his could not bear the idea of being suspected of any connection with what now was shown to be so dishonest and mean; a soul which abhorred wrong-doing shrunk in horror from the possible disgrace of being proved guilty of political immorality. We may be quite wrong in our conjecture, and we would not wish to intrude upon the sanctity of the grave in this case; but if from this sad catastrophe we learn the importance of setting before the world the real nature and consequences of those actions, in which it refuses to see any harm, we shall have learnt a lesson that may spare us much future misery.

LONDON, OCTOBER 16, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE Rev. — Mackarness of ———, the new Bishop of Oxford, should have been born a sailor, for he will be all at *See* in his new position. Does any one know who he is?

THE American crew complain that the Oxford four gave them "the wash" in the late race. In spite of this, they don't seem to have come out of the affair with clean hands.

A REPORT is gaining currency that Lieut-Colonel Thompson, who was supposed to be in command of the Volunteers in Belgium, was mistaken by more than one of the Belgians for a soldier. We fear this pleasing and harmless *on dit* will prove to be a *canard*.

THIS is an age of progress and of wonderful inventions. In a paper published on Saturday morning appeared an announcement of the great success of the new drama at the Adelphi, which was not produced till that night. This beats the telegraph. Mr. Webster has been till lately rather behind the age. He now seems determined to get the start of time.

WE understand that Doctor Cumming is about to receive a Cardinal's hat for his services rendered to the Roman Catholic Church by his work entitled the "Hammersmith Discussion," which, from recent statistics, it appears has con-per- verted thousands of Protestants to Romanism. The learned Presbyter (who is still taking in his coals by the scuttle), has fixed the end of the world for November the 5th, having refused, finally, to make any arrangements for the holding of the Pope's Council.

A REPORT is current, although we do not wish to assert that there is the least truth in it, to the effect that the First Lord of the Admiralty, in strict adherence to those principles of economy which so characterize his administration, proposes, in the interest of the public service, to relinquish his official residence at Whitehall, in order to afford greater room for the Admiralty clerical staff. If this magnanimous move on the part of Mr. Childers is agreed to by the powers that be, it will probably be accompanied by a snug *douceur* in the shape of compensation. This, again, might be economically applied in keeping up the First Lord's state and dignity at South Kensington. How pleasant it is to be able to feel that there is at least one conscientious member of the present Cabinet!

MR. WESTROPP has a very delicate conscience, which does not admit of his telling anything but the exact truth. He admitted before the Bridgewater Election Commission, having provided £500 for the purposes of bribery, and when accused by the Commissioners of having sworn before the Committee of the House of Commons, on his oath, and on his honour as a gentleman, that he had not expended a single penny in bribing, or beyond the legal expenses, he naïvely replied, "I did not expend it—other persons expended it." We are afraid the Commissioners hardly appreciated Mr. Westropp's simplicity. It is good that men should be brought face to face with the fact that perjury and falsehood are perjury and falsehood, even when only uttered in defence of such a respectable institution as Electoral Corruption.

PATRONAGE AT A PREMIUM.

IN consequence of the great success which has attended the appointment of the Rector of Honiton to the Bishopric of Oxford (the sole grounds for his selection having been that he had married somebody's sister and was a personal friend of Mr. Gladstone's), we understand that the Premier contemplates making the following appointments as vacancies occur in the offices below mentioned:—

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.—The Rev. Mr. Smith, second cousin of Mr. Gladstone's footman's mother-in-law.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMY.—Private Jones of the 199th Regiment, eldest son of Mr. Gladstone's greengrocer.

MASTER OF THE HORSE.—Master Brown, crossing-sweeper and contractor for odd jobs in ordinary at Carlton terrace.

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.—Captain Robinson of "Citizen," A I X X, the steamer which was to have conveyed Mr. Gladstone and his party to Greenwich this year—but did not. As a slight compensation for the disappointment.

If the present Cabinet is not proving itself truly liberal in the widest sense of the term, we should like to know how much further liberalism can go. Perhaps we shall yet see.

MEMS. OF THE MINISTRY.

MR. BRIGHT has just discovered that the Board of Trade, over which he presides so ably, unlike the heads of some of his subordinates, is *not* made of wood. By next session he hopes to know as much about his duties as his junior clerk. Here is progress with a vengeance!

It will surprise our readers to learn that Mr. Childers, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was none the worse for his stormy passage. Some of his colleagues were not quite so fortunate. In derision of their misfortunes, he has adopted for his motto, "Sic vos non nobis," which he elegantly translates, "You were ill, but I was not." This pleasing anecdote shows how a residence at the Antipodes improves our Latin and our manners.

Mr. Cardwell is about to give permission to our soldiers to wear their beards. After this, we may expect to see him some day plucking up courage to beard H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding in Chief.

AN ERIN FOR BRITAIN!

EVERYBODY knows that in Ireland the law is the most oppressive engine of tyranny and injustice that was ever devised. There are no blemishes to speak of in the laws of England. It is only in Ireland that the poor tenant spends his money on improvements of which the wicked landlord gets all the profit. Here is a dreadful case: A. B. takes a house on a lease for two and a half years. On the implied assurance of a renewal for fifteen years, he expends two hundred pounds in necessary repairs. He plants the garden with sixty pounds' worth of rare shrubs. The extension of the lease, however, is not completed in A. B.'s lifetime. The landlord claims possession at the end of the two and a half years, and A. B.'s heirs and executors have to give up all the two hundred pounds' worth of improvements, and as for the sixty pounds' worth of shrubs, they cannot move one at their peril. Of course, this happened in Ireland? No, strange to say, it is what may happen any day, and does very often, in England—that brutal country which gives poor oppressed Ireland laws so different from its own. There are writers and statesmen, as they call themselves, eager to give tenant farmers of Ireland practical possession of the landlords' property, while they will not hear of such a measure as a uniform poor-rate in England, or a tax for education. Oh no! these measures would be an unwarrantable interference, with private right!

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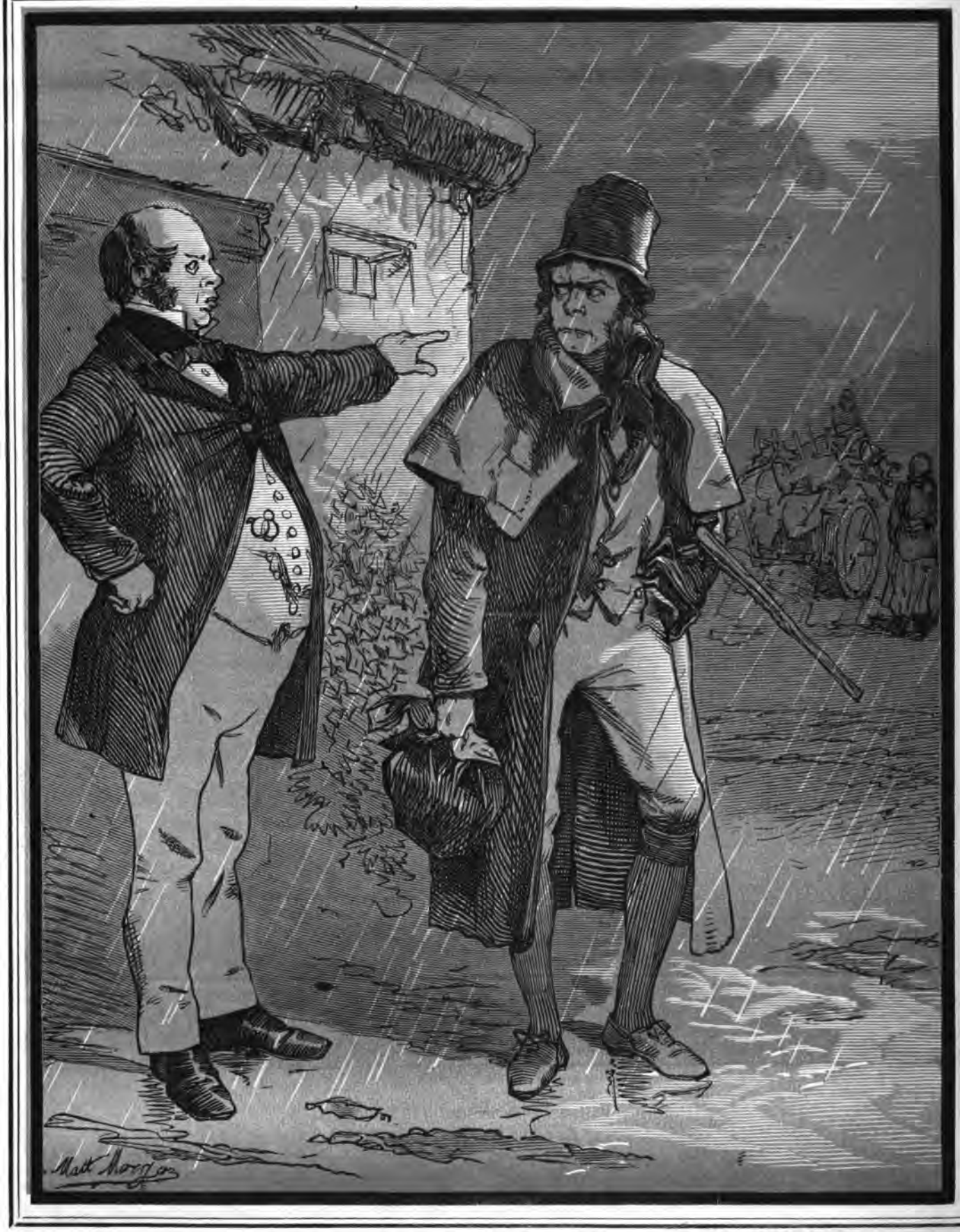

THE BEGINNING.

CAUSE A

THE IRISH

THE END.

EFFECT!

D QUESTION.

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THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

V.

IT may be readily conceived what a sensation wascaused by the magistrate's sentence upon the notorious, the popular, the daring, the terrific Jack Pulp. The most celebrated practitioner in the Borough Police Court was immediately instructed to make an appeal to the iron-hearted magistrate to remit his sentence, and impose a fine instead. The celebrated practitioner in question did make an appeal. The four walls of the court had never heard such an eloquent speech as he had then declaimed. He had pointed out to the magistrate the position of the defendant, a young and rising man, the hope of his aged parents, aspiring to take a position in the ranks of an honourable profession! Preparing himself, by diligent study and earnest application, to become a distinguished member of that profession! Winning the esteem of his tutors, the gratitude of the patients, and the admiration and friendship of his fellow-students! "Look at him at the lectures!" cried the orator. "There he is always at his post, sedulously taking notes, and mentally drinking in every word uttered by the distinguished lecturer, whether he is lecturing upon Anatomy or Physiology, or Botany or *Materia Medica!* Look at him again in the hospital wards, listening with deep attention to the clinical lectures, and watching with intense but tender interest the practical explanations of the peculiarities of the 'cases' brought under his notice! Or see him in the dissecting-room, with anxious care written on his countenance, 'cutting for nerves!' And then, in the quiet evenings, to contemplate him in the solitude of his rooms, deep in the study of his Cooper, or thirsting to acquire the contents of his Wood! Is this a man," continued the celebrated practitioner, "to be condemned to associate with the most degraded of malefactors for a comparatively paltry offence, committed without premeditation, but in the spontaneous outburst of a joyous spirit inherent to youth? Is such a man's future to be destroyed? Are his abilities to be lost to the country? For can it be doubted but that this stigma upon his hitherto unblemished character will cling to him to the latest day of his life? He goes into prison a happy, thoughtless youth, possessed of all the generous instincts peculiar to his age—proud and independent. Will he not return from his punishment a broken-hearted man, callous and indifferent, soured in his nature, and his fresh young blood transformed to bitter gall!"

What applause had followed the conclusion of the lawyer's speech! The students present were overcome to a man. Trodds, a young gentleman possessed of two black eyes, was observed to burst into tears upon the spot; and Sloper, another young gentleman, of a sympathetic nature, was compelled instantly to leave the court to refresh himself with what he called "a couple of drains," to save himself from fainting straight off.

The magistrate's reply was short and sharp. He congratulated the celebrated practitioner upon his eloquent address. Unfortunately, the evidence was strongly against the prisoner. It was also shown that the career of Mr. Pulp had been, during nearly the whole of the time he had been at the hospital, one of violence and dissipation. However much he might have proved himself to be a respectable student when engaged in his studies, his proceedings from a public point of view, and when out of doors, had been a disgrace to the district. From the evidence of the police it had been proved conclusively to him—the worthy magistrate—that it was owing to Mr. Pulp's invention and exertions that the whole of the door-knockers had disappeared in one night from the doors of an adjoining square. It was also due to Mr. Pulp that the false alarm of "Fire!" was so continuously being spread in the streets of the neighbourhood, and that, acting upon the alarm so created, he and his associates had three times broken open the shed where the parish engine was usually kept, and had carried that useful property bodily away to the places where the fire was supposed to be taking place, and having by false representations induced the turncock to turn the water on, had pumped cataracts of water into the unharmed houses, upon the unconscious sleepers. These circumstances alone would justify him in the course he intended to pursue, to say nothing of the robberies which were perpetually taking place in the Causeway and the Borough, of the great tea-pots by which the tea-grocers were accustomed to advertise their business. It was not decent that such articles should invariably be removed in the night, and that their worthy owners should find their property in the morning being dragged about the Borough by troops of disorderly youths. Then the charges as to cock-crowing, fighting, and general dissolute conduct were innumerable. He had heard often of Mr. Pulp. He was now before him for the first time, and he was determined he would not let him go. The sentence would not in any way be remitted. Mr. Pulp would have to undergo the incarceration; and he trusted that it would be a caution to his companions that it was not consistent with the proper discharge of their duties as candidates for admission to the most honourable of professions, that they should render themselves, by their conduct socially, a curse and a terror to their fellow citizens.

VI.

The only man who was totally unaffected by the decision was Mr. John Pulp himself. He descended from the dock with a light and cheerful step, as if he had been a hardened criminal, and was prepared to do any number of sentences "upon his head." He spoke to the officers who had him in custody in a light and easy style. He rubbed his hands through his hair, and congratulated himself that he had recently had it cut. He told his gaoler that he was not looking well, diagnosed him in a second as being upon the brink of a severe jaundice, and prescribed for him there and then, to that gentleman's extreme wonderment and gratitude. He was allowed to shake hands with a few of his friends before entering Her Majesty's special omnibus.

"Don't be cast down, Sloper," he said to his friend, "I shall have an opportunity of studying the influences of prison diet upon the system. That's something to know, old boy. Besides, there's the hard labour. I shall find out what the human frame is capable of enduring. It will be an interesting experience, and, as our lecturers tell us, there is nothing like personally experiencing what you may have afterwards to treat. A doctor, you recollect, is a cosmopolitan, and it will be hard if I do not acquire something worth knowing. Walking the prisons for a month, my dear Sloper, would afford us all important information, and do us all no end of good."

VII.

He was a choleric and sentimental old gentleman was Mr. Jabez Pulp, the father of Jack, and when he discovered that his son was incarcerated, he was both furious and lachrymose. He ascertained where his boy was located some fortnight after the event had taken place. He raved and stormed one minute and he cried like a child the next. He cursed the hour Jack had been born with one breath, and he lamented in agonizing tones the pain and degradation his poor noble boy was suffering with the next. He rushed off to the prison. In due course Jack was presented to him, standing behind the iron bars, which separated them from all immediate contact, and certainly looking for a prisoner a very favourable picture of contentment and satisfaction. The old gentleman was loud in his reproaches. It would be his death. All his hopes were destroyed. All his schemes for his son's progress in the world were blown to the winds. What was the use of the education he had given him? All his solicitude was rewarded by seeing him there in a criminal prison. No other fate was in store for his unfortunate son but the gallows!

Jack Pulp listened very quietly to his father, and then said: "Don't be out of spirits, father. There is a splendid case in the infirmary I'm attending to. They've put me on to assist the doctor here. It's a dying prisoner. I'm looking after him, and I think I may bring him round. By George, I'm not losing my time here!"

At this old Jabez cried bitterly, and tried, by thrusting his arm through the bars, to grasp his son's hand; but this, in consequence of the intervening space, was impossible; and then, after much more conversation of a varied character, the turnkey announced "Time's up," and Jack was removed, and old Jabez went away sobbing and groaning.

"He's a reckless fellow," murmured old Jabez; "but he's a good fellow for all that, he is devoted to his profession, and I'll stick to him to the last.

VIII.

The month was up and Jack Pulp came out! He semed sorry to do so. The students met him at the gate. They put him in a cab. It was one of a procession of cabs. Half the students of his hospital appeared to have come to witness his release.

They conducted him in triumph to the Borough. Sloper played the cornet all the way. They toasted him. They feasted him. They wanted to fatten him to his original weight there and then. They examined him closely as to what he had been made to do, and how they had treated him. They gave three cheers for the governor who had been kind to him, and three cheers for the doctor who had put him in the infirmary. There never was such a night; but during all of it Jack was very quiet, and when the party broke up, he was heard to mutter, "I should have liked to have stopped another week to watch that prisoner and find him thoroughly recovered!"

(*To be continued. Commenced in No.* 127.)

SHAKESPEARE A LA FRANCAIS.

THE literary world of England and France has been recently excited by the publication of some letters said to have been written by the Bard of Avon to a friend in France. M. Chasles, who has had the pleasure of introducing these valuable epistles to the learned of both countries, is not the only man who has in his possession letters written in the French tongue by the great English dramatist. In point of fact, TOMAHAWK himself possesses a document which is certainly as much the production of Shakespeare as those exhibited by M. Chasles—perhaps "more so." It is written on foolscap paper, and is addressed to the great Voltaire, who was scarcely more than a young man (if, some say, so much) when Shakespeare died. Without further preface, TOMAHAWK gives the letter, which evidently was written on a matter of business.

Théâtre du Globe, près le Strand, Londres, Dimanche.

MON CHER MONSOO,

Je suis enchanté d'entendre que vous êtes bien, comme celui-ci me partera à présent. Vous me dire que vous désirez beaucoup de traduire mon drâme en sept actes et quatorze tableaux, *Hamlet*, en Français? Eh bien, vous pouvez, mais, s'il vous plaît, fait la chose un affaire du "business." C'était un grand succès en Londres, et c'est bien possible qu'il sera un grand succès en Paris.

De vous voir que c'est joli je traduis pour vous un de principals tableaux, de vous expliqué que le drâme est très bon. Je mettre au coté de mon Français l'original en Anglais. Vous comprenez. Le voici :—

EN FRANCAIS.	EN ANGLAIS.
TABLEAU V.—*Encore un pars du platform, un peu plus remoté, Entrent* Hamlet *et* M. Le Spectre.	SCENE V.—*A more remote Part of the Platform, Enter* Ghost *and* Hamlet.
Ham. Eh bien, ou voulez vous m'envoyer? Parlez! Je resterai ici.	*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
M. Le Spectre. Faites un marque sur moi.	*Ghost.* Mark me.
Ham. Eh bien. Je serai!	*Ham.* I will.
M. Le Spectre. Mon heure est veni mais un peu	*Ghost.* My hour is almost come
Quand moi aux feux de sulphur et des feux bien desagréable	When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Me rendre moi meme!	Must render up myself.
Ham. Ala! Pauvre M. le Spectre!	*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!
M. Le Spectre. Ne me pitierez pas! Mais donnez moi	*Ghost.* Pity me not; but lend thy serious hearing
Votre entendeant serieux	To what I shall unfold.
A quoi je enfolderai.	
Ham. Parlez! C'est necessaire pour moi d'attendre.	*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.
M. Le Spectre. Et aussi de revengé quand vous avez entendez!	*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. Quoi?	*Ham.* What?
M. Le Spectre. Monsoo, je suis le spectre de M. votre père!	*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit,
C'est necessaire pour moi de marche sur la nuit pour un temps certain,	Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
Et pour le jour de monge rien dans les feux	And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fires,
	Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Pour les crimes tres desagréables fait dans mes jours du nature	Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
Sont brouillent par tous! Mais que c'est defendu	To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
De parler des secrets de la maison du mon prison	I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
C'est possible dire un narrative—la mot de qui plus illuminé	Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Faites votre sole — au gratin! glazé votre jeune sange;	Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Faites vos deux eux, commes les etoilles — startent de ces spheres.	Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,
Votre cheveux qui ne sont pas brushé partir au centre,	And each particular hair to stand on end,
Et chaque montez en perpendicular comme—	Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
Mon Dieu, comme les plumes du porcupine malade.	But this eternal blazon must not be
Mais ce blazon eternel ne sera pas	To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!
Aux hommes de flesh et sang. En bataille! En bataille!	If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Si vous aimez votre père comme ce—vous comprennez.	
Ham. Mon Dieu, Monsoo!	*Ham.* O God!
M. Le Spectre. Revengez, s'il vous plais, son assassination bien desagréable.	*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Ham. Assassination! Monsoo!	*Ham.* Murder?
M. Le Spectre. Oui, Monsoo—Assassination — comme un poulet—vous comprennery.	*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
Mais celui est bien comme un poulet, strange et pas natural!	But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Eh bien, continuez Monsoo, que moi avec des wings bien vite	*Ham.* Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
Comme meditation ou les pensées de l'amour	As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
Sweepery au mon vengeance.	May sweep to my revenge.
M. Le Spectre. C'est bon, Monsoo. Je trouve que vous etes gentil	*Ghost.* I find thee apt;
Et plus triste c'est bonne pour vous etes comme le weed bien gross	And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
Qui rotté lui meme avec du comfort sur "Lethe warf,"	That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Ne voulez vous stirrez dans cela —eh bien—Monsoo Hamlet, entendez;	Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear;
Ils dirent quand je dorme dans mon orchard	'Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
Un serpent me stingez — Vous voyez ils dirent en Danemark	A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Mais ce n'est pas vrais—c'est un proces forgé.	Is by a forged process of my death
Ah, Mon Dieu! Mais connez vous, brave garcon,	Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
Le serpent qui stingez le vie de M. votre père	The serpent that did sting thy father's life
A present a son couronne.	Now wears his crown.
Ham. Oh mon sole au gratin prophetique — c'est Monsoo mon oncle!	*Ham.* O my prophetic soul! my uncle!

Que pensez-vous de c'la, Monsoo Voltaire? C'est joli, n'est pas? Mais il y'a beaucoup de chose comme c'la dans mon piece qui est aussi bon. Aussi j'ai encore un piece j'aime comme "Hamlet," c'est nommé "Othello." Si "Hamlet" est un succes en Paris nous jouerons "Othello" aussi — n'est pas, Monsoo Voltaire?

Credez vous,
Tres veritablement votres,
"L'IMMORTAL VILLIAM,"
alias
BILLY SHAKESPEARE.

P.S.—J'espere que vous aimez mon Français—c'est tres bon—n'est pas? Il me coute deux shillings par leçon. J'ai eu six leçons!

OUR BOOKMARKER.

Walter Savage Landor: a Biography. By John Forster. London: Chapman and Hall, 1869.

MR. FORSTER has added to the heavy obligations under which he has placed mankind by this, another of his delightful biographies. The same affection that we feel for the painter or sculptor who preserves for us the features of some dead hero whom we honoured and revered, do we feel for the biographer who gives to those who could otherwise only know the writer through his works, the privileges and joy of a personal friendship with the man himself. Mr. Forster has indeed been fortunate in having indissolubly connected with his own the names of two such very different writers and men as Oliver Goldsmith and Walter Savage Landor. For he thus obtains a fixed seat in the hearts of nearly all who read at all. Landor may be known to but a few in the reading world; but by those few he is admired passionately; while it would be difficult to name a book more universally popular in the widest sense of the term, than Oliver Goldsmith. We cannot help believing that Mr. Forster's noble and honourable biography of his friend will do something towards making Landor's works more widely known, at least, in his native country. If there are any cultivated intellects left among the young men of the day, they can hardly find a richer or grander treasure-house of intellectual gems than in the "Imaginary Conversations;" and we may add in the Tragedies of Landor, of both of which Mr. Forster gives as many such specimens as make us long to hunt for more ourselves.

Recent circumstances have given to us a more hearty appreciation of Mr. Forster's biography than its inherent merits would, at any time, secure for it. No greater contrast can be found to the filthy garbage which has been shamelessly dug out of the grave and flung in our faces in the name of friendship than this temperate, dignified, and delicate biography of a man whose life and character perhaps more than any other great man that ever lived, offered strong temptation to the lover of scandal. We should not like to read Landor's biography written with all the pains and moral reflections, and sensational gasps and upturnings of yellow eyes to Heaven which a female friend might have found leisure or taste to *bestowe* on it. Happy indeed is the man who has such a friend as Mr. Forster to write his life! While admitting Landor's faults, he never swerves from the noble fidelity of a true friend. To a loving warm heart he joins that perfect discrimination and delicate taste which keep him alike from the fault of over-extolling his friend's good points or from ignoring altogether his weak points. We can imagine Landor reading his own biography, as written by Mr. Forster without finding any fault with the writer of it. With the subject of it we hope his noble spirit softened by reflection would find much fault.

We had better get over the unpleasant part of our task at once. The strong love and admiration which we feel for the character of Walter Savage Landor, makes it more incumbent on us not to gloss over its defects. It was no duty of Mr. Forster's to speak too harshly of his friend's private life. But we may be less merciful, and, as a warning to others of like temperament, point out into what cruel and ungenerous, we had almost said mean acts, Landor's exaggerated sense of self-importance led him. Generous, warm-hearted, he was if ever man was, yet for what paltry reasons did he quarrel with friends, in many cases without ever being reconciled to them, and inflict on others most foul wrong! If he was sensitive himself, he should have been less prone to pain the feelings of others. But the worst blemish in Landor's character, to which Mr. Forster seems blind, is, his utter lack of that essential of a true gentleman—the eagerness to make every reparation in his power when he has, under a misapprehension, done any one an injustice. Landor lived to retract his paltry depreciation of Byron, which he caught, let us charitably suppose, from that bland egotist Wordsworth, and from Southey, who certainly had good cause to hate Byron. But if we consider the account of his quarrel with Stuart, the British Envoy of Corunna, what bitter shame we feel, that having assailed him on such ridiculously inadequate grounds, Landor lacked the true courage to express in generous terms his deep regret! But the idea never seems to have entered his head, that he himself had, by his culpable impatience and unfounded abuse of Stuart, done his own character most grievous wrong, for which nothing but self-humiliation could atone. A passionate hasty temper is a grievous curse to a man of generous nature and tender feelings; to such an one the very idea of having unjustifiably inflicted pain on another's feelings is an intolerable anguish; and, however great the pang may be to his pride, his mind can know no true ease till he has freely and boldly apologised for his error. But we look in vain for any sign of this redeeming feature in the irritable self-consciousness of Landor; an offence ever so small against his own mighty self was what he found it imperative to resent but never to forgive.

Mr. Forster has written the history of Landor's unhappy married life with great delicacy and wise reticence. But here we see the same fault, here it almost amounts to a crime. We may be wrong, but we hold that nothing, except utter infidelity of heart and body, justifies a man in deserting his wife and children; we do not use the word "desert" in its legal sense. It is a father's duty to watch over his children, the more so if there are faults of temper in the mother which he finds it hard to bear. If ever there was a man whose longsuffering towards a wife should have known no bounds in this life, it was Landor. We read with pain and indignation, nay, with bitter humiliation to see a noble nature so degraded, the account of his separation from his wife and children. However gross the provocation, no mere words could have justified such a step, especially in one so prone to err with his tongue, as Landor. But no; his god, his self, was treated with disrespect, and he wilfully abandoned all the duties and responsibilities of a father, and retained but the barren love. Of what use was that? Forbearance is the great lesson that such a life teaches us; we can none of us, however good we be, have too much of it. We cannot be omnipotent or omniscient, but we can all of us be demigods, at least, in mercy.

But others, besides Landor's ownself, were to blame for this inordinate self-esteem. It was the natural result of the neglect and contempt with which his great intellectual powers were treated by those about him. It is a received maxim with many families to snub any member who may give proofs of genius. This is a very shortsighted policy. You cannot destroy the conscious sense of power that genius gives. Far wiser is it for all parents, brothers, sisters, friends, and schoolmasters, to encourage genius in self-cultivation by every means in their power, and to treat it with judicious appreciation and delicacy, not with extravagant adulation or narrow-minded disdain. No course of conduct is so likely to encourage inordinate self-esteem as the constant infliction of petty humiliations on those whose mental powers we feel to be above ours, but whose habits or mannerisms may make them an easy prey to ridicule and censoriousness.

We now come to the most grateful part of our work, the hearty expression of that admiration and love which we feel for Landor both as a writer and as a man. It may be allowed to us, who never had the privilege of knowing him in the delightful intercourse of private life, now that we have been brought face to face with him in Mr. Forster's book, to express in somewhat warm terms, our thorough sympathy with his noble hatred of injustice, and his nobler scorn of the pitiful pretences which pass current in the world for real virtues. It is impossible to read his gloriously fearless denunciations of the meannesses and pharisaisms of English society without wishing that it could have been our fortune and our pride to have had him for a fellow-workman in the cause which we have ever advocated. Alas! there are but very few men of Landor's honest vehemence now-a-days. It is well for him that he has passed away. He lived too long perhaps for his own happiness; but his frank and brave spirit would have chafed itself to death had he been doomed to live his youth over again in this age of flabby apathy and sneaking hypocrisy. It was something to have lived as he did in the noblest intellectual society that there has ever been in this world since the Elizabethan era. It was something to have had the genial unswerving friendship of such men as Southey, Hare, Lamb, Napier, Crabb Robinson, and we may add, last, not least, Charles Dickens and John Forster. He might well despise popularity when such men praised him from their minds, and hearts, and souls. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Carlyle, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Shelley, and even Byron were among his worshippers. We have no names to fill the blanks now. We have poets—two of the finest, Browning and Swinburne, both knew and loved Landor. Browning, indeed, was one of the dearest friends of his later days. But the time for real literary friendship has, we fear, gone by. The canker of ennui and apathy begins to corrode the finest natures. They lack the energy to be really friends, in the noble sense of the word. Such society as met round Rogers's or Lady Blessington's table

is now impossible. Railway travelling, or something else, has done away with the genial mellow richness which characterized the intellectual intercourse of those days. One meets men to whose conversation it is delightful to listen, but you are never allowed to listen. There are too many Xanthias always present, who, getting uneasy as they see the speaker beginning to soar above their heads, and struck with a horrid alarm that their respectability and wealth, &c., &c., are not being duly worshipped, cry out—"This is all very well, but you are saying nothing about me." There is little generous admiration of one another now-a-days among authors. There are cliques, but there are not friendships. Were Virgil and Horace to come to life again now-a-days they would be thinking of nothing else but of how many editions the other had gone through, and whether Messrs. Longman or Chapman and Hall gave Horace more for an ode than Virgil got for an eclogue. Fame is turned banker now-a-days, and authors are judged not in Aristophanes' scales, but by their balance in the bank. Nobody would say thank you for a laurel crown now-a-days, unless it was capable of being converted into five shillings. We have hit on a melancholy subject, so we will leave it.

Of the exquisite grace of Landor's small poems, of the vivid power of his greater ones, of the grand rhythm, the rich conciseness, the intellectual imagery, and the thoughtful unwordy eloquence of his prose writings, we can only speak here—we will not attempt to illustrate them. No man ever combined so much acquired knowledge with so much originality, unless it be Bacon or Shakespeare. He has all the pregnancy of that *divine* Fuller without his affectation. Landor's works are full of the most exquisite odours of the past. He was a scholar, but never a pedant. His work had all the grandeur, all the supple grace, all the mellow roundness of a beautiful antique statue, but it was wrought in dazzling marble brought from his own quarries, which no other man could enter. It seemed as if he was a curious and novel instance of the doctrine of metempsychosis. His intellect would seem to have lived from the age of Homer to his own time without any interruption from death. Never again can we hope to see a mind so boundless united to an enthusiasm which never faded, to an energy which never tired.

EMPTY COMPLIMENTS.

ON the occasion of the visit of the Crown Prince of Prussia to Vienna, on his way to the East, which took place last week, one of the principal features in the festivities was a grand review of the Austrian army in the presence of the Emperor and his royal guest. The Emperor, the report goes on to inform us, wore the uniform of the colonel of a Prussian regiment, while the Crown Prince was dressed as an officer holding a similar rank in the Austrian service. Now, we are only too glad to observe any signs of the restoration of a good understanding between North and South Germany; but this masquerading in each other's clothes on the part of the Austrian Emperor and the Prussian Prince is surely carrying protestation to an absurdity. When the Prince of Wales goes to Paris he does not thrust himself into the uniform of the National Guard, nor does the Emperor of the French welcome him attired in the uniform of the Honourable Artillery Company; yet the *entente cordiale* between ourselves and our neighbours is none the less sincere on this account. We fear the Austrian monarch is something like his prototype in *Hamlet*—he protests too much.

IN THE NAME OF JUSTICE!

WHETHER the unhappy man who met his death last week by the overturning of a cab was really "Colonel Kelly," or simply one Edward Martin, a hardworking and honest compositor, will probably be never clearly ascertained; but, under any circumstances, let us protest in the strongest terms against the gross and brutal cowardice on the part of the police in having stripped the deceased and examined his body for purposes of identification while he lay helpless with a protruding brain on a bed in King's College Hospital. Nothing can justify the step. If the man was really the renowned Fenian, who, in his time, had given so much trouble to our intelligent detectives, such unseemly haste in making sure of their catch was quite unnecessary. From the first there was little chance of the accident having any but a fatal termination, and however guilty the supposed Fenian might have been proved to be, it was evidently not the prison van that was destined to carry him from where he lay.

Surely the police are getting worse and worse. While they were simply bullies we could only sympathize with their victims, and express our impatience that such things should be; but now that they are proving themselves coarse and cowardly man-butchers, we lose our temper, and call, not on Colonel Henderson, but on the nation itself to interfere, and prevent the recurrence of revolting deeds such as that which polluted the ward of King's College Hospital a few days ago.

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

THE popular objection to capital punishment is gaining ground in America. A black woman was a short time ago sentenced to death in Georgia for murdering children at twelve and sixpence a head; but as, during her incarceration prior to her trial, she learnt to repeat the Church Catechism by heart, she has had her sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. The American newspapers, to do them justice, are clamorous for her immediate execution, and declare that she has only aggravated her crime; but their voices have not prevailed, and the murderess has been put back to complete her religious education. We have heard a good deal of "extenuating circumstances" lately, and it would be a good thing if somebody would define them. Surely, cant and humbug should not be included in the list.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THERE dwells a race of men beyond the seas,
Mighty in peace and war, well known to fame,
Whose worst defect, which mars their power to please,
Is writ here, interwoven with their name.

1.
Hail! Nature's noblest gift,
When joined with ruddy health,
More precious far than power,
Than glory, or than wealth.

2.
Hail! Queen of purity,
Like gold without alloy;
Taming the lion's rage,
Ride on in peace and joy.

3.
A leper of the East
Appears upon the scene;
Lo! in the healing wave
He washes, and is clean.

4.
Next from the dreary Steppes,
Pours down a Tartar horde,
Mounted on swiftest steeds,
And armed with lance and sword.

5.
But next o'er peaceful strife
Is he who calm presides,
Weighs each conflicting claim,
And firm, but just, decides.

6.
Last, but of all most dear
Whom poets celebrate,
See one arise, and smile,
And all my song dictate.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ENIGMA IN OUR LAST.—Byron—Stowe.

ANSWERS have been received from A Harmless Idiot, Bertha Samuel E. Thomas, Corbleu, and Tot, and three hundred and twenty-seven incorrect.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 129.] *LONDON, OCTOBER 23, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

LAW FOR IRELAND!

LAST week we showed the danger of exaction and harshness. This week we would show the danger of indolence and leniency as regards the Irish Land question. To insist upon one's bare legal rights without any regard to the moral claims of the tenant is foolish and wicked, for it makes the devil's work easy where otherwise it would have been impossible. But how much more foolish, how much more wicked, it is to call anything but a cowardly crime that arrogant and cruel self-vindication which claims the life of the wrong-doer as forfeit? Even in the very worst cases the sympathies of those who love order more than rebellion, and patience more than revenge, must be with the victim, not the author of the crime. The perverted minds of those with whom the murderer lives may confuse dogged malignity with brave heroism, and may not be able to see the crime of the assassin for the shadow that his wrong had cast over him; but in proportion as *he* meets with aid and sympathy, while justice is baffled and detested; in proportion as his impunity is secured by the complicity of those who, without the courage to commit the crime, have sufficient cunning to conceal the criminal, so is the anger of all those who hate violence and bloodshed increased, till, from unwillingness to demand the life of the one murderer, they are eager for the severest punishment of all his accomplices. For accomplices those are who either actively, or passively, encourage these cowardly assassins to think themselves heroes, and sanction the violation of the most sacred human and divine law, because the violator has, or imagines he has, suffered some wrong.

The long list of crimes that the annals of Ireland for this year furnish would be stain enough on her people, even if the authors of them had paid the penalty of their deeds. But when we find that in not one single case, however brutal or atrocious, has the law been able to vindicate its authority, we may indeed wonder that the cry in Ireland is "Down with the landlords," and not "Down with the assassins." We should have thought that even the illogical mind of Paddy might have grasped the fact that a single criminal, delivered up to justice by the aid of the peasantry themselves, would have done more to silence the voices of their detractors and enemies than all the murderous snaps of triggers from behind the shelter of a dense hedge. But no—while scheme after scheme was being earnestly urged for the benefit of Ireland by the nation whom she chooses to call her oppressor; while minds were being racked, and voices were being strained, and purses were being emptied, to aid her; Ireland was reviling and cursing her helpers, and reserving her approbation, her sympathy, and her gratitude for the brutal wretches who were shooting or beating to death defenceless men. For the murderer there was welcome at the fireside, there was aid, there was comfort; for the widow and children of the man struck down without warning, without chance of defence, there were nothing but malicious sneers and cruel taunts. Not one man, from north to south, from east to west, stood up and said, "Friends, fellow-countrymen, the assassin shall not escape; he shall expiate on the gallows his brutal treachery, and clear our good name from the pollution of harbouring amongst us a fiend like that. Our religion, which we love, and for sake of which we would gladly die, teaches us long-suffering and gentleness. Because our enemies are unjust, shall we be criminals? because they are harsh, shall we be cruel? because they eat our substance, shall we drink their blood? No; let us teach them that if we cannot forgive or forget the injuries they have done us, we can leave it to God to avenge us; that we are ready even to wipe out the black records of the past, if they will promise us a brighter future; that we are not the barbarians which they would try and make us."

This may seem too much to ask of the tenant-farmer class of Ireland; but the Irish have always claimed to be a generous and an eloquent race, and we cannot but believe that, had the desire not been wanting, the ability would have been easily found amongst the peasantry with which to make an appeal far more eloquent and more forcible than the one which we have suggested. It is the most disheartening thing to the would-be friends of Ireland that, as a nation, they should have utterly failed to understand the vileness of these agrarian murders. They are lower, more brutal in nature and execution than any crimes having their source in vindictiveness which the history of any other nation contains. Where the tenderest affections, the sweet sanctities of home have been outraged by lust and cruelty, one may well pause before one condemns the assassin; but where the simple refusal to obey the peremptory and often unjust, as well as illegal, demands of a secret tribunal, when the mere performance of a duty, however harsh, the compliance with conditions which are not of the victim's choosing, when such causes as these are held sufficient justification of the most treacherous, mean, and bloodthirsty crimes,—what sympathy can a good and pure soul feel for the murderer? If there can be anything more painfully astonishing than the degradation of those who commit these crimes it is the moral obliquity of those who tacitly encourage and condone them.

It is easy to thunder denunciations of the usurping Saxon, to declaim against the unjust laws of which one, perhaps the most

unjust, still is law in Ireland. We do not deny that the cruel facility of eviction gives to the grasping or the careless landlord a terrible instrument of persecution, and that sometimes he uses it. But for one bad or indolent landlord in Ireland, how many are there who, with gentle patience and earnest industry, have sought to improve the condition of the tenants too often in vain? Moved by a generous spirit and a sincere desire to make those dependent on them happy, because in the course of their work the prejudices and passions of some idle rascals are thwarted, the assassin's bullet or bludgeon is as ready for them, or their agent as for the most heartless and sordid. One after another the abuses of the law have been abolished, but without any good effect in suppressing these secret bands of assassins. None of those who are themselves industrious and God-fearing men dare help in the detection or punishment of the criminal, though they fear and detest him. This is the grossest moral cowardice, the most contemptible truckling to brutality of which men can be guilty. It is the more difficult to comprehend in a nation which boasts, and with some justice too, of their courage.

It seems, as we have often said, worse than ridiculous to talk about the purity of the Irish and their freedom from certain forms of vice. This is entirely beside the subject. It is disgraceful to talk of the wrongs inflicted in past times on the conquered country. England has been conquered again and again, spite of the popular boast to the contrary; she is a medley of the races that have subjugated her with fire and sword. It would be as reasonable and just for men to defy the law in England because a brutal code not long ago condemned the shoplifter to the gallows, as it is for the Irish to rail against the landowners, to ill-treat and kill them, because in the time of Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell, and even as late as in the time of the George's, the land was governed with great cruelty. Vendettas which are handed down from father to son are a very disgraceful inheritance. It will be an evil day for mankind when the sins of the fathers are visited by an Omnipotent Being on the unoffending children. Fortunately, that barbarous superstition has faded away before the light of a religion of which love and mercy are the foundation stones. Ireland must either consent to aid us in the task of reconciliation, or be for ever the battle-ground of fanatics and traitors. It is no use holding out our hand if they will not grasp it, or if they take it coldly with one hand while the other grasps the bludgeon of the murderer.

Even as we write, with the blood of nearly a score of recently slain victims crying in vain for vengeance, a ray of hope falls on the dark distance. The O'Donoghue has addressed a letter to his countrymen, in which he speaks the language of peace and good sense, and even of magnanimity. He is beginning to see how impossible violence and vindictiveness are beginning to render mercy. He may see far enough into the future and with clear eyesight enough to understand that until the law is able to vindicate its authority in Ireland, further concession would be a crime. How can we create another class of proprietors in Ireland from the people themselves, that people whose good we profess to seek, if we know that we are powerless to defend them from the assassin, even in broad daylight? If the tenant-farmer becomes to-morrow the owner of the soil, dare he discharge a servant, dare he claim his due in labour or in money without the certainty of being sentenced to death by a midnight tribunal of murderers? And if he is shot down who shall avenge him? Will his fellows, will his nominal landlord, will his labourers avenge him? Who shall dare to speak of comfort to his widow, who shall assure her that her son, that she herself, may not be the next victim? What power can the law claim, what protection can it pretend to give, where no men but hired soldiers will aid it in punishing the man-slayer? Is not it fearful to think that everything which the least unreasonable and disloyal of the Irish ask may be granted to-morrow, and yet no check be put on this tyranny of crime? What if then, no longer deluded by the false halo of heroism which had formerly surrounded these wretches, the people themselves rise, and in the fury of roused vengeance strike savagely and wildly around? Will the punishment, meted out by long-suppressed indignation, be milder than that which the grave and sober law, if rightly supported, would inflict? We fear not.

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP is a very beautiful thing. It is also useful. Without friendship a man cannot borrow five shillings. Shillings have been borrowed at sixty per cent., but still a brotherly love of a certain kind has inspired the transaction. There is a bold sort of philanthropy in cent. per cent., and philanthropy is merely universal friendship.

***

By the aid of friendship mankind can get rid of a damaged lot of wine or a lame horse, for it is in the sacred name of friendship that these and other lasting obligations are conferred by man on his brother man.

***

There are many ways of bearing testimony to the existence of this beautiful and useful quality of the heart. Men have been known, through friendship, to write their names side by side on the self-same piece of paper.

***

Friends have done bills together. Thus, often has confidence been inspired. One friend has frequently been known to trust implicitly in the other when the document has become due. Touching instances of this happy and simple trustfulness are on record. A friend has been known to leave to his friend the sole and undivided honour of taking up their joint note. And the holder has often acknowledged the sacred tie, by regarding them as brothers, and seizing the one, without compunction, for the other. Without friendship this perfect *identity* of nature would have been impossible.

***

Friendship is also the mother of truth. No one speaks so frankly about a man as his friend. The charity of friendship prevents him from doing this to his face. He therefore does it behind his back.

***

The word "friendly" has many meanings. It sometimes has the same meaning as "simplicity." To be asked to dinner "quite in a friendly way," means soup, joint, and cheap sherry. This is beautiful. Mere acquaintanceship entitles man to a good repast. Friendship does not.

***

People talk of "friendly" societies. Sometimes these same societies have put the friendship to which they have appealed to the most comical test. They have occasionally made away with every halfpenny they have received. Only true friendship could venture upon an experiment so searching.

***

These associations must not be confounded with *the* Society of Friends. That is quite a different affair. So absorbing was the idea of friendship with which they joined in brotherhood, that they helped nobody but themselves. They also wore white hats.

***

There is a saying, "Save us from our friends," but it does not mean anything in particular. It was the last remark but one Julius Cæsar made to Brutus. Brutus was an intimate friend of Cæsar's, and meant extremely kindly to him. Brutus put a knife into Cæsar. This is a striking instance of friendship.

QUESTION OF THE WEEK.

Why was the recent visit of the Volunteers to Belgium like Prop. 5 of the First Book of Euclid?

Prizes from £100,000 to ½d.

SUNDAY CRICKET.

A Working Man's Apology.

1.

"Want amusement on Sundays? What next?" You'll inquire.
"Sunday cricket? Perdition!" Of course you smell fire?
All ideas of propriety seem out of joint,
When the curate is caught by churchwarden at "point!"

2.

While the parson, just fresh from denouncing our sins,
'Tween the services bowls swift round hard at our shins;
While the beadle stands umpire, and lays down the law,
And the pew opener gives her whole mind to the score?

3.

Well, why not? Is there scandal or harm to be seen
If the bishop himself were stumped out by the dean?
Would you cut off all hope, close the gateway of heaven
To the lost sheep who play in th' archdeacon's eleven?

4.

You won't have it at no price? 'Tis easy to sneer,
Say Sundays mean dulness, and cricket means beer.
Minds depressed by the gloom you would force on the day,
Ask the Devil to step in, and have his own way.

5.

"There's the church." *That* of course. But amusement we seek,
And a mouthful of fresh air for once in the week.
You, fine folks, has the whole of six days for your use—
It's no sauce for ganders what's sauce for the goose.

6.

"Good books." They're tough reading to us, the profane:
When we've used up our muscles, we eases our brain.
Learned sermons, big words, they're for you—don't ye see?
That's enjoying a sort of æsthetical spree.

7.

Slaves of prejudice! Would you by rigid decrees
Leave St. Peter no option in using his keys?
Narrow minds! Self-dubbed saints! Think again, Is it true
There's no sinners like them who dare differ from you?

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF MURDER.

The Whitton tragedy is now carted away with last week's news, but before it is put thoroughly out of sight and mind for good, we are desirous of directing public attention to the extraordinary verdicts that resulted from the coroner's inquest. It may be remembered that an old man, named Green, had a grudge against a certain Mr. Kyezor, and forthwith waited for him outside his house, and wounded him mortally in the stomach with a pistol shot, subsequently blowing out his own brains. The verdicts found were to the effect that "Thomas Hydon Green did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, kill and murder Louis Kyezor, and that the said Thomas Hydon Green did afterwards commit suicide by shooting himself while in a state of temporary insanity."

To the words "did wilfully, feloniously, and with malice aforethought, kill and murder," we take no exception. No doubt the revengeful veteran did all this. But why the moment afterwards, when he directs his murderous propensities against himself instead of against his neighbour, is he supposed then and there to break off into a state of "temporary insanity"? Suicides are always now-a-days supposed by coroners' juries to act on no principle whatever, and the plain verdict of *felo de se* is rarely if ever found. The truth is, there is a good deal of morbid nonsense entertained on the subject of self-murder, and so, with their usual illogical love of compromise, Englishmen refuse to come to the point, and find on the evidence before them.

We should like to know in the present instance, if the man Green had not shot himself as well, whether he would have been found guilty of simple murder without the extenuating plea of temporary insanity. We suspect that most undoubtedly he would. As the matter stands, the verdict stultifies itself. That a man can be perfectly sane one moment, and then take someone else's life, while the next he suddenly goes mad, and takes his own, is beyond the range of ordinary criminal court phenomena. It would be entertaining to hear the matter ably discussed. Why does not Dr. Forbes Winslow open the ball?

OUR BOOKMARKER.

The Academy: A Monthly Record of Literature, Learning, Science, and Art. No. 1. John Murray, Albemarle street.

We gladly welcome this addition to intellectual literature—the more because it belongs to no faction nor party. The spirit of this paper is what that of all literary papers should be, strictly impartial; it is free from the pettiness of cliques, and from the intolerance of sects; from the dulness of Conservatism, and from the insolence of Radicalism. It has neither the mean liberalism of the *Spectator*, the blundering bumptiousness of the *Athenæum*, nor the impartial spitefulness of the *Saturday Review*. Excepting the special articles bearing on the Byron controversy, it is, perhaps, rather dull. The notices lack individuality, though signed by different names. The best article, and the only one that shows any genius for criticism, is Mr. Matthew Arnold's on De Sevancour. This is full of that delicate appreciation which is the essence of criticism. The notice of Charles Baudelaire's works is very poor. Mr. Simcox either fears to reveal his knowledge of the work or has none to reveal. There is a lack of pregnancy in the few sentences that constitute most of the articles. There is brevity, but neither wit nor force. Professor Lightfoot's article on W. P. Renan's St. Paul, is too tepid, but it is very clear and correct. The "information" throughout is well given. In short, this paper is an accurate and ample record of literature and science, not a collection of brilliant criticisms. Those who look for such will be disappointed. Still we cannot help thinking that, unless Providence furnish a Byron scandal once a month, the *Academy*, to judge from the present number, will have but a very limited circulation. Neither the Drama nor the Novel receive any notice or discussion here; and even in a Record of Literature in these days it is scarcely wise to ignore such important branches of the Belles Lettres.

MUD AND MUDDLE.

It is certainly not probable that by the date these lines come under the public eye any steps will have been taken to ameliorate the dangerous condition of things at the Serpentine. We therefore have much pleasure in announcing that we have discovered a sovereign remedy for the frightful nuisance that has already started a fever, and given rise to a *Times'* correspondence. It is simple, and as follows:—Let every one of the officials who have anything to do with the present "improvement" be thrust into separate bathing-machines, and stationed all day and all night here and there along the pestiferous banks, till every pailful of poisonous mud is either deodorised or removed. If this plan be promptly carried out we give our word to anxious and suffering mothers that the plague will not last three days. The House of Commons mumbled and grumbled over the Main Drainage Scheme year after year, and would have mumbled and grumbled on for ever, had it not been for an extremely hot day, that drew forth the hidden beauties of the river, and so rendered the lobbies of the House insupportable. The Bill was framed forthwith.

Reflection by a Yankee after a Lengthened Sojourn in a French Town.—The drinks of France are very good, but darn their drains (!)

Sauce for the Goose.—A line from Dr. Livingstone announces his belief that he has at last discovered the source of the Nile. He, however, appears to have been anticipated by the Sultan, who complains that he has lately had a good deal too much of it from the Khedive!

No. X., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for OCTOBER,
NOW READY.

LONDON, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

THE WEEK.

MR. A. W. KINGLAKE is going to write the Bridgewater Treatise for this year. The subject will be "Purity of Election."

"TENURE for life" is the cry in Ireland now of the tenant farmers. The landlords also desire a life-tenure—which is not determinable by the assassin.

THE Bishop Designate of Exeter is not to the taste of the Diocesan Clergy. They seem to think that, in order to preserve *the Church*, they must profane *the Temple*.

WHO is Mr. G. H. Moore? Not the celebrated member of the Christy Minstrels, surely? Whoever he is he has been making a very vulgar harangue, in which he talks about the "bloodhounds of the English Press who had been hunting him down." Poor Moore! He must be very ignorant. Bloodhounds only hunt men; they do not interfere with—vermin.

EMBLAZONED BUFFOONERY.

ON the occasion of the Royal visit to Chester last week, the good people of the place reckoned without their host, or rather, to be more correct, their hostess. On the arrival of the Prince of Wales, an address was presented to him by the Mayor and Corporation, welcoming not only himself but the Princess too to their ancient city. Unfortunately, however, as the Princess was not there the address lost half its point.

In the first instance, we were inclined to give the authorities of Chester credit for indulging in a mild though offensive practical joke, for of course weeks since it was known that the Princess of Wales would not be able to pay them a visit; but it appears that they are perfectly guiltless of any such untimely waggery, for the address in question was prepared not weeks but months beforehand, in order that it might be embossed on vellum in a magnificent manner. Let us hope that the *contre-temps* at Chester will put a stop to the absurdity of making speeches into pictures, regardless of expense. Mayors and Corporations no doubt consider such tomfoolery *de rigueur*, and severally shrink from the responsibility of breaking through a time-honoured custom; but will any intelligent Municipality answer us the following questions with regard to what happened last week?—

NO. 1.—Did the presentation of an illuminated address give the Prince of Wales the least bit beyond the pleasure the warm reception of the population may have afforded him?

NO. 2.—What did his Royal Highness do with the address when handed to him? and was it not subsequently in somebody's way as a decidedly inconvenient bundle to have to carry about?

NO. 3.—What will his Royal Highness do with the address now that he has got it?

We cannot say we are heartless enough to object to a written address being used on such occasions as that of the other day, for they possess the advantage of being "takeable as read;" but we think that an inscription on a sheet of note-paper would be much better appreciated by Royalty; and indeed an address in such a form might be acceptable if Royalty happened to want to light its cigar, when left to itself.

AMOR NUMMI.

CAN any casual reader give an immediate explanation of the following lines, which we have cut at random from the columns of the *Times* of Thursday last:—

"A crowd of howling, desperate men, maddened by the frightful alternations of hope and fear protracted through days and nights of agony. Over them these two and their set held control, and still hold it, determined, if they bring the country to utter ruin, to still make their profit out of the danger. Nothing seems to make them falter, and no act is too daring for them to hesitate to do it."

As it stands it reads terrible enough. Is it a picture of some Eastern horrors, or an episode from the worst scenes of the Spanish revolution? Nothing of the kind. Merely an account of the recent doings "on 'Change" at New York. We offer it for perusal, with much respect to the commercial world.

PLAYING AT PARLIAMENT.

THERE is another Ministerial crisis at Melbourne, Victoria. A few months back affairs were brought to a dead lock by the quarrel over the Darling Grant; and now the cause of disagreement is the appointment of a Mr. Ralte to the post of Commissioner of Customs. We cannot say who Mr. Ralte is, or why he should be considered an undesirable man for the place; but it seems that even the supporters of the Government are indignant at his selection, and a want of confidence vote was about to be carried when the mail left. Of course it is impossible for us over here to take any extraordinary interest in Australian politics; but, judging from the stray facts which from time to time force themselves before our notice in large-typed telegrams, it seems to us that the colonists make but a sorry use of the Constitution we have given them. Imagine Mr. Gladstone being turned out of office because he gave an appointment to somebody or other that someone in the House of Commons did not like, or a Conservative Cabinet coming to grief over a Civil List pension! We do not call upon the Victorians to take the mother country as their model in the conduct of all matters political, but they might surely find some more worthy cause for disagreement than the selection of their Custom-house Officer.

VERY FRENCH.

M. DE LESSEPS, after having finished and opened his Canal, is going to be publicly married to a young lady twenty years of age. Of course, it would be in the worst taste possible for us to dilate on the coming happy event if M. de Lesseps did not like it; but as, on the contrary, M. de Lesseps (who, by the way, is sixty-four years old) has in a semi-official manner attached his wedding as a sort of additional attraction to the programme which he has prepared for the entertainment of the number of great people now congregating in Egypt, we do not hesitate to circulate the news.

The idea of making one's marriage a part of a public ceremony is certainly French, but none the worse on that account. Indeed, it might serve as a hint to us here in England. For instance, everyone has been complaining of the stupidity and the dulness of recent Lord Mayor's shows. We are quite sure that if, on the next Lord Mayor's Day, his Lordship, on his way back from Westminster, were to be driven in his gold coach to the Church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and there publicly married, it would prove an immense success. Besides, there would be nothing extraordinary in the proceeding when the great M. de Lesseps himself could be quoted as a precedent. We offer the suggestion to Mr. Alderman Besley for what it is worth.

THE NEW YORK
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THE CURE FOR MURDER!

OR

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

IX.

MR. PULP, after his penance, became a comparatively reformed character. He was the most earnest of students. It seemed as if what he had seen, or rather, as he himself stated, what he had heard during his short sojourn "in another place," had made such an impression upon him that it had determined him to turn over an entirely new leaf. He had often before turned over new leaves, but had generally turned back again to the old ones; but this time he was evidently sincere. He soon passed the Hall and the College, and when he had received his diplomas he astonished old Jabez, by one day declaring his intention to seek an engagement as assistant to some general practitioner, whose practice should call him more particularly to the treatment of the poor and the wretched.

"I prefer this sort of thing," said Mr. Pulp to his father. "I want experience. I want an opportunity of finding out what I can do, and I have some theories I should like to test practically, besides I particularly wish to see how the 'pauper' business is done."

He was not long in obtaining what he desired, and within a very short time he found himself engaged, for an almost nominal stipend, as the assistant of the great Mr. Tackler.

X.

Mr. Tackler was the parish doctor of the large parish of St. John's, somewhere in this great metropolis. He was the out-o'-door parish doctor, as contradistinguished to the in-door, or purely workhouse doctor. His duties consisted in attending to the paupers of the parish who required his assistance, without the necessity of their being transported to the workhouse to be treated. He visited them at their own homes, or they visited him at his. His superior officer, from whom he obtained his directions as to the particular paupers he was to visit, was the parish relieving officer, and Mr. Tackler was bound to obey all written commands concerning out-o'-door paupers proceeding from that individual.

The parish of St. John's was one of those large and delightfully teeming parishes with thousands of courts and alleys interlacing one another, breeding fever and disease of every description at a rate perfectly incalculable; and the courts and alleys were inhabited by a population which seemed to regard as one of their dearest liberties the privilege of allowing maladies of every description to be continually raging among them. Any interference with their habits of life or the social economy of their existence, or the arrangement of their habitations, although it was undertaken by those who strove to place them in a condition of comfort, and to stay the spread of disease, were regarded by them with a fierceness and a jealousy that drove the authorities to despair. They were independent when they were well, they were exacting when they were ill, and when they died "the inquiries" and the inquests held upon them gave rise to such furious discussions in the press and among the parish officials, that one would have supposed they had all been more or less murdered by the people in authority, who represented the unfortunate ratepayers. The board of guardians of this delightful parish were always fighting together as to the condition and treatment of particular paupers—as to how they had died, and whose fault it was that they had died—for it seemed to be generally allowed, before any discussion began, that it must be somebody's fault, and that some one must be found to be censured. Of course, Mr. Tackler being the doctor, appeared generally to be the nearest available object for condemnation, and there being on the Board and in the parish a large body of anti-Tacklerites, who endeavoured to prove that Mr. Tackler was responsible for the death of every pauper that took place in the parish, and that every such death had been brought about by Mr. Tackler's criminal neglect of the case—and there also being upon the same Board, and also in the parish, an equally large body of pro-Tacklerites, who defended Mr. Tackler against all accusations, and who in truth it must be said, generally carried the day, it may well be imagined that Mr. Tackler's position was not one which was calculated to prove agreeable to a man of a quiet and sensitive disposition. Mr. Tackler, however, fortunately for himself, was not of such a nature. From having been made the subject of so many contentions and of so many attacks, he had gradually resolved his at one time amiable temper into one of the most bellicose and furious character. There was always "a case" of his of some sort under discussion; and whenever Mr. Tackler entered into conversation he would invariably give his listener the entire particulars of the "case" in question, and recite to him in eloquent language the defence he had made before the Board, and how once again he had crushed his enemies. In consequence of all this it can be well understood that Mr. Tackler's existence was altogether a very lively one; and when it is considered that his salary received from the parish for his labours was something under £100 per annum, and which included the physic, it can also be very readily imagined that he was not inordinately overpaid, and that the paupers were likely to get the very best professional attention possible.

XI.

"You see, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler to his new assistant in an oratorical manner, for he had become oratorical through the fact of having to make so many speeches on so many occasions before the Board,—"you see, Mr. Pulp, that paupers, especially out-o'-door paupers, are peculiar. I will not altogether deny that in the majority of instances they are positively maddening. I do not pretend to know whether the parish of St. John's is peculiarly distinguished in this respect, but I do know that the paupers it is my duty to treat seem universally to possess idiosyncracies of the most bewildering character. By the term 'paupers,' Mr. Pulp, we include all those who obtain relief from the parish, medical or otherwise, although by far the majority of them are not so in the strict sense of the word. Paupers, when taken ill, invariably commence by treating themselves. For cholera, they take strong doses of senna; for a fever they consume spirits largely. When they are very bad they get orders from the relieving officer for me to visit them. They are directed to wait upon me at particular times printed on their orders. Without an exception they always come at other times than those directed, and invariably when I am either out or at dinner. They are ordered to bring bottles to contain their physic. As a certain rule, they never do bring bottles, and have to go back to fetch them, and then bring them smelling either of gin, or blacking, or pickles. Paupers refuse to take physic if it is not highly coloured and tastes nasty. If it happen to be clear coloured and sweet tasting, they complain to the Board that they are being neglected by the doctor, and that their case is not properly treated. Paupers, I really believe, Mr. Pulp, enjoy being ill. I know, as a fact, that they revel in physic. The quantity they consume will startle you. The nastier you can make it the better they like it. If you tell them to take two tablespoonfuls three times a day, and write it in large letters upon the bottle, they are positively certain to drink the whole of it in one dose immediately they reach home, and come back the next day for more. If you give them lotions with particular directions how they are to be used, it is the most usual thing in the world that they swallow them at the first opportunity, and, if they survive, bring their case as one of gross neglect on your part before the Board. If they don't survive there is an inquest, and ten chances to one if the jury don't append a censure upon you to their verdict. At all hours of the day—at every one of your meals—at all hours of the night—you are being summoned by paupers, complications having taken place, in their estimation, in their cases. They appear to nurture a sickness as a valuable possession, to obtain which they have expended the utmost trouble—a possession which they are anxious everyone should share with them, and your attempts to rob them of which they appear to regard as a piece of cruelty on your part, and a purpose which they certainly do their utmost to prevent you from effecting. I am not exaggerating, Mr. Pulp. I have been a parish doctor for several years. I have worked like a slave. It has nearly driven away the whole of my private practice. I have been attacked, abused, condemned, censured, roared at, and all but tried criminally, for performing duties which are most beyond one man's power, and which, I can safely say, I have always performed conscientiously. I am deeply thankful to have obtained your assistance. You commence your duties to-morrow, Mr. Pulp, and you will then have an opportunity of seeing my course of practice, and I think it will astonish you."

(*To be continued. Commenced in No.* 127.)

DIOGENES' TUB-TALK.

SECOND SERIES.

(1.) A CERTAIN profligate boasted that he was not afraid of the terrors of Hades, for "when it came to the point, he knew how to die."

"It would be better," said Diogenes, "if you knew how to live."

(2.) Ameipsias, the Comedian, was always praising his own works.

"Poor fellow," said Diogenes, "he cannot find any one to relieve him of his labour."

(3.) A vulgar ignorant fellow said to Diogenes one day with a patronising air, "You know I always praise you, Diogenes."

"You should not do so," answered the Philosopher; "what harm have I ever done you?"

(4.) "Why do they make Justice a woman?" asked one of Diogenes.

"Because they do not know how else to account for her vagaries and caprices."

(5.) Diogenes was arguing with one Xanthias, a very foul-mouthed fellow. Xanthias wound up a long string of abusive epithets with this compliment: "Diogenes, you are a filthy dirty brute!"

"How can you wonder at my being dirty," replied Diogenes, "seeing you have thrown so many of your words at me?"

(6.) There may be some men who mean what they say, but I never knew one who said what he meant.

(7.) Women bring us into the world, and, when we are there, they do all they can to drive us out of it.

(8.) "Ah! Diogenes," said Eubulus, the great demagogue, "*I* look upon the people as my brothers."

"No doubt, Eubulus, and on yourself as the eldest brother, for you keep the estate."

(9.) Those make light of life who know not how to use it.

(10.) A great lawyer defending with much eloquence one whom he knew to be guilty, called on Truth and Justice to come and aid him.

"Tut! man!" said Diogenes, "if they were to come, you would not know them."

(11.) Young men would not be so in love with Vice if they could see what was written on her back.

(12.) Diogenes was asked to define a good friend. "A good friend," said he, "is one whom you dare not make your enemy."

(13.) Alexander was conversing with Diogenes concerning some of his own countrymen who opposed him.

"They are too deep for me; I cannot fathom them," said the great general.

"Psha!" answered Diogenes, "you can fathom any man if you have gold enough to weight the line with."

(14.) The greatest happiness in life is this—and men need not take so much labour to seek it, for it comes sooner or later to all—I mean the summons to leave it.

(15.) If a man dies for a woman she is very proud of herself, and of him. But if he try and live a good life for her sake, she neither thanks nor praises him.

(16.) It was said of Lycias, a plausible knave, that he had a very sweet smile.

"Yes," observed Diogenes, "but it is one of those sweets that turn acid on the stomach."

(17.) "You think your husband loves you?" said Diogenes to a young wife.

"Loves me! he would lay down his life for me!"

"That may be; but he would take it up again before you could make any use of it."

(18.) It is fortunate that Jove has no sins of his own, seeing how many men lay theirs on his shoulders.

(19.) The sculptors represent Innocence as a young girl, and rightly, since for her all the vices are to come.

(20.) "How dare you, Diogenes, thus abuse mankind?" said a young student; "you do not pretend that you yourself are free from all meanness and vice?"

"By no means; but surely I may try to make others free."

MR. CHILDERS AND HIS TRUMPETER.

WE fear we shall have to apologise to Mr. Childers. Since his accession to office we have put him down for a retrencher at any price, and have failed to perceive in him any of those amiable weaknesses which we are foolish enough to consider the head of a great Department of the State should possess. But we are now ready to admit ourselves at fault.

It appears that one Mr. John Murphy, Bugle Major of the Portsmouth Division of Royal Marines, has for some years devoted his time to preparing a set of bugle calls for use in the Royal Navy in lieu of the drum. These calls have recently had a trial accorded to them, and have been found such an immense improvement upon the old regulation that it has been decided that they shall henceforth be generally adopted throughout the Service. Now, as Mr. Murphy was known to have given many years of his life to the perfection of his invention, it seems to have occurred to Mr. Childers that such praiseworthy industry should be specially rewarded; and the following highly flattering communication, which we quote from our contemporary, the *Broad Arrow*, is the result of the First Lord's fit of generosity:—

"Admiralty, September, 1869.—John Murphy,—In consideration of the services rendered by you with regard to the 'bugle calls' for H.M. Navy, I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to acquaint you that they have been pleased to order that a sum of five pounds (£5) be paid to you direct by the Accountant-General of the Navy.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, VERNON LUSHINGTON."

Here is an inducement for non-commissioned officers to give up their time and trouble to the improvement of the Service. It may be, we admit, that in this case the inventor has been only a short time—ten or twelve years, perhaps—in perfecting his system; but even for this little period the reward, though munificent, we are sure the British public will not grudge. Really, if Mr. Childers goes on as he has now begun he will in time regain his lost character for justice and liberality. We are sorry, though, that the Admiralty letter makes such a point of the money being paid direct by the Accountant-General of the Navy. Were it not for this, knowing Mr. Childers's objection to add a single additional item to the Navy Estimates, we might have persuaded ourselves that the right honourable gentleman had produced the five pounds from his own pocket.

AN AWFUL EXAMPLE!

THE Editor of this paper, being pestered by would-be contributors, publishes the following brilliant article, as a warning to those who imagine that the TOMAHAWK is a fit vehicle for conveying to the public the weak emanation of their sheep-like brains:—

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE!

A CONTEMPORARY, in its recent criticism of the new Princess's piece, speaking of the part filled by Mr. Charles Mathews, very truly observes that it derives its charm from its entire "unsuitability." That Mr. Charles Mathews is too finished

and natural an actor not to make any part "go," nobody will for an instant dispute. Still it must be admitted, that it is at best a dangerous experiment to thrust an artist into situations that are not generally supposed to be quite in his line. However, there is much novelty in the idea, and we, therefore, unhesitatingly hail it. Indeed, when managers are at their wits' end for some original device, by which they can possibly startle the public into filling their respective establishments, they might well take a hint from the Princess's. Let the next Drury Lane Charity performance advertise some such programme as follows, and we will answer for the receipts :—

HAMLET.

Hamlet . . . . . MR. ROMER.
The Ghost . . . . . MR. SIMS REEVES.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

Louis / Fabien } di Franchi . . MR. HARRY PAYNE.
M. Chateau Renaud . . MR. COMPTON.
A Woodcutter . . . SIGNOR TAGLIAFICO.

BOX AND COX.

Box . . . . . MR. PHELPS.
Cox . . . . . M. KIRALFI.
Mrs. Bouncer . . . . MISS LYDIA FOOTE.

MACBETH.

Macbeth . . . . . MR. EBURNE.
Banquo . . . . . MR. HONEY.
Wounded Soldier . . MR. WEBSTER.

STILL WATERS RUN DEEP.

John Mildmay . . . MR. STEWART.
Potter . . . . . M. BLONDIN.
Captain Hawksley . . . MR. GEORGE PERREN.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo . . . . . MR. PHELPS.
Juliet . . . . . MRS. STEPHENS.

HARLEQUIN GRUMBLEGRIFFIN; OR, THE SEVEN MAGIC BOOTJACKS OF THE ENCHANTED FORECABIN.

The Demon of Indigestion . MR. COLLETTE.
Bolus (*his creature*) . . MR. JOHN CLAYTON.
The Fairy Pippetinetta . . MR. BUCKSTONE.
Grisellina } *her three sisters* MR. PHILIPPS.
Flyleaf } *her three sisters* MR. COWPER.
Mirandinella } *her three sisters* MR. HORACE WIGAN.
Giroflaggoboldero the Ninth (*afterwards Pantaloon*) . MR. FECHTER.
Count Poppytoff (*his prime minister*) . . . . MR. VINING.
The Princess of the Myriad Isles (*afterwards Columbine*) . MR. ROGERS.
Prince Fogo (*her lover, afterwards Harlequin*) . . MR. ALFRED WIGAN.
Harribaggibus (*his rival*) . MR. BANCROFT.
Julep (*his slave, afterwards Clown*) . . . . MR. SANTLEY.
&c., &c., &c., &c.

And so on.

A little shuffling of our well-known artists in this fashion would unquestionably draw immensely. We do not of course bind them to the above sketchy programme, but we strongly recommend its perusal to the next committee of management, when some pressing charity is on the *tapis*.

There! We have done our duty. Would-be contributors beware!

"BUT WORSE REMAINS BEHIND."

MR. CARDWELL has taken a spirited step with regard to the Volunteer Adjutancies. These appointments have been of late years converted by their possesors into marketable commodities, to be bought and sold at discretion. The rule hitherto has been that on an adjutant resigning his place, the colonel of the corps should nominate some one to succeed him, and it has become an understood thing in the Service, that this "some one" should be recommended to the colonel by the retiring adjutant, who, on his part, has been in the habit of receiving a large sum of money for giving the recommendation. Although there has been no secret about the existence of this system, it has not, until recently, attracted the serious attention of the authorities. However, the time has come at last, and Mr. Cardwell, in a Circular just issued from the War Office, has notified to the Lord-Lieutenants of the several counties, that in future, in the event of a resignation of an adjutant of Volunteers, no recommendation of a successor will be entertained until the retirement is fully carried out, and then only will the appointment of the new officer be confirmed on the certificate of the colonel of the regiment that the late adjutant has not derived and will not derive any recompense, reward, or gratuity, in consequence of the resignation of his appointment beyond the retiring allowance the regulations may have awarded him.

Although a few years after date, this step on the part of the War Office is creditable, and calculated to inspire public confidence. But has it occurred to Mr. Cardwell and his advisers that the malpractices which they so thoroughly condemn are nothing more nor less than their old friend the Purchase system itself in a disorganised form? We suppose that this view of the matter has not yet presented itself to their intelligence. However, we must not expect too much at once, and, in the meantime, let us try to flatter ourselves that the Purchase system is doomed to destruction, and that the recent Circular, instead of being an exceptional display of vigour on the part of the authorities, is but an earnest of the policy which, in the name of all that is logical, Mr. Cardwell must have privately adopted.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

THE water is out of the Serpentine, the fish have been carted off in a prostrate condition to the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and the public are getting anxious to know when the cleansing process will begin, how long it will take, and when it will be finished. Some ill-regulated members of the community have even had the temerity to write to the *Times*, complaining that if the Board of Works are not quick about the work they have taken in hand, the stagnant mud will create a pestilence. Of course, we need hardly say that such appeals to the Press will have no weight with the authorities, who have carefully arranged a programme, which we have the best reasons for believing will be strictly adhered to. Here it is :—

MEMORANDUM REGARDING THE WORKS FOR THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE SERPENTINE WATER IN HYDE PARK.

1869—October 1.—Water to be let out.
" 10.—Fish to be removed.
" 15 to 30.—Mud to be inspected with a view to its removal.
Nov. 1 to 30.—Pending the decision of the Board, the mud to be carted from the bed of the lake to the Bayswater end.
Dec. 1 to 31.—Christmas holidays of the Board.
1870.
Jan. 1 to 31.—Ditto.
February 1.—The question of the disposal of the mud to be again brought forward, and, pending a decision, the mud to be removed from Bayswater to the large open space facing the Knightsbridge Barracks.
March 1.—The mud to be left there until
1872.
January 1.—When the question will be further considered.

By Order of the Board.

London: September, 1869.

Perhaps the publication of this document will satisfy those people who are unreasonable enough to want to know how long the purification of the Serpentine will take to complete.

THE OCTOBER THESPIAN MEETING.

LONDON, 18*th October*, 1869.

THE Thespian racing world is beginning to look up. Many of the stables have been decorated with brass—a most excellent substitute for pure gold in theatrical matters. Among the rest, the Princess's (the celebrated training stables of Stella Collas' Broken English and Charles Fechter's Foreign Accent) has been thoroughly renovated; velvet curtains and gilt chandeliers are offered to the public as excellent substitutes for first-rate form and highly cultivated staying power. It will be noticed that the veteran Charles Mathews' Jeun Premier (aged) has returned to this establishment. The Adelphi stables have lost Mr. Stuart's Comic Tragedian, and Mr. Eburne's Octogenarian Juvenility—much to the disappointment of the public, who believe in these two runners. Mr. "Tom" Morton's Plain English (by French Dictionary, out of Les Parisiens de la Decadence) has turned out a sham, with no staying power. We regret to say that Miss Neilson's Tragedy Heroine, by Rant, out of Grimace, seems likely ere long (to judge from recent performances) to prove herself a "roarer." Without further preface we give the result of the week's racing:—

"LOST AT SEA" STAKES.

Run over the Adelphi Course, sharing terms and a premium.

Mr. Hawes Craven's Burning House, by Rosin, out of Spirits of Wine 1
Mr. G. Belmore's Farce Actor, by Pantomime, out of Burlesque 2
Messrs. Byron and Boucicault's Original Drama, by Twaddle, out of Old-as-the-Hills 3

Betting—2 to 1 on Farce Actor.

Burning House made the running all the way, and won in a canter. Rest nowhere, especially Original Drama.

THE "FORMOSA" SELLING STAKES.

Over the Drury Lane Course. 20,000 Subscribers.

Mr. Delane's Times' Leader, by Puff, out of Dead Season ... 1
Mr. Chatterton's Eloquence, by Education, out of Culture... 2
Mr. Boucicault's New Thoroughfare, by Impudence, out of Holywell Street 3
Mr. Beverley's Sensation Scene, by Scissors, out of Cardboard... 0
Mr. Chatterton's Overflowing Audience, by Paper, out of Upper Boxes 0

Betting—3 to 1 agst New Thoroughfare, 6 to 1 agst Sensation Scene, 20 to 1 agst Eloquence.

To the surprise of every one Times Leader started, although it was imagined that a mere Selling Stakes was not good enough for him. However, he sprang to the front from the beginning of the running, and forced the pace immensely. Overflowing Audience followed at his heels, but soon fell away after the first dash. New Thoroughfare was a very bad third. Eloquence was very little in demand at the start, his very existence being denied, but to the astonishment of every one came to the front in a most surprising manner. The "knowing ones" say that this horse has improved immensely since he was last exhibited in public.

THE "PORTLAND" VASE.

Run over the Princess's Course. Very few entries into the stalls.

Mr. Charles Mathews' Fine Play, by Experience, out of Bosh 1
Mr. Vining's Growler, by Manager, out of Minor Theatre ... 2
Mr. Lloyd's Putney Bridge, by Dauber, out of Express Train 3
Mr. Vining's Bundle-of-Sticks (pedigree unknown) 0

Betting—100 to 1 on Fine Play.

The favourite started off with great spirit, and won in a canter. Towards the close of the race he showed signs of distress, and slackened his pace, coming in at the finish in rather a lame state. Growler was soon distanced, and Bundle-of-Sticks was derided by the populace, who exulted in the failure.

THE "ALLERTON" TRIAL STAKES.

Run over the Lyceum Course.

Mr. Allerton's Footstool, by Luxury, out of Lavish Expenditure 1
Mr. Coghlan's Real Actor, by Fish, out of Water 2
Mr. Wybert Reeves' Debût, by Cash, out of Pocket ... 3
Mr. Allerton's Feeble Amateur, by Mouthing, out of Small-beer, did not start.

Betting—25 to 1 agst Footstool, 100,004 to 17 agst Debût. Real Actor found no backers.

The favourite made most show at the start, and attracted considerable attention. Real Actor took up the running, but was too heavily weighted to be quite successful. However, there was only a head's difference between first and second. Debût ran very lame, in spite of the support of his friends. The retirement of Feeble Amateur from this race was much applauded—he would not have stood a ghost of a chance with Real Actor. Very bad third.

THE "PLAIN ENGLISH" STAKES.

Run at Holborn, over the old "Flying Scud" Course.

Mr. Barry Sullivan's Quaint Waggery, by Light Comedy, out of Heavy Tragedian 1
Mr. Tom Morton's Originality, by Dictionary, out of Les Parisiens de la Decadence... 2
Mr. G. Honey's Bore, by Gag, out of Bunkum 3

Betting—10 to 1 on Quaint Waggery, 2,000 to 1 agst Originality.

Quaint Waggery soon flew to the front, followed by Originality, who soon began to halt terribly. Half way the latter stumbled over some blockheads said to be comic servants, and very nearly came to hopeless grief. Bore was all over the place as usual, but came in a bad third.

THE "LITTLE EM'LY" CUP.

Run over the Wych street Course.

Mr. Liston's Success, by Enterprise, out of Capital 1
Mr. Charles Dickens' Love Story, by Pathos, out of David Copperfield 2
Mr. Rowe's Micawber, by Lead, out of Lack-of-Imagination 3
Mr. Halliday's Adaptation, by Rubbish, out of Bad Taste 0

Betting—2 to 1 on Success, any odds against Adaptation.

Success won easily in spite of the efforts of Adaptation and Micawber to steal away the victory.

OH CENSOR MORUM!

THE question as to whether the censorship of the Press is of any real benefit to public morality has been very forcibly put, with regard both to the pieces that have been licensed lately, and the pieces that have been prohibited. The Female Woodin at Drury Lane, who changes her hair and her morality in five minutes, and loses nothing in a worldly sense by it, is bad enough. But it seems to us that the wretched piece of dingy trash now being performed at the Princess's is worse. To represent a cold-blooded murderer as being affably received by the husband, son, and daughter of the victim, and being permitted by them to discuss his achievement in a semi-facetious manner, is hardly conducive to public morality. Nor is it very edifying to possible criminals to show them a British magistrate engaged with a detective in trying to suborn the witnesses in a case which he is going to try officially on the morrow. Justice has quite enough abuses to answer for without being brought into such unmerited contempt. It is all very well to say that Mr. Charles Mathews represents the murderer with such *bonhommie* as to make it impossible to believe in his crime; but, unfortunately in real life, murderers have been often very pleasant fellows out of business hours. The more attractive vice is made the more immoral is the lesson enforced. The ignorant and the vulgar have sufficient intelligence to see the bad moral but not sufficient to see the humour of Mr. C. Mathews' perversion of criminality. We certainly think that the audience which can tolerate *Escaped from Portland* could tolerate any drama, however wicked, say *Julie*, for instance, and be none the worse for it.

Answer to Double Acrostic will be given in our next.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 130.] *LONDON, OCTOBER* 30, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

WHAT NEXT?

THE situation in France is rapidly increasing in interest. It seems that the Emperor has made up his mind, if he has made up his mind to anything, to retain the present Ministry in power as long as he can. At the same time, he apparently intends to make a show of giving effect to the liberal promises in the programme of constitutional government which he announced this summer. But he is in great danger of doing enough to destroy his character as an autocrat, without doing enough to secure for himself the character of a constitutional monarch. He is probably "Micawbering"—to coin a word—waiting for something to turn up. A European war, a revolution at home, or another grand sensational crime, might give him a respite. Everybody seems to be agreed that personal government is at an end, but nobody seems to have any idea what will follow. If the Irreconcilables come into power, their government, to judge from their language, will be most *personal*. Seriously speaking, the advance of liberty and the advent of genuine constitutional government will, we believe, be prevented, if at all, by that abominable herd of howling monsters which calls itself the democratic party in France. Not an hour passes but some fresh outrage on decency deepens the disgust which the men of this party must inspire in every one who is not a political fanatic. No one will accuse us of any great regard or respect for Imperialism, but we unhesitatingly declare that, rather than see the Red Republican party at the head of France, we would welcome the restoration of personal government in all its former vigour. Better even a *coup d'état* than an age of anarchy and bloodshed, such as must ensue if the *Rappel*, the *Reforme*, and the *Reveil* ever become the official organs of the French Press. No fate can be more horrible for a country than a tyranny of blackguardism, and that is what the government of such creatures means.

It is quite possible that the extreme revolutionary party may succeed in goading the idle and dissolute portion of the lower classes into a futile outbreak of violence and rebellion. We warn every true lover of liberty against countenancing, however feebly, the efforts of these demons of democracy. Any disturbances in Paris, if headed by these men, will infallibly be crushed, for the bitterest haters of Napoleonism are, very many of them, no lovers of the "Bonnet rouge." Legitimists, Orleanists, and Constitutionalists would unite with Imperialists to crush any attempt to repeat the horrors of the great revolution. Fortunately, the Irreconcilables, as they are called, are not persons who are dangerous from their intellect or their courage. They are, for the most part, a set of very noisy curs, who lack the pluck to brave the bayonet or the guillotine. They might make good hangmen, but they would not make good soldiers. Their tongues are the strongest weapons in their armoury, and these, though certainly not rusty for want of use, are so covered with dirt that very little of the true metal is to be seen. But though formidable in neither talent nor valour, these heroes are sufficiently clever and brave to be very mischievous. They may throw back France for several years in the progress which she is rapidly making. The Emperor watches their movements with a knowing smile, and gives them the reins in the hope that they may kick over the traces. We trust that he will be disappointed, and that public opinion will flog them into submission. This is the only gleam of hope we see for Napoleon the Third, if he refuses to change himself to King Louis. We do not believe that a war would really save him, even if a war of sufficient importance could be got up at such short notice. We hope that personal government will not receive another baptism in blood. The army is powerful in France, but there is a party of nearly equal power, which would almost prefer civil war to an unprovoked war even with Prussia. Could Germany or America be irritated into an act of aggression, all France would arm to a man. The democrats we do not include among the men; but even they would arm themselves with the dagger. Unfortunately for the Emperor, looking at the matter from his point of view, nearly all the chief Powers of the world are too busy now to go to war. The time has not yet come for practically testing all the ingenious inventions in offensive weapons and defensive armour which have been the result of the last great campaign. Even a succession of "Crimes de Pantin" would only defer the danger, and after a very little time the fickle Parisians would tire of picnics on an Aceldama, or of photographs of mutilated features fixed in the hideous rigour of a violent death.

We do not consider that, whatever may happen, the Nemesis which has so long hung over the head of the Decembrian hero can be averted. If it fall not on him it will fall on his son. There is a sure element of decay in all greatness that is based on treachery. It is well to talk about the wearying repetition of these allusions to the cradle of the Imperial power, but the reiteration of the accusation does not make the crime any the less. Success made the assassin an Emperor, but it does not make the Emperor any the less an assassin. The world forgets; but justice remembers that the punish-

ment has yet to come. We say thus much, for we would not have it thought that because we do not disguise our aversion and contempt for the extreme republican party in France, we have, therefore, bowed the knee before the throne of our old enemy. We do not deny that much has been done for France during the Emperor's reign. But one thing remains yet to be done, for which the material progress of the people has, we trust, prepared the nation. If France has advanced she has done so not by the means, but in spite, of the Empire. For a long time the enormous burden of debt which the Emperor has fastened on the shoulders of France will cripple her progress. This has been the natural result of personal government. Either in the form of a monarchy or a republic, France must have a constitutional Government. The people must have the control of the expenditure and the power to declare war. If the Emperor is really to govern through the people and not merely in their name, he may be the father of a line of kings. But he will leave for his son nothing but the empty title of Emperor. Even the ravings of Victor Hugo and his crowd of imitators and parasites cannot prevent this. The prestige of Napoleon is a thing of the past. The name awakens now only the recollection of human lives and money alike squandered. The social administration of France, so admirable, and in many respects, will remain. It was not a creation of the present Emperor. But the machinery of political inquisition and persecution will be destroyed, and the inviolability of officials will not survive their present Chief.

One cannot help noticing several indications of the waning fortunes of Napoleonic autocracy. The other day, that creature of the Empire's birth, Granier de Cassagnac, came in for a mild rebuke from the Official Journal. The Government was pained at the coarse and brutal attack on a Prince of the Imperial House. The gentleman (!) had turned his pen against the Emperor's cousin. What must have been the system under which such a man as de Cassagnac could be decorated with the Cross of the Legion of Honour? What must have been the Government that leant for support on such a monster of blackguardism as the *Pays?* Perhaps the spectacle of such an organ of opinion instigated the Irreconcilables to try and emulate its eloquence in the *Rappel.* It was also the other day that one of those far from uncommon cases occurred which shows that the administration of justice is a farce under personal Government. So great is the sanctity that surrounds the person of the Emperor that it extends to the meanest of his servants. That Government must be conscious of its own inherent injustice which refuses to grant any redress against the ruffianism of its officers. The semblance of liberty may exist in France; but as long as a *gensdarme* can throw you into prison for some fancied personal slight—and you can get no redress except by a process so complicated and expensive that it is almost impossible to pursue it, even if the chances were all in your favour, instead of all against you—no real liberty can exist.

The Emperor very soon must begin his voyage from the harbour of Buonapartism on the troubled sea of Reform, which threatens every moment the storm of Revolution. He has few advisers, and still fewer friends; he has allies, but they are not very judicious or powerful. The Empress alienates by her attachment to Ultramontanism those whom her many amiable qualities would otherwise attract to her. Prince Napoleon inspires with distrust the soldiers without gaining the confidence of the men of peace. We repeat, as the instrument of Reform, Napoleon III. may exist; as the bulwark of Reaction, he must be destroyed.

THE CHARGE AGAINST HINSON.

THE solicitors for the defence of the prisoner Hinson have written to us, complaining that our Cartoon last week, entitled "A Cure for Murder, or Justice clings to the Gallows," in which the Wood-green murder was alluded to, was calculated to prejudice the minds of the jury by whom their client will be tried. We need hardly say that our intentions were by no means to prejudge the case, or to create any prejudice. The more especially do we regret that any such motive should have been attributed to us, as we learn that Hinson's late employer has interested himself in the prisoner's behalf. This is encouraging—*laborare est orare*—a good workman is seldom a bad citizen.

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON CHARITY.

CHARITY is a very distinguished virtue. It is also a most domestic one. Indeed, charity is considered by philosophers to have its very origin and beginning in the sacred precincts of home. But this is not all that can be said of its beautifully retiring and unworldly character, for charity not only has a way of beginning at home but of staying there altogether.

***

Charity is elastic. By reason of this it is able to cover a multitude of faults. People often declare that if it were not for the restraints imposed in the exercise of this virtue they might be forced to put the worst interpretation on the conduct of their neighbours. Full of charity, however, they merely throw out a hint. Sometimes it becomes an act of charity to speak the truth, no matter how disagreeable it be. If this were not an exceptional, but an ordinary duty, there would soon be an end of lying. Men love telling each other the plain truth out of charity.

***

Charity is above all the worldly vanities. It especially despises the sinfulness of dress. It is true charity that consigns little boys to muffin hats, and little girls to coal-scuttle bonnets, in order that the world may appreciate its perfect humility and simplicity.

***

Notwithstanding its many excellences people have been known to curse charity roundly. Inmates of British Workhouses have done so, though their whole existence has been dependent on its zeal and solicitude. They have been supported by the benevolent charity of the taxpayer, who, with generous and beating heart, has listened anxiously for the step of the gentle and smiling tax collector. Sweet-spirited beings, called *Guardians*, have watched over them, and yet they have complained. But it is in the divine nature of charity to overlook all things. So it has completely overlooked the poor.

***

Beautiful as is charity when developed in the individual, it does not reach its true zenith till it takes root in mankind collectively. Charitable societies boast of an angelic philanthropy. They not only relieve suffering humanity, but fatten their own officials. When true charity waxes cold on this earth there will be no more dining in brotherly love, on other people's money, at two guineas a head.

***

Real charity is frequently misunderstood. Some people occasionally relieve a miserable starving beggar on a cold winter's night. This is wrong. True charity urges that the beggar may want gin, and so puts its hands into its pockets, stalks on, and never relieves anybody at all. It is true charity never to give a halfpenny to anybody.

***

In the cause of charity men and women have been known to offer themselves up as perfect martyrs. Under its hallowing influence gentle maidens have kept shops and brave youths trodden the stage. A fancy fair might be a heaven upon earth, but for the high prices, so exalted, so pure, so self-sacrificing are the motives which inspire those who have set it in motion.

***

Adversity, they say, makes strange bedfellows. So does charity. The very queerest of people set their names down on public subscription lists. Anonymous *J. O.*, with his £100 donation, and Lady Toffyville, with her £20, are both actuated by the self-same charity; only her ladyship knows that everybody reads the Distressed Teapot Widows' Association Report and feels confident that heaven will not be a desirable locality for a permanency, if *J. O.* and his set manage to get the *entrée*.

TOMAHAWK'S PRIZE PIECES.

IN fulfilment of a promise made some weeks back, TOMAHAWK has great pleasure in presenting his readers with the first of a series of scenes from pieces sent to his office to compete for the premium promised by him to the writer of the prize play. As yet the prize has not been awarded.

No. 1.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE;

OR,

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

By Messrs. H. J. B—R—N and D—N B—C—C—T.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—*A gothic hall. Screen at back, clock (hands pointing to* 9), *large fireplace, lighthouse seen through the window,* L. *As the curtain rises little wrecks are seen dashing against the lighthouse. Dolls drowning, &c. A storm rages. Enter* SIR RALPH. *He comes down to the footlights and soliloquises.*

SIR RALPH.—By the law of England he loses the whole of his property. Yes; because the will was not written in red ink and was only signed by three witnesses, it becomes null and void! Yes, null and void (*addressing himself to the gallery*), as null and void as the heads of our aristocracy!

Enter SERVANT, R.

SERVANT.—Madame Formosa is below, Sir.

SIR RALPH.—Show her up, Montgomery.

SERVANT.—I will, sir. (*Exit.*)

SIR RALPH.—Formosa—here—in this house! At such a time! Well, I must brazen it out, as the tinker said to the saucepan.

(*Enter* FORMOSA—*she rushes into his arms.*)

FORMOSA.—My darling! Nay, do not blush at the words; you know how dearly I love you. And you, do not you love me dearly?

SIR RALPH.—At any rate, I do not love you cheaply!

FORMOSA.—Ah! you would throw the jeweller's bill in my face—you would hint at the account at the milliner's, and yet (*with intense feeling to the gallery*) is not woman's heart a jewel above all price—her love worth a thousand jewjaws—a million toys!

SIR RALPH.—You touch me nearly, Formosa. But come, you forget—surely to-day you had fixed for your visit to the Crystal Palace with Lord Henry Loomshire.

FORMOSA.—Ah, so I did! Dear Harry, how he loves me! But he has his foibles—he is noble, and good, and jealous, and——

SIR RALPH.—And rich. Add that, Formosa, add that. He is a true English gentleman, with love in his heart, brains in his skull, and gold in his pocket! What more would you wish for?

FORMOSA.—I cannot tell. He is so young—so beautiful—so effeminate.

SIR RALPH.—True, he can scarcely count fourteen years. But then youth is a fault that will mend every day of his life.

FORMOSA.—A novel jest, indeed, ha, ha, ha! Ralph, with your merry conceits and clever cranks, you will some day be the death of me.

SIR RALPH (*aside*).—Can she, then, suspect! I must be more cautious.

(*Enter* SERVANT.)

SERVANT.—Lord Henry Loomshire.

FORMOSA.—Harry here! This will never do! Detection means ruin! Come, Ralph, cannot you hide me from his gaze?

SIR RALPH and the SERVANT. (*speaking together*).—The screen! the screen!

(*They hide her behind the screen.*)

(*Enter* LORD HENRY (R.); SERVANT *bows to him and exit.*)

SIR RALPH (*shaking hands*)—Ah! Loomshire, my boy, how are you? By the by, you know, you can ask your nurse in if you like. Any friends of yours are always welcome here.

LORD HENRY.—Thanks, Ralph, thanks. But I have to say things to you that even my nurse must not hear. You have always been my friend?

SIR RALPH.—My dear boy, what a question! Why, your grandfather and I were schoolfellows.

LORD HENRY.—I know that, Ralph, and that is the reason why I am here to-day—to blame you—to lecture you, if you will.

SIR RALPH (*starting*).—To blame me!

LORD HENRY (*kindly but severely*).—Yes, to blame you, Ralph! Is it true that you are about to marry?

SIR RALPH (*aside, and looking towards the screen*).—Perdition! He will ruin me! (*aloud*) Marry! Ha, ha, ha, 'tis too good a joke! *I* marry, nay, Harry, you carry your fun too far.

LORD HENRY (*producing a note*).—Then explain to me the meaning of this letter from Lady Louisa Pentonville!

SIR RALPH (*angrily*).—How came it in your hands?

LORD HENRY (*reproachfully*).—You ask such a question—of a friend?

SIR RALPH (*sorrowfully*).—No, I meant not that. I know, Harry, that you are the very soul of honour. You had some good reason—I am sure you had—for opening and perusing my private letter.

LORD HENRY.—I will be frank with you, Ralph, in spite of your ungenerous suspicions. I was curious to learn the contents of that letter. Now are you satisfied?

SIR RALPH.—Thoroughly, and forgive me for harbouring for a moment my most base suspicions (*Formosa sighs*).

LORD HENRY.—Ah! we are overheard! That screen.

SIR RALPH.—You must not go.

LORD HENRY.—Nay, permit me (*he approaches the screen and overthrows it, Formosa is discovered*).

LORD HENRY.—My love, my soul, Formosa!

SIR RALPH (*gloomily*).—Now, Harry, you know the worst.

LORD HENRY.—My poor friend, I pity you. How cruel must be your agony, when you can actually be guilty of deceit to me—me, your bosom friend!

FORMOSA.—O Harry, Harry, I love you both!

LORD HENRY.—Nay, I cannot bear to hear your voice, Formosa. Come, Ralph, lead me to my nurse!

(*He is led out by* SIR RALPH.)

FORMOSA.—And here ends all my cherished plans! Eh? (*sniffs*), what is this? Smoke—fire—great Heavens! the old hall is in flames!

(*The house is burnt down in the usual manner.* FORMOSA *escapes.*)

SCENE 4.—*The river from under Waterloo Bridge by night, showing the Thames Embankment, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, &c., &c. Steamboats glide along the river, &c., &c., &c.*

Enter FORMOSA *and* POLICEMAN.

POLICEMAN.—What did you say, Miss?

FORMOSA.—I wanted to find a Putney omnibus.

POLICEMAN (*touching his hat politely*).—If you will allow me, I will show you the way.

FORMOSA.—Thanks, very much.

TABLEAU AND CURTAIN. END OF ACT III.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

The *Woman in White* is remarkable for the *great* novelty of its name and incidents, and for the brilliancy of its dialogue. The character of Lord Harry is evidently the work of Mr. D—n Bo—c—c—t, who has shown more than once a partiality for young noblemen—witness the coxswain in *Formosa*, and the youth in *Flying Scud*. The scene under Waterloo bridge is *exceedingly* dramatic, and strongly reminds one of the proposed suicide from the steamboat pier in *Lost at Sea*. The fire, too, at the end of the "screen scene," is neatly introduced, and most effective. Throughout this piece we find a healthy tone—a tone telling most eloquently of the progress that Mr. B—c—c—t and his collaborateur have already made in pursuing that fine "new thoroughfare" leading, it is said, to the sewers!

CHRISTIAN'S PROGRESS.—In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state that H.R.H. Prince Christian is quite well. He is as popular as ever, and will be presented with the Colonelcy of a Regiment the moment he has mastered sufficient English to give the words of command.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK
FOR 1870.
PRICE THREEPENCE.
SHORTLY.

LONDON, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that it is proposed to extend next Session the provisions of the "Habitual Criminals' Act" to the Police.

A NEW theatrical "order"—a rival to the Victoria Cross—is about to be inaugurated. It will be called the Decoration of the Fools' Cap, and will be (like the sister Order) "for *Vellère*."

THE authoress of the "Byron Scandal" reserves her defence. For some time, no doubt. Yes; in spite of her name, it is to be feared there's more of the *'oaks* than the *beech* about Mrs. Beecher Stowe!

A VERY ridiculous story is going the rounds of the counters in the City just now apropos of Lord Mayor Lawrence. A mischievous wag has started a report that "his Lordship" is going to be made a baronet!

A CERTAIN party in the Church of England have always entertained a determined hatred for the legal decisions affecting that corporation. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that they have, to a man, gone mad at the mere mention of the "*Temple!*"

IF the report is to be believed, it would appear that the Board of Works will soon improve that part of the City which lies nearest to the Mansion House. It is even whispered (in some quarters) that, when the Commissioners get to the Poultry, we may expect to see a *foul!*

WE congratulate Mr. Gladstone on his letter to the Chairman of the Amnesty Meeting at Limerick. It is a manly and frank answer to those who have accused the Premier of cowardice or mischievous pliability in this matter. We trust that the promise of this letter will be fulfilled, and that justice will be done to Ireland under the ægis of the law, not in the clamour of sedition.

THE St. Pancras Board of Guardians have been rebuked by Mr. Goschen with a dignity and decision, which we hope they may be able to appreciate. "They were paralyzed, and had lost all control over the workhouse officials." We think the world, to say nothing of the parish of St. Pancras, will survive this calamity. When they have learnt to control themselves they will be allowed to control others.

SIR Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., again! (We hope we have got the name right this time.) The public will be sorry to hear that this persecuted gentleman, who received a free pardon for cruel and aggravated bigamy committed by him, on account of his delicate state of health, has been very unwell. His memory has been so affected by his illness that he forgot his own name, and signed that of Lefevre, on a cheque. Poor fellow! We hope the law will not be hard on him. Who knows but what he may have committed this little mistake from a conscientious feeling that he had been treated with a leniency which he scarcely deserved, and that his proper place, after all, was in prison?

MR. G. H. MOORE has been again attracting the notice of the public. This individual turns out to be a Member of Parliament. He has been abusing the O'Donoghue in very characteristic language for his extremely sensible and moderate letter which we noticed in our leading article last week. The O'Donoghue will, we trust, accept the abuse of this itinerant vocabulary of foul language as what it really is,—a great compliment. It appears to us that this Mr. Moore has a great career before him. Why should he not supply the place of the exiled Finlen at the Judge and Jury Society? He is well qualified for the post, and that can be said of few men. As a member of an assembly consisting of "honourable gentlemen" he is thrown away.

ALL praise to the Marylebone Vestry! Notwithstanding the remonstrances of Lord Portman and of the occupiers, they have insisted on the destruction of certain houses reported as totally unfit for human habitation. Marylebone parish is in every respect so well managed that it tempts us sometimes to be reconciled to vestry government. We should like to know how Lord Portman justifies his having retained these houses so long. Did he never try and calculate how many human lives the few pounds a year that these houses brought him represented? What can we expect from small proprictors, if large ones act in the spirit of this noble lord? Again, we say, all honour to the Marylebone Vestry! May their example find as many imitators as the generous and humane conduct of Lord Portman has doubtless found admirers (?)

CALCRAFT in the County Court! What a sublime spectacle! We give his letter entire. It is too good not to be enshrined in our columns.

"London, Sept th28 1869,—Sulley iam quite a Shamed at your meanness of sending me that open peace of paper to expose me in that way to think that you want me to spend 2 or 3 pounds to com to your place to Pay you the som of 14s wich i never had half of it will Swear if ihad you had half of it what did it coust me when whe ware out together you never spent one halfpenny and you to charge me that exorbant sum isuppose you thought of fritening me but iwas born too near awood to be fritened by an Owl the sum you charged me the Shiriff ought to have setteled long ago ihave sent you the Beastley bit of paper you sent me in an invelope not open as you sent it me you can doo what you like with it as soon as it is convnant i will send you apost offic order for the overcharge of 14s. with acheck upon you for so mean an action—W S—W C

"inever was served Such a mean action in all my life inever hat such athing in my house before"

Why does not Calcraft write a collection of his Proverbial Sayings? They would put Tupper to shame and confusion. "Proverbial Sayings of William Calcraft, Hangman and Humourist." There's a good Title! We trust some of his future clients will raise the amount of the claim by subscription. It would be a terrible calamity if matters came to the worst. Fancy issuing execution against an executioner! If that is not lese-majesty, what is?

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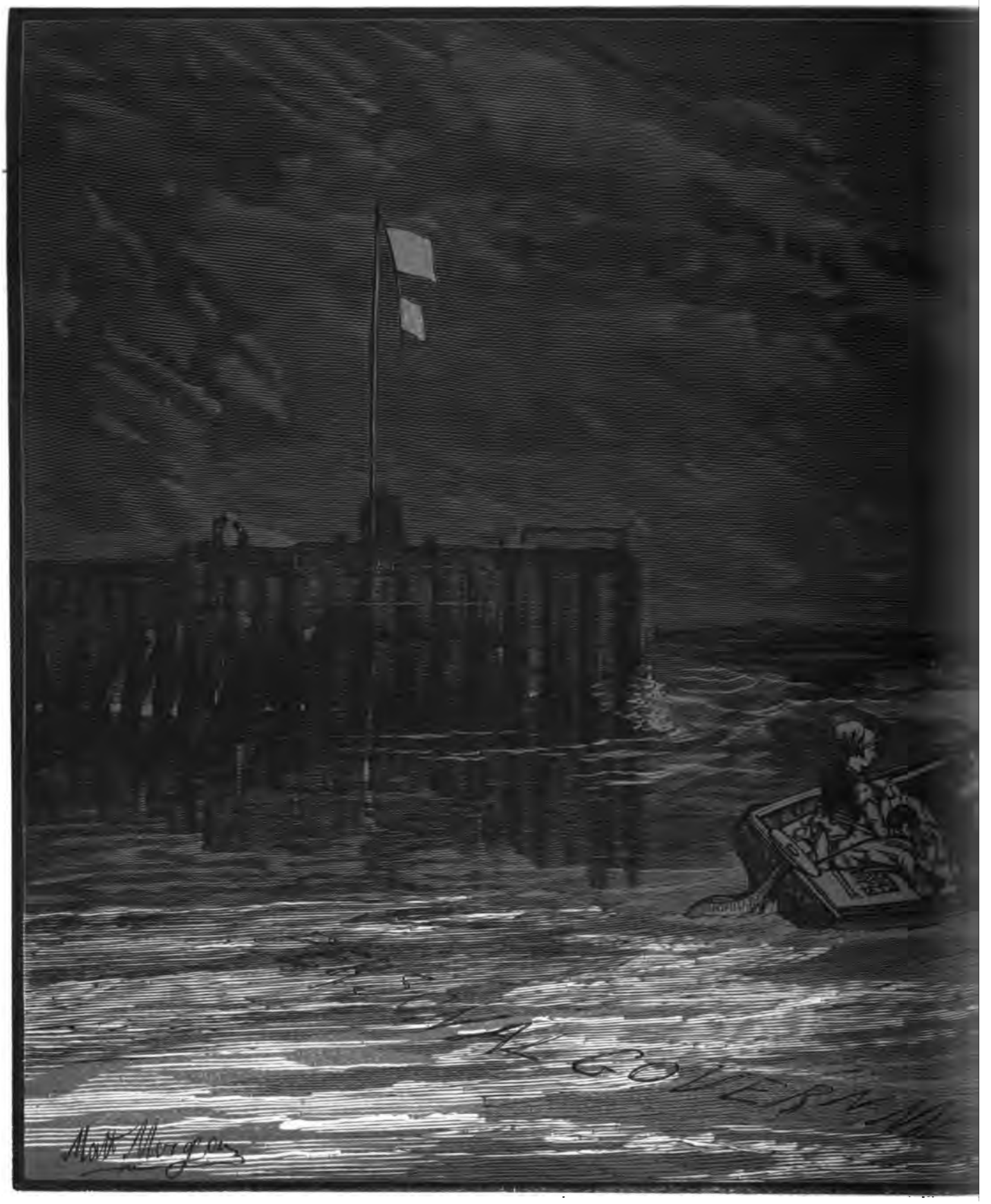

CARRIED WI

A DANGER

H THE TIDE!

US CRUISE.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

XII.

MR. TACKLER'S establishment was certainly a peculiar one. The day after Mr. Pulp's arrival, and at very early morn, he was startled by a series of violent single knocks at the street-door, followed by equally violent ringing both of the door bell and the night bell indiscriminately. After the knocks had apparently accumulated to some thirty, the street-door had evidently been opened, and then a shrill shriek was heard proceeding upstairs from the voice of Mr. Tackler's female servant of "*Paupers!*" To Mr. Pulp's ear it sounded like the newspaper boy at the railway station; but in reality it was the announcement to Mr. Tackler that paupers were arriving and taking up their station in the waiting-room to be treated. Tackler's female servant never, under any circumstances, thought of answering a knock at the street-door until it had been repeated some twenty or thirty times. "They piles up at the door," she would argue to herself; "master's not up, and what's the use of letting them in one by one? Better wait and let 'em in by batches." The window in Mr. Pulp's room looked out upon the street, and Mr. Pulp, as he was dressing, contemplated the external arrangements. The paupers seemed to be arriving in small armies. Directly an individual reached Mr. Tackler's door, he struggled through the throng, delivered one furious single knock, rang the bell violently, and then calmly and quietly took up his station in the crowd as if he were waiting to be admitted to a gratis performance at a theatre. When the pavement was sufficiently blockaded that all passage by pedestrians was impossible, the street-door was thrown violently open, and the multitude surged into Mr. Tackler's dwelling, and then arose the cry from Mr. Tackler's servant of "*Paupers!*" Mr. Pulp had only just completed his toilet, and had opened his door preparing to descend, when Mr. Tackler's bedroom door was thrown violently open, and Mr. Tackler presented himself. He was in a state of deshabille, and he was looking wild and haggard. His hair was unbrushed, he had no cravat, and he wore a pair of very loose slippers, which dropped from his feet at every second step.

"They're at it, Mr. Pulp!" he cried, in accents of agony. "They're at it! They've begun early this morning because they know I wanted a little extra sleep, having been up half the night. Hark at 'em! they're coughing now. They know I hate coughing; but I defy them, Mr. Pulp, I defy them, and I *will* have my breakfast. Come along!"

Mr. Tackler rushed downstairs, followed by Mr. Pulp. Directly they reached the hall, the scene that presented itself was something surprising. There was a perfect crowd of paupers jammed together, old and young, men and women, and all supposed to be suffering from some terrific malady. There was no room for any more to enter unless they invaded Mr. Tackler's private rooms and mounted his staircase. Directly the paupers caught sight of the Doctor there was a perfect chorus of coughs and groans. They held out their bottles to him—for each pauper carried a bottle—and each one appealed to him to be treated first, and there was a general cry of "Give us physic!"

"Silence!" roared Mr. Tackler. "I won't be badgered in this way. You *shall* wait till I have had my breakfast. I won't be driven to my grave without a struggle."

"That's right, George, that's right!" screamed the voice of Mrs. Tackler, emerging from the dining-room. She was a tall, angular-looking woman, with her hair in papers, and habited in a long white dressing-gown, and altogether presenting the appearance of a violoncello in a canvas covering. "That's right; don't be put down."

Thus enjoined, Mr. Tackler rushed into the breakfast-room, followed by Mr. Pulp. Mrs. Tackler soon prepared the meal, which consisted of hot coffee and cold sausages. Mr. Tackler sat down and eat like a wolf; but between every mouthful he took, there came a loud single knock at the street door, followed by a variety of groans, coughs, and impatient exclamations from the paupers outside.

"Go it! go it!" cried Mr. Tackler. "You won't bring me out before the time, I can tell you. You may ruin me, you may knock up my practice, you may drive me mad, but you shan't starve me."

Mr. Tackler went on eating furiously, murmuring his indignation at intervals. The way he peeled the sausages before he devoured them, the method in which he gulped down the hot coffee, and the savage manner he caught at the bread and butter with his teeth like a savage dog, and bit out large semicircles, all showed the fury and desperation of his excited mind.

At last he threw down his knife and fork, and nearly drove his plate from him off the table and exclaimed—

"Do you hear that, Mr. Pulp?"

"What?" said Mr. Pulp.

"That cough! That's Sibley. I know him. He comes here the first, and he hacks, and hacks, because he knows I hate the sound. There's nothing the matter with him, but he is greedy for his physic, and he knows that will bring me out." And then he added, turning to his wife, "Is the tub ready?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Tackler.

"The tub!" said Mr. Pulp. "What's the tub?"

"The tub," said Mr. Tackler, "is my method of treatment. You will have the kindness this morning to take charge of it."

"But what is it?" said Mr. Pulp. "You don't treat them hydropathically, do you?"

Mr. Tackler laughed, and so did Mrs. Tackler.

"No, my dear Sir, but I have one tub of physic made every morning. It is saline draught, an admirable medicine. It saves a world of trouble. You merely turn the cock and fill the bottle, and colour the contents with anything you like. It cures all maladies. The tub is in the Surgery, and now as that villain Sibley is at it again, let us go and see the patients."

Mr. Tackler started up, opened the door, and dashed in among the assembled paupers like a cannon ball. Mr. Pulp followed him. "Who's the first?" shouted Mr. Tackler; and a chorus of voices replied to the question, which further infuriated Mr. Tackler. His method of treatment was sharp and peculiar. He rushed among the paupers; he singled out one, and furiously demanded, What was the matter with him? The description of the unfortunate's symptoms and pains was cut short by a demand for him to put out his tongue. That was enough. The next question was, "Where's your bottle?" and when this was produced, it was handed to Mr. Pulp, who rushed down stairs into the Surgery to fill it. This was a very simple transaction, for an enormous stone tub stood upon the Surgery counter, and by turning on the tap the physic was made, and handed to the pauper, who was then dismissed. There was, apparently, every case of disease among Mr. Tackler's paupers; but they were all treated upon the same rapid and expeditious principle. Mr. Tackler was one of those doctors who are so difficult to convince of the existence of disease at all in pauper patients. Half of the maladies were described by him as "rubbish, all fancy, shamming, humbug, nothing the matter!" but still he gave them the physic. Still the tap of the tub was kept hard at work; and Mr. Pulp was quite exhausted with the exertion and excitement of running up and down stairs and filling the bottles.

"Where's Sibley?" cried Mr. Tackler, as the paupers began to thin off.

"Here I am, Sir," said an old man, giving a grand cough as he presented himself. "I can wait."

"I've no doubt you can, my man; but I'm not going to stand it," said Mr. Tackler. "No better, of course?"

"Not a bit," said Mr. Sibley. "Not a hatom. In fact, I gets worse every day. That physic don't agree with me, I can tell you. It ain't half strong enough. It don't do me no good whatever."

"You're an old impostor," shouted Mr. Tackler. "Pulp, give him the usual. He'll get nothing else from me. I know his case."

"Very well," said Mr. Sibley. "Then mark me, if I am took worse, and I know I shall be, I'll complain to the Board, that I will. I'll have you up. It's very hard as a poor man who's took worse can't be treated properly, and have his proper physic. There's old Winsor, he ain't half so bad as me, and you've given him no end of nasty physic, and put a seton in his neck, and lots of leeches all over his body. It's favouring, that's what it is, and it's a shame. Yah!"

"Yah!" groaned about a dozen sympathizing paupers, supporting old Sibley in his denunciation.

"Look here!" cried Mr. Tackler, "seizing an empty quart bottle by the neck, which he was about to hand to Mr. Pulp—"look here! I'll have no riot here. You may complain where

you like; but I'm not to be frightened in my own house by the whole pack of you."

And Mr. Tackler flourished the bottle over his head, and stood in an attitude of defiance and defence.

"Turn them all out, George," cried Mrs. Tackler, rushing into the room. "I wouldn't put up with the business any longer. It's a disgraceful system, and it will kill you in the end. I'd have nothing more to do with such an ungrateful crew, or with such a niggardly Board. You're breaking your health and your home, and your practice for the Parish—and a precious lot the Parish cares for you. Turn them out, and give it up, George," and with that Mrs. Tackler sailed out of the room.

XIII.

"And now, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler, when the paupers had been dismissed, "that's my early morning's work. We will make our rounds directly; but Mrs. Tackler is right. It's an ungrateful business altogether, and I think I have a scheme for making money a little quicker than I am doing it here."

(*To be continued. Commenced in No.* 127.)

THE SEE OF —HE!

(*Telegraphed by* OUR PRIVATE DETECTIVE.)

Oxford, Monday.

I HAVE just arrived, and made full inquiries. Nothing is known of him here. I described him minutely, and they told me that they had never heard of him. Isn't it provoking?

London, Tuesday.

Nothing daunted by my failure at Oxford, I came here to-day, and proceeded at once to the Garrick Club. I inquired for him, and found to my chagrin that he was unknown in the Club. A visit to the Athenæum was equally disappointing. However, I have plenty of confidence. Before I give up the search you may be sure I will find out *something* about him.

Cambridge, Wednesday.

Arrived here to-day, and made the usual inquiries. Nothing known about him. Somebody said that he *might* be in the West of England, but wasn't sure.

Bath, Thursday.

Hurray! They *have* heard of him here—at least, an old lady has. As far as I can make out, he holds a living somewhere in Devonshire. To-morrow I start for Exeter. I am awfully pleased. I was very nearly giving up my journey in despair.

Exeter, Friday.

Capital! I am on the scent. I have found several people who have heard his name. One of them is almost certain that he is a vicar, or a rector, or a dean, or a something. This is splendid. I will soon find him out now.

Honiton, Saturday.

Hurrah! Eureka! I have found him! His name is Mackarness, and he gives up the head-mastership of Honiton Grammar School (twenty-something boys at the last census) for the Bishopric of Oxford!

A CLERICAL CLEARANCE.

AN interesting little ceremony took place at Herne Hill last week. A sum of £1,000 in a large silver salver was presented to the Reverend Matthew Anderson, on the occasion of his leaving the parish of St. Paul's, of which he has been vicar for some five-and-twenty years. Although we do not in the least object to a clergyman's good work being appreciated by his flock, and still less to the appreciation taking a substantial form, yet we think such a very ready money transaction as this is a little out of place. A thousand sovereigns would no doubt be a welcome present even to the proudest amongst us; but we much question if it is not beneath the dignity of an English clergyman to send round his hat at the conclusion of a ministration, however successful. Silver tea-sets and embroidered slippers are less acceptable, but certainly more innocent than well-stocked purses. We think therefore it would be wiser if in future the admirers of retiring ministers would confine their admiration within decent bounds. A large concourse of people assembled to see a parson pocket a trayful of money cannot, after all, have been a very edifying spectacle.

IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

THE Viceroy of Egypt seems determined that all classes shall be represented at the opening of the Suez Canal. His Highness has just invited the principal representatives of science, art, and literature in the great Universities of Europe to be present at the ceremony, and, with an amount of consideration which does him credit, has offered to pay the expenses of such gentlemen to Egypt and back, and to put them up while there. Of course, as far as many of the Continental Universities are concerned, the terms of the invitation are the sole ones on which, in most cases, it could possibly be accepted; but at Oxford and Cambridge learning is better paid, if not better appreciated, than elsewhere; so if any of our English Professors betake themselves to the East, it will scarcely be necessary for them to avail themselves of the Khedive's liberality. We do not suppose that any hint on the subject will be necessary, for the franking system has always been, and, let us hope, always will be, particularly distasteful to Englishmen, but there may be exceptional cases, in which the representatives of science, and the rest of it, may think themselves justified in taking the Viceroy at his word, and to these we address ourselves. Let us point out, then, that if His Highness has offered to find money for the travelling expenses of these gentlemen, it is because he conceives they are not in a position to do so for themselves. In England this is not the case, for University Professors are by no means the poorest members of the community; and if they take advantage of their host's ignorance of their circumstances, they will, morally speaking, open themselves to the charge of obtaining money under false pretences. So we warn them.

MORE POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.

THE "Police Reports" promise at no very distant date to fill a very creditable position in the sensational records of the day. We are not referring to the broken heads and hearts, the violence and fun for which the prisoners, and at some courts the bench, are respectively responsible. We allude merely to the doings of the force itself. The police, in fact, are in that stage of moral existence known as deteriorating development; for instance, here is a new phase of executive declension which is really so instructive that we feel no apology is due for quoting it at full length from the columns of a contemporary:—

"At Guildhall yesterday Mr. Frank Lelew, a fish salesman, of Billingsgate market, was summoned before Alderman Besley for allowing five barrels to rest on the footway in Lower Thames street for a longer time than was absolutely necessary to load or unload. The barrels were on the public footway under the verandah. For the defence, one of the constables of the market was called, and he said that the clerk of the market claimed jurisdiction over that ground, and maintained that it was not a public footway. Mr. Lelew said that he should not have been summoned but that he had declined to subsidize the police any longer. It had cost him as much as 35s. per week to bribe the police to allow him to carry on his business. The officer in this case was not mixed up in that, but when he ceased to give money to other men on duty they instigated the present complainant to summon him. Alderman Besley asked Inspector Tillcock whether his attention had been called to the fact that the officers under him were in the habit of receiving money from the salesmen in the market? Inspector Tillcock said it had, and he and his brother inspectors had had great difficulty in discovering and trying to put a stop to the practice. They had endeavoured to stop the men receiving money, but the offer of such sums as Mr. Lelew had mentioned was too great a temptation for men having only 21s. per week to resist.

"Some other cases of a similar character were tried, in which

the same charges were made against the police, and it was stated that at one publichouse £2 were waiting to be received by different constables."

We have quoted this case at full length because it really is highly *comic*. Here are we sneering at Continental *espionage*, and picking endless holes in the coats of our neighbours, and ourselves sustaining as about a shameless and barefaced system of corruption in our very midst as can possibly be conceived! We shall return to the subject with much pleasure.

"CUT AND NEVER COME AGAIN."

IT is a bad sign in Spanish affairs when telegrams take four days to travel from Madrid to London, and when little notes accompany their eventual insertion in the newspapers, to the effect that they have been "delayed in transmission." Such explanation, though no doubt intended to bear reference to some mechanical shortcoming on the part of the telegraph itself, is very suggestive of a hostile occupation of the line of route, cut wires and uprooted posts, together with such other measures which now-a-days characterise civilised warfare. The British interest in the affairs of Spain is just now on the wane; and although the most critical position since the expulsion of Queen Isabella has now arrived, we scarcely bestir ourselves to discuss the probable course events will take. But we protest against injury to the telegraph lines. We have ourselves for the most part constructed them, and probably paid for them, so we have a right to a voice in the matter; and we call on all parties in Spain to unite in taking care of property which, if once destroyed, will not be hurriedly replaced.

FLAT, STALE, AND UNPROFITABLE.

HAS or has not the Amsterdam Universal Exhibition been a failure? It certainly has not succeeded in arousing either the curiosity or the enthusiasm of this country, for beyond some occasional paragraphs in the London papers, announcing first that the Exhibition had been opened, and more recently that it has been closed, we have heard nothing about it. We have been told that a lecture, now in course of delivery, by Professor Pepper, at the Polytechnic, has some connection with the subject; but as it is mysteriously announced as a lecture on the "Tentoonstelling," we cannot vouch for the fact. However, one point is quite clear, that the days of Universal Exhibitions are over. The last Paris venture, had it not been for its semi-theatrical character and its Cremorne-like arrangements, would scarcely have lasted out its season, and as it was we believe it did not pay. We trust that our Dutch friends have incurred no serious loss in their speculation; but with the experience of other nations before them, they almost deserve to have done so. In another half-century or so perhaps an Universal Exhibition will be properly appreciated; but at present European sight-seers require some rest.

TOO MUCH OF A BAD THING.

WHEN will the Jewish Abduction case come to an end? Not content with a sensation trial at Cardiff, the two parties are continuing their squabble in the Court of Chancery, where the suit promises to drag its slow length along for an indefinite space of time, unless it is put a stop to by the young woman herself. The question has now become one of the choice of guardians, and, of course, both fond Jewish relations and kind Christian friends are each of them eager to get hold of the prey. From what we have read of the case we do not think we should be justified in expecting Miss Esther Lyons ever to arrive at years of discretion; but, failing this, the sooner she attains the age of one-and-twenty the better. Cannot she put herself on like a clock, and thus put a stop to the waste of time, talk, and money of which she is the occasion? We generally condemn "fast living;" but if ever it could be justifiable, now would be the time.

GOOD MOTTO FOR BROWN (*who rides in the* 9.10 *omnibus daily from Brompton to the City*).—"The bus'-y B."

THE LATE DELUGE.

OUT of some ten thousand letters which we have received on the subject of the Great Tidal Wave, and the expected deluge, we select the following:—

SIR,—I beg to inform you that while crossing from Boulogne to Folkestone at an early hour on Thursday morning, we were suddenly alarmed by a cry for help, when it was discovered that an enormous wave had entered by the port-hole on the lee scupper, and completely drenched my friend, Mr. Wigzins, of 6 Bottingham Villas, Margaret terrace, Islington, inflicting on him no little surprise and a considerable ducking.

This, probably, was the great tidal wave which was due about the 6th or 7th of this month. I thought that the fact, somewhat confirming as it does the prophecies of Mr. Saxby, might interest your readers.

I am, &c.,

Twaddle Lodge, Maida hill. JOSEPH JOBBINS.

SIR,—Where is that fellow, Saxby, or whatever he calls himself? Here have I and my wife been living for the last two days in hammocks swung between the tops of two high poplar trees, having taken all the furniture out of our house in expectation of a great flood, and deuce a bit of flood have I seen. It's all humbug, Sir, and I won't stand it.

Yours,

Upatree House, Yarmouth. PETER PEPPER.

SIR,—In taking my bath this morning I found it was very much fuller than usual, so much so, in fact, that some of the water upset on the floor. Do you think this had anything to do with the tidal wave?

Yours obediently,

Bath and Wells. AN ENQUIRER.

SIR,—I didn't believe a word of it, not I; but my wife did. She thought we were all going to be washed out into the Bay of Biscay. I used to aggravate her by singing "In the Bay of Biscay, oh!" all day long. But it was ghastly merriment, for my wife she insisted on our all wearing life-belts, and eating in them. Just you try breakfasting in a life-belt, Sir. You won't like it.

Shakespeare, who is a devilish clever fellow, says somewhere—

> There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the turn, leads on to fortune.

Saxby don't seem to have hit on it this time.

Find a corner for this, and oblige,

Yours, &c.,

Rose Cottage, Rutlandshire. BENJAMIN BLOWER.

WAYS AND MEANS.

WE have lately been hearing a good deal of boasting on the part of the Board of Works about our Metropolitan improvements; but we should like to know who is responsible for closing the main thoroughfare between St. James's street, Piccadilly, and Pall Mall on the one side, and the Metropolitan Railway on the other, at five o'clock in the afternoon. The St. James's Park Station has, since its opening in the spring, proved an immense convenience to thousands; but now that the evenings are beginning to close in early, and the atrocious rule, that the gates of St. James's Park shall be closed at sunset, is strictly adhered to, for all the convenience the Metropolitan Railway now is to people whose business or pleasure takes them into the neighbourhood of the Clubs, it need not exist. How easy would it not be to place half-a-dozen gas lamps between the gate of the Park, near Marlborough House, and the gate leading out to the station in the Birdcage walk, to light the few yards of gravel path and suspension bridge which connect the two points? The practicability, however, of such a scheme has evidently never been deemed worth the thought by those whose duty it is to look after the public convenience, and will not be we suppose, until the question is forced upon them. For our part, we are not, as a rule, in favour of mobs pulling down park railings

in general; but if a few irate railway season ticket-holders would only hold an indignation meeting in the Mall, and remove a couple of yards or so of ironwork at the positions above named, we could hardly condemn the proceeding, although the opening ceremony of such a metropolitan improvement would scarcely admit of the presence of Her Most Gracious Majesty and the Lord Mayor of London to assist at the inauguration. It would be none the less a real metropolitan improvement, however, on that account.

WHAT A BLESSING!

THE President of the United States has appointed the approaching 18th of November as a day of national thanksgiving, and a decent list of the blessings supposed to have come direct from the hand of God to the American people has been published by his command. If correct, it is certainly of a highly satisfactory character, and there may be some excuse for the President when he calls upon a people "thus favoured" to "make acknowledgment to the Supreme Author," &c., &c., &c.

The unfortunate part of the whole business, however, is that those who are well acquainted with the people declare that there is not a more generally godless nation under the sun. Not five-and-twenty per cent. believe in Christ. Christianity, however, in this smart age, may not be considered one of "God's mercies." In a word, the appointed thanksgiving has an air of self-righteous cant about it, but, doubtless, according to Yankee notions, the man who pays the biggest income-tax, and gets himself into the fewest street rows, is the most advanced on the road to heaven.

We know it is the fashion of the age to regard material prosperity, as did the Jews of old, as a special mark of God's blessing. We think the age is wrong. The middle ages may have exaggerated a little in their own peculiar way, but they were a good deal nearer the truth than we are in this 1869 of ours. The substantial saint of this century, whatever he may be, is certainly not the shrewd, successful, East-End pawnbroker. But we will not continue the subject, as it is obviously rather too grave a one for our pages. We, however, strongly recommend its consideration to the more respectable portion of the religious press. It is very suggestive.

THE NEW VICAR OF DONCASTER'S FIRST SERMON.

WHEN the Rev. Francis Pigou, the new Vicar of Doncaster, preached his first sermon there, he took for his text the words of St. Peter—"Silver and gold I have none," &c. Rather inappropriate, we think, considering that the Vicarage is worth £537 a year. Perhaps the new Vicar has all his money in "bank notes."

THE STONES CRY OUT.

IT having been rumoured that the Small-pox Hospital is in treaty for a large building in the Petersham Road, at the foot of Richmond Hill—which, by the way, was originally meant for an hotel—to serve as a convalescent home for small-pox patients, the Richmond vestrymen have taken fright, and are doing all they can to oppose the project. Surely it must have occurred to these worthies that people who have had the small-pox must live somewhere, and that no better place could be chosen for locating them than some such healthy open spot as that which has been selected by the authorities of the hospital. Besides, putting selfish grounds aside, the objection is most unreasonable. It is scarcely possible to pass down a street in London in which small-pox does not exist in some one of the houses; and it has never been pretended that the disease is so spreading that the very walls of the building in which the patient lies ill are infectious to passers-by. Yet the Richmond vestrymen have taken it into their heads that, not only is a convalescent hospital pestilential, but that the fields which surround it are no protection to the parishioners. This, of course, is simple folly; and we trust that the protest of the Richmond authorities will have no weight with the good people who have taken a kindly project in hand. Any objections that can be raised to the proposed site are, at their best, frivolous; while, at their worst, they are brutal and unchristian.

IN A BAD CAUSE.

THE papers are once more full of the "Edmunds Scandal." The case has just been reopened before a Court of Arbitration, in the Common Pleas, with Mr. Digby Seymour, Q.C., Mr. Napier Higgins, Mr. Tindal Atkinson, and Mr. Haviland Burke for Mr. Edmunds, against the Attorney-General, Mr. Field, Q.C., and Mr. Archibald as Counsel for the Crown. The first day of the Arbitration these distinguished lawyers employed in a long-winded discussion as to which side should open the case—a point which was eventually decided in favour of the Attorney-General; but for our part, we think the great credit will be due to the side which succeeds, not in opening the case, but in closing it. The public are tired of the question, and the constant dragging in of poor Lord Brougham's name is becoming more and more distasteful to them. Let us hope that the Arbitrators will throw no obstacle in the way of a speedy conclusion of an affair which has long since become uninteresting, and (so far as the great masses are concerned) quite unintelligible to the community. The amount of business in our law courts is already excessive, and the slow progress of really important cases is already a sore subject of complaint. Mr. Edmunds has, therefore, the less right to stop the way when such obstruction entails so much inconvenience upon other people.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

TWO men combine to win a certain place,
One serves the other in the eventful case:
The first intrigues, and schemes, and toils to break
The laws the other helps perhaps to make.

From many a humble plant and herb
A healing dew distils,
Whose virtues aches and pains assuage,
And banish mortal ills.

To one last hope forlorn he clings,
Though doomed so soon to die;
With ear intent, expects the boon,
And strains his wistful eye.

A form, a shape, a certain style,
Which governs human speech;
'Tis not a thought, nor only words,
But is made up of each.

Swift as a thunderbolt from heaven,
It scatters death around;
Sinks mighty ships, and with rude shocks
Brings castles to the ground.

The common blessing of the rich
Poor men can rarely boast;
Great statesmen cannot oft enjoy,
But monarchs lack it most.

There is a scroll whereon we all
Proudly our names inscribe,
And prize the honour far too much
To sell it for a bribe.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN NO. 128.

B eaut Y
U n A
N aama N
K almuc K
U mpir E
M us E

ANSWERS have been received from Ruby's Ghost, Cabaña Chica, Alice Ben Bolt, Sandy Bawbee, Nelly Bly, Slap Dash, Pen, Pimlico Tom Cat, Corbleu, W. H. T., Ginger Duff, Biddy, and Slodger and Tiney.

ERRATA.—In "Our Bookmarker," page 183, first column, line 14, for "a book" read "an author;" line 23, for "as" read "us;" line 25 for "given to us a more," &c., read "given to us *even* a more," &c.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 131.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER* 6, 1869. [Price Twopence.

"HOW THOSE CHRISTIANS LOVE ONE ANOTHER!"

Desirable as it may be that the most violent religious and political agitations should, as a rule, end in smoke, perhaps it is just as well for this country that such a termination was vouchsafed to the famous Gunpowder Plot. Indeed, had that unpretending arrangement ended literally in *smoke*, the consequences might have been very serious indeed. Not only is it to be presumed that James the First of England would have suddenly abdicated his throne, without any preparation whatever, on the morning of the 6th of November, 1605, but, moreover, it is tolerably certain that Dr. Temple would never have received his mitre from the hands of Mr. Gladstone. But this is not all; for a catastrophe far greater than the mere exclusion of a highly-polished and intellectual man from the bench of the English Bishops would most certainly, as the Americans say, have eventuated. Dr. Pusey would have absolutely lost another opportunity of "making solemn protest," a piece of business, whatever it may be, for which, if we may be allowed respectfully to suggest it, that learned divine seems specially to have been created. From the date of the celebrated Gorham case, when Dr. Pusey signed himself down one of a band of thirteen champions of the faith, and most solemnly declared in so many words that the Church of England no longer was the repository of the truth, the then decision of the Privy Council taking effect, to the week before last, when he again raised his voice in another pious wail against Essays and Reviews, he has been a sort of lachrymose Jonah, or, to speak more correctly, a kind of Greek Chorus, that looks on at the more serious portions of the action, groaning, and shouting *ot' otoi*, and doing nothing else whatever. But there is, fortunately, no reason for gloomy regret. Guy Faux lived before the age of Bryant and May, and such matches as he had about him absolutely declined to light on the box or anywhere else. Hence the Church of England is flourishing in 1869, luminaries and all, and Dr. Pusey has the luck to fall upon one of his happiest opportunities. It is not every man who is able to show up his communion so thoroughly and completely as the Regius Professor of Hebrew, who, in the name of Christianity and its supposed interests, once more bursts into a flood of party tears, and parades the double split in the camp, to the great edification of the reasoning world outside. The truth is, we have not much patience with Dr. Pusey. Willing, as all must be, who respect erudition and bow to an honoured name, to make every allowance for such intellectual vagaries as always inevitably result from religious partizanship, we must frankly confess that we think Dr. Pusey ought, in this instance, as indeed in many others, to have simply held his tongue. Nothing ever yet of any practical kind has come of his groans, his grave forebodings, his horrors at grievous scandals. Like the Greek Chorus, to which we have already compared him above, he has always been equal to any amount of reflecting and protesting, but he has never, so to speak, lent a hand to the matter himself. He is known on the Continent in religious circles as the "foggy" divine, and this estimate of his reasoning power is peculiarly happy and accurate. Illogical to a degree there he stays, up at Oxford, possessed of a fat income, a Cathedral stall, and a Regius professorship, a member of a national Church, to the wrecking of which, as such, his whole religious career has been devoted, and from the communion of which, according to his own words, he ought to have separated himself eighteen years ago. Such antecedents could scarcely entitle a man to much consideration, and yet Dr. Pusey obtrudes himself on public notice in a position even more despicable, namely that of a mean truckster to the leader of the very party he and his set have from first to last had to regard as their most merciless enemies. Whatever may be thought of the intellectual capabilities of Lord Shaftesbury and his Evangelical backers, it must be honestly avowed that their repudiation of an alliance with what they regard as one deadly error, for the purpose of stamping out another, is perfectly consistent and strictly logical. Exeter Hall for once has certainly the pull of Oxford, and the rebuke it has administered to its cringing antagonist is highly to its credit. And more than this. It is highly to its interest as well, for could anything more disastrous be conceived than a friendship which would absolutely rob the May Meetings of their very text? Dr. Pusey, his dreadful doings, his awful unbelief, his possible dungeons under his rooms at Christchurch, his paganism and his income, all are absolutely necessary as rich food for charitable and believing Christian audiences. Exeter Hall without Dr. Pusey would be like a tea party without scandal, or a bull fight without the bull. The things could not possibly come off without them. As far as the public are concerned, of course the bickerings and wailings and cursings of Puseys and Shaftesburys, and others, are of little concern. They amuse rather than otherwise, and certainly afford excellent matter for correspondence in the columns of the *Times*. All the protesting and moral posturing in the world will not alter Mr. Gladstone's excellent choice, upon which he ought to be congratulated by every earnest Englishman who sets the interests of the national Church above the mere successes of his own little religious clique.

Dr. Temple is certainly one of a party that can boast in its ranks the vast bulk of the present intellectual vigour of the Church of England. As a representative man his followers, through the length and breadth of the country, would outnumber respectively those of his rivals in a proportion of at least five to one. His appointment is, therefore, not only judicious but popular, and the miserable hooting to which it has given rise is about as futile as it is contemptible. We have represented Dr. Pusey anxious to play Guy Faux to Dr. Temple's Houses of Parliament. Perhaps we should have hit the mark more nearly had we hidden him, with his powder and matches, under the vaults of the Establishment itself. Not that the situation would have been satisfactory, for Dr. Pusey, we can assure him, is not half the man Guy Faux was. Had that eccentric Spaniard, that "gallant but misled gentleman," as, if we remember rightly, the *Daily Telegraph* once designated him, only had a really effective lucifer about him, he might considerably have altered the position of the Crown, in Council at least, if not that of the Church of England itself. But there is no such danger to be apprehended from the case of the Oxford Guy Faux. His matches are shams, his powder is make believe, and though his intentions are honourably sanguine, he may be confident about the issue. Should, however, it be by any chance possible for the great conspirator to explode anything whatever, we may at least be certain of one result. No possible catastrophe will ever blow Dr. Pusey out of his present berth; and who will venture to say he is not wise in his generation?

CAPITAL FRIENDS.

A PRACTICE seems coming into vogue with certain "literary men" which is more ingenious than honourable. One or two writers, whose poverty of brains must be their excuse, are in the habit of turning their friends and acquaintances to good account by borrowing, not money, but ideas from them. For instance, a successful novelist, whose sketches of character, where he relies upon his powers of observation, not of imagination, all will allow to be life-like, meets you at dinner; you are introduced to him; you converse with him freely, fondly imagining the occasion to be one in no ways different from the ordinary intercourse of private life, and, without the least suspicion that "the reporters are present;" you are, therefore, rather surprised to find your conversation reproduced, verbatim, or nearly so, in the successful novelist's next work.

No one will complain, if in paying a visit to a literary friend, one is happy enough to contribute his store of information. If one recognizes one's opinion in the pages of, let us say, "The Philosopher," a week or so afterwards, ought one not to be grateful for the unsolicited and unexpected honour? Many persons pass their lives in trying to see themselves in print in one of the comic papers. All in vain; their contributions are invariably rejected. What a pity it is they cannot scrape acquaintance with one of the talented writers; they need not say anything funny, it is quite enough if they have some infirmity, or natural peculiarity; these witty dogs will manage to make capital of that.

Is not this sufficient honour to compensate for any annoyance you may feel at having what you consider, rightly or wrongly, as the sacredness of private life thus violated? If it is not, it ought to be.

But those, who are happy enough at any time to have enjoyed the friendship of one of these eminent wits, may fairly complain if they find that they have been bestowing their hospitality upon one who has been sitting at dinner with you, night after night, with his note-book under the table, jotting down materials for some facetious sketch of character, in which he will introduce any feature of your countenance, or any peculiarity of your manner, which may be sufficiently striking for his purpose, with great comic effect. It is hardly calculated to increase either the respect or the affection which you would wish to feel for your friend when you find that your physical, as well as your moral, infirmities have furnished him with infinite jests, at which he himself can laugh over and over again, even if those to whom he may relate them should have so much gentlemanly feeling as to perceive the indelicacy of such jests more than their humour. It may be great squeamishness, but certainly one's mind does revolt from the idea of making capital of your friends in this fashion; drawing portraits of them which are like bad photographs; one cannot fail to recognise them, and yet the likenesses are so clumsily and coarsely done, that one recognises them only to condemn them. In these portraits there is neither deep observation, subtle analysis, or kindly humour; there is, simply, stupid vulgarity. The drawer of them has not either the imagination to idealise, or the power to create. He is equally without the skill, or good taste which, from observation of individuals, can so generalise, that the result becomes a picture which is true to nature, for which many might have sat, and yet no individual be able to resent it as his alone. Herein lies the difference between a satirist and a caricaturist. To be the former, one must have earnestness, vigour, and genius; to be the latter, one only needs flippancy, insolence, and knack.

We would put it to these great wits, who may be tempted to adopt this rather easy method of obtaining a reputation, whether the game is really worth the candle? Is not such a mine of wealth soon exhausted? Is it not probable that as the eyes of their friends and acquaintances become opened to the gross violation of all honour and decency, of which they have been victims, they will withdraw from the society of those who cannot assume the courtesy of gentlemen, much less respect the sanctity of friendship? It is even possible that some individual, whose indignation is stronger than his prudence, may take the law into his own hands, and may administer to some one of these area sneaks of literature that personal chastisement, which they would be able to understand, and which, certainly, they deserve.

*MISERABLE WURMS;**
A TRAGEDY IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF BROMPTON (*the Editor of an English satirical paper, travelling in search of "subjects"*).
ALAN MCBAWBEE (*a Scotch follower of Mr. Cook, the excursionist*).
MRS. MCBAWBEE (*his wife*).
MISS MCBAWBEE (*his daughter*).

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The interior of a second-class railway carriage on the line between Cologne and Heidelberg. Windy night. Great storm raging. Thunderbolts, lightning, &c., &c. The* DUKE *and* MCBAWBEE *and his family discovered.*

THE DUKE.—Are you going to Heidelberg, Sir?

MCBAWBEE.—Well, Sir, I canna say I'm ganging at once, as I've just ascertained that I can get out at Wur'r'r'rms for jest half an hour. (*Thunder.*) It says so on Mr. Cook's ticket.

THE DUKE.—But surely it is rather a bad night for sight seeing. (*Lightning and terrific crash.*)

MCBAWBEE (*trying to make himself heard through the noise of thunder*).—You may be right, Sir, but it jest says that I may do it on the ticket!

(*The train arrives at Wurms. The* MCBAWBEE *party get out in the pelting rain. As the train starts off again several thunderbolts fall.*)

(*Twelve hours are supposed to elapse between the first Act and the second.*)

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The salon-à-manger of a hotel at Heidelberg. The* DUKE *and the* MCBAWBEE *party meet and salute.*

THE DUKE (*courteously*).—Trust you liked Wurms last night, sir?

MCBAWBEE (*candidly*).—Well, Sir, I canna say we saw much of it. It was vera dark, except when we had the thunder and the lightning. We went to a large space that may jest have been a market-place, and when it lightened we saw a something in the centre that ma wife thinks may jest have been a pump, or perhaps a statoo l But you see, Sir, it said we might do it on the ticket!

* This piece is founded on facts.

MOTTO FOR A POPULAR LIFE AND FIRE OFFICE.—I am "Monarch" of all I survey.

CHIVALRY AT A DISCOUNT!

WE have reason for believing that the recent shower of knighthoods and baronetcies has necessitated the publication of the following "table of precedence":—

Officers in the Army and Navy.
Attorneys at Law.
Irish Bishops.
Stockbrokers.
The Lord Mayor.
Cheesemongers.
Pawnbrokers.
Baronets.
Usurers at 40 per cent.
Usurers at 60 per cent.
Fenians.
Actors.
Literary men.
The Eldest Sons of Baronets,
Sweeps.
Knights!

THE FRETFUL PHILOSOPHER ON TRUTH.

TRUTH is a very valuable thing. It is, in fact, so valuable that few people can afford to part with it. Hence it comes, possibly, that most men are liars.

***

The proverb says, "*In vino veritas.*" But it depends entirely on your wine merchant.

***

The intense devotion of mankind to the sacred cause of truth is edifying and striking. Nine-tenths of all the human butchery that has defiled the earth from the beginning has taken place under its banners. Men have hacked each other to pieces valiantly in its name, and even started penny papers in its defence. On the whole, the sacred cause of truth, when well advertised, has generally turned out to be a decidedly paying business.

***

There is also a very terrifying side to truth. Men talk of "telling the truth and shaming the devil;" and, depend upon it, if anything *could* have shamed that personage they would have managed it.

***

People are very fond of spreading the truth, and such a priceless boon do they consider its diffusion, that they often do not mind a good deal of dirty work to bring it about. If Truth were only her own mistress for five minutes, she would give all her servants a month's warning on the spot.

***

The desire to propagate the truth far and wide sometimes assumes a religious aspect. Under such a condition it works marvels. It fires the human soul with such energy that it voluntarily resigns the blessings of home, represented by city back lanes, fever bed-sides, metropolitan squalor, misery, and sin, for an expatriation in a far-off clime. Here it has to face a comfortable house, elegant furniture, converted slaves, £400 a year, and the reputation of a martyr! Yet, spite these terrible alternatives, men are to be found who are willing to make the sacrifice, and go forth to preach the truth. This is its most beautiful side.

***

Philosophers have moralized on the probable position of truth at the bottom of a well. When one takes into consideration the amount of cold water that has been thrown on her by mankind, it is difficult to imagine her thoroughly at home anywhere else.

***

It is not always wise to speak the truth under all circumstances. Indeed, it is safer, as a rule, in many cases, to have recourse to deception. The truly wise man never tells the whole truth to his tradesman, his friend, or his tax-collector. They are but human, and they will be sure to take advantage of it.

***

There is one very disagreeable condition of truth which men designate as "plain unvarnished." Fly the man who wishes to tell you the plain unvarnished truth about anything, unless you are fully prepared to knock him down.

Edward Geoffrey Stanley, Earl of Derby.

BORN 1799. DIED 23RD OCTOBER, 1869.

—o—

NOBLE in something more than birth or name,
He won, deserved, but never stooped for, fame.
Instinct with chivalry's most generous fire
He took, but never loved, the statesman's hire.
Ready to rule, but readier to obey,
His ancient, more than he, o'er men held sway;
To him he left the tricks of party strife,
And laid down power as he laid down life;
Both he had used for others not for self;
He cared for place as little as for pelf.

Bred up to reverence, not to scorn, the past,
He would the world progressed, but not too fast.
The ardent youth, who rashly urged Reform,
In age, grown prudent, scarcely grew less warm;
With equal fire he opposed as foes
Those by whose side he had dealt his fiercest blows.
On either side, frank, honest, and sincere,
He bred no hate where he inspired fear.

Though boasting ne'er the name of "poor man's friend,"
His charity knew neither stint nor end.
He felt not only for the distant slaves;
For those at home, the serfs of greedy knaves,
His purse was no less open than his heart,
He would not flatter, but he healed their smart.
With tear-dimmed eyes upon his tomb we write,
"Here lies a scholar true and truer knight."

NOT TO BE WONDERED AT.

AS it is now generally known that the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford has been offered to Mr. Boucicault, in consideration of his recent distinguished services to literature, and more especially in acknowledgment of his truthful picture of the high moral effect of University training, as given in his great classical work *Formosa*, we need have no compunction in affording publicity to his reply. It is in his best style, and furnishes another proof of his thorough acquaintance with College life and all its belongings:—

Drury Lane, Nov. 5, 1869.

Most potent, grave, and reverend seniors, fellows, bull dogs, undergraduates, and boating men.

I shall have much pleasure in accepting the distinguished honour you have forced upon me. For this reason, I am *the* very one man fit to fill the place. I shall do my best to deserve the confidence of the public—I mean of the heads of your great houses (we have great houses at Drury Lane too), and hope to commence my career by a thorough reorganisation of your ancient institutions. There will be no more lectures, but moral philosophy will be taught all day long at the Sheldonian. I shall put in a new stage, reconstruct the auditorium, re-write some of your Greek plays, touch up your best dramatic authors such as Cicero, Delectus, Ossian, and Nepos, and take a half share of the profits. Places can be secured, of course, a month in advance at all the leading London libraries. But I am wandering from the point. To return to my projected reforms. The new undergraduate dress shall be taken direct from *Formosa*, and I mean to do away with training. I have done away with it at Drury Lane, and the public like it. *I* know what the public like; nothing like pleasing the public.

There, I can't say more than this. If I do not make the thing run 500 nights, my name is not

D. BOUCICAULT.

P.S.—If my programme doesn't draw—well, we can soon fill the Colleges with paper. I have tried paper once or twice.

No. XI., Price 1s.,
BRITANNIA for NOVEMBER,
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PRICE THREEPENCE.
SHORTLY.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

THE WEEK.

OUR dear friend, Lord Mayor Lawrence (the alderman who asked for a guard of honour at Liège our readers will recollect), has appeared in a new character—that of a weird wag. In the course of the disgraceful squabble at Guildhall about the late Earl of Derby's merits as a statesman, "his lordship" alluded to the members of the Court of Common Council as an "assembly of gentlemen!"

OUR genial old crony Dean Close is as vigorous as ever. He has taken the first opportunity of disowning any alliance with Dr. Pusey and his party. Of course the festive Dean is bitterly opposed to Dr. Temple's appointment; but it is satisfactory to know that his enlightened orthodoxy has not permitted him to be tempted into any act of charity, or toleration, however trivial, towards those of his fellow-churchmen who differ from him.

THE Honourable Mrs. Norton indignantly denies the authorship of the article in the *Times* on Mrs. Stowe's libel, which is attributed to her by Mr. Hotten in a collection of articles on the Byron Scandal published by him. We can hardly be surprised at Mrs. Norton showing some warmth, considering the nature of the article, Besides, she might plead that she was "*hottened*," a process which has made more than one author very warm already.

AT one of the many seditious meetings, which have lately been held in Ireland, great stress was laid, by one of the speakers, on the bitter indignity inflicted on the Fenian prisoners by bringing them into contact with murderers and felons. Considering the toleration, not to say partiality, exhibited by the disaffected portion of the Irish nation towards all murderers, we should think that these Fenian prisoners ought to find such companionship very genial.

A REV. MR. BURTON (a gentleman who, in spite of his name, evidently does not consider himself "small beer") said at a recent meeting of the Diocese of Carlisle that he "would not appoint Dr. Temple as his curate if he (Dr. Temple) applied for the appointment." We should think not! Why, the rack has been abolished for years in England, and this would be *much* worse than the rack. Fancy having to listen every Sunday to Burton's after-dinner sermons!

WE have no great admiration for the Spanish nation, but we question if it is either politic, or polite, to send such a man as Mr. Layard as ambassador to Madrid. Perhaps, however, in that land of bull-fights the Nineveh Bull will find himself at home. Let us hope that he may not be tempted to show his prowess in the arena. The following appointments are likely to follow—Mr. Whalley, M.P., to the Court of Rome; Mr. G. H. Moore, M.P., to the Embassy at Washington; and Sir George Bowyer to the Court at Florence.

PROFESSOR RISLEY has written to the papers a most pathetic letter, of which the following is an extract:—

"The accusation of 'unlawfully taking hold' of a young child fell on me like a thunderbolt. It has caused me mental agony indescribable; and the manner in which my name has been held up before the public has been a dreadful and humiliating punishment for a crime not only never committed, but never for a moment contemplated. I may add that I never meant to compromise the matter, but invited the fullest investigation, despite the exposure. The result has been complete exoneration; and it only remains for me to tender my sincere and heartfelt thanks to those friends who so nobly came forward in my hour of need."

The Professor is too sensitive. The British public did not doubt his innocence (we feel certain) for a single moment, and when Mr. E. T. Smith spoke to his good character—why, the matter was ended.

THE *Daily News* appears to have fallen into bad hands. Since its descent from the Olympus of the threepenny journals to the vulgar plains of the penny papers it has gradually sunk lower and lower in credit. It need not have dropped decency and truth when it dropped the twopence. An article has appeared in its columns exalting Leigh Hunt at the expense of Thomas Hood—we mean the great Thomas Hood. Both are honoured names in literature, and it is a poor compliment to Leigh Hunt to attempt to praise him by denying the fame of his far greater contemporary. Few poets are justly so loved and honoured as Hood. His life was as noble a legacy as any author could ever wish to bequeath. He did not leave behind him wealth bought at the cost of independence—of decency—of honour; but he left to his children and to all writers a richer legacy far, in the example of a spotless life of heroic devotion to duty and self-denial, which can never be wasted.

ARCHDEACON FREEMAN (whoever he may be) hates newspapers and magazines. Newspapers tell him things that he does not want to know. We can quite believe that, for newspapers are apt to tell the truth about such matters as the narrowmindedness and idleness of some of the clergy, which is the last thing such individuals as Archdeacon Freeman want to know. A magazine, to this holy man, is "a rubbish hole, in which a large quantity of goods are stored up, but out of which you can't find anything that you want." Goods are not generally stored up in rubbish holes, and if they are goods they are generally worth preserving. It must be a man's own fault if he cannot find what he wants in a magazine, considering that each one has an index. There certainly is a good deal of rubbish in magazines, but if we were to suppress them on that ground, sermons might be the next form of literature to suffer extinction. The amiable Archdeacon makes another mistake, he declares that St. Paul would have hated newspapers had they been published in his (the Saint's) day. We think not. May we hint, with all possible respect, that St. Paul was unquestionably a "man of letters," as the Ephesians and Corinthians of the first century could fully have testified if called upon so to do? Now, no "man of letters" could hate (for instance) the *Daily Telegraph*. The idea is too absurd.

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&
REVIEWS
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THE MODERN GUY FAUX!

OR.

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THE NATION.

No. II.—Mr. Pulp, the Doctor.

XIV.

THE attractions of Mr. Tackler's system did not increase upon acquaintance, and Mr. Pulp found himself day by day losing all enthusiasm in the matter of attending upon paupers. As for Mr. Tackler's private patients, they were a very eccentric body, and they possessed this charming and encouraging characteristic, they never paid. They gave an infinity of trouble, they always came at night, their maladies always went through dangerous complications, and when they were thoroughly recovered they ignored payment altogether. It necessarily followed that Mr. Tackler, although an experienced practitioner, was not a rich man; on the contrary, he had, from devoting himself so extensively to the performance of kind and generous actions,—attending this case gratuitously, forgiving that case its debt, and generally neglecting his own personal finances for the sake of "the profession,"—found himself at last wretchedly hard up; and it was only by the utmost ingenuity exercised by Mrs. Tackler in the matter of management that they succeeded in making both ends meet, and very poor ends they were when they did meet. "Go to Mr. Tackler," would be the recommendation given by one of his regular patients to a suffering acquaintance; "he's a capital doctor, and he is very cheap, and he is a highly respectable man, for he never enforces payment of his fees." And "the suffering acquaintance" came, and was treated by Mr. Tackler, and was put upon the books, and Mr. Pulp made up his or her physic, and the boy took it out, and "the suffering acquaintance" got well, and at Christmas the account was sent in, and then it was found that "the suffering acquaintance" had been sold up in the interval, or had gone through the Bankruptcy Court in consequence of his illness, or had gone abroad for change of climate, or disputed the items, or performed one of the thousand tricks it is lamentable to state are usually adopted by dishonest patients towards that hard-working, badly-paid body of gentlemen—the general practitioners of London. There was one feature, however, in Mr. Tackler's system which just redeemed him from absolute starvation. It was in taking everything out, in kind. Fortunately, the baker who supplied him with his daily bread was very asthmatic; and Mr. Tackler, assisted by Mr. Pulp, attended him for his complaint. The bread went against the attendance and the physic. The butcher, too, who had furnished the Tackler establishment for some considerable period, and had then ineffectually demanded payment, having suddenly required the attendance of an accoucheur, had thought of Mr. Tackler in order to work out the outstanding bill; and Mr. Tackler having attended and done his duty in first-rate style, producing a plumping boy, he had been retained as the butcher's regular medical attendant; and Mrs. Butcher being of a prolific tendency and generally ailing in the intervals, Mr. Tackler found himself working out his butcher's bills in a very agreeable and satisfactory manner. Whenever Mrs. Butcher's time was coming on, and a new chip of the old block was expected, he went in for sirloins of beef and shoulders of mutton to an extravagant extent. His coal merchant he attended for a chronic gout. He was knocked up at least three times a week to visit his wine and spirit merchant, who kept the "Goose and Gridiron," in the adjoining street, to treat him for delirium tremens; and even the milkman's bill was worked out by his attending one of the milkman's children, who was suffering from water on the brain. All the tradesmen he dealt with appeared to have a certain amount of sickness in their house from one year's end to the other; and it was a curious discussion that took place at Christmas over Mr. Tackler's books in striking the balance of accounts as between himself and his various tradesmen patients.

Whether there had been enough asthma on the part of the baker to cover the bread bill, or enough activity on the part of the butcher's wife to pay the meat account, or enough gout to discharge the coal liability, were subjects which were anxiously discussed; but fortunately it generally ended in Mr. Tackler's turning the corner into another year without being immediately compelled to seek the aid of the Bankruptcy Court.

There was only one person, however, who was apparently free from all diseases that flesh is heir to, and that obstinate individual was the landlord of Mr. Tackler's house. It was in vain that Mr. Tackler had often and often endeavoured to convince him that a little medical treatment would do him an infinity of good. He didn't see it. He wanted his rent. He didn't want physic. The consequence of this obstinacy being that nearly every half-year an execution came into Mr. Tackler's house, and was only got out by some sort of superhuman process, which consisted in Mr. Tackler raising the necessary money some way or the other, probably by a partial sale of his furniture, or a desperate appeal to his trade patients, or borrowing the money from a brother doctor he had met at consultation, or, what was generally the case, mortgaging the magnificent stipend he received from the parish.

XV.

"One minute, Mr. Pulp," said Mr. Tackler one day after the prescription book had been filled up, and the various private patients had been disposed of, and Mr. Pulp was about to descend to the Surgery to make up the various medicines. It would have astonished the Apothecaries' Hall to have examined Mr. Tackler's pharmacopœia, for the Surgery being very deficient in important drugs, in consequence of a perpetual disbelief in Mr. Tackler's solvency on the part of that gentleman's wholesale druggists, the necessary medicines were made up by ingenious combinations. "One minute, Mr. Pulp—sit down. I am perfectly tired of this sort of business. I will not conceal from you that it is getting worse and worse. Nothing can be gained from devoting one's energies to paupers, except experience of a certain sort. It does not make one think better of one's fellow-creatures. It disgusts one with a noble profession. The wretched way in which I am paid—the work expected from me—the attacks made upon me in the event of any inattention shown on my part, all convince me that no man could embark upon a more ungrateful and hazardous enterprise. I will stand it no longer."

"You are right, Mr. Tackler," said Mr. Pulp. "From what I have seen in your establishment, I am convinced that what you say is true. I engaged myself to you to see what could be done. I had a strong desire to practise my profession in such a way that I should receive the blessings and gratitude of those I attended. Naturally, I thought the poor the first objects of my solicitude. I renounce that idea entirely. I will, if you like, join you in another course."

"Join me!" cried Mr. Tackler, starting. "To carry out my scheme, I want money."

"Money you shall have," said Mr. Pulp. "The gov'nor will advance me any moderate sum I may require."

"Will he?" said Mr. Tackler. "How much? Two hundred?"

"Five hundred, if I wish," said Mr. Pulp.

"Five hundred!" said Mr. Tackler, almost losing his breath. "Why, we can make a fortune, Mr. Pulp. We will go into partnership. We will make a fortune. I have struggled long and hopelessly in this career, and I have seen others rise over my head by unblushing quackery and imposture. We will go into partnership, Mr. Pulp. You shall be the head partner as you bring the money. I have a wife and child dependent upon me, and I will work hard. I will give up this wretched parish, and this miserable life of poverty and starvation. We will have a magnificent house in a square. We will have our carriage, our liveried servant; and we will soon see if that system does not prove a better one than that I have hitherto followed."

"Agreed!" said Mr. Pulp, enthusiastically.

"And now," said Mr. Tackler, "put down the prescription-book, there are scarcely any drugs in the Surgery to use in making up the medicines. The brokers will be in to-morrow. Old Tonkin of the 'Goose and Gridiron' has been going it lately with D. T., so we can afford some champagne. Let's have it, let us call in Mrs. T., and let us drink to the prosperity of the future firm of 'Pulp and Tackler.'"

XVI.

They kept it up till cock-crow. They arranged their schemes. Old Pulp was to produce the money. The situation to be selected for the house was discussed. The arrangements to be made for the conduct of the practice were argued. They drank to their future fortune, which was certain. They drank to the confusion of all parishes who starve their doctors, and to all patients who never paid. They were very merry, and when Mr. Tackler was taken upstairs by Mrs. Tackler, he defied all paupers with increased vehemence, he defied the brokers, he defied the druggists, he defied the bottle-merchants, and he defied the parish!

They did make a fortune. Our readers may learn how some day.

THE MISCHIEF OF CHATTER.

THE *Birmingham Gazette* states that the "Warwickshire Scandal" will shortly come before the Divorce Court. The same paper goes on to inform its readers that the *noble* respondent has completely recovered, and will file her answer in the usual way. We are indeed sorry if the first item of this news be true; for we had hoped that we had heard the last of the unfortunate business; but since we are to be let into the secrets of two or more highly respectable families, we may as well offer our congratulations to the *noble* respondent on her recovery. At the same time we must take the *Birmingham Gazette* to task for speaking of the lady as the *noble* respondent. Beyond belonging to a good family, and being a baronet's wife, she has no claim to nobility, so far as the laws of the Peerage are concerned. In every other sense, we have every faith that the respondent will deserve the title our contemporary has given her. Scandals in general are bad things, and should be avoided; but if the Warwickshire case is "going on," and if it ends, as we surely believe it will, in the acquittal of the accused, with the condemnation of those idle tongues which have made so much of what may be so little, we trust that it will have made its mark on the follies of our social constitution.

TIN AND TINSEL.

THE procession on Lord Mayor's Day, we are officially informed, will be in all respects "suitable to the importance of the occasion, but will not be of an extravagant character." From this announcement it would appear that the new Lord Mayor has some original ideas respecting his show, and intends to carry them out. We suppose the order of procession has already been carefully compiled, and watermen, banner-bearers, volunteer bands, and aldermen have been assigned their respective places; but if it is not too late to offer a suggestion, we would hint that it is, at the least, unadvisable to bar the Strand and Fleet street for four or five hours during the busiest time of the day. Hitherto it has been the rule for large bodies of policemen to disport themselves in single file along the several miles of curbstone between Westminster and the City at about eleven o'clock in the morning of the ninth of November, and generally to obstruct the legitimate traffic of the thoroughfares between the two points for several hours before the space is really wanted. Of course this is an immense inconvenience to everybody except the pickpockets; and we cannot be surprised that the Lord Mayor is more often than not hooted when his gold coach eventually makes its appearance. But we question much if this stoppage of the streets is really necessary. When a regiment of Guards parades Pall Mall, or the Queen goes from Buckingham Palace to the Horticultural Gardens, it is not usual to stop up the streets; so we cannot see why the Lord Mayor should be particularly privileged. His lordship's procession has never for years past been of a character which could not wend its way down the Strand with any greater inconvenience than attends the passage of a Brompton omnibus through that locality, and it is ridiculous to accord it the right to be mischievously obstructive. If the Lord Mayor would compensate the tradesmen who have to close their shops as he comes by, and make good the watches which change hands in the crowd which is jammed into the pavement to make way for him, we might feel inclined to leave him to play the fool unmolested; but, as we are much inclined to think he is prepared to do neither one thing nor the other, we protest against the Lord Mayor's Show of the present day as being a vulgar, unselfish display of buffoonery.

A SAD SEA WAVE.

WE are sorry to hear that Lord Granville has been ill; the more so as his illness is stated to have been caused by a cold caught while watching for the high tide recently expected at Dover. Really, the learned people who got up the excitement about the great wave have much to answer for. We do not mean to say that they were not very clever to find out how many additional inches the sea might be expected to rise on a given date; but they must have known that unless the wind happened to be in a particular quarter, and it blew half a gale as well, nothing very unusual would occur. As a matter of fact, the wind was not in the particular quarter; there was very little of it, and nothing very unusual did occur. Yet we should like to know how many people have caught severe colds in watching for the imaginary inundation. Practical jokes are at their best silly things, and this last "sell," planned by the philosophers, is not only silly, but, as events have proved, mischievous, to judge from the long doctors' bills which the tidal wave has been the means of running up. The physical sciences are something to be carefully avoided.

THE CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

AT this time of the year, every one in the circle of the green-room is talking of the pantomimes. Without pretending to prophesy (we are not a theatrical paper), we have reason for believing that the following will be the names of some of the entertainments provided for the British public on Boxing-night:

At Drury Lane—*Jane Shore; or, Harlequin Fair Rosamond, Aspasia, and the Eight little Shopkeepers of Wych Street*, to take the place of *Formosa*.

At Covent Garden—*Gye Forks; or, Harlequin Amalgamation, the Magic Ballet, the Stall Spoons, and Mr. Manager Mapleson*, to follow the "Short Opera Season."

At the Haymarket—*The Magic Taylor; or, Harlequin Ollendorff, the Fairy Dictionary, and the Six French Authors who wrote for the Boulevards*, to follow a comedy by Mr. Tom Taylor.

At the Princess's—*Prince Upatree; or, Harlequin Winslow, the Sensation Smash, and the Fairy Bowers of Basinghall*, to follow *Escaped from Portland*.

BEYOND A JOKE.

COMMERCIAL people who are in the habit of advertising largely should attach an author to their establishments to prepare their announcements for the press. The literature of advertising is at present shockingly below par, and it would certainly be an advantage, both to the advertisers themselves, as well as to the public, if advertisements were made more readable. A glance down the advertising columns of the *Times* will at once show how much room there is for improvement in the composition of ordinary announcements; but when the advertisers take it into their heads to be jocose, the question really assumes a serious aspect. Here are a few headings of advertisements which appeared consecutively in the *Times* one day last week:—

The most laughable thing on earth!
All the rage!
You must laugh!
Great fun!
You cannot help laughing it tickles you so!
Roars of laughter!

Although all these announcements refer to the same object—a new toy—they do not emanate from the same source. On the contrary, half-a-dozen tradesmen vie with each other to express the great degree of hilarity which their merchandise will cause. If these are their individual ideas of fun, we fear that the great joke which they all have in common must be indeed a mournful pleasantry.

"IN TRAIN."

TRAMWAYS are once more on the carpet. A company, called the "Tramway Company (Limited)," has completed its organization, and is ready to take into consideration applications from different parts of the country where tramways are required, and where local support seems likely to be given them. It is strange that so useful an invention as the tramway undoubtedly is should have been so long taking root on English soil. Both in America and in nearly every important city of the Continent, the tramway is utilised; but we here in England have hitherto refused to adopt it. It is difficult to say whether this is due to our dulness or to our prejudice. Mr. Train made an attempt to supply our streets with the useful innovation some years back; but his scheme failed, and the association of that gentleman's name with tramways in general may very probably be the real

secret of the lukewarmness of the public in constructing them. This points to our want of spirit in the matter being rather the fruit of prejudice than stupidity. Perhaps both causes have been at work. At all events, now we have another chance of "bettering ourselves," and we wish the Tramway Company, not "limited," but "unlimited" success.

READING COUPLETS.

NOW that the Stage is so much devoted to the worship of that hybrid muse who may be best characterized by the well-known line of Horace :—

"Desinit in piscem mulier *formosa* superne,"

which we may translate (freely) :—

"Fishy indeed must be the Drama's tail,
When at its head *Formosa* we must hail,"

it is gratifying to see actors trying, in spite of managers, to redeem their art from utter contempt. Messrs. Irving and Montague have begun a series of readings which promise to introduce these young actors to the public in a more favourable light than one of them, at least, can hope to be seen in on the stage. It is gratifying to think that other authors are studied by people on the stage than Boucicault and Robertson. The cultivation of true poetry cannot but elevate those who undertake it; and we may be thankful when artists do not abuse their popularity by pandering to the lowest tastes of their audience, but rather seek to draw out higher and more intellectual instincts.

The chief feature of the first reading was the introduction of a scene out of Talfourd's *Ion*,—one of the few noble tragedies that this century has produced. There are so many dramatic poets whose works are virtually excluded from the stage that we may hope that Messrs. Irving and Montague and those artists who tread in their steps will remind the public of those many dramatic geniuses whose works lie neglected on the study shelf. Every library has a Ben Jonson, and a Beaumont and Fletcher; but how many people have ever read a line of these authors? And it is with these as with all the dramatists of the Elizabethan age; few would have the patience alone to hunt for those beauties which lie scattered about in the midst of so much rubbish.

As for the reading which we heard, we must say that on the whole it was very creditable to both performers. Mr. Irving has a habit of stamping when excited, which he must cure. He also is apt to clip his words with his teeth, which will make him difficult to be heard in a large room. In speaking, as in singing, the chest, throat, and mouth, should all three be opened—no restrictive action of the muscles should be permitted; all the air passages must be well filled. Mr. Irving has great earnestness and intensity; his love of poetry seems with him a passion. In "Adrastus" he realized admirably the sullen obstinacy of the nature embittered by cruel treatment in youth, and half-brutalized by savage self-indulgence in later life. Mr. Montague was tame and colourless as Ion; he had not devoted sufficient *mental* exertion to the conception; he was infected with that *laissez-aller* tepid style, which may suit the characters of Mr. Robertson's manufacture, but is very prejudicial to the creations of an earnest and vigorous genius. Mr. Montague's reading of "Joe the Crossing Sweeper," out of "Bleak House," deserves high praise; it showed much delicate feeling, but greater study will improve this performance. The humorous piece which he read in the character of an Irishman was very well given. Mr. Calverley's "Gemini and Virgo," which Mr. Irving chose as his lightest effort, belongs to a higher class of literature. It is an admirable example of quiet refined pleasantry. In scenes from Sheridan's *Rivals*, both gentlemen were excellent. Mr. Montague's "Captain Absolute" is by far the best which we have heard. He succeeded in giving the utmost point to the quiet retorts of the son without any apparent effort, and with a gentlemanly bearing which softened down the want of filial respect in the Captain, so as not to offend the most rigid stickler for parental authority. We wish to both these young actors the utmost success in their future readings.

WHAT THE IRISH PEASANTS REALLY DO WANT.—A little more rope.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

THE snow has put in an appearance unusually early this year, and we are threatened with what we call a severe winter. To us this means sharp healthy weather, good appetite, and bright clear fires. To some, however, a severe winter means want and starvation. We do not wish to accuse the London public of any want of charity or of good intention; but we affirm that they are ever behindhand in their acts of almsgiving. It is not until the newspapers teem with descriptions of the sufferings of the poor classes, with tales of how whole families have been without food for days together, and have then been frozen to death, that hearts thaw and purse-strings are loosed. Good people will be horrified and surprised when they hear of such things; but surely events such as these will happen as the winter goes on, and this year they will probably commence even earlier than usual.

The charitable persons who take upon themselves the office of getting up subscriptions to supply warmth and food to the suffering poor are already actively engaged in their good work; but we fear that their appeals will be of little avail until they have a text to preach upon, a horrible case to quote, and then, perhaps, the money will come in; but not till then. Can anything be done to remove this lukewarmness on the part of the public? Surely if people could only take up a file of the *Times* ten months old, they would soon have read enough to soften their hearts. The history of want and misery repeats itself, not once in a century, but regularly every winter; and if the public could only be brought to understand that the same pitiful cases will recur unless timely aid be proffered, surely subscriptions would flow in copiously enough. It is as easy to give now as in a few weeks' time, and it should be remembered that if it is praiseworthy to cure, it is doubly praiseworthy to prevent. We hope we may not have written in vain.

THE TENDER CONSCIENCE OF VESTRYMEN.

THE Vestry Clerks of St. James's and Marylebone have, it seems, applied for summonses against persons defacing, with printed advertisements, the pavements in their respective parishes. No doubt it is very kind of them thus to have rushed forward in the interests of high art, and to have endeavoured to wipe out from beneath the feet of man the records of Formosa's success, or the ubiquity of Nabob's Pickles. Still, we think they might have been far better employed. If vestrymen, as a rule, would direct their attention to the carriage-road and leave the footway alone, we can assure them the public would have far greater reason to be thankful to them. It has been frequently pointed out, that their one joke of pulling up the carriage-road, flinging down sharp granite, and then leaving the pounding-in process to the feet of thoroughbred horses, and the wheels of fashionable equipages, is, if a thoroughly practical one, at least, a great mistake. To cavil, therefore, at the rather entertaining habit that has lately grown up among advertisers, is, indeed, a sin of the camel-swallowing sort. There is a certain sort of recreation in tripping over a theatrical advertisement. Indeed, in these days of the national drama's decay, there may even be to the play-going public a savage pleasure in treading the sensational titles of modern five-act pieces under foot. There can, however, be nothing delightful in laming a valuable horse, or smashing a comfortable carriage. The vestrymen are certainly beginning at the wrong end of the business. Moreover, at present, there has been no serious complaint against the pavement notices. In a double sense, the advertisers, as yet, may be said to be on a perfectly good *understanding* with the public.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

B alsa M
R epriev E
I dio M
B om B
E as E
R egiste R

ANSWERS have been received from Bravo Ned, Pimlico Tom Cat, and Cabona Chica.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE ROYAL MUSHROOM AND UNITED ARTFUL DODGERS LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Incorporated according to Law, 60 Geo. IV., cap. 500, 40 William IV., cap. 2, and 50 Vic., cap. 8.

CAPITAL, £,000,000,000,000,
In 1,000,000,000 Shares, half paid up.

HEAD OFFICE.
Fungus place, Royal Exchange.

WEST END OFFICE.
Blank street, Round square.

BRANCH OFFICES.
Everywhere.

DIRECTORS.
The Right Hon. Lord Swinne de la Doddge.
Sir Patrick Cutpurse, C.B.
Admiral Sir Peter Scuttle, K.C.B.
Count Pitchantossh, late Colonel Polish Legion.
The Chevalier Liefbeizwitz, Attaché to the Russian Minister of Police.
The Rev. Dr. Diddell, Rector of Prig-cum-Filch.
T. Chishle Sharper, Esq., Director of the Grand Oceanic and Polynesian Railway Ferry Company (Limited).
John Sheppard, Esq., Tyburn.
Wigown Longwind, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, of the Old Bailey and Knavies Inn.
Spencer Fleeceham, Esq., Craft House, Clapham.

MANAGER.
Christopher Sly, Esq.

CONSULTING PHYSICIAN.
C. Quick Passham, Esq., M.D.

CONSULTING SURGEON.
Timothy Needy, Esq., M.R.C.S.

BANKERS.
Spider, Webb, and Co., Ayr Bank, Isle of Skye.

ACTUARY.
Decimus Fraction, Esq.

SECRETARY.
P. S. Ready Scrawl, Esq.

PROSPECTUS.

THE Royal Mushroom and United Artful Dodgers Life Assurance Association has been projected to supply a want long felt by the community.

For many years the insecurity of Life Offices has been felt and acknowledged, and the failure of several which gave the highest promise of success and stability, has shaken public confidence in more than one existing institution. In order that adequate provision, on a sure and certain foundation, may be made to meet the requirements of an evergrowing population, the promoters of the Royal Mushroom have caused to be prepared a series of tables by one of the most eminent actuaries of the day. Upon the data set forth they rely with calm confidence, and of the integrity of the calculator they are forbidden to entertain a doubt.

Determined to ensure stability, and anxious not to excite cupidity on the part of assurers, they have resolved that the payments shall be commensurate with the demands which, sooner or later, the office must be called upon to meet. The proportion, therefore, which persons insuring their lives will be called upon to pay per annum, for every hundred pounds, has been fixed at a rate which may be briefly illustrated. Thus: A man at twenty, will pay 10s. per year; at thirty, 12s. 6d; at forty, 15s.; at fifty, 17s. 6d.; at sixty, £1; at seventy, £1 3s.; at eighty, £1 6s.; and at ninety (after which age, unless specially agreed for, no policy of assurance can be effected), £1 10s. These rates will at once afford a guarantee of stability, and compare favourably with those of other offices.

The Company guarantee payment within thirty days after death, and in the case of suicide, half the money will invariably be paid. The advantage of the last-named resolution will be obvious. Persons desirous of enhancing the interest of their friends may, by assuring, say for one thousand pounds, secure to their legatee or legatees the sum of five hundred, minus only 5 per cent. for expenses, by self-immolation at the Shrine of Friendship.

One of the most beautiful traits of our common nature is a desire to make provision for those we love; and as husbands and wives are naturally anxious to effect mutual policies, determinable upon the decease of one of the contracting parties, facilities will be afforded them to gratify so commendable a purpose, at low rates. In the event of the wife leaving her husband, or *vice versâ*, the policy will hold good; and should either kill the other, then, as in the case of suicide, half the amount assured for will be paid to the survivor.

As a means of obtaining collateral security life assurance has always been deemed invaluable. Policies may be effected with this special object in view, on moderate terms. To persons in difficulty this branch of the business will, it is hoped, have considerable attraction. Needless and frivolous questions will not be asked, and impertinent enquiries will be strongly reprobated by the directors.

In too many instances agents and medical men conspire together to induce persons to insure their lives irrespective of their state of health—frequently fraudulently misrepresented—and merely for the sake of commission on the premiums and the medical fee, which is divided between them. The directors of the Royal Mushroom, with a view to put a stop to practices alike nefarious and prejudicial to the interests of the community, have taken means to protect the public against the designs of pettifogging solicitors, truculent tradesmen, and unscrupulous practitioners. Their agents are required to produce testimonials as to character, and only respectable doctors, able at least to keep a gig, are eligible as medical examiners.

The subject of annuities, having considerable interest for the community generally, and professional men in particular, has been well considered by the directors, and they are prepared to grant policies, terminable or otherwise, on terms likely to be profitable to all parties. A man may secure an annuity for himself of £100 a year, to commence at the age of fifty, by paying ten shillings per annum from the age of twenty-one; or he may secure a similar income for his wife at the same rate. The conditions of connubial bliss are not emphatically insisted upon; for, although the directors are extremely anxious to inculcate moral precepts, it will be evident to the most casual observer that disturbances which tend to shorten life must result in an accession of profit under this particular head to the office.

As amalgamation is the order of the day, arrangements have been made to swallow up all rival societies, the directors and managers of which are inclined to accept shares in the Royal Mushroom, fully paid up for them. In such cases the agents of amalgamated societies will receive a substantial bonus, will be eligible for the premium which the Company will give annually to the agent who obtains the largest number of insurers, and will receive tickets of invitation to the various dinners and entertainments given as encouragement to merit in the course of the year, and paid for out of the funds of the society.

The full value will be given for policies surrendered, and in the case of transfer or assignment, the charge will be only such as the solicitor to the Company will consent to receive.

The Royal Mushroom guarantees the honesty of persons in want of security in order to obtain appointments of trust. As, however, there is a tendency in the present age to commit forgery, embezzle, and rob employers—a circumstance which the directors regard with unfeigned horror, and deprecate accordingly—the terms will necessarily be high. Considerable caution will be exercised in this department, the directors being anxious to maintain an unspotted reputation, and to uphold the commercial integrity of the country. A rigorous enquiry will, therefore, be made into the antecedents of applicants under this head.

At a period when foreign travel excites universal attention and when international intercourse is in vogue, the risk of insuring lives against the various vicissitudes of railway collisions, burning alive with petroleum, disasters at sea, street accidents, bowie knives, revolvers, and banditti, has been carefully weighed. Tables have been prepared, from which enquirers may learn how large and numerous are the advantages which arise from association with the society in this respect.

For forms of application, tables of rates, and full particulars, apply to the Secretary; or to

JOHANNES ASTLEIUS, *Principal Promoter.*

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 132.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER* 13, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

"DOWN WITH THE POULTRY!"

FELLOW CITIZENS,—I greet ye. I, even I, the Child of the Prairie, the Son of Nature, the Offspring of the Great Forest, the Lover of the Grand Blue Sky, of the Good Spirit, the dweller in the wigwam, hold out the hand of friendship to ye of the warehouse, ye of the crowded street, ye of the teeming city. I greet ye as brothers—for are ye not indeed my brothers—my adopted brothers? Have I not dwelt among ye for more than the space of forty moons? Have ye not paid the weekly tribute of twopence for more than three years? Have ye not learned to love me, and to buy my words by the tens of thousands? Yea, verily ye have, and—ye are all the better for it!

When I first came to London I found it, oh, so unlike my own dear forest, where the green leaves make soft sweet music, as Kabibsnokka, the north wind, gently stirs the branches, where Shaw-shaw, the white bird, dwells in Peboan the winter. For the rustling of branches I found the noise of cabs; rain and fog for my own Minushaha, my darling laughing water, for love and truth and good—why, only smoke. But I dwelt among ye, and gave ye fine words, in the Moon of Bright-nights, or, as ye call it, April; sage words in the Moon of the Falling Leaves, or September; and praise-words in the Moon of Snow-shoes, or dull November. Why fine words? Because ye were sad and needed love—needed love now that trade was dead. Why sage words? Because ye were perplexed, and treason stalked abroad, and ye needed counsel. Why praise-words? Because ye were clever, and had built up glorious wigwams and lovely bridges, and had made London (even as I dwelt among ye) a town of palaces—the city of the world! And now I drop the Indian's speech, and talk the words of the white man—the glorious words of England—England home of freedom, England called the wise land.

FELLOW CITIZENS,—Ye have done well. The Thames Embankment is fine, the Holborn Viaduct graceful, the new Bridge beautiful, the new streets useful. But ye have not done enough. The picture contains a blot—a large black blot—the map of London is rendered ridiculous by a mistake—a great, stupid mistake. Ye must know what I mean. Have ye walked down Cheapside? Yes. Then what has struck ye as out of place—spoiling by its presence a noble thoroughfare? Why, the Poultry. Have ye driven to the Mansion House? Yes. Where have ye found a dead block—a dead block making locomotion impossible? Why, in the Poultry! Where has the business of the whole civilized world been brought to a dead stop? Why, in the Poultry! Is the Poultry beautiful? No! Is it disgustingly ugly? Yes! Is it useful? No! Is it an obstruction to business of every kind? Yes.

Then what follows as a matter of course? Ye shake your heads and don't know! What, must TOMAHAWK tell ye? Are ye so dense that ye cannot suggest a remedy for this nuisance—this grievous nuisance? So it would appear from your supineness. Well, then, TOMAHAWK will enlighten ye, in large capitals too, so that ye may the better understand him.

THE POULTRY MUST COME DOWN!

Come down, and immediately! There must be no shilly-shallying. For once and away the authorities must wake up and attend to business. They may sleep (as usual) for the rest of the year, and sweet dreams wait upon their slumbers, say I. But now—now is the time for action. We cannot afford to wait. A grand attempt has been made to render London (in an architectural point of view) worthy of her commercial fame as the first city in the world. A great deal has been done, but emphatically not enough. The new Blackfriars Bridge is something to be proud of; the Holborn Viaduct is something to be proud of; the Mansion House street is something to be proud of; but the Poultry is a disgrace to civilization!

Look at my Cartoon. What do ye see in it? The Fairy of Improvement waves her wand, and a City of noble proportions rises at her command. And yet she has left one spot untouched! The beautiful picture is spoilt by one disfiguring blot, the all but perfect gem is rendered nearly valueless by one fatal flaw! Yes, the ugly useless Poultry—pernicious and foul—is there in all its native deformity! Denounced by the Press as an eyesore, execrated by the commercial public as a disastrous impediment to business,—still it stands like some hideous stronghold of the middle-ages, defying the attacks of its invaders! Have we no knights who will do battle against it—have we no trusty swords, no gallant lances?

This subject shall not end here. The Child of Nature is uncouth in speech, but strong in purpose. He has seen the blemish of his adopted city, and that blemish must be removed. Yes, the Poultry MUST come down. The Indian has said it—and his own words (although sweet and wholesome, and very good) are not to be eaten!

And now the Child of Nature congratulates his fellow-citizens upon the beauty of the London improvements, and withdraws into his wigwam, that he may there smoke his pipe of peace while he sharpens the blade of his war knife.

(Signed) TOMAHAWK.

The Moon of Snow-shoes, 1869.

STAGE TRUTH.

SOMEBODY in the *Salut de Lyons* has been making fun of the British drama, and taxing it, as all honest men must admit most unjustly, with its disregard for the realities of daily life. Without giving a long list of English stage triumphs, comprising such literary gems as *Formosa*, *Lost at Sea*, and a *Life Chase*, —works by themselves powerful enough to vindicate the national dramatic honour, where a charge of improbability is concerned,— every candid spectator must allow that the mirror that is held up to the public now-a-days is of the very best British plate. We therefore are in a position that enables us freely and fearlessly to throw stones at our neighbours. Under these circumstances, we shall have much pleasure in supplying our readers with the text of a piece said at this moment to be in active rehearsal at the *Gymnase*. M. Victorien Sardou's success with history in the matter of *Patrie*, has, it is said, induced him to turn his attention to an English historical subject. With much tact he has selected a dark period of our annals, and chosen from the turbulent times of James I., a true hero. Guy Faux has attracted the great French dramatist. It is a melancholy fact that only French dramatists really know how to handle history effectively, and we record the circumstance with great regret.

The truthful picture of the great English conspiracy which we subjoin could only have fallen from a French pen. Here it is :—

MONSIEUR LE GUI FOXE.

A Drama-Comedie in two acts and various tableaux, par M. VICTORIEN SARDOU.

PERSONAGES.

LE FRIAR BACON (*Chancellor of England, possessed of the secrets of the gunpowder*).
JAME-FIRST (*Fils de Henri VIII., surnamed* LE MONSTRE).
MONSIEUR LE GUI FOXE (*rightful heir to the throne of England, inventor of the bath-chaire, and son of Henri VIII., surnamed also "le gallant," by Jeane-Shore*).

LE CATSBY
DUC-WELLINGTON
DUC-CAMBRIDGE (*a notaire*)
SIM-REEVE (*the betrothed to Gu-queen Bess*)
CHARLES I. (*fils de Henri VIII.*)
EARL CHATHAM (*et Douvres*)
TITE OAT (*fils de Henri VIII.*)
MISTER PUSEY (*un Medecin*)
BRYANT-MAY (*a lucifer man*) [*Catsby*)
LE PRINCE CHRISTIAN (*confesseur to Le*
ROBIN 'OOD (*supposed fils de Henri VIII.*)
MONSIEUR E. T. SMEETH (*a Spaniard*)
CHARLES II. (*his son*)
FORTNUM-MASON (*fils de Henri VIII.*)
MI LADY BACON (*Queen of Scotchmen*).
} *Conspirateurs, gentlemens, and Popes men.*

GU-QUEEN-BESS (*Madame la Gui-Foxe*).

CATHARINE
ANNA
FIFINE
BETSY
LA FICHONNE
CORA
MEES TOM
} (*Several Wives of Henry VIII.*)

MEES FOXE (*secretly married to Jame-First*).

Conspirators, Pale-alesmen, Beefteck-eaters, Clergymens, Lor Maires, Meeses, Ducs, Polismans, &c., &c., &c.

COSTUME—*Reign de Charles VI.*

PERIOD—921.

ACT 1.

House of Jame-First in le Haymarket.

Enter JAME-FIRST, MEES FOXE, *and suite.*

JAME-FIRST.—I am not Scotchmans. O yes. I am Anglische. I spiks Anglische. Dam. Pale ale. Railway teekets. Cremorne.

COURTIERS.—He is the King!

MEES FOXE.—Then why not you gentlemans proclaim him?

COURTIERS.—Because it is Sonday! 'Oorah! (*They shout the "heep" for some hours.*)

JAME-FIRST.—Dam

MEES FOXE.—What do you make such compliments to me, Jame-First? I will summons *M. mon père.*

Enter MONSIEUR GUI FOXE, *in one arm chair, surrounded by his leetle sons.*

CHORUS OF LEETLE SONS.

Ayez le bonté de vous souviendrè
Le cinque de Novembrè,
Traihison de poudre de canon, et plot de poudre de ditto ;
Nous ne voyons pas de raison
Pourquoi le traihison de poudre de canon
Serait jamais pas rappelé.

MONS. GUI FOXE (*avec energie*).—Hollère, garcons! hollère garcons! Dieu protège la Reine!

JAME-FIRST (*throwing one halfpenny to the leetle sons*).—I am the King. This is for your Monsieur Gui. Teekets! You see! I spiks Anglische!

COURTIERS (*aside*).—O dear me! away to Peekadilly. 'Oorah!

MEES FOXE.—You have not singed the refrain. It is here—

Gui, gui!
Lui stické dans l'œil.

JAME-FIRST.—O yes! That is very good.

M. GUI FOXE.—I will be revengé. Wait one leetle moment. (*Enters a Hansom cab with his sons and chair.*) Cabsman. To the 'ous of Parliament, in Wesminsterre! O yes!

ACT 2.

The apartments of M. Gui Foxe under the 'ous. Jame-First, Robin 'Ood, the Lor Maire, M. Gladstone, Statesmen, Noblemans, Meesses, Mi ladis and Fortnum-Mason discovered in Council. In the salon of M. Gui Foxe is himself, Duc-Cambridge, Duc-Wellington, Charles I., Mister Pusey and the other Conspirateurs.

DUC-CAMBRIDGE.—I am one German, but I am one Anglischemans. I wish blow up Jame-First.

MISTER PUSEY.—'Oorah!

M. GUI.—Silence! 'Ow can gentlemans blow up other gentlemans wisout le poudre? Hein? Tell me, M. Le Prince Christian?

LE PRINCE.—You must get it—on teek! It is the custom of my country.

M. GUI.—Silence! M. le Prince. You are young, ardent, and generous! It is your young blood which would speak words of honour and generosity. *Mais*, I cannot get the credit.

Enter the FRIAR BACON.

ALL (*presenting daggers*).—M. le Friar, would you have the *complaisance* to mention to us ze parsword.

LE FRIAR.—O yes! (*Smiling.*) It is *Lestarré Square!*

CHARLES I.—It is my 'ous!

CHARLES II.—No, Sar! I keeps my 'orse there!

M. GUI.—Silence! You have le poudre de cannon in your leetle pocket!

LE FRIAR.—Voici! (*Tite Oat, Henry VIII., M. Smeethe, Sim Reeve, and gentlemens of le Judge and Jury bring in some tons.*)

M. GUI.—It is well. Here goes. O yes! (*Lights it, an explosion terrific occurs. The 'ouses of Parliament is destroyed.*)

JAME-FIRST.—Mon Dieu! I do think I smells ze smoke!

M. GLADSTONE.—Yes, Sar!

LE LOR MAIRE (*to Jame-First, avec emotion*).—It is no use, then, that I conceals it any longer from you. You are mon fils!

HENRI VIII.—That is one lie, M. Lor Maire. He is the son of me.

MEES FOXE.—Fie for shames, Sir. Here is *M. mon père!*

(*Enter* M. GUI FOXE, *his chair, his leetle sons*, DUC CAMBRIDGE, FIFINE, *and other personages of distinction.*)

M. GUI FOXE (*embracing* M. LE LOR MAIRE).—Mon fils, mon fils!

JAME-FIRST.—'Ow is this gentlemans? Speeks, you sar!

M. GUI FOXE.—I have several wife! Corbleu! Sacrrr—'oorah!

JAME-FIRST.—Dam. Pale ale. Foxeton, Bromton, Peeka

peekadilly. I am Anglische gentlemans. I will marry myself to Mees Foxe!

ALL.—Heep! heep! 'oorah!

M. GUI FOXE.—There, my leetle sons; once more the sweet *chanson* of me.

(*Chorus of leetle sons as the curtain makes its descent.*)

Ayez la bonté de vous souviendrè,
Le cinque de Novembrè,
Traihison de poudre de canon, et plot de poudre de ditto,
Nous ne voyons pas de raison,
Pourquoi le traihison de poudre de canon
Serait jamais pas rappelé.

JAME-FIRST.—C'est ravissante! Take me to the Cole 'ole.

TABLEAU.

BUFFOONERY ON THE BENCH.

IT has lately become the fashion amongst the more junior of the Metropolitan magistrates to avail themselves of the police reports as the means of thrusting their jokes before the public. From what we have read we cannot say much for their Worships' wit, and still less for their good taste; but we have hitherto consoled ourselves that the pernicious custom of cracking jokes in a court of justice was indulged in only by magistrates new to their office, and that the seniors took no share in the unbecoming frivolity. We are sorry to see, however, that the much-respected Mr. Selfe is falling into evil courses. At all events, from the following paragraph which appeared in the police reports last week, it would seem that that gentleman can play the wag when opportunity offers:—

"Frederick Popjoy, described as 'a quiet-looking boy,' was charged with being drunk and incapable. Mr. Selfe said: So you are only fifteen years of age, Master Popjoy? Prisoner: That's right, your Worship. Mr. Selfe: I don't think it is, Master Popjoy, or you would not be here. You seem to be 'popping' into bad habits very early. What have you got to say to the charge? Defendant: My mates made me drunk; it wasn't my fault. Mr. Selfe: How long have you been indulging in habits of this description, Master Popjoy? Defendant: I was never drunk before this time. Mr. Selfe: Have you been sick? Defendant: No. Mr. Selfe: Generally at the beginning I have heard it makes the person sick; do you relish it so much that you mean to do it again? Defendant: No, I don't. Mr. Selfe: I hope not. It is a very early beginning. You are fined 2s. 6d."

Really, this beats even Sir Robert Carden. The play upon the name "Popjoy" is in the Alderman's best style, and the question "Have you been sick?" for its quaintness and piquancy, throws Sir Robert's ponderous pleasantries into the shade. We do not know whether Mr. Selfe's speech that he had heard that drunkenness in the beginning generally made people ill was meant seriously. We can hardly believe his Worship capable of making so grave an assertion on hearsay evidence, and we can only suppose that this allusion to the beastly effects of intoxication was meant for the crowning bit of the magistrate's fun.

PARDONABLE IMPATIENCE.

IT would seem that we are not to expect to see anything of Dr. Livingstone for some time to come, for amongst the articles which the great traveller requested might be supplied to him in his letter to the British Consul at Zanzibar, dated August, 1868, was a "Nautical Almanac for 1870." It seems a pity that while the Doctor had a chance of availing himself of the Central African Postal Service, he did not write more explicitly as to his intended movements. Now that our anxiety concerning him is relieved, and we have reason to believe that he is safe and well, we can afford to take him to task for not gratifying our curiosity a little more fully. We can quite sympathise with the feelings of the mother in the song of the "Lost Child," who was heart-broken when it strayed but beat it soundly when it came home. We do not wish to treat Dr. Livingstone in this fashion, but at all events, in one sense of the word his reception will be "warm" when he sets foot on English soil.

THE LATE GEORGE PEABODY.

WITH a heavy heart we record the death of the noblest man and the greatest Christian that our age has known, George Peabody. If any man's fame is to be envied, it is his. He almost sanctified money-getting by the use which he made of his enormous wealth. What drags most men down in the getting and in the spending, what debases the souls of most men, elevated and ennobled him. No widows' tears and orphans' curses dimmed the brightness of his gold, or turned his joy into bitterness. He held his wealth but in trust for God and for the poor. It was not so much the amount of money which he gave away, as the thoughtful care and wise discrimination with which he gave it. He taught the lesson that benevolence, to be of any value, must be the work of the mind as well as of the heart. He is mourned by all who love what is good; the tears shed on his grave are shed by eyes whose weeping he has often turned to rejoicing; the many sorrows he has lightened are all revived in the great grief which his death creates. But not for long: the good that such men do dies not with them; and to think of one whose path through life was bright with so pure a light, the only shadows across which were cast not by his own misdeeds but by other's sorrows, is in itself a joy such as men rarely know.

A VERY OPEN BOROUGH.

THE Southwark election contest has already commenced, and as the polling cannot take place till January, the candidates have plenty of time before them to make their arrangements. Mr. Odger is already in the field, but as he announced at a meeting the other evening that he expected to be returned free, gratis, and for nothing, it is not improbable that a portion of the advanced Liberal electors will look elsewhere for a representative. A requisition, numerously signed, was presented last week to Mr. Milner Gibson, begging him to come forward, but the right honourable gentleman refused altogether to entertain the application, very naturally objecting to subject himself to the waste of time and money which a three months' canvass must necessarily entail. Of course, this objection equally applies to others who may be asked to stand for the borough (always excepting Mr. Odger), and it is, therefore, not improbable that the electors will have some difficulty in finding candidates to their taste. Really, it is most inconsiderate conduct on Mr. Layard's part to have gone off to Spain just when his resignation will cause the greatest amount of inconvenience. However, let us be just, and, if report speak truly, Mr. Layard is not the most to blame. Our special and confidential reporter at the Treasury has hinted to us that Mr. Ayrton was to be got rid of at once, and at any cost, for two grave reasons; first, because he was hopelessly obstructive, and, secondly, because the Premier's son was anxious to secure his seat on the Treasury Bench. The Commissionership of Works was deemed, it seems, the only position for which Mr. Ayrton was fit, and the vacant office of Minister at Madrid had to be thrown as a sop to the Nineveh Cerberus. Of course, all these little facts are of no interest to the Southwark electors, but they certainly show an utter want of regard to the convenience of the candidates. This, however, is a matter of no consequence whatever—at Whitehall.

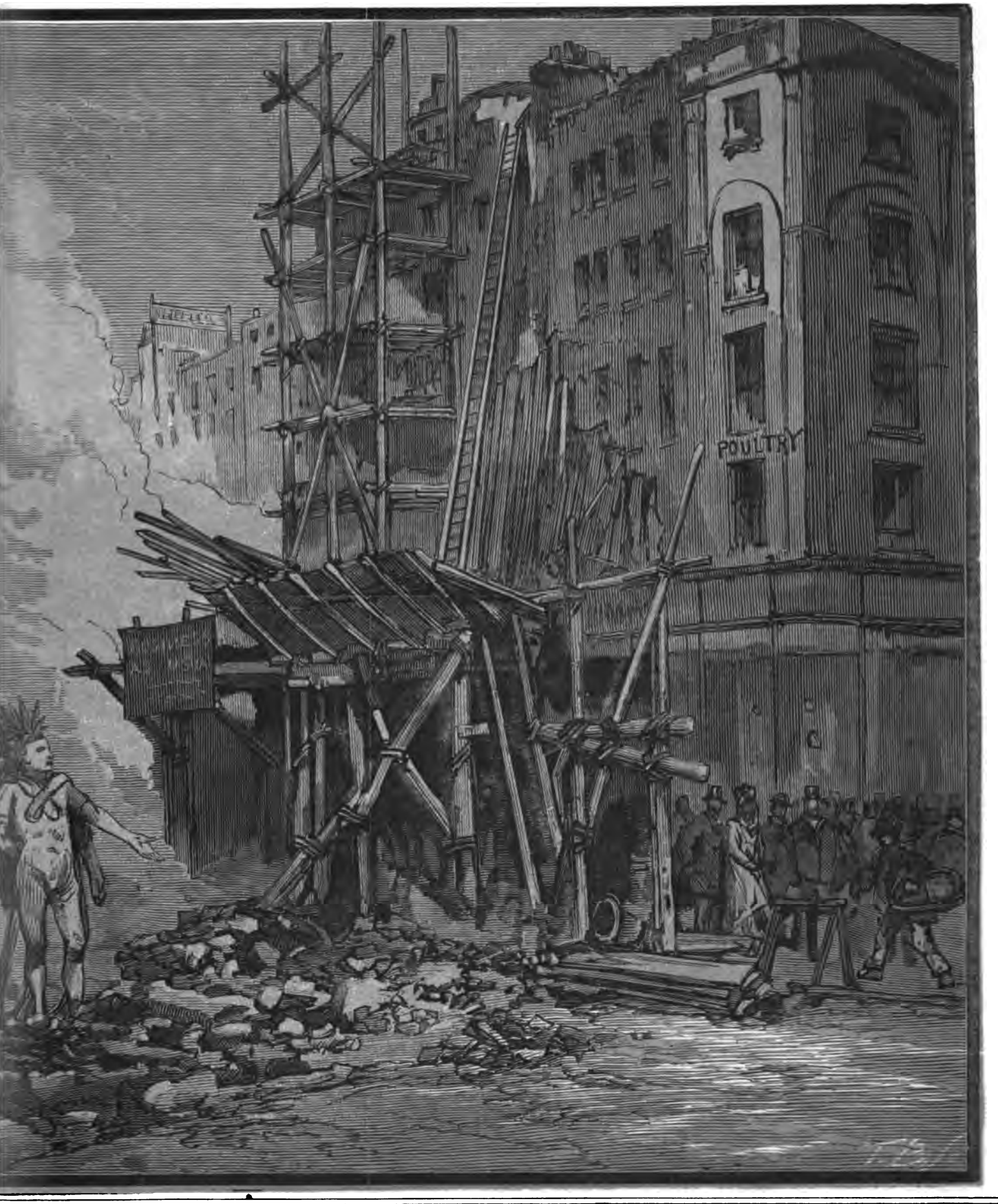
JOKE BY THE LAST NEW BARONET!!!!—What did ex-Lord Mayor Lawrence say when he heard of the present Lord Mayor's election? Bosley!

EXETER
ESSAYS & REVIEWS
Matt Morgan

BRARY

"OUT, DAMN

TOMAHAWK *(to* INDUSTRIA, *the* SPIRIT *of* IMPROVEMENT*)*.—You have conjur
cumbereth it the ground?



ED SPOT!"

(MACBETH, Act V., Scene 1.)

up a beautiful city; but look at that ugly impeding Poultry; why

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REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER I.—IN WHICH JUPITER RESOLVES TO RESIGN.

IT was after dinner, and Jupiter was sitting in Juno's boudoir,—a room which she used very often, but which her divine husband rarely honoured with his presence,—sipping his coffee and smoking. It was against rules, but then he was a god.

Mercury was playing Bezique with the Queen of Heaven. The King was reading his letters and telegraphic despatches, which Mercury had just brought in his natty little courier's bag.

Evidently the letters were, like most letters, unpleasant.

"It's all very well to call this Heaven," exclaimed the ruffled divinity, in a sulky voice; "but it never can be that while you are here, Master Mercury."

The Olympian Commissionaire looked up from his game. "Why, my gracious liege, I thought I had helped sometimes to minister to your Majesty's pleasures."

This was downright cruel, considering Juno was there. Jove saw what the patron of commerce and thieves meant; but he dared not resent the sarcasm.

"You are the greatest plague I have, not excepting even—"

"Me, I suppose," put in his handsome spouse.

"My dear, no such rudeness trembled on the tip of my tongue. My unlawful, not my lawful, loves cost me the most trouble; but, as I was going to say, Mercury, the only proper place for you is inside a barometer, there your lively disposition finds proper restraint."

"I am always ready, Sire, to give up my liberty for the privilege of being the only true prophet attached to your omniscient establishment."

"You're an impudent scamp," rejoined the offended Thunderer. "Hold your tongue!"

"Certainly, your Majesty; faithful to the laws of Court etiquette, I never speak except when I am spoken to."

Juno pressed his foot under the table, to show how she appreciated the joke—Jove went on grumbling.

"My idea of Heaven is a place where there is no post or telegraph."

"And no marriage, Sir, you would like to add, if you dared."

"My dear, you are quite wrong. I resemble our esteemed friend in—the other place, Henry the Eighth of England, Defender of the Faith, &c., &c. I have a passion for marrying."

"I regret that I have been the victim of that passion." This time she stamped her foot so hard that she really hurt Mercury's corns very much.

"You forget, divine Madam, that my feet are, like my heart, tender," he whispered.

"Yes, and for the same reason, because both have done so much travelling."

This was arch, and she accompanied it with such a look out of her great eyes that the wings on Mercury's feet trembled with passion.

Meantime, Jupiter had gone on reading his letters and despatches.

"I'll be —— Pluto, if I stand it any longer," he shouted, as he dashed his foot on the table, upsetting the coffee all over the blue and silver tablecloth.

"My dear, what's the matter?" cried Juno, withdrawing her face from Mercury's, which she had been examining rather closely—only to see if his corns really were so painful.

The Thunderer was pacing up and down the small room with a step which made the whole house shake.

He weighed nineteen stone; and every step was a thunderclap.

"My pet," said Juno, throwing her magnificent arm round his neck. She always called him 'pet' when he was out of temper.

Mercury squeezed her vacant hand—just to give her a little confidence.

"I will *not* stand it any longer. It's getting positively unbearable."

"What is it, my love?" She thought he had had another letter from Danae, asking for some more money.

"I know it's *very* provoking, darling, especially just now when we have got so many dinner parties to give; and your trip to Paphos must have cost something, though I know it did you *so much good;* and then that new thunder-machine, I daresay it will be cheaper in the end, but it's a great deal of money: and my crown is really very old fashioned. Tell her, dear, that you positively can't spare any money at present."

"What the Tartarus are you talking about? It's no money matter that bothers me. You ought to know by this time that I *never* pay my debts—my person is sacred—they can't make me a bankrupt."

"But they could put in an execution, could not they?"

"I should like to see the Sheriff's officer that would live in this atmosphere."

"Well, it is rather high up; but you know, my dear, executions have been served on Kings before now."

"Juno, I'm ashamed of you. You seem to forget I am immortal!"

"You think so; but Mercury tells me—"

"What does that vagrant rascal say?"

"Why, he says nothing himself; but he tells me there is a mortal, called Doctor Cumming, who says—"

"I know the fellow—I've cut him—I've sworn I'll never see him again ever since he took me in so about dear little Semele, telling me there was not the slightest danger."

"He had his reasons for that," replied Juno with great unction; "however, he says that, with your constitution, you cannot last more than five years, and many mortals believe him."

"Then why the Styx can't they let me alone for the five years I have to live, instead of pestering me with their perpetual complaints?"

Mercury here interposed, "The fact is, Sire, they *will* talk about Saturn."

"That's like their beastly ingratitude. When that respectable old God was in power, all the intellectual young men were crying out for Reform, for Progress, for Enlightenment! I put myself at the head of the movement. I banished Saturn; but only when I found that he would not fall into my views. And now, after doing all this, after putting an end to the old *régime*, instead of gratitude, I find nothing but constant grumblings and growlings, seditious rumours and treasonous cries. I'm getting quite tired of it."

"I told you that for every Titan you destroyed you would create fifty. Ah! they were such fine handsome men! but you never listen to me."

"Why should I? Your prophecies and warnings always come after the event. Besides, don't I know everything?"

"I suppose you do; but are you any the wiser for it?"

"I wish you goddesses would not interfere with affairs of State. The next thing will be, I shall be sent to earth by you and that old frump Minerva."

"Well, you have generally managed to enjoy yourself pretty well on earth—that would not be much punishment. We should imprison you here if we wanted to punish you."

Mercury laughed.

"Laugh away, you goose-footed courier! I can tell you, Madam, I mean to enjoy myself where I can be free from the constant grumblings and importunities of those mortals. As for you Olympian folk, you may all go to Pluto, or anywhere else, so long as you don't bother me."

"*We* shall not intrude on your solitude; so comfort yourself on that point, my Thundering Husband. You will make a very interesting hermit; and in retirement you will have leisure to repent of your peccadilloes."

"Peccadilloes, Madam! What do you mean?"

"Perhaps it is *ra-ther* a mild word to use."

"Your insolence, Madam, passes all bounds—to talk of the King of Heaven and peccadilloes in the same breath! Don't you know that mortals have a monopoly of sin?"

"That might have been so a long time ago. But, remember, now you have established free trade."

"Mercury, leave the room," shouted Jove, now half mad with passion; "this conversation is not fit for your ears."

"Mercury, stay here," said Juno, with most dignified and aggravating composure; "I may want a witness."

Mercury had just begun to fly, and he stood poised in the air. The situation was so puzzling he nearly broke one of his wings in his confusion. But he obeyed the lady.

"If I wanted anything to decide me this would do it. I resign my throne, to-morrow, in favour of—"

"Me, dear?" whispered the smiling Queen.

"Not of you, nor of any immortal. I am omnipotent, and you are not; so I will first depose all of you, and then depose myself. The mortals can then carry on the world as they like. I shall receive a deputation from the committee of the 'Heaven and Earth Reform Association' to-morrow, and to them I shall delegate my royal authority."

Not all the thunderclaps that Jove had ever given could have startled his spouse as this announcement did.

She tried to speak, but fainted in the arms of Mercury.

Jove chuckled with malignant satisfaction, while Mercury was too much occupied even to think of the lovely burden which he now held.

"How lucky," he reflected, "that I have feathered my nest!"

(To be continued.)

DINNERS AND DINNERS.

THIS is a week of feasting. The newspapers are full of descriptions of the banquets which are part and parcel of the ceremony attending the accession to office of a new Lord Mayor. It is generally the custom, we believe, for the leading papers to publish the bill of fare of the Guildhall dinner of the 9th of November, in extenso. We see no reason that the time-honoured custom should be departed from, but in our case, owing to some unaccountable carelessness on the part of the civil authorities, as we have not received our copy of the menu for Lord Mayor's Day, we cannot gratify our readers by presenting it to them. Happily, however, the feast at Guildhall is not the only gathering within the City of London which calls for notice; so, in the absence of the more important document, we append the following bill of fare of a dinner given by one of the leading shipwrights at the East end, who, having no occupation at present, is able to give his whole attention to the entertainment of his family:—

Limehouse, 9th November, 1869.

MENU FOR TEN PERSONS.*

Potage.
A l'eau.

Poisson.
Red Herring.

Entrées.
The Wolf.
The Broker.

Roti.
Very dry bread (half a loaf).

Sweets.
Twopenn'orth of gin.

Dessert.
Mendions.

Here is another billl of fare, equally interesting, for the same date:—

Newgate, 9th November, 1869.

MENU FOR 239 PERSONS.

Potage.
Bouillon.

Roti.
Mutton.

Legumes.
Potatoes.

Sweets.
Rice pudding.

Of course this latter dinner is less pretentious than the Limehouse feast, but for our part, not being epicures, we prefer it, especially as we think it our duty to set our face against gormandism whenever we come across it; and we hear, on good authority, that such meals as the first described are partaken of daily by thousands of the inhabitants of the East End of London. As luxurious extravagance amongst the lower classes should be discouraged as much as possible, we recommend the question to the serious consideration of the new Lord Mayor.

FALSTAFF OUT OF PLACE.

WE read that the lessee of the Exeter Theatre, last week, applied to the city magistrates to prohibit the appearance of Mr. Mark Lemon as *Falstaff* in a building not licensed for dramatic representations. The Bench stated, through their clerk, that they could not issue an injunction to Mr. Lemon, but his entertainment would unquestionably be illegal, and they advised the lessee of the theatre to give him notice that he would be prosecuted after his first appearance. We do not know how far Mr. Lemon, legally speaking, may have put himself in the wrong, but we quite sympathize with him in wishing to avoid theatrical associations. The fact is, Mr. Lemon has got out of his element, and in his desire to assimilate a high literary position with the vocation of a strolling player, is drifting into trouble. He has taken to the stage too late in life to adopt it as a profession, and as an amateur he has no business to interfere with the legitimate drama. At the same time, we think that the Exeter manager and the bench of magistrates might have had the good taste to have stood aloof, and allowed Mr. Lemon to choose his own ground for exhibiting himself.

* Two adults and eight children.

DE MORTUIS NIL NISI BONUM.

THEATRICAL advertisements have of late years become offensively silly in their construction; but it is not often that such a production as the following announcement regarding Astley's Theatre is allowed to creep its way into print:—

ASTLEY'S THEATRE.—Mr. E. T. Smith has succeeded for the management in engaging Mdlle. LILLIAN, who will appear on MONDAY, in the favourite Drama of MAZEPPA, with new scenery, dresses, and appointments. There is great curiosity to see this lady in the part, so ably sustained by the late Miss Menken, Astley's great favourite; report states that she is much like Menken in person and acting. This lady, unlike the men that have allowed a dummy to ascend the fearful precipice, will do it herself, and fight her combats. The press, in speaking of the lady's performance, alludes to the grace with which she enacted the part, and the daring on the infuriated steed in his wild career up precipices which appeared impassable.

What can be in more mercilessly bad taste than the allusion to poor Adah Menken? It may be remembered how, a year or two back, her death created almost a painful sensation, and how her apologists pleaded for respect for her memory. It is therefore wantonly inconsiderate of the managers of Astley's Theatre to drag up her name only for the purpose of reminding the public of her Mazeppa performances. It was never pretended that there was anything in Miss Menken's Mazeppa to admire, although it was something "to go and see;" and the public would willingly forget all about her. Now, however, Madlle. Lillian seems determined to assume the dead woman's mantle,—little enough, perhaps, but what there is should be let alone.

A NEW DRAMATIST.

NEW dramas are plentiful, but not new dramatists. Boucicault, Burnand, Byron, and Robertson meet one at every turn, and one gets tired even of these protean geniuses. Mr. Wybert Reeve, a gentleman by birth and education, who has been managing the theatre at Scarborough for some time, is now playing in a drama, of which he is the author, at the Charing Cross Theatre. *Won at Last* is not a good play, but it is better than many we have seen lately. The dialogue is fresh, but not quite pointed enough; it savours more of Yorkshire bluntness. Mr. Reeve looks, what very few actors succeed in looking on the stage, a thorough gentleman. His voice is naturally very pleasant; but he mars its charm by tricks of stagy elocution, which he should unlearn. He shows that he wishes to be natural, and can be so sometimes; he should be so always.

A certain Mr. Beckett did all he could to secure the failure of the piece. Not content with being imperfect in his part, he had not even the sense to take up the prompt, but let the actress who was on the stage with him run to the prompter and bring back the words. The Press has been rather severe on Mr. Wybert Reeve, for he is a stranger to London, and not connected in any way with that constellation of literary and artistic luminaries which sheds its brightness over those semi-pothouses dignified with the name of Clubs. We are glad to see that critics are beginning to criticise according to their own judgment, and not as their worthy employers dictate to them. But we should like to see their terrible weapons turned against old offenders, and not sharpened against those only who have no clique to extol them, and no fellow-tipplers to anoint them with immortality.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 133.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER* 20, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

STARS AND GARTERS!

IT is very beautiful to see humble virtue triumphant, and true merit properly rewarded. It is sweet to notice that the dandelion no longer "wastes its fragrance on the desert air," but finds itself placed in a gorgeous vase in the drawing-room. This is as it should be. The dandelion is a charming flower. Ex-Lord Mayor Lawrence is a wonderful man. It is delightful to observe the dandelion promoted to the palaces of the splendid—it is exhilarating to learn of a baronetcy being conferred upon Alderman Lawrence!

Mr. Gladstone is the recognizer and rewarder of the dande—we beg pardon—of the Lawrence's most admirable services. This gentleman is also the rewarder and recognizer of several other worthies' services—services only a degree less admirable than the services of the Ex-Lord Mayor. As it always is pleasant to praise, TOMAHAWK finds much delight in introducing the various worthies to the British Public. The introduction is quite necessary—without it the British Public would probably know nothing—absolutely nothing—of the coming men.

Places aux—Aldermen!—Lawrence, the new baronet, is a builder by trade. If, O reader, you want your chimney seen to, go to Lawrence. If, O reader, you desire your back garden wall restored, why, go to Lawrence. Obtain an estimate, of course (business is business), but go to Lawrence! When TOMAHAWK informs the British Public that the new baronet is a builder, the British Public will be satisfied that the new baronet is the right man in the right place; all baronets should be builders or butchers, or sweeps or something in the rag-and-bone business! Is not one man as good as another, and—better (as Orator Stubbings would add)? Are not the prince and the peasant, the king and the cobbler, made of the same flesh and blood, having in common heart, brains, and education? Quite so. Then why not make the weary crossing-sweeper an earl?—the pleasant house-builder a baronet? But Alderman Lawrence has further claims to the title; he is not only a builder, but has been a Lord Mayor! Some day (if he advances at this rate) he may actually become the Captain of a Volunteer Corps! Before that happy hour TOMAHAWK trusts that the worthy Alderman will learn how to let off a gun (he tried to fire off a rifle at half cock at Spa!) and study a little humility (he asked for a guard of honour at Liège!!!). When the builder-baronet does anything *particularly* worthy of note he (the builder-baronet) may rest assured that TOMAHAWK will find an odd corner in his paper for an account of his performances. And now, having been told by the cook that the kitchen boiler is all right, and that the garden wall is in excellent repair, and that neither require the builder's attention, TOMAHAWK bids the knightly tradesman adieu—for the present!

The next gentleman singled out for decoration by Mr. Gladstone is the Rev. — Mackarness, who has been made Bishop of Oxford. The Rev. — Mackarness, it is understood, is a clergyman. In his early days he went to school, and afterwards to a University—it is believed either Oxford or Cambridge or, possibly, Durham. The Rev. — Mackarness is either an Englishman, or a Scotchman, or an Irishman, or a European. It is reported that he can walk, talk, eat, and drink. From all this it will be seen that the Rev. — Mackarness is just the man to succeed that very obscure individual, Bishop Wilberforce, translated to Winchester.

The next appointment recently made by Mr. W. E Gladstone is that of the new Third Lord of the Treasury. Mr. W. H. Gladstone is the son of Mr. W. E. Gladstone—no other reason need, nor indeed can, be given for his appointment.

Then, Mr. Layard has been sent to Madrid, because, of course, he was rather useful at the Board of Works; and Mr. Ayrton to Whitehall, because he would have been more popular had he been despatched to Spain, or China, or, better still, to Jericho!

TOMAHAWK has done. The recent appointments could not have been made in more excellent taste or with greater discrimination. Novelty is the order of the day. Until now we have had baronets taken from the ranks of the squirearchy, not from the shops of tradesmen; bishops selected from distinguished scholars, not from provincial nobodies; ambassadors chosen for their moderation and urbanity, not for their quick temper and lack of the art of conciliation. The change has come: we must accept it. To be logical, however, we had better get a crossing-sweeper for our next baronet, an undergraduate for our next bishop, and for our next ambassador, any cousin or acquaintance of Mr. Gladstone.

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.—We understand that the spirited competition which has been going on between the *Times* and *Telegraph* for the honourable post of Trumpeter to the Emperor of France has at last been decided in favour of the former. The spirited owner and the editor of this versatile leader of public opinion will go over to Paris shortly in order to receive the just reward of their exertions. We understand that, considering the amount of dirt they have eaten, both gentlemen are as well as can be expected.

WAGGERY AT WHITEHALL.

WHAT has become of the hundred thousand geraniums which have done duty in the Parks this year? A short time back a great fuss was made by the Board of Works with reference to their munificent intention of giving the old plants away to any people who thought them worth the asking for; but although the preliminary announcement promised that full particulars should be duly published, we have neither seen nor heard anything further about the matter. We can only presume that some question relating to the removal of the roots is still under discussion, and that the final determination of the authorities, how best to proceed, has not yet been arrived at. The Board of Works, however, may spare themselves any further trouble, for the geraniums which have been left in the open air pending a decision as to how they should be dealt with, are all now frozen and dead. Perhaps the Board will begin a few weeks earlier next year. Practical jokes always spoil in repetition.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Ismailia, November 11, 1869.

YOU see from *where* I date. I have positively got here at last, together with Bonham and Spagmore. We were joined by a French Count at Alexandria, who said he would get us all introduced to the Khedive, and in the most friendly way borrowed a five-pound note of Bonham, but he left us at some place beginning with K to return to his mother, who was dying. I am sorry to say that in the sudden grief and hurry of his departure, he forgot to return me my telescope, razors, a three-lb. pot of Liebig's Extract, and my cheque-book, which I had lent him for the purpose of conducting an experiment to demonstrate the power of the sun's refracted rays at noon. This is a great misfortune, especially as regards the Extract; for Spagmore says they eat nothing but Irish stew between this and the Red Sea, and I never could bear gravy with onions in it. The razors do not matter, as I shall let my beard grow here. Spagmore means to let his. He says nobody will believe I have been to Egypt if I go home without a beard. I wish I had known this earlier, for I might have had a fortnight's start before I left, as I am quite sure starting *now* there will not be anything to show when I get back. Guide books ought to mention these things. But to resume. Ismailia is, as your readers are doubtless well aware, exactly midway between Lake Billah and the Bitter Lakes, upon the latter of which, Bonham says, it would be a capital thing to start a Bitter Beer Company. You would have everything ready for the beer, but the bottles, malt, and hops. A short calculation will show at once what a paying concern it would be. Say at the lowest estimate there would be seventy ships going through the Canal daily, all, of course, being East Indiamen, and conveying on an average, crews and all, about 800 souls each. You have, therefore, *at once* 56,000 people daily, who would consume the beer, and as the heat is stifling the whole way, it would be fair to average them at at least three bottles a head. That is a demand for 1,126,000 imperial pints per week, or, in round numbers, about seven millions a year, which, throwing in an extra half-dozen a day for the local agent who has to uncork them, brings up the grand total to 7,000,182 dozen. Bonham says, if he had not got all his money tied up in debentures, he would put every halfpenny he had into the concern, and he has been speaking seriously about it, through me, in French, to an Egyptian gentleman, who, as far as I can make out, seems to see it. There was some difficulty suggested as to what the beer could be made in; but Bonham says a dredging-machine would do capitally. I am going to see the Egyptian gentleman again to-night, and talk it over quietly.

1 *p.m.*

I have just been out to look at the Canal, which, opposite this place, makes its way through Lake Titmarsh. I was introduced by Spagmore to a London contractor, who explained the whole thing minutely to us. It appears that it cannot possibly pay, being far too shallow. I think he said the greatest depth anywhere was 26 inches, though, on second thoughts, I fancy he must have meant feet or yards, or perhaps fathoms. As sailors generally denote depth by fathoms, I suppose it must be 26 fathoms he meant, though I do not well see how a first-class East Indiaman is to be got through with that amount of water under her. Spagmore says I ought to be accurate on the point, and wants me to go out with a clothes-line and take "soundings" at once. If the evening is fine, I think I shall.

4 *p.m.*

Have had a most entertaining talk with the contractor, who told me in confidence he proposed the whole scheme to the Egyptian Government in '49, only they would not hear of it. He also hinted he had done a great deal in the gas-pipe way in Fulham. As he seems to be just the sort of man I want to know, and full of scientific information, I have asked him to dinner at 6.

5 *p.m.*

Have been trying to order dinner with Spagmore in French, but the waiter, who is a Nubian, doesn't understand my accent. Spagmore says of course he only understands Egyptian, and that as we cannot speak the language, we must write down what we want in hieroglyphics. He says the sort of things that are on the walls of the Egyptian Court at the Crystal Palace will do capitally, and that he will show me the proper hieroglyphic for dinner, if I will give him a pen, ink, and paper, and ring for the waiter.

5.15 *p.m.*

Spagmore has drawn a picture of Rameses the Second, walking fast and holding up a large bun sideways on a fan. He has shown this to the waiter, and pointed to my mouth several times, making me open and shut it rapidly, as if in the act of mastication. We have tried this for a quarter of an hour, but without any result. He says the bun ought to have been blue, and that the ancient Egyptians never had their hieroglyphics plain, but always coloured. The waiter, after mumbling something in a sullen voice, has gone out to fetch the *maître d'hotel*, who, I am thankful to say, is a Frenchman.

5.30 *p.m.*

The letters are being collected, so I must close this.

I add a line to say the Egyptian gentleman has just looked in, evidently to talk over the beer scheme before sunset. Spagmore says of course I must ask him to dinner too. I have.

THE LATEST FROM CENTRAL ASIA.

THE science of telegraphy is certainly making great advances. Here is a telegram sent from London to India *vid* the new Russian route, which appeared in the *Bombay Gazette* a short time back, and which shows what the wire is capable of producing:—

LONDON, 17th.—Alderman salomon titus salt baromds crawfords refused corranclay another agriablan assination ireland carecton butury catholic archbishop Armach.

22nd.—letter popp Rumming Kumming contat allap non—Catholics auter encommedial Concil for discussion from already contend abitury generally chained hoals ford times braves suppes deserved with drawtoc to presented spot his government saying excepted instructions and Washington government disavowes, proedirm a amors King Portugal accepting throne shrit abdicating favour Creditary prince secretary governor tarasend—assassinted republican mob for attempting put down revolutionary flows bank hole Canbreisen discute runoured large withdrawal to-morrow snecly telegraphed Washington Spain resolved not negociate for sales Empereur Napoleon have given audience to Lord Clarendon prince prussian Coning Constantinople afterchetir suez brashop excited.

29th.—spisow clarundas al ounheral association lord been an continent head opportunity collectired opinions seen persons who exercise influence on bestiwos Europe and believe at no time since prussians austrians paer existed faviar paus pant monte montement blessing peace.

Of course, to unintellectual people the above lines will, at first sight, appear the least bit incomprehensible; but it is to the more enlightened members of the community that this new branch of science appeals. A telegram like the above might, with proper manipulation, be made to mean anything or everything; and what a real boon the new system will prove to the more advanced members of the Stock Exchange! The new Russian route to India will assuredly supply an urgent want, and, at the same time, exercise a healthy influence on the commercial morality of the nineteenth century.

SOLVING A DIFFICULTY.

THE *Times* the other day, at a loss, it is to be presumed, for light material, attempted to be very funny at the expense of the Œcumenical Council. It devoted a leader to the racy and pungent hypothesis of a confusion of tongues, resulting from the inability of many of the assembled prelates either to speak or even to understand Latin. Now, as it is well known that every Roman Catholic priest is exceedingly well up in a certain sort of ecclesiastical Latin, and that every Bishop of that communion is well able to carry on a conversation in the "Church's universal tongue," the *Times* simply stultified itself. This, however, is not a novel or pleasing fact, and it does not, therefore, call for any special comment. The idea of a Babel at Rome, nevertheless, is worth something. It suggests the terrible straits in which some less educated divines, whom it would not be difficult to name, might find themselves, unless properly provided beforehand with the requisite means of interpreting themselves. It is needless to say that we are alluding to our own countrymen, so distinguished always for their conversational powers in Latin, among whom it would only be fair to include the writer of the article in the *Times* to which we have referred. After the fashion of an excellent example we have drawn up a little simple conversation pocket-pook that will meet the requirements of the most superficial classical student. But a brief extract will suffice to show the scope of the little volume, and its admirable fitness both to the place and to the occasion.

We turn at random to page 291, and begin at

CONTROVERSIAL CONVERSATION WITH A ROMISH BISHOP ON MEETING HIM IN THE STREET.

LATIN.	ENGLISH.
PEREGRINUS ANGLICANUS. Quod sit mare tuum?	ENGLISH STRANGER. What might be your see?
EPISCOPUS RELIGIONI PAPALI ADDICTUS. Farina cum lacte mare.	ROMISH BISHOP. Battersea.
PEREGRINUS (*ironice*). Hoc me capiet ad ferramentorum fabri agrum?	STRANGER (*with irony*). Will this take me to Smithfield?
EPISCOPUS. Non. Sed te capiet ad inquisitionem.	BISHOP. No. But it will take you to the inquisition.
PEREGRINUS. Non volo ire ad inquisitionem.	STRANGER. I do not wish to go to the inquisition.
EPISCOPUS. Eamus ad inquisitionem?	BISHOP. Let us go to the inquisition?
PEREGRINUS. Non si ego illam cognoscam.	STRANGER. Not if I know it.
EPISCOPUS. Me herdle! Positivissimus es.	BISHOP. Dear me! You are very positive.
PEREGRINUS. Ego te credo, puer venerabilis.	STRANGER. I believe you, old boy.
EPISCOPUS. Vis me te ad Papam introducere?	BISHOP. Do you wish me to introduce you to the Pope?
PEREGRINUS. Non. Sed me introducere tibi liceat ad Cardinalem, vel Oculeclesiasticum, aut etiam Matutinum Christianum.	STRANGER. No. But you may introduce me to a Cardinal, or a High Churchman, or even to an early Christian.
EPISCOPUS. Me verberat esse quiddam canis in tuo Latino.	BISHOP. It strikes me that you talk rather dog Latin.
PEREGRINUS. Ego facio. Ad prandium eamus apud Pyramides et Stagnum?	STRANGER. I do. Let us dine at Spiers and Pond's?
EPISCOPUS. Non flocci te æstimo, scis?	BISHOP. I don't think much of you, you know.
PEREGRINUS. Verumtamen tu non nunc? Alter es tu. Ibi!	STRANGER. Don't you really now? You're another. There!
EPISCOPUS. Pax vobiscum!	BISHOP. If I were not a saint I'd knock your head off!

But there is no occasion to quote more copiously. From the brief extract we have given it will be seen that a master hand has been at work on the compilation. Any corrections or suggestions will be thankfully received at Crown Court.

FROM OUR OWN LUNATIC.—The Baron de Lesseps is going to be married after the opening of the Canal. His enemies call his conduct *Suez*-idal.

THROWING A LIGHT UPON THE SUBJECT.—Where we would like to carry Monsieur Henri Rochefort; A la Lanterne! A la Lanterne!

PROMOTION VERSUS PREFERMENT.

MR. LAYARD'S appointment to the Court of Madrid has not unnaturally created a vast amount of discontent amongst the Corps Diplomatique. The members of that body urge that as in their profession the prizes are few, the promotion is slow, the work is heavy, and the pay is light, it is not fair to bring in an outsider to fill a place for which at least a dozen of their body would be perfectly fit. The answer to this complaint is that Mr. Layard is not an outsider; that he was once an *attaché*, and therefore a member of the profession; and that his selection as Sir John Crampton's successor is simply a nomination of an ordinary description. We have no doubt that Mr. Gladstone and Lord Clarendon between them have talked themselves into believing in their argument, and it may therefore be as well to point out to them what their decision in Mr. Layard's case may lead to. We should be sorry to believe two great statesmen capable of committing an inconsistency; so if a proper amount of pressure is brought to bear by those interested, we may shortly expect to find the following appointments in the *Gazette* as vacancies occur:—

Lord Carrington, a Lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards, to be *Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Army.*

The Duke of Newcastle, of Basinghall street, to be *Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.*

Sir Robert Carden, Churchwarden of his parish church, to be *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

Small claims go a long way now-a-days, especially when they have impudence to back them; so if the above appointments and others like them are carried out, we shall have no right to feel surprised.

CHAIN THEM UP.

IT is satisfactory to notice the reception that has, at last, been given to the Red Republican candidates by the better part of the French Liberal press. It has, almost without an exception, treated them with contempt. This is as it should be. Possibly such an answer to the fervid and dangerous balderdash of the few illiterate Frenchmen, who represent principles opposed radically to the order and security established by the Empire, has not a little astonished their British admirers on this side of the Channel. It has been so long the custom with a vast majority of Englishmen to hound on revolution in any shape on the Continent, that a check administered to a batch of unscrupulous politicians is regarded in some quarters as a national calamity. We have not read the comments of the cheaper radical press, but we will venture to say that they have all, more or less, experienced the warmest sympathy with MM. Rochefort, Ledru Rollin and Co. Now, nothing can be more miserable than the programme of these men, who, together with their doings, really would not merit a single paragraph in any journal of influence were they not backed up by some rather malignant and desperate spirits in the French Capital. There is not one of them who has the remotest claim to the title of politician, and were France ripe, which it certainly is not, for the most complete Constitutional changes, these are not the men for the occasion. Could we imagine several celebrated Fenian outlaws rushing up to London to address their constituents, and spouting the rankest treason for the edification of a Whitechapel rabble, we should have something like a mild approach to what has been going on in nooks and corners of Paris for the last few days. To this must be added the influence of the *Rappel*, a journal which may be said to be a species of political Peter Spy, lacking, however, the innocent liveliness of that defunct little sheet. The Emperor has been accused by his enemies of having made many mistakes in the course of his career, and he might certainly have spared his reputation this last act of clemency. The proper place for "politicians" who propose to upset the State is somewhere well beyond its limits. We have no sympathy, as our readers well know, with men of the stamp of M. Rochefort and his colleagues, and we can only trust that, morally, they will hang themselves with the ample rope that has been supplied to them by a really liberal and most lenient Government.]

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LONDON, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE understand that some of the coffee-room waiters at White's are to be made baronets in honour of the Prince of Wales' visits to that distinguished Club.

EX-LORD MAYOR LAWRENCE is now Sir James Clark Lawrence, Baronet; Mr. Ayrton has been appointed First Commissioner of Public Works: it is hard to say on which event the nation ought to be congratulated the most.

MR. AYRTON has uttered a long panegyric on himself. In this he exercises a wise monopoly, though on general matters he is in favour of Free Trade. Mr. Ayrton thinks himself the best man for his place. On this point we venture to differ from him. He also says that he knows nothing about his duties. On this point we venture to agree with him.

LET us be thankful that the threatened duel between The O'Donoghue and Mr. Moore did not come off. Had these two heroes met in mortal combat, who knows what might have been the result? The struggle between the celebrated Kilkenny Cats would have been nothing to it. Had either been killed could England have prospered any longer? We doubt it. [NOTE.—This is not chaff.]

SIR EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY may be at a loss for some pursuit to which to turn his attention, and on which to bestow his leisure time, of which he will necessarily have a good deal now. We beg to suggest to this immaculate gentleman that if he were to write a novel, giving an account of his life, and disclosing the secret, which he evidently possesses, of breaking prison bars without violence, he might realize a handsome fortune. Let him offer it to Messrs. Macmillan, let us say, and, if he is in want of a title, let him call it "Gideon's Fleece," or "Bigamy made Easy."

THE Lord Mayor's Feast passed off most brilliantly. Mr. Gladstone was solemn and conscientious, Mr. Bruce was perky and foolish, Mr. Lowe was a brilliant buffoon, and Sir James Clark Lawrence was received with cheers. One cannot help speculating as to what would be the result if all the speeches were given before instead of after dinner. Would men, unless previously fortified with some stimulant, be able to go through the amount of long-winded platitudes and well-worded hypocrisies that they do now? Fancy the state of good-humoured repletion a man must be in to congratulate the late Lord Mayor on anything—except his being late!

OUR senile contemporary *Punch* is really very clever at one thing,—advertising himself. The idea of applying for an injunction against a certain "comic" paper makes one suspect that Messrs. Bradbury & Evans must have some interest in the mild print in question. But it was worth the humiliation of such an action to obtain *from a Judge* in his judicial capacity such a capital advertisement as they did. Of course, the panegyric is quoted in our poor old friend's last number, and put into the mouth of the Queen,—Mr. Punch "never wrote a word unworthy to be read by the good." We hope this may be taken for granted, and that the good are not obliged to read every word of the broken-down jester of Fleet street; if they are, we should decidedly prefer to be classed with the wicked.

CANARDS AUX OLIVES.

POOR M. de Lesseps is just now paying the penalty of his popularity. The French papers are full of him, and, having exhausted discussion on the subject of the Canal, have, during the last few days, taken to personalities, pure and simple. The last item of intelligence concerning M. de Lesseps comes to us in the form of a contradiction, and as such is quite worth publishing. The *Figaro* states:—"It is not true that Madlle. de Bragard, to whom M. de Lesseps is to be married on the 25th inst., is twenty-three years old, as has been reported." "C'est une fleur de la vingtième année;" and it is not true that her sister is about to marry M. de Lesseps' son.

Really, although we take the warmest interest in the great work on which M. de Lesseps has been engaged, we cannot see why that gentleman's private affairs should be dragged before the public to be discussed in an inquisitorial and impertinent spirit. Surely M. de Lesseps has the right to marry a lady of any age that will suit him, and so has his son. It is quite unnecessary that half Christendom should take upon itself the part of the heavy father, and forbid the banns. If the marriage turns out happily—as, let us hope, it will—so much the better; and if the contrary, so much the worse for M. and Mdme. de Lesseps—but for no one else.

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

WE suppose that we may now consider that the monster gooseberry season is over for this year; and it has certainly been a peculiarly unproductive period. With the exception of a series of letters on House Hunting, a good deal of meaningless chatter about the Tidal Wave, and a fine crop of Murders, there has been, literally, nothing in the papers for the last three months. Now, however, the world is waking up again, and the morning journals contain their fair share of interesting matter. Now that the dull season is over, and we are once more busy, it certainly seems a pity that we should have made so little good use of spare time. There are, surely, a hundred and one special grievances in urgent need of ventilation in the newspapers; yet no encouragement has been given by the press to the worthy people who severally seek to remove them. Who is to blame for this? Certainly, not the public; for the waste-paper baskets of the editors sufficiently show the mass of correspondents who seek redress at the hands of the fourth estate of the realm. We fear, therefore, that the editors must be the guilty parties. It is too much the custom amongst literary men to reject the productions of the outside public without deeming them worthy of being looked through; and, owing to this bad habit, no doubt, very many important matters are denied the chance of a fair hearing. Of course, we know that a heavy percentage of what is sent for insertion in the papers is "rubbish;" but still the wheat should be sifted from the chaff, those, especially, at the season of the year, which is just over, when we are at our wits' end to find subjects worthy of being discussed.

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MAGIC CHANGE!

OR,

URSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR.

Christmas Pantomimes.)

NEW BARONETS, NEW BISHOPS, AND NEW PEERS, BY TOMAHAWK.

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"YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

MEDICAL STUDENTS have never possessed an enviable reputation, and their conduct the other night at Highbury will hardly add to the estimation in which they are held. We read that :—

"On Friday night last, the 5th inst., a mob of from 150 to 300 young men, said to be medical students, after visiting Highbury Barn, where a wanton destruction of valuable property took place, formed, at about half-past one on Saturday morning, into a procession four deep, and proceeding down Highbury and through Upper Street, swept everything and everybody before them, police and all. Not content, however, with this display of manly prowess, all fanlights and unprotected panes of glass in the shops and warehouses of unoffending tradesmen were ruthlessly smashed, as well as several gas lamps."

Such conduct is undoubtedly excruciatingly "funny," and its enactors heroes. Cannot some means of distinction be found, by which we may be all able to recognize these ornaments of society? Say, the Victoria Cross, or, better still, Fool's Caps, and a little gentle recreation might be found for them in the shape of the pillory.

AWFUL CRIME!—THE ST. PANCRAS MURDERS!!—DISCOVERY OF THE MURDERERS!!!

WE have all shuddered at the Pantin Massacre, but now we have the chance, nearer home, of shuddering at the "St. Pancras Murders," not quite so sensational, perhaps, but, when we come to examine them, quite as horrible.

Seven bodies in this case, as in the Pantin case, attest the vast scale on which the criminal conducted his operations. The victims were all paupers, a circumstance which will reassure the delicate sensibility of many natures.

The victims of this crime were nearly all persons in such a condition of health as generally ensures for the sufferer the greatest consideration and gentleness.

The inquiry has been concluded in three of the cases, and in all death has been proved to have been accelerated, if not produced, by the foul state of the infirmary in which the sick persons were placed.

These persons, be it remembered, were not there from choice, but from necessity; they could not be removed if they wished it ever so much; they were in the charge of those who undertook to tend them in their sickness, and their expenses were paid by people who understood that in return for such payment the sick poor would be looked after, at any rate, as well as a sick horse or cow would.

What, then, was done? These sick helpless creatures were confined in a room, or a ward, with many others; the supply of fresh air was small, and what there was came from the water-closet.

The room, or ward, swarmed with rats; the atmosphere was so foul that two professional gentlemen, accustomed to see very foul places, declared it the worst they had ever been in; it was calculated to produce congestion of the brain; and in all these cases congestion of the brain, or serous effusion on the brain, was produced.

This state of things had existed, not for hours, or for days, but for weeks. The guardians had been frequently warned of the danger to the lives of the inmates.

An inspector from the Poor Law Board recently visited the St. Pancras Workhouse, and in his report "*expressed pleasure at the improvement* in the infirmary wards, but complained generally of the vitiated atmosphere of several of them, and expressed a belief that the drainage was defective." It would seem that Poor Law Inspectors are like children—a very little thing gives them pleasure.

The Coroner said that the infirmary was quite unfit for sick persons, and that "there was plenty of evidence to show that it was *in fact killing them*."

Seven sick helpless paupers done to death, and scores more suffering, Heaven only knows what tortures, from the foul air and disgraceful condition of this place. Who is guilty of this cowardly crime? We unhesitatingly assert that the author of these slow murders, the inflicter of these fearful tortures on the sick and the helpless, this infamous betrayer of his trust, this selfish apathetic fiend who delights in witnessing the loathsome agonies of his poor fellow-creatures, this wretch who supplies old men suffering from bronchitis and consumptive women with fresh air from water-closets, who coops up human beings in a place where he would not dare to put a horse, or a cow, or a pig, is that same creature who already is literally drenched in the blood of his many victims, whose delight is to torture, to starve, to poison, in short, to inflict pain and death on his fellow-creatures in all the most horrible forms, is, in fact, that arch scoundrel and assassin,

NOBODY!

Hurrah for merry England, the home of the brave, and the free, and—the pauper!

ONCE MORE SIR EARDLEY GIDEON CULLING EARDLEY, YET ONCE MORE!

THIS amiable young bigamist is once more among us, free, and *without a stain on his character.* Our readers will remember that this ornament of the Baronetage was arrested a short time ago on the charge of writing some other person's name to a cheque for five pounds; but on Wednesday the prosecutor announced, through his counsel, that he had lost quite enough already, and that he did not intend to pursue the charge any further. Sir Eardley was therefore discharged. It really was very ungrateful of the prosecutor to put it in the way he did. He might have said, "I have lost a paltry ten pounds or so, but have I not gained the acquaintanceship, nay, the friendship of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Baronet and Bigamist?" However, although wanting in delicacy of feeling, the heart of this prosecutor was in the right place. He might speak a little harshly, but at any rate he acted nobly; he preferred the imputation of compounding a felony to being the means of exposing to the annoyance of a criminal trial this virtuous Baronet, of delicate health and still more delicate morals.

There must be something about Sir Gideon very fascinating, that all his enemies are disarmed so soon in any attack upon him. This implacable Government of severe economists, of democratic Liberals, which sacrifices clerks and dock labourers in hecatombs on the altar of "Reduction;" which holds out its hand to the unwashed orator of the Reformer's Tree with more cordiality even than to a Duke pleading for Tenant Right in dulcet accents; which docks a Lord of the Treasury's salary of £1,000 without flinching,—even this Government has tenderness and compassion for Sir Gideon Culling Eardley. For him the prison doors are opened—for him a sojourn in the South of France is paternally suggested, and when, the paternal suggestion unheeded, he returns to bless, with his sacred presence, his native land, when he gives way to his imagination, and, indulging in freaks of metempsychosis, fancies himself somebody else as he writes a cheque, which the friend, who has sheltered him and treated him to champagne and other delicacies on a rather short acquaintance, secures at no very extravagant price for his collection of curious autographs, no policeman's savage eye is on him, no ugly questions are asked as to how his delicate health has been so speedily established; he is arrested indeed, and confined for a short time, owing to a temporary fit of spleen on the part of his friend—but he is soon released, and free to exercise his fascinations on the gentle sex if he will, if not on the ruder but no less profitable males.

Fortunate Sir Gideon! How different would have been his fate had he been plain Bill Sykes! Then we fear that even Mr. Bruce would not have listened to the cry for release from the bigamist in delicate health. Certainly, Mr. Bruce is very merciful. Sir Gideon may well feel proud that several brutal murderers of low extraction have shared with him the leniency of the Home Secretary, in a degree proportionate to their social status. They have not received free pardons, but they have had the capital sentence commuted to one of penal servitude for life. They were not urged to seek the South of France, but the South of England, for change of air. At Dartmoor or Portland they may hope to invigorate their delicate health. But then they had not the intrinsic virtues of Sir Eardley Gideon Culling Eardley—

"He is free to roam from flower to flower,
And with his fancy cheques improve each shining hour."

No doubt, if his elegant eccentricity leads him to rob a person on the highway, or to knock some confiding acquaintance on the head, his powers of fascination will carry him safe through any little troubles resulting therefrom, and the arm of the law will again be paralyzed in presence of this charming specimen of persecuted virtue.

One reflection is suggested by the career of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Baronet. If there had been a Public Prosecutor would he have been released this second time? Of course we know that neither his rank, nor his title, nor his connexions and relations, nor his apparently boundless wealth, have anything to do with his release in either case. But malicious and corrupt persons like Bill Sykes and his friends may choose to think so—they may ask, with a nasty vulgar sneer, if "all men are really equal in the eye of the Law?" Mischievous demagogues, and wicked republican journals—like the *Standard*, for instance—may suggest that they are not. It would be as well if the Government would authorize a publication of the virtues of Sir Gideon Culling Eardley, Bart., which no doubt will fully account for the leniency shown him. The prosecutor in the late case might add asupplement, initiating us into the fascinating ways and alluring graces of this Fortunatus; at present, alas! we only know the blemishes of this excellent man, and it is too hard that we should be denied the knowledge of qualities of heart and mind which need only to be known, in order that they may excite the admiration, and, perhaps, the imitation, which they deserve.

A BARONETCY AND ITS CLAIMANTS.

As it has now become almost an established matter of course that, at the opening of a Corn Exchange, inauguration of a bridge, or widening of a street, that the first official whom circumstances may hustle under the feet of Royalty should be honoured in himself and his heirs for ever, there is nothing alarming in the fact that Lord Mayor Lawrence has been turned suddenly into a baronet. The Queen is the fountain and source of honour, and it is right and desirable that from time to time she should bestow an occasional title, no less for the purpose of rewarding a deserving subject than of maintaining the high dignity of the Crown. It is a pity, however, that the person and place are not more carefully selected. Lord Mayor Lawrence is, doubtless, a most worthy gentleman; but, in the name of all that is rational, what has he done to merit perpetual emblazonment? Knighthood has long since degenerated into a sort of comic and vulgar farce, but a baronetcy is yet a prize. Still, the honour attaching to any dignity is intimately bound up with the judgment with which it is bestowed. When there are some hundreds of distinguished members of parliament, judges, barristers, and medical and literary men, who are, through themselves and their means, fully equal to the position and deserving of the honour attaching to it, it is, to say the least, a mistake to thrust it on to a helpless City functionary. Of course, people who call themselves moderate will remark that we go too far, and that, taking all things into consideration, it was only reasonable on such an occasion to have thus honoured the Chief Magistrate of the City of London. We may be wrong, but we think not. The City improvements were a great feature, and the Queen's visit was an auspicious event: but we still cannot see why Lord Mayor Lawrence and his heirs for ever were to be specially benefited by this happy concurrence.

WANTED, A WAR MINISTER.

MR. CARDWELL seems to be too fully taken up with his schemes for reduction and retrenchment in the administration of the Army to be able to pay any attention to the real interests of the service itself. How many clerks are to be dismissed—how many comfortable places made for the lucky ones who possess interest—and how much injustice to be meted out to the unfortunates, who are not likely to find means of making a resistance, are just now more the points under debate in Pall Mall than any large questions of practical importance; and the result is, to use a very military phrase, that "the service is going to the devil." At all events, there, it may go, for all Mr. Cardwell knows or cares. So long as he can make a show of a reduced sum total in next year's Army Estimates, matters may take their course—and a bad course it is that they are taking. One point alone, which is just now being shamefully neglected, is calculated to do the Army a vast amount of harm. The supply of recruits hitherto has been and always should be a matter to be carefully attended to. Yet, notwithstanding that the recruiting season is coming in, the authorities have taken no step towards attempting to secure a better class of men than usually offer themselves for engagement during the summer months. In point of fact, we believe that recruiting is almost entirely suspended, although it is a certainty that a few months later (when the cold weather is over, and the better class of men who are out of work in the winter, and are then only too glad to take the shilling, have found employment), the authorities will be at their wits' ends to find volunteers; they will then have to content themselves with the summer class of recruits, who, it is well known, are the very refuse of the population. Would it not be a good plan just now, when Mr. Cardwell, Lord Northbrook, and their subordinate officers are so intent on retrenchment schemes as to be unable to attend to any other matters, to have an officer appointed to the War Office who would conduct the military business of the nation? When General Peel was in Pall Mall, every subject connected with the Army was accorded its due share of attention; and in Lord Herbert's time the Secretary of State was not above busying himself personally in questions relating to hospitals, and matters appertaining to the well-being of the troops; but now all this is changed. Mr. Cardwell would as soon think of himself attending to a purely military question as the Editor of the *Times* would contemplate personally printing his journal; and therefore such matters as the supply of the rank and file are voted completely beneath the notice of the heads of the Office. Really, if the present Secretary of State honestly wishes to leave his mark on the history of our military administration, he should not ignore what he is pleased to consider matters of detail, but which, in truth, compose the veritable business he is paid five thousand a year to transact.

A MUTUAL FRIEND.

THE Press is fast becoming not only theoretically, but practically, an estate of the several realms which have accorded it its freedom. The Duchess of Genoa has just written to the *Opinione*, stating that she is strongly opposed to the acceptance by her son of the Crown of Spain. Advanced as we are here in England, we have not yet arrived at this ultra-official recognition of the newspapers. We do not see, though, why the Duchess of Genoa's example should not be more generally adopted. An easy channel of communication between Royalty and the public is one of the wants of the age; and the columns of the *Times* might well be made the means to a desirable end. The old English superstition, that writing to the papers is *infra dig.*, still exists, but it is fast wearing out. Evidently in Italy such communications are now recognised as the "correct thing."

A QUESTION OF PRECEDENCE.

ALTHOUGH London has recently been making a boast of being the First City in the World—a boast which Mr. Gladstone endorsed at the Lord Mayor's dinner—we question very much if it even deserves the title of the First City in England. Liverpool is not so big, perhaps, but it is certainly beforehand with the metropolis in the introduction of useful improvement. Hansom cabs, convenient omnibuses, cheap dinners, and tramways, were all common in Liverpool before they existed in town; and now Liverpool has taken the initiative in instituting penny railway fares for working men. It seems that a new line has just been opened to Boodle, West Derby, Walton, and other suburbs of Liverpool, and it has been decided to have penny trains to enable the poor population (which has been chased away from the centre of the town by recent improvement), to live in healthy quarters, yet within easy reach of their work. We fear that in the "First City in the World," philanthropy, at all events, is at a discount. The inhabitants of Liverpool are proverbially busy people, yet they find time to look after their poorer neighbours' interests. In London the working man is left entirely to his own devices, so we ought not to be surprised if he sometimes misbehaves himself.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 134.] *LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.* [PRICE TWOPENCE.

GEORGE PEABODY.

BORN FEBRUARY, 1798. *DIED NOVEMBER, 1869.*

HOME to the happy land which gave him birth
Bear ye the man whose only fame is this—
That he had means to do great good, and did it.
Great men, no few, who with the pen, or tongue,
Or sword, wrought wonders, rest beneath these aisles:
He stays not long among them—for his body
His native village claims—his memory
Is ours; it lives enshrined in all our hearts,
And in our children's, for this legacy
He left to all—to love and honour him.
But who among the greatest men, whose lives
The marble chronicles, will sneer at him?
He was not eloquent, nor skilled in war;
He was no poet, yet his works will live
Although unwritten; often be rehearsed
By loving lips which he had taught to smile.
None of the dead within the Abbey walls
Bear an escutcheon blotted more by tears—
Tears shed by friends who never saw their friend,
Tears full of love and hope, not bitterness
Nor drear despair, such as have oft been shed
For those whose giant intellects were soiled
By passion's stains—those weep for him who felt
His helping hand; the hand is numb and cold,
But not the help; his wealth lives after him—
Wealth got by honesty and spent in love
Not of himself, but others;—blessed gold,
Whose brightness never in his noble hands
Grew dim, but shone more splendid and more pure.
The hand that stiffened in the clasp of Death,
True to its nature still was strong to give,
Freely and wisely. May like wisdom guide
Those who received the charge!
For never, surely, will his spirit rest
If with a profligate or niggard hand
They waste or save this noble legacy—
The poor are heirs, that seldom in this world
Enjoy their heritage; for greed of gain,
Or love of splendour, swallow up the dole
Which to the poor were plenty.

Well may we weep to think that he has gone
Who, drinking deep of Fortune's magic cup,
Never forgot the poor. For him no luxury
Could palsy thought—nor needed he to feel
Privation, ere he learnt to pity want.
Yes, we must weep for him, he leaves but few
Disciples, and they halt behind their lord
With tardy steps, while misery's pallid host
Grows vaster day by day.
Many there are who, lolling at their ease,
With silken curtains hide the light of day;
Soft fall the dim voluptuous beams on them,
And soothe them into slumber,—but without
What is it that they fear? They fear to look
On grim starvation, grisly-faced disease,
On brutal ignorance with beetling brows,
On vice's spawn that from such parents springs,—
These are their own creations, and they fear
To look on them.
Blind fools! They may shut out the searching light,
They cannot quench it—and the time will come
When all the monsters which that light reveals
Shall ask, with horrid cry—"Who made us?" "God!"
They try to answer, but the coward lie
Sticks in their throat; for with ten thousand tongues,
Filled with the echoes of the Judgment trump,
Conscience, awakened from her lethargy,
Exclaims, 'not God, but man, irreverend wretch,
Nurtured these monsters with his selfish lusts.'
Oh happy we, if not too late to hear
The message which his spirit from above
By angels—long its faithful ministers—
Tarries awhile to speak: "If aught my life
"Can teach to others, may it teach them this,—
"Nor wealth, nor happiness, nor fame, can make
"Us aught but poor and wretched and obscure,
"While other men are so. Their griefs are ours;
"The less we feel them now, the heavier far
"They lie on us hereafter. This is heaven—
"To have the power of doing all the good
"We yearn to do on earth."

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER II.—IN WHICH JUPITER KEEPS HIS RESOLUTION.

It was the day after the conversation recorded in our last chapter, and there was a great stir in Olympus; Gods and Goddesses were seen hurrying to and fro, evidently intent on the business of packing up, while others stood about in small groups, eagerly discussing the news.

Mars was talking to Æsculapius, who, with spectacles on nose, and in his most pompous manner, was laying down the law.

"I tell you," said the great Doctor, "that it's impossible; no mortal could live up here. The lungs of man are so constructed that the excess of oxygen would produce a corresponding excess of caloric, and the carbon of the tissues would at once be consumed, causing giddiness, nausea, vertigo, musca-volans, epigastric neuralgia, vomiting, and finally indigestion and death."

"Well!" said Mars, "I don't understand your crack-jaw words: I daresay they'll be jolly sick crossing the milky way; but old Jove's sworn he'll get them up here, and he's not a man to go from his word."

"How does your good lady take it?" asked Æsculapius, leering out of his small pink eyes.

"Oh, she does not care; she says, Earth is a much livelier place than this—besides, she's used to it. She says she's only sorry for my sake; we can't go to Italy, because that old ass Vulcan is there."

"And how do you like it, most noble General?"

"Well, I think it will be rather slow; they've given up fighting, except in those outlandish savage places like New Zealand; besides, all those new-fangled inventions spoil my game. I like getting well up to my man and hitting him a sounding crack on the head. I don't care about skulking behind a bank, and picking him off at a couple of miles distance; I call that mean."

"I was not thinking of your favourite occupation. I daresay you will find plenty of that going on before long. I only was thinking you might be a little jealous of your fair lady *on earth;*" and the Doctor gave a chuckle, which made its way with difficulty through the layers of fat which formed his throat.

"Smarm your impudence!" rejoined Mars,—"I should like to see any of those finicking puppets speak to the little woman before me."

"No, but behind your back?"

"I'll put my foot behind your back if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head, you pill-chewing porpoise, you!"

The conversation was getting warm. Bacchus came slouching up just at this moment.

"Well, my boys, how are you getting along? Do you like the prospect of being out of office?"

"How do you like it?" asked Mars sulkily.

"Oh, delightful! I hate nectar, it's so d—d heady. Give me Chateau Lafitte, or Roederer's Carte Blanche. I've got a stunning little place in the South of France. I've just bought a château—splendid wine—lovely women. Come and stay with me—bring Venus. The Doctor can come too; though he won't have much to do—except to drink; by Jove, he's nearly as good at that as I am. He recommends abstemiousness, but he's too wise to practise it,—Eh? old Salts-and-Senna!" and he gave Æsculapius such a playful dig in the ribs as effectually disposed of the very little breath in him.

Mercury came up now in a great hurry, as usual. "They've come!"

"Who?"

"Why the deputation from the Heaven and Earth Reform Association. Here they are. Oh, it is such fun!" and he drew Bacchus and Mars aside as the deputation came in sight.

It must be owned that they did look rather undignified. They were all, more or less, upset by their journey, which had been done in a car propelled by atmospheric pressure. Besides, the light dazzled their eyes, and the air made them half drunk, so that they reeled about.

"Styx me," cried Bacchus, "if they aren't all as sprung as a parcel of Fauns on one of my fête days."

They came by looking as solemn as they could. There was Marcus Antonius Smith, Cato Brown, Tiberius Thompson, Tullius Wiggins, Septimus Severus Priggins, Publius Pryor, and Decimus Brutus Potts.

Pryor was peering about everywhere, and finding fault with everything.

He whispered to Wiggins that the roadway was very much out of repair and wanted macadamizing. "And, look at that sky, Wiggins, it's far too bright—it wants toning down with a little smoke."

"There's that lazy, plundering scoundrel Mars; he ought to be abolished," growled Brown.

"Yes, and that red-faced blood-sucker Bacchus, 'e's no good, 'e's always 'aving the blood of the people; we'll pass the Mayne Liquor Law and put 'im on water-gruel, that's what we'll do." It was Priggins who snuffled out these severe criticisms.

"Now then, gentlemen," said Mercury, coming forward, "this way, please, to the presence chamber of the great Jove."

They followed the nimble postman of Olympus.

"Shall you take off your 'at?" said Wiggins to Thompson.

"Certainly not, I never takes off my 'at, except to the Sovereign people."

They had now reached the door of the presence chamber of Jove. Spite of their blustering, all turned very pale as they entered.

The Thunderer sat on his throne, looking his best. His hair was curled and scented, and his beard shone with oil,—his lips wore a sarcastic smile.

Juno was by his side—looking *very* blue.

The Deputation stood stock still.

"Now then," said Jove in his grandest voice, "what have you got to say?"

No answer.

"You have all been pestering me for the last five years with your letters, and prayers, and petitions, and now you are here you can say nothing."

Brown here shoved his way to the front. "Well, you see, Sir—"

"Don't call me 'Sir,'" thundered the indignant God.

"Well, your Majesty, I beg your pardon—the fact is—"

"'Ere, let me speak," shouted Wiggins, "you ain't no good, Brown."

He then continued, addressing Jove.

"Look 'ere, your Majesty, or whatever you call yourself, I'm as good as you, and the Sovereign people don't mean to be put on; things ain't a-going on as we should like to see 'em a-going on. We 'as too much to do, and we don't get enough pay, and we wants to reform everything, and—" Here the speaker came to a full stop.

"You need not trouble yourself to go any further," said Jove very calmly; "you all know so much better what ought to be done than I do, that I have resolved to let you try and do it. I have deposed all my colleagues, and now I depose myself. You may govern the world yourselves."

"What!" said Brown; "you habdicates?"

"I do! and now get out of this place."

"But stop a minute; 'ow are we to govern the world, we ain't omnipotent?"

"Oh, I thought you were," said Jove with a sneer.

"Well, of course, we're the Sovereign people; but still there are some things as we can't do,—there's the Sun, for instance, we don't understand 'ow 'e works.

"Make yourelf easy on that point; I give you all my omnipotence—you can exercise it between you. Choose your governing body, and begin as soon as you like."

And with that Jupiter swept his robes round him, offered his arm to Juno, and walked out of the private door, leaving the deputation alone with Mercury.

"Well," said Wiggins, "this is a lark! we must go back and tell the League—it will be grand news."

Pryor was bustling about already, full of authority. "I hope," he said to Mercury, "that you'll not put yourselves out—don't hurry, you know, we can give you three days to pack up."

"Thank you, your highness, but we Gods don't carry much baggage.

"But the ladies," said Priggins; "I 'ope they won't desert us. I 'ope Mrs. Venus will take up 'er residence among us."

"I'll acquaint her with your kind offer; meanwhile, gentlemen, it's time for you to return."

And the deputation returned in high glee to Earth.

(To be continued.)

THE SUEZ CANAL.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Port Said, November 16, 1869.

I POSTED my last on the eve of my sitting down to dinner at Ismailia with the contractor, Spagmore, and the Egyptian gentleman. I regret to say the dinner was *not* a great success. I think it was a mistake to ask a perfect stranger and an Oriental off-hand in that manner, for you never can tell what a man is made of till you dine with him. Spagmore says that is just the very thing I wanted to find out. I certainly did find out a good deal I never suspected before, but on the whole it was a disappointing business. For instance, I believed the contractor to be a thoroughly scientific and highly-educated man, but before we came to the cheese he insisted on drinking my health in champagne "to celebrate the event," as he expressed it. He did not say clearly what the event was, but he got through a twelve-franc bottle all to himself over it, and then suggested that we should all propose a toast each, and have some more "fizz" to wash it down in. After we had washed down several dozen toasts, all in "fizz," he got very vulgar, and told me a great deal confidentially about his bankruptcy in '52. Later in the evening he drew a plan of a one-span bridge to cross the Straits of Gibraltar with a fork on the tablecloth, proposed the health of the landlord, in three times three (the landlord did not like it), broke a decanter, sang four comic songs, and offered to hop the Egyptian gentleman up the great Pyramid and down again for a five-pound note. The latter, by the way, did not seem to understand our European fashion of dining, and put us all rather out of temper by taking seven times of soup, eating with his fingers, and looking gloomy. He, however, did not go in for wine, in which respect he presented a pleasing contrast to Spagmore and the contractor. Before we broke up, I ought to mention that we brought on the question of the Bitter Beer Company, but when we came fully to explain the matter it appeared that the Egyptian gentleman never from the first understood in the least what we said, but thought we wanted to buy some Turkish boots, several pairs of which he had brought in a bag, and produced with the coffee. The beer scheme therefore came to nothing. Besides, I heard this morning that the water in the bitter lakes is *not* in the least bitter, but extremely salt. Spagmore suggested that the "Suez Saline Beer Company" would read just as well, and I am inclined to agree with him, but if the public were *not* to take it up, it would of course be a serious matter, and a heavy loss to somebody. But to revert to *the* topic of the hour, the opening of the Canal. That is to take place to-morrow. You will obviously have received all the general details by telegraph long before the arrival of this letter, but still a perfectly impartial account of the whole thing from a thoroughly unprejudiced spectator may interest your readers. To-morrow, the 17th, the great event is to take place, and the procession of vessels is to start early from Port Said. I have a special invitation from Hobeesh Pasha, who, I believe, is something very influential in the coffee way, to join his party, and I hear I shall have an excellent opportunity of seeing *everything*. The weather this evening is magnificent.

Port Said, November 17, 1869.

4 *a.m.*

Magnificent morning! The vessels are all assembled. Preparations are being made for the departure, and there is stir and bustle on all sides. Bonham and Spagmore are both here, and are bothering me to take them on board *at once*, I having promised to get them included in my invitation from Hobeesh Pasha, whom they persist in alluding to as the "Nabob." They want me to find him out, and explain that my bringing them is "all right." I cannot find the Pasha anywhere. Every other Turk I meet is exactly like him in face and trousers, and I feel I shall not know him when I *do* see him. When he asked me to come on board his yacht it was at a restaurant in Leicester square, and it was easy to recollect his features then. Now the matter is quite altered, as he seems to have belonged to a tremendous family of Turkish twins. Spagmore says, "Why didn't I chalk him, and then I should have known him again?" Bonham, who says "he can't see the fun of missing the whole thing," insists on my writing "Hobeesh Pasha" in large Turkish round hand, on a piece of paper, and going to everyone we meet in a Fez cap and white trousers. I cannot write Turkish round hand. No more can Spagmore or Bonham; so they have decided that I am to stop everybody and repeat the name in a tone of earnest inquiry. I do not like the idea, but there seems no help for it.

5 *a.m.*

Have found him. He will be delighted to give Spagmore and Bonham places on his yacht. It is the "Ayeliäh," or "Alyiähey," or "Haylayï," or something with "hay" in it; but I could not quite catch the beginning or the end. The vessels start in five divisions. First, the Khedive and his royal guests; next, the foreign and diplomatic bodies; then, next, the two great steam companies; then comes something else; and then *our* division. I hope the four first divisions will not wash away the banks and impede the progress of the *Heyaileyah*. The contractor said there would not be two feet of water anywhere after the first ship or two had passed up; but I have had doubts as to the accuracy of his scientific data since his bet about the great Pyramid.

5·30 *a.m.*

Great commotion near the port. Somebody says it is M. de Lesseps. Spagmore says he must have a look at *him*. We have got into a crowd of very dirty Orientals, and cannot make him out anywhere. Bonham sees him at last, and we all make for him. The crowd about him, naturally, is very thick, and I can only just catch a glimpse of his head, which is not prepossessing. As far as I can judge he appears to be rather a bloated-faced middle-aged man, with red whiskers. He has a bruised eye and a very bad hat; but, as Spagmore remarks, there is certainly a hidden something—a sort of "smothered genius" in his expression that marks him out at once as a great and energetic philanthropist. Bonham says he must say he has shaken hands with him, and so we elbow our way among the crowd. Lesseps is gesticulating wildly, and apparently selling something in packets to the surrounding "fellahs." Bonham says they are shares in the Canal, and shows wonderful energy and tact. We all agree it is "just like Lesseps."

5·45 *a.m.*

Have got up to him at last. He is accompanied by an attendant with a drum and a little donkey-cart full of packets. Spagmore says he does not think he would carry about shares in that fashion, and that the packets must be photographs of himself, or Turkey rhubarb, or some trifle of that sort, that he is selling in aid of the funds of the Canal. We have asked a Nubian bystander what they were about; but he shrugs his shoulders, and says he thinks it is some European religious service. He shows us a packet he has bought for a Nubian penny. It contains a gold ring, a bit of glass, a toothpick, an imitation sovereign, a thimble, four needles, a stick of sealing wax, a copy of a Whitechapel comic song, and a printed recipe for the cure of baldness. He says it is not Lesseps.

6 *a.m.*

Out of the crowd, having had a row with Spagmore. Spagmore said that I said that Bonham said it was Lesseps, which Bonham certainly did. Spagmore says any fool knows Lesseps, and that he has rich curly brown hair, and always wears a cocked hat on the Isthmus. Bonham again says, "he doesn't see the fun of coming all the way to Egypt to waste one's time in this fashion," and that we had better go and look for the sources of the Nile itself next. Spagmore does not see why we should not, when we have "done" the canal, and says he is game for it if I am, and I have promised to get the Pasha to make one of us.

8 *a.m.*

Had a very disagreeable row about the actual amount of the source of the Nile as yet discovered. Bonham would draw it all on the sand with an umbrella. Afraid he has made us late.

8.10 *a.m.*

I feared as much. The last division *is* off! We have missed the *Ayeilah*, and had another recriminatory row of half-an-hour. Bonham is going back to Marseilles at once. Spagmore and I are going to run for it and catch the boats up. He says he could do it easily if we could pick up a couple of dromedaries. I am going out to see what I can do, and post this.

9 *a.m.*

P.S.—Opened this to say that I have got a camel, and he is to come round ready in ten minutes. You shall hear all about the opening in my next. The camel looks as if he *would* pick them up, and seems very fresh.

THE RIGHT PLACE FOR "THE SOVEREIGN PEOPLE."—The Pound.

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK
FOR 1870.
PRICE THREEPENCE.
SHORTLY.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

THE WEEK.

THE following notice has been posted up in the office of the Treasury, Downing street. "*To Government Contractors, and others.*—All jobs must be completed before Christmas."

WE hasten to contradict the report that Mr. Gladstone intends transferring the Bishop of Bond Street to the See of Oxford, in the room of the Right Rev. Dr. Mackarness (*who could not be found*). This is a silly fiction.

SOME people say that the Lord Mayor generally loses, pecuniarily at least, by his Mayoralty. Sir James Clark Lawrence, Bart., cannot say that this is his case, for he has made a baro-*net profit.*

THE Government seem to be of opinion that "out of corruption springs incorruption." At least, we can account on no other grounds for the appointment of Messrs. Fenwick and Schneider, both convicted by Parliament of gross bribery and of debauching and corrupting a constituency, to the commission of the peace for the county of Northumberland.

ALREADY a cry of distress is rising from far and near at Mr. Lowe's infamous Budget. We invite all persons who earn their income by precarious labour to refuse to pay any Income-tax. They cannot be assessed, except on their own statement; and let them have the courage to maintain a dignified silence in the presence of the robbers whom the Chancellor of the Exchequer may send to try and pick their pockets. When all the humbugs of this Government begin to be found out, we prophesy that the Right Honourable Robert Lowe will occupy a prominent position in that interesting collection.

NOT a week passes without some case of juvenile depravity, undoubtedly caused by reading the mischievous literature sold to boys, for a halfpenny, in the form of a weekly paper. Surely, if there is a censorship of the drama there might be some restrictive power over periodical literature. We do not think that the Government ought to have the power of preventing any person establishing a newspaper; but on an affidavit that the contents of any publication were injurious to public morality, an inquiry might be held by a magistrate, and, if the offence was proved, a fine might be inflicted sufficiently heavy to make the repetition of the offence too expensive a luxury for anyone to indulge in.

PROBABLY all M. Rochefort's admirers have read his neat little speech about his own domestic concerns, and congratulated themselves on the fact that, as a man and a father, he has had the zeal and earnestness to announce to the world that he has a child of eight years old who has never been baptized, and who never, as far as he can help it, shall be. Apart from the utter vulgarity of the revelation, we should like to know what an average Englishman, of even advanced religious views, thinks of a man who makes this sort of manifesto to his political supporters. We do not hesitate to say that to English ears, at present, it has a disgusting sound. We may go to some lengths in this country, but we have not yet got to respect the candidate for Parliament who looks on rank irreligion as his trump card. The time may come when a member may find it expedient on the hustings to assure his party that his family have been hitherto, and shall continue to be, reared without any knowledge of God; but it has not come yet. We respectfully invite the attention of the Birmingham educationalists to the subject. It is a highly interesting, if not very cheerful one.

WE fully expected to hear that St. Pancras Workhouse and Infirmary were models of ventilation, cleanliness, and comfort. It is always so. People can very easily be found to go through such a place for a few minutes and declare that they neither see nor smell anything disagreeable. If they would only try twenty-four hours in it, their evidence would be of some importance. We confess, however, that we are very much disappointed to find the Vicar of St. Pancras supporting the Guardians through thick and thin. This estimable but obtuse gentleman marshalled a small band of ecstatic optimists through the Infirmary wards, and headed the list of names appended to the laudation of the establishment, which appeared in the papers the next day. On Thursday last the Vicar writes a letter to the *Standard*, in which he describes the Infirmary as a sort of Heaven on earth, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest;" he is of opinion that as a luxurious retreat for the aged pauper St. Pancras Workhouse Infirmary is unequalled. Are the clergy always to be on the side of ignorant obstructiveness and dogged obstinacy? One thing in the letter of this worthy defender of Guardians we fully believe,—viz., that the homes of many of the poor are worse than the Infirmary, which now literally stinks in the nostrils of the public.

WHY cannot the *Times*, that usually manages to supply its readers with the best information on all subjects, secure the services of some really reliable and intelligent writer for the purpose of dealing with the subject of the approaching Council at Rome? It is scarcely fair to the public, who are willing to pay threepence for good information, to treat them to the mere claptrap and schoolboy logic that falls, as a matter of course, from the pen of a third-rate man, like Dr. Cumming, for instance. The letter of his that appeared the other day, save as a bitter blow at his own little party, had no right to monopolize the important space vouchsafed to it in a first-class journal. At a season when all men who think at all are deeply interested in the profound and subtle questions at issue between the two great philosophical armies now ranged against each other, it is rather too bad to thrust forward the mere platform twaddle that twenty years ago alternately delighted and paralysed old women at tea meetings. Great minds are arrayed on both sides, and the music of the controversy, if terrible, is still grand. In these days of learned Reviews and thoughtful disquisitions, it is monstrous that an intellectual medium, such as the *Times* boasts itself to be, should content itself with the squeak of a penny tin trumpet. Why does not the *Times* take a lesson from that capital weekly sheet, the *Spectator*?

THE ONLY SOVEREIGN REMEDY FOR DISTRESS.—The Queen (and more of her).

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A WORD WITH "THE PROFESSION."

SOME one—we neither know nor care who—has thought fit to send to our office, addressed to one of "ours," some verses entitled "Gentleman Jack," which, with far greater trouble than the subject or the treatment of it deserved, we have managed to understand are meant to be an attack on Mr. John Clayton for a certain article written by him in one of those many sheets, which now are attempting to fly about with wings borrowed from "behind the scenes." We should not have made any allusion to the doggrel in question did we not feel that we have an opportunity of pointing out a very useful moral to the members of a profession which we try to respect, in spite of the vigorous efforts on the part of some of these same members to render such an effort utterly vain. We will speak plainly, as is our way; and we tell all actors and actresses that they will not elevate themselves, or their profession, by sneering at gentlemen or ladies (using the words in their conventional sense, *i.e.*, persons of birth, position, and education) who may choose to take to the stage. It can be no disgrace or injury to the world of actors that their somewhat dull circle should be invaded by those who are fitted by culture for any of the learned professions. A man of education and refinement who "goes on the stage" has much to contend against; as a rule he will find few congenial acquaintances or friends amongst his fellow artistes: he will have to submit to the rudeness, or, worse, the patronage, of "stars," who have soared so far above the earth as to have got beyond the regions of grammar, and to whom the letter H is a secret foe, lying in wait to catch them on the slip, when the bustle or passion of the scene ruffles, for a time, their stagnant self-possession. For one actor who treats his profession as an art, requiring the most indefatigable observation of nature, and the most intelligent study of poetry, he will find scores who know Shakespeare only through the acting edition, and who are as guiltless of any attempt to reproduce the natural characteristics of humanity, as the serenely self-confident artist who favours us monthly with a picture of "La Mode." Indeed, the actor is usually inferior to the painter of "Le Follet" because he does not take the trouble to dress his lay figure correctly. Perhaps he is conscious of the miserable nature of the internal furniture, and, with a dull sense of harmony and fitness, seeks to make the external no less brilliant and accurate. However this may be, let no actor think that dress is of no importance in his art: we resent incorrect costumes in a painting where the figures are still and speak not, we resent it more in a play where they convict themselves of indolence or ignorance out of their own mouths. Let "the Profession" consider this; abuse of those "gentlemen" who have made way against the many annoyances and obstacles which the stage presents to men who were not suckled by the beer-engine of a public-house, or baptized in the Green-room, will not advance "the Profession" in the eyes or minds of anybody whose respect is worth having. If all actors would claim to be "gentlemen," in the highest sense of the word, let them follow these precepts:—

(1.) Tell the truth, whether about the salary which you get, or the notices from the press which you obtain, or about the merits of any brother actor.

(2.) Don't, whenever you meet a friend or an acquaintance, or a perfect stranger, at once propose to adjourn to the bar of the nearest public-house, as if that was the only home you knew. If you can't afford to ask your friend, or acquaintance, or the perfect stranger, to your own room, try and contrive to carry on five minutes' conversation without the aid of bad beer or worse brandy.

(3.) Don't dress with a view to effect when off the stage. If you can afford diamonds, give them to your wife, if you have one, or keep the price of them for a rainy day.

(4.) Try and read something more intellectual and general in the way of literature than the *Era*, and the notices of yourself in other papers. If you do this you may find some other subject of conversation than your own success and the comparative failure of every other artist in any parts which you have attempted. If the anecdotes with which you regale your listeners had more decency, they might be excused the lack of any point.

(5.) If you must lead a disreputable life, do it as quietly as you can. Remember, that being always before the public in your professional character, and endeavouring to be no less so in your private character, it behoves you to conceive such a being as "the Lord Chamberlain" with regard to other licenses than those of plays.

(6.) If you choose to play the legitimate drama, learn to speak English before you try and recite blank verse. Do not believe that a knowledge of when Kean, or Kemble, crossed the stage, or raised his arm, or performed any other mechanical gesture, will naturally bring with it a share of his intellect, by aid of which he conceived the part and realised his conception. A slight acquaintance with the full text of Shakespeare and with the dramatic literature of the Elizabethan period will be found useful to candidates for the premiership of the tragic stage, long vacant.

By observing these simple directions, which are addressed only to those who need them, we venture to predict that actors will do more to elevate themselves and their art than by decrying advantages which they may covet, but to obtain which they do not make much effort. We might add, as a proof of the soundness of our counsel, that those few men, who have been great actors by profession, have all been men of immense intellectual power, improved by arduous and steady cultivation.

A DISTINCTION AT A DISCOUNT.

MR. EDWARD ELLICE, M.P. for the St. Andrew's Boroughs, has declined the Peerage Mr. Gladstone has offered him. We cannot say what may have been Mr. Ellice's exact motives for adopting this course, but Mr. Gladstone may safely regard the proceeding as a severe snub—a snub, too, that is well deserved. Really, when we have bricklayers for baronets, and money-lenders for marquises, we cannot wonder that gentlemen sometimes fight shy of the Peerage. No; Edward Ellice's spirited refusal to be associated with a parcel of *parvenus* does him honour; and Mr. Talbot, who has also declined a Peerage, deserves credit for following a good example. It is quite refreshing to find that even coronets may become a drug in the market.

A HINT WORTH TAKING.

THE Earl of Zetland is about to retire from the office of Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, a post which he has held for five-and-twenty years, and will probably be succeeded by Earl de Grey and Ripon. In answer to numerous inquiries, we should state that the Prince of Wales is not old enough in the craft to be selected for the Grand Mastership. Whatever the enemies of Freemasonry can have to say against it, toadyism is certainly not amongst its faults; and it is pleasant to see some limit put upon the system of preferment of princes, although in an unimportant matter. We wonder if Mr. Childers will take the hint that the Duke of Edinburgh is as yet too young to be made an Admiral of; and if it will occur to Mr. Cardwell that Prince Arthur is scarcely up to the duties of Major-Generalism? Time will show—probably a very short time, we fear.

A QUESTION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.

PRINCE ARTHUR seems to be enjoying himself in the far West. After having exhausted the exuberant loyalty of the colony by visiting the principal towns, he has now dropped the Prince and assumed the sportsman. The papers, however, take none the less interest in his Royal Highness's doings in Canada, and the other day the principal item of the evening's news was contained in a telegram stating that Prince Arthur had just gone on a hunting excursion in the Ottawa Valley. This is all very well, and there is no reason that a Prince should not enjoy himself; but we object to his doing so under false pretences. Will his Royal Highness inform us why a Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, which should have returned home a year ago, was retained on the North American Station beyond the regulated period for its tour of foreign service? We, until now, might have been under the impression that the Horse Guards sanctioned the arrangement only to afford the officers and men of the Rifle Brigade the gratification of having

a live Prince in their ranks; but evidently this was not the reason for the delay, for Prince Arthur, since his arrival in Canada, has never been near the regiment. If report speaks truly, when, a few months back, it was intimated to the Riflemen that they would pass another winter in the colony, even the honour that they were led to expect would be conferred on them did not suffice to put a stop to the grumbling and dissatisfaction which the disappointment of the looked-for return home occasioned. Now, however, that the Prince has ignored their very existence, their grievance has gained in substance. Insult has been added to injury.

"SO 'UMBLE!"

BISHOP Gobat's secretary, the Rev. Mr. Veitch, of St. Saviour's, Paddington, may be congratulated on having been the instrument of bringing about a remarkable conversion.

The other day a grand *fête* was held at Hanworth Hall to celebrate Master Baby Windham becoming entitled to the Hanworth Estates, on which occasion the rev. gentleman, in proposing the child's health, said "that it had fallen to his lot to bring into Christ's Church the mother of the infant, and he had presented her to the Lord Bishop of London for confirmation. He believed and trusted that she now looked to her Almighty Father for that protection and guidance without which we were as lost sheep in the desert."

The quondam Mrs. Windham, now Mrs. Walker, in answer to a general call, made a speech, in which, alluding to the obligation she was under to Mr. Veitch for his spiritual services, she is stated to have expressed herself as follows :—

"I am afraid I have sorely taxed his patience, but to him I owe *that spirit of Christian humility and grace* to which I was a stranger before I knew him."

This profession of "Christian humility" is profoundly touching, and reminds us strongly of the gentle spirit of Uriah Heep.

"READ-Y, AYE READ-Y!"

SCOTLAND no longer stands where it did. It has at last invaded the last relic of English independence, and has reached the platform. We don't mean that of Exeter Hall or of the local institutions where the melodies of Caledonia are represented by a programme full of birks and braes and een; and somebody, with a dreadful effort to be true to the national accent, apostrophizes "Bony Annie Lorry;"—but to the reading platform. Somebody has had the audacity to propose a reading from Scottish poets and humorists in the Scotch language, and the strangest part of it all is that the somebody is a Scotchman. Well, now, to be frank, the really strange part of it is that he has thoroughly succeeded, not in "interpreting," but in conveying and intersympathising Burns, and the Gentle Shepherd, and even "Watty and Meg" with an English audience. The audience was a critical one, too, assembled at the City of London College, Leadenhall street, and the reader was Mr. Charles F. Ferrier, who is not an "entertainer" by profession, though we hope he will again become one in practice on some other occasion.

OUR FRIEND THE ENEMY!

A FORTNIGHT ago we had something to say about Mr. Mark Lemon, in the character of Falstaff. It will be remembered, that while condemning the magistrates of Exeter for the narrowness of their views, we seized an opportunity of paying a well-deserved compliment to the Editor of *Punch*, who has indeed secured the highest of literary reputations. Still, as there may be some who may have misconstrued our meaning, we beg to add a few words to the remarks we have already made. Mr. Mark Lemon has edited *Punch* for the last quarter of a century with the greatest possible tact and talent. He has been the personal friend of every literary man of any note for as long a period, and he deserves, as he commands, the respect of all intellectual Englishmen. As an author he is caustic and brilliant, as an editor judicious and clever, as an actor refined and scholarly, and as a man genial, honest, gentle, and kind.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

MR. REUTER'S agent in Egypt has been pardonably enthusiastic over the inauguration of the Suez Canal; but the first despatch which was received in this country from Port Said, dated the 15th November, before the Canal was a *fait accompli*, was certainly a little dispiriting to Englishmen. It ran thus :—

Port Said, November 15, Evening.

The Emperor of Austria, the Khedive, and the Prince of Holland have arrived here, and the Empress is expected to-morrow.

A large number of splendid pavilions have been erected.

The Mediterranean Squadron is also here. Two of the British ironclads are aground off the harbour.

The weather is splendid.

The announcement of the probable loss of two of our finest men of war seems to have been regarded at Port Said as part of the "fun of the fair;" but if it had not happened that the ships in question were got off again without any serious damage, we doubt whether the grand inauguration ceremony would have had much English sympathy. As it is we are now loud in our praises of everything connected with the Canal—which is as it should be.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A MIGHTY wonder frowning o'er the sands,
Reared by forgotten toil;
And that fell beast, in sunny eastern lands,
Who trails his deadly coil.

1.
She sat upon a mystic throne,
Her looks were wild and weird;
Her words were vague, her counsels dark,
But, oh! her threats were feared.

2.
Two oxen groan beneath the load
Which patient still they bear;
So slaves endure the tyranny
Which patriots will not share.

3.
No home upon the land he owns,
His home is on the sea;
He knows no fear, no friend, no law,
Nor king nor God has he.

4.
A distant mountain lifts its peak,
Crowned with eternal snow;
Dread avalanches down its slopes
In frozen torrents flow.

5.
A sacred plant, and chosen oft
Round Venus' brow to bind,
With tender green it soothes the sight,
And perfumes every wind.

6.
When weary, at the close of day,
The traveller lingers late;
Here welcome, warmth, and generous cheer
His eager wish await.

7.
There is a thing can crush a man
As with a weight of lead;
It grows apace, in vain he strives,
He cannot raise his head,

WHY ARE THE IRRECONCILABLES LIKE GROUSE JUST SHOT?—Because they want hanging.

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 135.] *LONDON, DECEMBER 4, 1869.* [Price Twopence.

THE ST. PANCRAS MARTYRS.

There is no doubt that St. Pancras Workhouse is a model institution. There is only one thing more certain, and that is that the St. Pancras Guardians are the most pure and authentic specimens of injured innocence extant. The Press has been hard at work reviling them for the last three weeks or so. Be it our task to vindicate them, and the excellent institution over which they preside, from the calumnies of such miserable scandal-mongers as Dr. Ellis; from such presumptuous officials as Dr. Lankester; from such pigheaded boobies as the juries who have dared to hint that the condition of the infirmary was other than it should be, of the vile public which has hounded on these assailants of pious conscientious men, whose only fault has been that, fearless of all consequences, they have done their duty.

With the facts of the case the public are already familiar. Several patients have died in the St. Pancras Infirmary, and inquests have been held—a most vexatious proceeding. In July last the medical officer reported more than once that the wards in the infirmary were quite unfit for the reception of sick people, or indeed of anyone else. There were foul smells from the sewers and from the sinks, and the ventilation was contrived so as to let in plenty of cold air, but not to let out much foul. The Poor-law Inspector also found that the number of cubic feet allowed to each patient was far below the amount recommended by the Poor-law Board. He also found that in many other respects these wards were very defective. Patients complained to the nurses, nurses and doctors complained to the Guardians; but they nobly disregarded all such complaints. So things went on till these inquests came. Since the death of these inmates on November 14th, a Dr. Bridges, "acting as a metropolitan medical inspector under the Poor-law Board for Dr. Markham," visited the wards. He found "very bad smells from the sinks." He thought that persons labouring under phthisis would "suffer in such wards, and would not be likely to recover." "He made his report to the Poor-law Board, but, estimable man (!)—"he did not recommend anything." The Coroner was brute enough to make some very strong observations on the fact that Dr. Bridges being a Government Inspector, finding the state of the atmosphere of these wards such as to have a tendency to accelerate death, had not reported his opinion as to what remedy should be applied. For our own part, we highly commend Dr. Bridges. He made a report—he took his pay—what could he do more? If he had recommended anything, what good would it have been? The Poor-law Board would have recommended it to the Guardians, the Guardians would have taken no notice of it, the patients would have gone on dying, and a great deal of unnecessary trouble and waste of time would have been the only result of Dr. Bridges' officious recommendation. If, since July last, the wards had been condemned as unfit for sick persons, and if the frequent remonstrances of the medical officer and of the Poor-law Board had met with silent contempt, what on earth was the use of taking any step in November, when the paupers were going off as rapidly as could be wished? Pah! This mischievous desire to do something lies at the root of all these infamous sensational inquiries, got up for the purpose of gratifying the personal vanity of some impertinent Paul Pry of a medical officer, and in order to give newspaper writers something to be indignant about. It is all humbug—gross humbug. The paupers are very comfortable in St. Pancras; now they are going to kill them by moving them to Highgate, where they will have no rats to hunt, no sewage to sniff at, no thick air to breathe; where they will have no windows close by their beds to let cold damp air in at night, where they will have no drains to cheer their lonely hours; where they will not be able to keep each other warm by their beds being close, or by lying in a nice bath, or on the soft voluptuous floor; where, it is much to be feared, they will have fresh air, and be attended to, and kept clean, and their stalls kept sweet, just as if they were horses or pigs, and not—paupers. It is horrible to think of.

We repeat, that the Guardians of St. Pancras are ill-used men. They are the victims of malignant persecution. They did their duty as far as they could see what their duty was. These sick paupers kept pouring in on them—they were very dear to keep; they could not be sent to any place where they were likely to recover; if they did recover they would be chargeable to the parish—the ratepayers were already complaining. Evidently the most prudent course to take was to kill them off as quickly as possible. When the horse is glandered, and old, and useless, or breaks his leg, don't we shoot him? There is an unfortunate prejudice against shooting human beings—much the most economical method of ending their pains—so they took a slower, but none the less sure, method of putting them down. Were they not right? What did these paupers know of life? Nothing but misery, penury, starvation. What were their homes? Very little better places, if at all, than the wards they were in—perhaps worse. Then, what jolly company they had there! Such a merry party of invalids—some with bronchitis, some with consumption, some with the itch, some with fever, some with more loathsome diseases, such a jolly lot! and then the rats—devilish good

company rats are—especially when they come from the drains, they are sweet playfellows, are your sewer rats! So full of life, so poetical, so loaded with perfumes of Arabia! It really makes us pity the poor Guardians to think that fortune should not have cast their lot in such pleasant places. What jovial nights those sick paupers must have passed, huddled together on the floor, coughing, sneezing, wheezing, gasping in chorus! How they must have looked forward to the nights, especially in the cold weather, when they could not open the windows, and the smells had it all their own way, and the air got fouler and fouler, till every breath they fetched was a triumph of nature, if not of art! It is such a charming picture that we can hardly tear ourselves away from it. When death came to join the party, struggling through the fetid air, with his hour-glass to his nose, what peals of laughter must have met him, what shouts of welcome! What well-to-do smug tradesman dozing in his arm-chair, half stupid from his ale or whiskey and water, would not envy the charming vicissitudes, the alluring varieties, the thrilling excitements, of such a life as this—or the perfect peace, the luxurious repose, of such a death?

Yes, this is the only true method of making the pauper happy. Why prolong his life? what will come of it? Will industry, will honest independence ever come to him? If this wretched man, whose cough is hacking him to pieces, were to recover, where can he go to? Home. Yes, home to the bare room to be shared by his wife and his son and his daughter and his baby! Home to the fire-side with no fire! Home to the table with no meal spread on it; to the cupboard with nothing but a half starved mouse or two in it. Or shall he stay in the workhouse? Will he get work there that can ever make him again a free man? No. Will he wear the badge of disgrace, of profitless drudgery? will he be exposed to contumely, insult, brutality? will he be grudged the scanty food that keeps the dull spark of life alight? Yes. Is this a future for hope to look forward to? Is this a life for which he would care to have passed through the valley of the shadow of death? No; let him go home to his real, his only home. The home where there is no Poor-law Board, where there are no guardians, no workhouses, no infirmaries, where there are no beadles. Let him go to his home from which no one can turn him out; let him go to his grave, to his home beyond the grave, where the suffering that he has known here may be held by a just but merciful Judge to have been enough, where he may know that perfect joy and peace, the faintest ray of which could never have come to him—No, not even in his dreams—upon this earth.

A MERRY CONCEIT.

THE Earl of Dartmouth has set himself up as a "funny man." At the annual soirée of the Meeke and Walkers Educational Institute at Hasthwaite the other day he delivered a speech, in which he maintained that no good had been done by disestablishing the Irish Church, and spoke in favour of religious education, remarking that a fourth R representing religion should be added to what are popularly known as the "three R's." In fact, the whole point of a very long-winded address was to lead up to his Lordship's little joke. Such exhibition should be put a stop to; for it is absolutely cruel that even the members of an Educational Institute should be inflicted with a couple of hours' gabble from a speaker whose only claim on the public attention is that he happens to be a Lord. If Lord Dartmouth, instead of holding forth on things in general, had explained to his audience the circumstances under which he thought himself justified in interfering with his tenants at the late elections, his discourse would have been far more edifying. Perhaps as his Lordship is such a confirmed wag, he meant the proceeding for a practical joke. If so, like all jokes, it will not bear repetition.

MUSICAL CLAY.

WE are glad to welcome Mr. Frederick Clay again among our active composers. He has been too long idle, in a musical point of view. He has written some delightful music for Mr. German Reed's small company Miss Fanny Holland is, both in voice and appearance, a charming addition to that cosy circle; and Mr. German Reed has returned fromhis tour in the country in capital form. Mrs. German Reed is indefatigable, and Mr. Arthur Cecil as funny, as original, as sweet voiced as ever. This is saying a good deal.

Mr. Clay deserves great credit for his pleasing music, labouring as it does under the disadvantage of being wedded to a rather feeble and inane libretto. We shall return to the subject in a future number. We have listened to the music three times, and want to hear it again. Can we say more?

BUMBLEDOM AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THE sooner the Lord Mayor gives up shows and processions of state the better it will be for the Civic dignity. On Thursday last, when his Lordship, supported by some three hundred of his provincial brethren, went to Buckingham Palace to present an address to the King of the Belgians, his progress westward created the very mildest enthusiasm, notwithstanding that the line of route was carefully and quite unnecessarily preserved by a double row of policemen, who loitered the best part of a day away in the Strand and Pall Mall, while the thieves in Whitechapel and Islington were busily engaged in the practice of their profession. Indeed, in Pall Mall there were more policemen than spectators; and even at the bottom of St. James's street, where the provincial Mayors fell into line, a couple of ordinarily intelligent constables would have been amply sufficient for the duties to be performed. Although this would imply that, as a pageant, the Lord Mayor's procession of Thursday was a dismal failure, we frankly admit that it was quite worth seeing. In the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th of November the Mace Bearer always comes in for the heaviest amount of "chaff," as the meaninglessness, inutility, ugliness, and general cumbersomeness of the absurd bauble he supports at once is recognised and accepted as, *par excellence*, the most idiotic feature in the procession; but imagine some three hundred Mayors, who evidently had come to no definite conclusion as to what was regulation in the way of robes, each with a Mace Bearer and a Mace on the box of the fly which had been hired for the great event! Why these gentlemen (who deserve every credit for having come to town to pay their respects to the King of the Belgians), should have popped these ungainly weapons into the carpet bag which contained their nightshirt and toothbrush we cannot understand; but as they one and all seem to have agreed the Mace was *de rigueur* on the occasion, we can only assume that they know more about the matter than we do. Let us hope, however, that they did not carry their badges of office into the Royal presence, and that the baubles were left in the umbrella-stand in the hall. Seriously, although there may be no objection to a number of officials meeting together for a purpose such as that which called them together last week, they should forbear from making themselves the laughing-stock of the town, even if they happen to be Mayors. The Continental appreciation of the dignity and position of the Lord Mayor is certainly exaggerated and undefined enough without any fresh complication of ideas being forced upon foreign visitors. What will the Belgians think of England when their King goes home and tells them that he has actually received three hundred Lord Mayors at a time? The thought is too perplexing and distracting to dwell upon.

HISTORICAL.—On what occasion did George IV. give himself 'airs?—When he bought a wig.

THE BATTLE OF INKER-MAN.—Messrs. Parkins and Gotto have produced a new work of art, called the "Tomahawk Inkstand." It consists of a tomahawk, the handle of which holds the pens, while the blade contains the ink. Not inappropriate by any means—our hatchet is represented by a goose-quill—a powerful weapon—some say more powerful than the sword. To make our meaning plainer, we fight with cold steel, but we draw ink in preference to shedding blood.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND CAMEL RIDING.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

SUEZ, *Nov.* 27, 1869.

I FEEL that all the excitement about the Canal, its depth, its prospects, and its shortcomings, must have long died out with you. Still I am your special correspondent, and though I have, I regret to say, missed a good deal of what has been going on in this neighbourhood, you have a right to such information as I have been able to procure for the benefit of your readers. I ought to add that I am to start in search of the sources of the Nile next week. But of this, more later. For the moment it will suffice to furnish you with my recent notes. You may remember I closed my last letter on the eve of my departure from *Port Said* with Spagmore on a camel. I think I mentioned that the camel was fresh. With this preface I beg to subjoin my notes just as they stand.

Nov. 19, 10 *a.m.*

We are off. I am on the camel's back, proper, and Spagmore is more forward on its neck. The movement of the creature is not unpleasant, now and then, but there is a monotony about it. *Port Said* is well left behind. Sun hot. We open one of our bottles of champagne and drink to "friends at home." Somehow we seem a long way from home. The camel certainly is a fine brute, and seems equal to a hundred miles if we liked.

10.30 *a.m.*

The camel seems to have a sort of cough. Spagmore says it is the sand from the desert in its nose. Its pace, however, still is excellent. Nothing to be seen for miles. We have both agreed camel riding is capital fun. Both of us delighted that we missed the yacht.

10.35 *a.m.*

Camel has suddenly stopped with a violent fit of coughing. Spagmore says we "haven't given him enough mouth," and that it will be all right presently, if he lets him have his way a bit.

11 *a.m.*

Have let the creature have his way for half an hour, but he is still very uneasy about the head. He keeps waving it from right to left. I have seen the camel in the Regent's park do this before he rolls over on his back, and I wish he would stop it. Spagmore says a camel never rolls in the desert,—at least he does not think so. Wants me to "jump off" and just look at his mouth, and see that it is all right.

11.25 *a.m.*

I can't "jump off." I wonder how the Arabs, or the Moors, or the Bedouins, or whoever are the people who like camel riding, manage to "look at his mouth," without getting off. Perhaps they climb along his neck, perhaps they slide down his side. Camel *very* restive, and inclined to waltz. Spagmore says I must "jump down" and look at his hocks. He says he had a gray cob who always began the staggers with a waltz, and that I must "look sharp if I don't want both of us to get an ugly spill." I suggest that Spagmore had better jump down, as *he* would know what was the matter with the camel's mouth if *he* looked at it. He says a camel is not a cob. This is unanswerable, and I feel I must get down.

11.45 *a.m.*

Am down. Managed it by sliding. Easy as anything. Can't see what the Bedouins have to brag about. Have looked up the camel's mouth. Can see nothing peculiar about it, except, perhaps, a rather too facetious expression. I, however, noticed much the same sort of thing about the mouth of the creature in Regent's park. Spagmore says, "Never mind his mouth, look at his hocks." I have caught hold of his hind off leg; it seems all right. All his legs seem all right. Perhaps a little bit too full about the knees. Spagmore says perhaps he is only "artful," and tells me to "jump up sharp."

1 *p.m.*

One hour trying to get on again! I can't. I wonder how the Empress of the French got on. She must have had a staircase, or something of the sort. Besides, I have no doubt her camel was *not* artful. Spagmore begs I "won't play the fool," and wants to know if I have never seen a fellow get on to a camel before. No, I never have, as far as I can remember, except once, fifteen years ago, at a circus. Besides, *that* camel was not like this camel. It knelt down, had tea with the clown, and let the riding-master sit on its head. And the man, too, who did get on its back, was dressed in spangles, and jumped through a newspaper moon. Spagmore says I have "no business to come to Egypt with a fellow unless I know how to mount a camel." He refuses to get off and try it himself. Another try for twenty minutes. The exertion has made me thirsty. Vote for another bottle of champagne. Carried.

1.30 *p.m.*

Capital champagne. Have drunk everybody's health, written our names in the bottle, and buried it in the sand. Spagmore bets me five to two in twenties that I won't mount the camel ten times in seven minutes. Taken him. Try number one. Nothing to catch hold of. Ought to have made for his neck. I will.

1.45 *p.m.*

The beast doesn't like it. Has snapped at me, and waltzed. Yee-ho-wo, come up, boy! He won't. Thought the camel came next to a horse in intelligence. Spagmore says it's the elephant. I say it's the camel. . . Spagmore says it's . . . th' elephant. . . I say . . . 't'snot. More champagne.

2 *p.m.*

Notes taken on the African—'Gyptian Desert.

Why . . . is camel . . with . . . Spagmore on's back . . . like . . . ha'p'orth lucif-matches . .? Civ-tup — —? B'cos ——

* * * * * * * *

3 *m.p.*

H'llo . . caml'ssatdown —— ——

MILDNESS OF THE SEASON.

APROPOS of duelling, the *Pall Mall Gazette* in its Occasional Notes, quotes the following story from a French newspaper:—

"Annon B. and Jeanneton L. had a difference respecting a sum of seventy-five centimes which had been lent by the former to the latter. Happening to meet on market-day, strong expressions were used on both sides—one calling the other a 'cheat,' and the other retorting by the term 'miser.' Annon, intent on paying herself, seized the handle of a basket of eggs which Jeanneton carried; a struggle ensued, the eggs began to fly furiously and fast, and both combatants were freely bespattered about the face and neck with yolk and shell. An elegantly-dressed young gentleman in the crowd made himself somewhat prominent by inappropriate mirth; this diverted the anger of Annon and Jeanneton from each other, and their concentrated wrath fell upon the head of him who mocked them. About two-thirds of the contents of Jeanneton's hamper had been consumed in the encounter; the remaining eggs were expended by the justly indignant women on the well-dressed offender, to the complete destruction of his irreproachable garments, and his utter confusion."

The story is stupid enough, and somewhat suggestive of a dearth of "evening news," but the moral the *Pall Mall Gazette* draws from it is at once unique, brilliant, and rational.

"There can be little doubt," adds our contemporary, "that the egg might with advantage be substituted for the sword in French duels."

Emphatically, *bosh*. If this is the sort of occasional note we are to expect from the *Pall Mall*, the more occasional such notes are the better for the public and for the paper itself.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE JENKINS AGAIN.

A CONTEMPORARY publishes the following paragraph, under the head "Court and Fashion:"—

"It is reported from Compiègne that the Prince Imperial has smoked his first cigar, and that the Emperor gave it to him."

The story, however, goes no further. It is not even stated what the cigar did to the Prince, who is as yet only a lad of thirteen, and a great deal too young to contract questionable habits. Probably, however, the fragrant weed had the same effect on his Royal Highness as the paragraph above quoted must have had on the enlightened reader—it made him sick.

LONDON, DECEMBER 4, 1869.

THE WEEK.

M. DE LESSEPS asks boldly for another 150 millions to complete his work. His enemies consider this demand *Suez-cidal.*

M. ROCHEFORT has been elected by the blackguards of Paris as their representative. We have not the slightest doubt that he will justify the signal mark of their confidence.

IT is stated that no less than four Parisian theatres have produced *Les Brigands* at once. This is the greatest public recognition of adaptation that has yet reached us from beyond the Channel.

LORD GRANVILLE evidently regards the Colonies as branches which encumber the parent stem, since he is for lopping them off. The Colonies, on the other hand, are wise enough not to take *cuttings* from an old tree.

IT would appear from the failure of *Forbidden Fruit* to attract, that the descendants of Adam and Eve are fewer than generally supposed. If the fascinations of *The Siren* should fall flat, there will be nothing left to try but *The Deluge*—only it must not be made of paper.

LORD GRANARD is distinguishing himself, in the only way open to him, by presiding at meetings where treasonous language is used. There are some people whom Fortune places in a high position, but in whom Nature reasserts herself by showing the mistake which Fortune has committed.

THE report that Mr. Ayrton has been studying Art at the South Kensington Museum, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Cole, is, we regret to say, without foundation. It is, we believe, true that the illustrious President of the Board of Works has gone so far as to buy a box of children's bricks in the Burlington Arcade, by the aid of which he is erecting a model which shall serve for all public buildings in London for the future.

UNDER the heading "A Remarkable Plough Handle" the *Glasgow Daily Herald* is responsible for the following astonishing anecdote :—

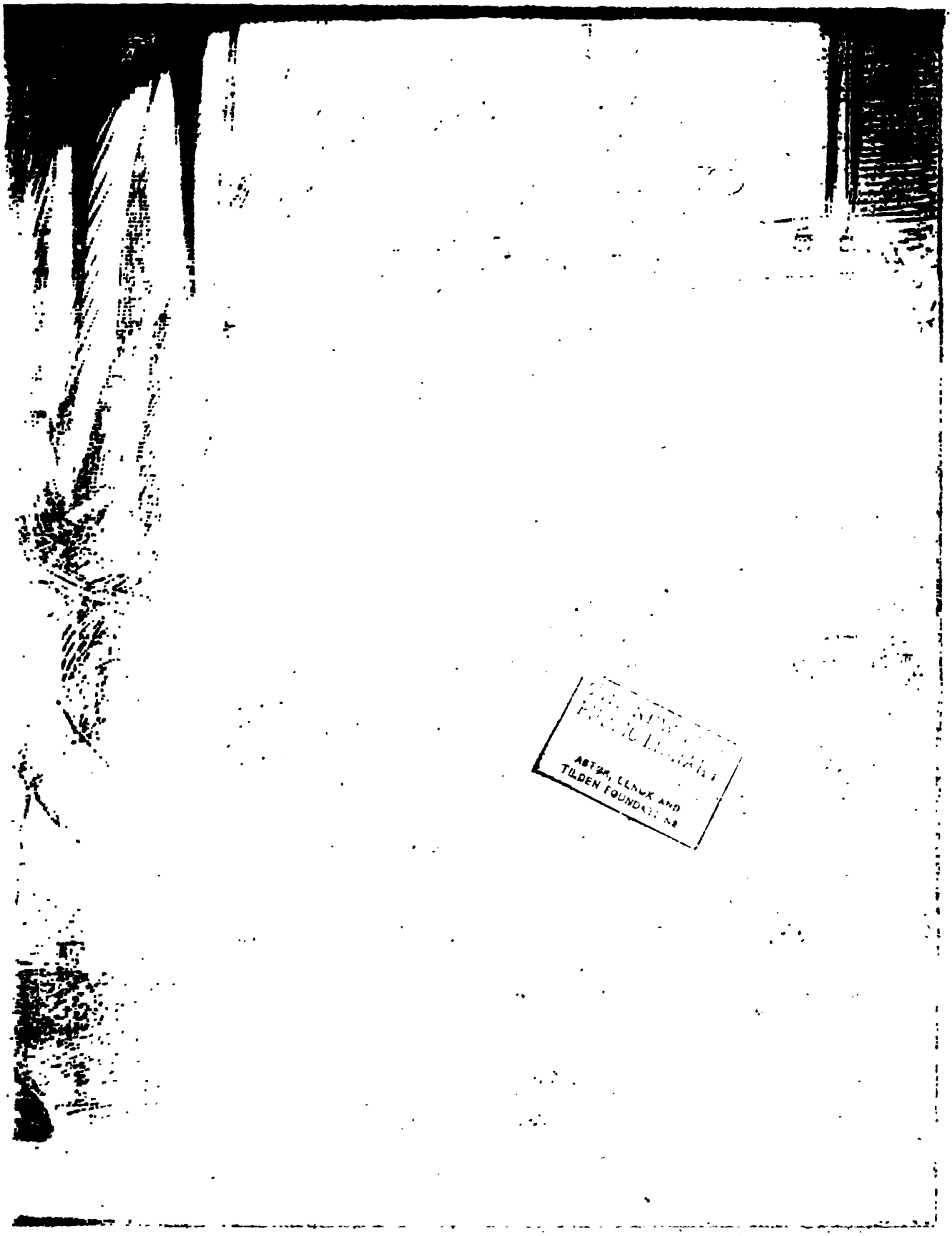
"As Mr. Lachlan M'Craig, of this town, was this morning crossing one of the fields on his father's farm he was very much astonished indeed to find a very fine black-cock transfixed upon the shaft of a plough which had been used in getting up the potatoes a day or two previously. It appears that the bird must have been proceeding with such rapidity, that, coming in contact with the handle of the plough at the 'crop,' it went clean through, and came out below the tail."

We have heard of such things as "ugly croppers," but we never really knew before what the phrase meant.

MR. BRUCE has another chance of distinguishing himself by reprieving Hinson, the Wood Green murderer. He will have no difficulty in finding an excuse for extending the mercy of the Crown to this distinguished criminal. Murders are not generally committed before an audience in broad daylight. Besides Mr. Bruce might fairly urge that he really could not allow the capital sentence to be carried out on Hinson, when all the other persons who "assisted" at these murders were allowed to go scot free. We never knew to what an extent self-preservation was the law of Nature till we read Mr. Edward Sawyer's and Mr. Henry Whitten's evidence. To let a man murder a woman before their eyes, beat her brains out, and then to stand by, while he went into the house of another person, with the avowed intention of murdering him, is an extent of self-possession to which few persons can attain. The two musicians, who at the sight of one man armed with a gun-barrel fled over a wall, are no doubt so fond of harmony that they have an insuperable dread of discord. The navvies to whom the gentlemen in the Civil Service appealed probably felt the spectacle too congenial to their natures to be interrupted. Seriously speaking, we never remember any case which exhibited human nature in a (shall we say?) *stranger* aspect.

IT appears, so the *Times* informs us, that there are upwards of one million of heathens in London. We are not surprised at the announcement. On the contrary, we believe the statement to be considerably under the mark. We, however, are not in the habit of sneering at religious enthusiasm, and of dealing cowardly blows at earnest men with whose convictions we cannot conscientiously agree; and, therefore, we can afford, while making all due allowance for the zeal of those who are at work, to denounce this state of things, in a country professing unctuously its Christianity, as a horrible scandal. The *Times*, it is true, does not express any extraordinary alarm, but it is, nevertheless, a little shocked,—about as much shocked as it might be by the discovery of an East-end bad meat sausage establishment. Yet, notwithstanding its announcement of the fact, perhaps there is not one single respectable journal that has such a decided *animus* against the only class who can deal with infidelity as the *Times*. Even now its pages are teeming with paragraphs, letters, and articles, calculated solely to damage the spread of religious dogmatism, which alone seems capable of any effort to stem the infidel tide by which the age bids fair to be inundated. We should like to know what these gallant writers and glorious thinkers have ever done in the remotest degree to compare, for instance, with this Mission work at which they are all jibbering and sneering in chorus? What have smart leaders and original doubts done for the spiritual condition of the million heathen of London? We do not, in any sense, profess to be a religious print, but we can, at least, throw bigotry away, and judge of serious issues like thinking, rational men. Therefore, we have no hesitation in saying that, whether these Missioners happen to be Evangelicals, Ritualists, Quakers, or Orientals, they are better men than their revilers. There may be different theories as to the best method of dragging a drowning man out of the water, but there can be but one judgment passed on him who sits on the bank—and does nothing. Such a man is a cur, and with this reflection we dismiss the subject.

A SWEETLY PRETTY PARAGRAPH.—Mr. F. C. Burnand's *Turn of the Tide*, notwithstanding the interesting criticisms of the *Penny Thunderer* of Fleet Street and the *Star*, which being deprived of its Bright(ness) is now defunct, has drifted a good cargo into the treasury of the Queen's Theatre, will cease to run on Friday the 3rd inst., when Mr. E. J. Young, the manager, will take his benefit. Although the performances on this occasion will commence with *Milky White* it is certain that the amusement they will give will be of anything but a milk-and-watery character. That's our quaint *whey* (*milk whey*, Eh? ha! ha! ha!) of putting it.


ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

"WILL H

FATHER

E REIGN?"

R,

AND SON.

(A HISTORICAL PICTURE REPRODUCED)

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
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THE VOLUNTEERS AT THE PALACE.

[NOTE.—Be it clearly understood that this sketch in no way has reference to the crack metropolitan corps]

SCENE.—*The Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace. Gorgeous walls, gorgeous organ, gorgeous sofa benches, gorgeous footmen in Court dresses lining the staircases, an* OFFICIAL *sweeping up some dust in a corner.*

FIRST GORGEOUS FOOTMAN (*to* OFFICIAL SWEEPER).—What are you doing there?

OFFICIAL SWEEPER.—Oh, only sweeping up the "h's" dropped by the Corporation of London. I ought to have another fellow to help me to do it—it's too much for one man!

SECOND GORGEOUS FOOTMAN.—Look sharp, for here come the Volunteers. By jingo, they *are* a nice set of fellows! (*Sneers audibly.*)

(*Enter a number of* VOLUNTEER OFFICERS *in more or less gorgeous uniforms. They are attended by an* ENERGETIC COLONEL *in a grey uniform.*)

ENERGETIC COLONEL IN GREY.—Now then, look sharp, all of you. Here, you go there—and you there—and you there. Now let me get to the front. (*Pushes his way to another part of the room.*)

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER (*angrily to* SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER).—What right has *he* to go on like that? He's not the senior officer. I should like to have him as my client. Wouldn't I run up the costs for him! That I would, as sure as I'm an attorney—I mean a colonel.

SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER.—Yes, it's too bad! 'Ere I've come all the way from the country to be treated like this! Thursday, too, is always such a wery busy day in our shop. You'd be surprised at the lot o' cheese they buys on a Thursday!

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER.—Indeed, Colonel!

SECOND COMMANDING OFFICER.—Always my luck; now, if it 'ad only been a Saturday I shouldn't 'ave minded so much, altho' it would 'ave been wery inconvenient for my friend Snooks the Pawnbroker,—I mean the Colonel of the 194th Loamshire!

FIRST COMMANDING OFFICER.—Hush, here's the King!

(*Enter the* KING OF THE BELGIANS. ENERGETIC COLONEL IN GREY *hurries about officiously.* VOLUNTEER OFFICERS *try to look like Soldiers and to forget the shop.*)

THIRD COMMANDING OFFICER (*to a* FRIEND).—Does he (*meaning* HIS MAJESTY) speak French? Eh? 'Cause I never learned French—they don't teach it at the Charity School—I mean—I don't speak it.

FRIEND.—Oh! 'e speaks every bit as good English as I does.

SATIRICAL OFFICER (*aside*).—The King's English (if this be the case) must, indeed, be excellent!

SEVERAL OFFICERS.—Hush!

OTHER OFFICERS.—'Ush!

COLONEL LORD ELCHO *reads the address with admirable effect.* VOLUNTEER OFFICERS (*for the first time in their lives*) *find a use for their swords—they strike the ground with them as if they had umbrellas, and were in the pit of a theatre. The* KING *replies in English. Delight of* OFFICERS *at finding themselves able to understand about every fourth word.*

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—Don't 'e speak English well, 'Arry?

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—It isn't English—it's French. Didn't you 'ear 'im say "wee"—that's French.

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—No, it isn't!

(*The* KING *is introduced to* DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICERS.)

THE KING (*smiling affably*).—You are well, Sir?

ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFCERS.—Quite well, your Majesty. (*The* KING *shakes hands with him and passes on, intense delight of* ONE OF THE DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICERS, *who tells the story for ever to his descendants and friends.*)

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICER.—294th Putneyshire Rifles, your Majesty.

THE KING.—Ah, Putneyshire! (*smiles affably, shakes hands, and passes on to another. Delirious delight of* ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED COMMANDING OFFICER.)

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—Oh, ain't 'e affable!

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—Well, I don't know; 'e didn't shake 'ands with *me.*

ADMIRING CAPTAIN.—But you ain't a commanding officer!

CRITICAL LIEUTENANT.—No, but I should like to be!

(*Departure of the* KING. *Furious enthusiasm of* OFFICERS. *End of Ceremony*)

CURTAIN.

THE SHIP OF THE FUTURE!

IN last Thursday's papers appeared a report of the trial trip of the Druid, 10 guns, 1,322 tons. We do not know what she will cost the country, but if the figure is high the following extracts from the account in question will greatly interest the British taxpayer. After a great many details, and a return on account of a "leaking of the valves," we are told that—

"She vibrated fore and aft in the most unlooked for manner."

"In the captain's cabin pails filled with water were half emptied of their contents."

"The rigging seemed as slack as if it had never been taut."

"The general opinion on board was that three months at sea, under such circumstances, would send the ship into dock shaken to such an extent as to require complete overhauling and repair."

"The compasses would not 'travel' at all."

We conclude this will be put all right; but fancy such a gallant craft in action! A few old Adelphi pirates and the thing would be complete.

STARS AND GARTERS.

MR. ONSLOW, the Rector of Sandringhan, who accompanied the Prince and Princess of Wales on their tour in the East, has received from the Viceroy of Egypt the order of the Medjidie, and from the Sultan the order of the Osmanli. Not only this, but the Prince of Wales, in consideration of Mr. Onslow being his private chaplain, has graciously given him leave to sport his decoration in the Royal presence. It is certainly not usual for clergymen to emblazon themselves with orders, and Mr. Onslow cannot possibly wear his honours either in the pulpit or in the bye-lanes of his parish. We are, therefore, inclined to think that, although the Prince of Wales deserves every credit for marking his appreciation of a no doubt faithful servant, his Royal Highness has been a little injudicious in giving his licence to a priest in holy orders to infringe a law which, in the case of other civilians, is always held to in its very strictest letter. Who knows but that this little concession may be opening the gates to a new principle? If Rectors may wear Stars we shall surely have the Bishops claiming Grand Crosses of the Bath, and the Archbishops a pair of Garters at least.

"DELAYED IN TRANSMISSION."

ALTHOUGH it is stated that every exertion is now being made to enable the Government to take over the working of the telegraphs by the first day of the new year, it seems pretty certain that the new arrangements will only come into force some weeks later. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, too, has as yet done nothing towards raising the requisite funds; and it is understood that he will make use of the loose cash at his disposal to carry out the bargain entered into with the private companies. This is all a very bad beginning. That a scheme like that which is now about to be brought forward should be allowed to limp forth in an incomplete manner is to be regretted; and it is, moreover, questionable whether Mr. Lowe is justified in appropriating, even for a time, public money for a purpose for which it was never intended. Of course, no one is responsible for the bungling way in which the Government is taking possession of the telegraph wires; but the public, who are not uninterested parties in the new arrangement, would gladly see the affair carried through to a conclusion in a business-like and straightforward manner.

BRASS AND STEAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TOMAHAWK."

Paris.

SIR,—In the interests of public morality as well as in the interests of the legitimate drama may we request you to favour us by admitting to your columns the accompanying correspondence between a certain theatrical manager in England and ourselves?

Your obedient servants,
MM. NUS and BELOT.

(COPY.)

Theatre Royal, —— ——.

MESDAMES,—The manager of the Vaudeville informs me that the printed copies of your highly successful and perfectly moral piece *La Fièvre du Jour* have all been sold, and that you have reserved to yourselves the right of authorizing its translation into foreign languages. Under these circumstances he is unable to cede to me the use of the original MS., and has referred me to yourselves to arrange for its production in London.

I accordingly take the liberty to address myself to yourselves, Mesdames, and assure you of my profound respect for the delicate and sensitive morality which pervades as with a sweet perfume the piece of which you are the distinguished authoresses.

I flatter myself that I have also some talent for catering to the necessities of public morality; and as it may be necessary ere long to withdraw my *Anonyma*, I purpose to replace it by a translation and adaptation of *La Fièvre du Jour*.

It will be my endeavour to disguise it to such an extent as may prevent, or, at least, postpone, recognition; at the same time it will be my aim to preserve all the essential and characteristic features of the plot, and thereby its interest intact.

For instance, the following modifications suggest themselves as suitable to an English audience:—André, who embezzles his employer's money, will be the cashier of an Insurance Company, instead of an *agent de change*. In England, men of business look after their own affairs too closely to permit of any large defalcation being long undiscovered; it is with the savings destined for widows and orphans that reckless speculation, and jobbery, and extravagance can most securely deal.

The conception of Clémence offering to sell her virtue to liquidate her husband's debts, is honourable alike to your hearts and heads; but why make Clémence a wife? A mistress would have been interesting and far more *piquante*. One of our legal luminaries has just informed us in a recent *cause celèbre*, that men of the world know that the honour of a mistress is as dear to a man as that of a wife, and that jealousy on that account affords an equal justification for revenge upon a rival. My experience of an English audience convinces me that this will draw more effectually.

It will give me the greatest pleasure to present you each with a programme of the piece when produced, and should either of you ever visit England, a seat in the amphitheatre will be at your disposal.

I assure you, Mesdames, of my most distinguished consideration.

Your obedient servant,
* * * * * * *.

(COPY.)

Paris.

SIR,—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, asking for the MS. of our recent piece, entitled *La Fièvre du Jour*.

Before entering upon this question, we take this opportunity of informing you that you have committed a trifling error in regard to our sex. We do not wear jupons, our hair is our own, in a word, we have the misfortune to be—men.

This insignificant mistake being set right, we remark with profound regret that your appreciative proposal to translate and adapt our piece is unaccompanied by any hint of your intention of remunerating us for the share we shall have in gratifying your distinguished audiences. You pay your actors, your scene painters, and your orchestra, but it does not appear that we shall ever be honoured with a place in your list on the occasion of your appearance at Court—we mean the Court of Bankruptcy.

If English authors cannot provide you with a plot which will fill your house, on what principle of moral justice, for we do not now refer to our legal rights, do you refuse to share your profits with those who put the employment into the hands of yourself and your company?

The answer to this question rests, Sir, with yourself, meanwhile, we subscribe ourselves, your obedient servants,

MM. NUS and BELOT.

* * * * * * * *

(COPY.)

Theatre Royal, —— ——

GENTLEMEN,—Thanks for your information regarding your sex. I can now dispense with the laws of gallantry, and answer your question directly and practically.

Your letter betrays a grave ignorance regarding the customs of the English stage. I did not propose to use your piece in the original French, but to translate, adapt, and *disguise* it. The London theatres are full of adaptations from the French, and we obtain all our successes in this manner; but we never yet heard that we were expected to pay for the use we make of other persons' brains.

My dignity will not permit me now to confer upon you the intended honour of utilizing your piece, but it is probable that Mr. Tom Adapter, or some other English author, will prove less scrupulous.

Your obedient servant,
* * * * * * *.

IRISH "TUMBLERS."

WE hear on good authority that this enterprising troupe have nearly completed their rehearsals, and are prepared to produce their Christmas Entertainment, under the spirited management of the Rev. Mr. Ryan, P.P.

Tumblers have hitherto practised their art in a neuter sense; but neutrality has always been found ill-adapted to the native enthusiasm of the "finest pisantry" in the world, and the members of the corps, which now forms the centre of general attraction, are remarkable for the *active* manner in which they "tumble their landlords."

This novelty, which has already proved "startling" to more than one Irish landholder and agent is, we understand, to be reproduced at appropriate intervals after Christmas. *Headers*, it is said, have been quite discarded in favour of *revolvers*, and the degree of perfection to which they have brought their *practice* is apparently considered by some to be highly creditable to the performers. Mr. Ryan, as the letters at the end of his name show, is a man of *peace*, but he does not find it inconsistent with this character to give the *cue* of assassination to a band of excited and fanatical admirers. The rumour that Mr. Gladstone has raised him to the Peerage is, we believe, premature.

There is also no truth in the report that Mr. Moore, M.P., and The O'Donoghue have joined the troupe of Irish Tumblers. We understand, however, that they were at one time in training for a private performance at tumbling one another, but this match is stated on reliable authority to be since off.

BREATHING TIME.

THE *New York Tribune*, in a recent article on the Alabama claims, complains that Mr. Motley has yet taken no steps towards a settlement of the question. "While for a time we are glad to be relieved," says the paper, "from the jangle and the noise, and the anger and recrimination, we have reason to believe that the administration has not by any means lost sight of the question, or of the necessity for its settlement. It will take some time to mature the plans and bring them to a consummation, but there is at least a probability that before the close of President Grant's term the Alabama claims will be settled in a manner satisfactory to the American people."

If the *New York Tribune* fairly represents the views of our American cousins on the subject, they are certainly in no hurry to wind the matter up. To speak complacently of the possibility of a settlement being arrived at in the course of the next four or

five years shows at least that there is no very keen feeling with reference to the Alabama claims on the other side of the Atlantic. So much the better, for we confidently believe that the less the pressure that is put upon us by the United States representative at the Court of St. James's the more is the likelihood of our acting in a spirit of generous concession. Certainly the New York press appears to be doing its best to make the way of conciliation easy, and it will indeed be a pity if the blundering of diplomats destroys the good influence it exercises towards a satisfactory termination of a very irksome and trouble-giving squabble.

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER III.—IN WHICH THE MORTALS ENTER ON THE DUTIES AND PLEASURES OF OMNIPOTENCE.

IT was a week after the events narrated in our last chapter.

All the Gods and Goddesses had taken their leave of Olympus.

The Heaven and Earth Reform Association (Limited) had taken possession on behalf of the world of mortals.

They tried to persuade some of the Immortals to stay and keep them company, at least, for a little; but in vain. They were inexorable. As for Venus, she declared that she would rather go and spend a year with the Furies, than stay to be deluged with clumsy compliments from that vulgar brute, Priggins.

"The Provisional Committee for Governing Heaven and Earth" was constituted at once, and met to transact business, for the first time, on the day on which out present chapter opens.

It was constituted as follows:—

President (late JOVE) . .	MARCUS ANTONIUS SMITH.
Weather Department (late APOLLO)	PLUVIUS JOHNSON.
War Department (late MARS)	CATO BROWN.
Marine Department (late NEPTUNE)	CURTIUS COX.
Medical Department (late ÆSCULAPIUS) . . .	DECIMUS BRUTUS POTTS.
Education Department (late MINERVA)	SEPTIMUS SEVERUS PRIGGINS.
Post-Office (late MERCURY) .	MR. PUBLIUS PRYOR.
Woman's Rights Department (late JUNO)	MONACUS MILL.
Agricultural Department (late CERES)	VIRGINIUS DIBBS.
Public House and Licensed Victuallers' Department (late BACCHUS) . . .	TULLIUS WIGGINS.

The first thing to do was to read the petitions presented since the abdication of Jupiter.

This was a formidable task. We select the following from some ten thousand million that had reached Olympus from the agitated members of the World of Mortals:—

(1)	*A Petition*	for no more rain.	(From a man who had lost his umbrella.)
(2)	„	for no more sun.	(From a gentleman interested in turnips.)
(3)	„	for lots of snow.	(From two hundred and fifty-six schoolboys.)
(4)	„	for ripe peaches all the year round, to be given only to the petitioners.	(From four fruiterers of Covent Garden.)
(5)	„	demanding ten thousand a year and a house in town.	(From 34,789,326,423 young married couples.)
(6)	„	begging the gift of light hair and blue eyes.	(From 396,423,210,002 dark-haired young ladies with brown eyes.)
(7)	„	entreating the favour of black hair and brown eyes.	(From 423,396,212,001 light-haired young ladies with blue eyes.)
(8)	*A Petition*	demanding a double-barrelled gun (complete).	(From 2 boys aged 12 and 10 respectively.)
(9)	„	requesting the appointment of President of the Provisional Committee.	(From 5,000,006 ex-politicians.)
(10)	„	for a new digestive apparatus (complete, warranted durable).	(From 36,802 epicures.)
(11)	„	for leave to burn six bishops of any Christian Church (not particular which).	(From 103 dissenting ministers.)
(12)	„	for leave to burn all dissenters.	(From 10,836,048 orthodox Christians.)
(13)	„	for free permission to kiss the Prince of Wales.	(From 927,084 virgins, chiefly of Clapham and Islington.)
(14)	„	for the privilege of seeing her Majesty Queen Victoria eat her dinner.	(From 396,423,348,021 householders of Great Britain.)
(15)	„	asking for the gold in the Bank of England.	(From 35 retired burglars.
(16)	„	for a clear conscience (colours warranted fast).	(From 25 ex-Cabinet ministers.)
(17)	„	for Dr. Ellis's heart and liver, on a silver waiter.	(From the Guardians of St. Pancras.)
(18)	„	for leave to blow up the world.	(From Dr. Cumming.)
(19)	„	for perpetual exemption from being translated or adapted.	(From 56 French dramatists.)
(20)	„	for the sole management of the Thunder and Lightning department.	(From the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.)

The above is a very fair selection; from which it will be seen that individual advancement was more sought after than the general welfare.

"Dear me!" said the President, after the petitions had been read,—"I wish all the petitions were in——"

"Take care, Sir," remarked Pryor; "remember you are omnipotent."

"So I am; then I shall stop all petitions for the future."

"Then you'll be deposed."

"I should like to see them do it—depose me, indeed! Arn't I the almighty President?"

"But you forget, Smith——"

"Don't call me Smith!"

Priggins—for it was that distinguished mortal—corrected himself.

"I mean, Mr. President. I was going to observe that the Sovereign People——"

"D—n the Sovereign People!" roared the infuriated President.

"I rise to order," said the majestic Potts.

"I order you to sit down," said the President.

There was a little laugh—the President took advantage of it.

"I don't want to lose my temper; but I ask you, my honourable colleagues, whether this sort of thing is to be endured?" and he pointed to the mass of petitions that lay piled on the floor of the house.

"But we must do something, Mr. President," Wiggins observed, and he tried to look very wise.

"Perhaps the right honourable gentleman will tell us what that 'something' is."

"Well," said Pryor, "it has always struck me as it was a very inconvenient thing, the sun rising and setting at such different times. I like my servants to get up at sunrise, and go to bed at sunset. Suppose as the right honourable gentleman in the chair

was to issue a command as the sun should always rise at six o'clock, and set at ten in the evening; it would save a deal of trouble, and candles too."

"Hear, hear," from all the Committee.

"Capital notion," said the President. "Make the order out, and we'll sign it."

"But how about the seasons?" asked Wiggins.

"Yes," said Brown, "we should never know summer from winter."

"Well, let it be summer all the year round—and then we shan't want fires—and there'll be no trouble to plough or sow; because all the things will grow of themselves for ever, when there ain't no cold to kill them."

"Very economical," said Brown. "I hope the agricultural interest will be satisfied now."

"I hope they will," muttered Dibbs ruefully. But he did not believe they would; for every one knows the agricultural interest is not easy to satisfy.

"And as to this lot of rubbish," continued the President, pointing to his petitions, "let them lie where they are, on the floor of the house, and tell the people, Pryor, if they call, that their requests are under consideration."

So the first meeting of the Provisional Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association for Governing the World on Advanced Liberal Principles came to a conclusion.

"SHIED BY A HORSE!"

BY A——R A'B——T.

(BEING THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "BRITANNIA."*)

Chapter I.—Coming Throes of Endless Woe!

IT doesn't matter exactly who I am. You may be sure I am something above a Knight—by my haughtiness, and by the fact that I am writing my memoirs for a shilling magazine. Yes, I was a Baronet in early youth, and now I am—ha! ha!—no matter'r!

I am keeping a lighthouse. Why? you ask. Because, I answer, it is *the* very thing a baronet would do—in a magazine! Yes, and I care not for the world, with its cruel sneers and inuendoes. I write not this for your pleasure, O reader (who *are* you?), but for my own—they pay me pence for these flashing lines—a penny and a halfpenny for a dozen words—and I live—yes, I, the lineal descendant of Sir Ralph de Pomatum, live after this indignity! But, ha!—ha!—ha! no matter'r'r!!!

I have one friend, Tom Lowman. He was my lackey—my pampered, fat-calved lackey—and now he is my——friend! Friend! Ha! ha! ha! My laugh is hollow. Make a telescope of it, and glance into the very core of my heart—yea, my heart of hearts!

"Have you heard the news, your grace, my lord Archbishop?" said Lowman—he always addressed me thus, because he had known me when I was gay, and handsome, and merry, and good, and happy, and sought after, and well, and economical, and joyous, and careless as a young spring sparrow wending his weary way through the vaults of high heaven—amid the skies—among the cloudlets!

"What news?" I replied.

He paused for a moment, passed the palm of his right hand over his throbbing temples, roared out in a kind of hoarse whisper, which seemed very near, and yet very far—

"Why, the horse show to be sure!"

To this day I can never say what forced me to exclaim,—

"'Murder will out,' said Dr. Johnson to Professor Faraday—a fact embodying all the arguments as yet adduced!"

I was mad, terribly mad, and the blood coursed through my veins like wildfire.

Lowman started, and seizing me by the hand, answered me sorrowfully—

"You will never forget her?"

"Never!"

And thus we parted—to meet again. When? Where?? Ah, where!!!!!

Chapter II.—The Dead Ghost!

I WENT to the fair. I listened to the hoarse shouts of the men and the immense shouts of the horses. It was a lively scene Booths, and shows, and theatres, and gingerbread-nuts, and booths, and whirligigs, and weighing-machines and gingerbread-nuts, and all, all, all, everyone of them to pass away! Oh vanity of vanities!

"Come and see the phantom horse, ma tear," cried an old Jew, grinning and capering like a cat-o'-nine tails, "Come, ma tears, come."

The same wild, terrible, horrible dream filled my soul with fear, and I paid the penny demanded of me.

I went in.

Oh horror, the horse was dead! And it was for this that I left my home in the lighthouse! It was for this that I listened not to the sad voice of the sea-salt (not Tidman's, but Nature's, O reader—dear Dame Nature's) waves! Ah me! ah me! What would my mother say?

My poor mother!

My poor dear mother!

I wiped away the tear and continued.

The horse fixed its dead eyes upon me and said—

Oh, anything you like, to fill up the chapter!

Chapter III.—Haunted by the Fiend!

I WAS back once more in the lighthouse.

I was ill, and cold, and uncomfortable, and uneasy, and sleepy, and wretched, and doleful, and sick at heart. I was quite, quite alone! Alone, I say, quite, *quite*, QUITE alone!!!!

I lighted the lamp in the lantern and shuddered—some dread presentiment seemed to hang like a dagger over me.

Oh, Damocles! Oh, Damocles!

By degrees I looked up, and standing before me, with outstretched hoofs and fiery mane, stood the phantom steed!

To shriek, to cut my throat, to stab myself to the heart, and to swear, was the work of a moment, and then—then, I say—I was more calm!

"You would know who I am?" demanded my unearthly guest.

I bowed my head.

"Take a chair, then. And now you shall hear my story."

(*To be concluded when we think of the rest.*)

* This is incorrect, or we should not insert it.—ED. TOM.

QUESTIONABLE CHARACTERS.

THE following announcement appeared a few days back in the morning papers *à propos* of the strike in the iron trade:—

"Most of the underhand puddlers engaged at Earl Granville's Iron Works, at Hanley, have returned to their work, and order is restored."

While we are glad to hear that the strike is at an end, we must express our surprise that a man of Lord Granville's position should have anything to do with "underhand puddlers." What can his lordship expect from a morally degraded body? A want of straightforwardness between master and servant must necessarily be fatal to the interests of both, while the employment of "puddlers" need never be necessary when ordinary working hands are plentiful in the labour market. Let Lord Granville replace his "underhand puddlers" by above-board artizans, and we shall hear no more of strikes and disorder. At least, so we take it.

ANSWER TO DOUBLE ACROSTIC IN OUR LAST.

P	ythones	S
Y	ok	E
R	ove	R
A	l	P
M	yrtl	E
I	n	N
D	eb	T

ANSWERS have been received from Charles' Nose, Eiram, Ruby's Ghost, Jean's je ne sais pas, Striblets, Henry Cherry, Samuel E. Thomas, Slodger and Tiney, and Thray Bang, and eighty-nine incorrect.

ERRATUM.—In the lines on George Peabody in our last (page 241), 11th line from bottom of second column, for "*from* above," read "*borne* above."

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 136.] *LONDON, DECEMBER* 11, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

DOWN WITH THE UNION.

TREASON is rampant in Ireland. Sedition and assassination have it all their own way. Ireland has a fresh grievance if she wants one; she can complain now not so much of mis-government as of non-government. Public meetings are held every-day, where rebellion and assassination are openly advocated. Newspapers are sold largely which are entirely devoted to the same principles. It becomes a question now for the taxpayers of England to consider—who have over and over again been burdened with contributions for the sake of Ireland—whether it is worth while to retain the nominal possession of a country which we either cannot, or dare not govern.

The cautious cut-throats and sordid scribblers of sedition who are allowed by the impotent cowardice of the Government and the loyal Irish to usurp the right of representing the national feeling of Ireland, clamour to be freed from the yoke of the invader, to be rid of the "bloody" Saxon. Bloody the Saxons certainly are, but it is with their own blood shed by cowardly assassins that they are stained; they are not, as they should be, red with the blood wrung by the lash from the backs of the howling scoundrels who infest Ireland. If the request (so politely urged) of these "patriots" were granted, if all the Saxons were to leave the Irish to govern themselves, and divide the land among themselves, the worst enemies of the Emerald Isle could wish them no more terrible fate. It may well be questioned whether, except in the most repulsive period of the French Revolution, such a collection of degraded brutes and bloodthirsty blackguards was ever got together, than the band of creatures who support O'Donovan Rossa, felon, and M.P. for Tipperary. The Irish know well enough that to be governed by these men renders slavery the most abject and the most loathsome, because it would imply subjection to the lowest form of humanity. Except oratorical power which manifests itself in shameless lying, and courage which manifests itself in committing treacherous crimes when there is no danger of being punished for them—it is difficult to say what qualities these patriots possess which can excite admiration, even in an Irishman. Talent they have none; self-devotion they are gloriously ignorant of; statesmanship it would be an insult to suspect them of; benevolence or generosity they would indignantly disclaim; they are certainly heroes, to worship whom one must be very hard up for an idol. There are no snakes in Ireland, but we daresay there are a good many vermin, to say nothing of respectable brute-beasts, that one could feel less disgust and contempt for than for these *things*. Let them only govern the Irish, and all the sufferings then ever endured under the galling yoke of bloodthirsty England will be Heaven to what they will have to endure then. But to this result blundering, incapacity, and vigorous do-nothingness are rapidly leading us. The choice will be limited soon to a murderous war with the most despicable foes, or a clumsy concession of self-government to Ireland. If we persist in allowing murder and treason to go unchecked much longer, it will not be a few noisy, sordid braggards whom we shall have to put down, but half a nation, led on, in the blindness of their ignorance, and the degradation of their superstition, to acts of rebellion, which either must succeed, or must be rigorously punished. It is not a pleasant prospect, at least for Ireland. We have not the slightest doubt that the obliteration of Ireland from the British Empire would add to our power, as it certainly would add to our honour and to our happiness; but for the unfortunate land of patriots and potatoes, it would be a calamity terrible to contemplate. For let the fools who listen to these seditious rascals, understand this. If England does break with Ireland, it will be for ever. No apologies, however ample—no entreaties, however humble—no repentance, however bitter, will avail after that. The union once dissolved, it is dissolved for ever; the divorce will be complete; no alimony, no compensation will be allowed to the degraded wife. Let her drag herself starving and in rags to John Bull's door: that door is closed against her for ever; and, what she will feel more severely, his pockets are impregnable henceforth to her prayers or her threats.

It is because we fear that the long-suffering of England may not be proof against the constant provocation which she receives from these mongrel Yankees, who profess to represent the national feeling of Ireland, that we warn those whose interest or affection bind them to that country, of the danger which their timidity and apathy are fostering. It is no use for any resident in Ireland, be he Celt or Saxon, to profess a passive loyalty at this time. Every one who has any respect for the law, who desires to save Ireland from being torn to pieces by a pack of howling wolves, must consider himself a soldier on active duty. The more sincerely convinced he may be that there are still many reforms needed in Ireland, the more imperative it is that he should aid the Government with the utmost watchfulness and energy. If the respectable farmers of Ireland could only summon up the courage to act together, and to act decidedly, agrarian murders would soon be put an end to. No man, whatever his political prejudices or antipathies, can possibly respect himself, while he allows himself to be the slave of such

a degraded terrorism as these cowardly assassins have hitherto successfully exercised. It is not sufficient, we repeat, to be passively loyal or honest; it is not sufficient even to express openly abhorrence of Fenianism and agrarian crime; it is only by concerted action of the most vigorous kind that the law can be vindicated. It is not possible for the executive to bring these murderers and incendiaries to justice, without the aid of the more respectable portion of the community, except at the cost of many innocent persons; and the cowardly scoundrels, who direct those secret societies, know this. They know well enough that in any other country, and under any other government, the gaols would now be crowded with persons arrested on suspicion, or for previous complicity in murder. They know that under many other governments, in Poland, for instance,—under the genial sway of America's pet ally Russia,—the blood of the people would be flowing like water, were one hundredth part of the crime and treason to exist there that now flaunts itself before the public eye in Ireland. We have heard quite enough about Saxon tyranny, &c., &c.; it is time to put an end to all this lying, and braggadocio, and treachery, and violence; they are becoming mischievous, not to their professors and practisers, but to innocent industrious men, whose peace and prosperity are of some moment to this country. These vile vermin may begin to believe, as much as they can believe anything, that England fears them. It is because she does not fear them that she lets them alone. But this contemptuous treatment may inspire them with courage—if that is possible. They are not likely ever to face soldiers' muskets or cannon. Open warfare is not in their way, but they may take to thieving, and arson, and assassination on a still larger scale. We say again, therefore, let all the honest and true men in Ireland, of whatever party or creed, exterminate these abominations. There is no need to hang or to shoot them. A sound flogging would make them loyal to-morrow. They would not brave such a punishment twice. If the people of Ireland are determined to submit to the tyranny of these creatures, they must. We have warned them of the possible consequences: we have warned them that from wearied and disgusted England may come the cry to sever all ties between us and Ireland; that we may leave that country to the miserable fate which self-government implies, and for ever, in the positive assurance that, let who will conquer it, it will ever be a source of weakness and shame, not of strength and glory.

HONOURABLE THIEVES.

Mr. Wilkie Collins' new novel, "Man and Wife," is to be translated into Dutch, and, what is more, Mr. Wilkie Collins is to be paid for the use made of his work. At least, so it appears from a letter addressed to one of our contemporaries last week, in which the novelist boasts that he has brought the Dutch publishers, who threatened to print "Man and Wife" without remunerating him, to their senses as to how foreign authors should be treated and dealt with. In this, the last letter of a not uninteresting correspondence, Mr. Collins retracts his severe strictures on the morality of the proprietors of the *Stiver* magazine, and proclaims to the world that they are no longer the thieves and robbers which, at first sight, he took them to be.

For our part, without entering into the vexed question of the laws of international copyright and the rights and wrongs of British authors, we are inclined to think that Messrs. Belinfante Brothers, of the Hague, have at no time appeared to disadvantage in the discussion now, we presume, concluded; and that their final decision, "to pay and have done with it," is a course of moderation and generosity which, after Mr. Collins's sharp attack upon them, that gentleman could scarcely have expected. However, if he has done his Dutch publishers an injustice, he now frankly owns it.

A POINT OF DETAIL.

Good Christians are already quarrelling over the particular form of religion which Mr. Peabody professed, and the Congregationalists, so far as the controversy has at present gone, seem to have got the best of it. "Take my word for it," writes Mr. Charles Reed, one of the executors, in a letter to an Independent minister, "Our late departed friend was a Congregationalist of our own order. I closed his eyes in death."

Would it not appear to be the more decent course here to let the matter rest? What Mr. Peabody was we all know well, and these bickerings of ministers of religion over his coffin can neither add to, nor detract from, the respect which the good man's name must ever command in the civilized world. Let us assume that Mr. Peabody held his own opinions, and stood aloof from all sects and parties. Not impossibly this may have been so, for his practice of religion had little enough in common with the Christianity of the nineteenth century in any of its many phases. We are generally ready enough to condemn the custom, not uncommon just now, of men giving men's names to the schisms they have been principally instrumental in effecting; but there are exceptions to every rule, and we would welcome the institution of "Peabodyism" as a new form of Christianity with heartfelt satisfaction.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The threat of the Sultan to deprive the Viceroy of the title of "Khedive" appears to us, in our matter-of-fact little island, something of a petty and pointless measure: but from what the Turkish and Egyptian papers say about the matter, it seems to be seriously considered in the East. If the *Gazette* were to announce that Mr. Gladstone was no longer to be officially alluded to as "the Premier," but simply as the "First Lord of the Treasury," we doubt very much if the right honourable gentleman would be very seriously affected thereby; but the Viceroy is evidently more sensitive, and he hangs on to his newly-adopted title with even more tenacity than he uses to retain the right of borrowing money, raising armies, or building ships. His Highness has certainly shown no lack of common sense in his proceedings since his accession to power; and it is a pity if his intelligent appreciation of what is important and what is not goes astray on a point so immaterial as this. It would be a good thing if the Viceroy's friends would advise him to adopt the argument of the coalheaver, who allowed himself to be beaten by his wife on the grounds that it pleased her and it did not hurt him. Surely, the patron and promoter of the Suez Canal has a stronger claim on the goodwill and respect of civilised nations than that contained in the title, "Khedive," which means very little if it means anything at all, and which adds not a jot to His Highness's influence and dignity.

ASSES IN TIGERS' SKINS.

The parish of St. Pancras certainly intends to leave its mark on the parochial history of the nineteenth century. A meeting of the ratepayers was held last week at the Crown Tavern to take into consideration the present unsatisfactory state of the parish, and to pass resolutions of want of confidence in the Guardians, and of censure on their conduct; but, strange to say, instead of the discussion leading up to any such conclusion, it was unanimously agreed that the abuses arose entirely from the apathy of the ratepayers. This act of self-condemnation on the part of the parishioners was certainly as ill-deserved as it was unnecessary. The Guardians are only too ready to throw the responsibility of their proceedings on other people's shoulders; and if the whole body of parishioners is ready to accept it, it is difficult to see of what good Government interference can be. Let us hope that the Poor-law Board will take a more common-sense view of the matter, and bring the sin home to those people who can be got at. It is all very well for a parcel of maudling taxpayers to meet together and to cry "Peccavi" over the enormities practised by their nominees and representatives; but the Government cannot allow any such weak twaddle to stand in its way. St. Pancras Workhouse is a disgrace to civilization and humanity, and, if it be possible to cleanse this Augæan stable, the refuse should be thrown unflinchingly to the dogs.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND ITS INFLUENCE ON THE BRITISH DRAMA.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Cairo, December 1, 1869.

THOSE of your readers who carefully studied my last communication will, I am sure, have fully realised the critical position in which I was placed at the hour of its despatch. To have exhausted one's last bottle of champagne on the back of a camel, who is *hard in the mouth*, and *has sat down* in the very midst of the desert, thousands upon thousands of miles away from home, is a serious matter indeed. In fact, I shall never be sufficiently thankful, that after a roll or two with Spagmore in the stirrups, the wonderful instinct of the brute triumphed over all our inducements to urge him forward, and led him back to Port Saïd at a brisk canter. Yes,—you will scarcely believe it—he took us safely into the place at 1 a.m. the next morning, and not only went through his stable door himself, which was extremely low, without waiting for us to get off, but threw himself suddenly into a pool of water on his back (Spagmore *still* being in the stirrups), and seemed to relish the ablution as if he had been a hot human being. However, as very important circumstances arose from this plunge, I will furnish you with my notes taken at the very moment of its occurrence.

November 29, 2 *a.m.*

Spagmore out at last, after great trouble. I told him he should never trust himself on a strange creature's back in water. He is very much annoyed at my manner, and says he would rather walk to Pekin *and back* on foot than come to Egypt again. I think I would too. He adds, that the "worst isn't over," and that if I only just wait I shall see that we shall have a precious long bill with the proprietor of the camel for nothing. I am to fetch him and settle. Spagmore says if we can settle *before* it is quite light, he might not notice that the beast is wet and has lost one stirrup and a headdress of walking-sticks and red wool. I do not know where the proprietor sleeps. Spagmore says, "On the top of the house, of course, like all Turks." I point out that he may not be a Turk, but a Nubian. Spagmore says it is all the same, and that if I mean *to refuse to climb up outside the house and look in to the top I had better say so at once.* I tell him I do *not mind climbing* up outside the house, but I know it will be useless, as I do not think *there is* a top to it, and that, as far as I can remember the arrangements of the Turkish building at the Paris Exhibition, I am sure the Turks do *not* sleep outside the house, but inside, on little squares of Kidderminster carpet, in full dress, behind the lattices. Spagmore says if I am certain of that he will *throw a brick through* one of them at once, and——.

2.30 *a.m.*

Have been twenty minutes trying to quiet the camel, who has been shivering and singing in alto. It is no use, he won't be quiet. Spagmore says, "Let him go on, he'll wake up somebody." Spagmore is right. He *has* stirred up the proprietor, who has suddenly appeared at the other end of the yard. He does not sleep on the top of the house, or behind the lattices, but in the dusthole. I explain to him in French that there are seventeen hours and a half at threepence an hour, and that, as we are a little late, we do not mind making five and sixpence of it. He does not reply, but feels the camel's tail. Spagmore says I had better mention the stirrup and walking-sticks at once, which I do; but the proprietor seems to hear nothing, and seems to be sounding all down the brute's legs with a tuning fork. Spagmore is sure there is something wrong, and says, now he comes to think of it, he is afraid the camel took his second roll *over the champagne bottles.* I thought so. The proprietor is white with anger, and is gradually working himself up for a row.

5.45 *a.m.*

We have an *awful* row. Nothing will appease the proprietor. He has shaken his fingers twenty-seven times in Spagmore's face, and, I think, made use of some very dreadful language in the Upper Coptic, or Khooineeh dialect. We have both told him to shut up, and say what he wants.

7 *a.m.*

He is still at it. Spagmore says it is an oath, and that we had better let him have it out, but that it is a great pity we did not fetch an interpreter at once, as he may have to repeat it all again when we do get one.

8 *a.m.*

Several interpreters have come. Translation has been effected at last. It seems we have done for the camel, and that the proprietor says "it is no use to *him* now." He wants twenty-seven pounds down, and the saddle at a valuation. We laugh at the bare idea, and Spagmore has facetiously offered him a bill at three months. Nasty crowd getting up. Proprietor has again begun another oath in Upper Coptic. Spagmore says we had better walk quietly away.

8.30 *a m.*

No use. The crowd, the proprietor, and the camel have followed us. There is no doubt about the matter—we shall have to *buy* the brute. Spagmore says that we might, if *forced* to purchase it, get a good figure for it at the Zoological Gardens, and that after all he does not think it will be half bad fun to bring a real live camel the whole way to London. We have told the proprietor that we "half see it," and are going to talk it over at breakfast. Spagmore says he has an idea—a "regular wrinkle."

10 *a.m.*

Everything signed and sealed, and we have drunk success to it in *Chambertin.* Spagmore's "*wrinkle*" is first-rate. I wonder neither of us thought of it ages ago. We are to make the camel the foundation for a great *Egyptian and Oriental Circus Company.* It is to be packed off *to-night* to Southampton direct. We are to engage at once a whole troupe, beasts and all. Spagmore is to take charge of the troupe, and leave by the next Marseilles packet. I am to follow on Tuesday next with the beasts. Spagmore says it will be a great go. I have not a doubt of it.

1 *p.m.*

Have had slight disagreeables over the details, but have finally settled on securing the following, with as little delay as possible:—

Another camel (to play *écarté* with the one we have).
Two elephants.
A man for them to step over and lunch with.
A hyæna (to spell our names, if we can possibly manage it).
A cage, for ditto.
A sheik, and his family (for drawing-room entertainment).
A bedouin (to eat champagne glasses).
An African tiger.
An African lion.
A dancing dervish, who will not object to taking charge of the beasts, swallowing carving knives, and making himself generally useful.
An Egyptian gentleman to play English parts.
A boa constrictor.
A portmanteau, for carriage of ditto.
A few Turks, for general utility purposes.
A dozen Arab horses, and
One crocodile, for a comic scene with the clown.

The only serious unpleasantness we had was over the hyæna. I told Spagmore I had *never* seen a "learned" *hyæna.* He insists the thing can be done, and that it would be a great feature. He says we can begin with words of one syllable and tripe letters, and have the capitals and full stops of liver.

I confess I foresee serious inconvenience in the training, but have given in on Spagmore undertaking to hand the brute over exclusively to the Sheik and family. I also objected strongly to the Egyptian gentleman who is eventually to come out as a Star and play Othello. Spagmore says, *until he has got the language perfect*, we can let him dance Sir Roger de Coverley with the Elephants, or send him in for a short scene with a red-hot poker, or let him undertake some trifling extra business of this sort, and then, when he *has* got the thing at his fingers' ends, we can try him at the Oxford in a negro song, and then let him open in Othello at Greenwich the following week.

5, *p.m.*

I am off to see about a hyæna. I have met the Contractor, who says he thinks he can introduce me to a party who knows a party who would let me have one on reasonable terms. More in my next.

"HAIRS YOU WERE!"—A new Club has been started in the Poultry—"The Oxford and Cambridge Toilet Club." Although the hairs will be plentiful and the scent strong, no hunting will be permitted in the establishment this season.

LONDON, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

THE WEEK.

WE believe that after the next Reform Bill the Chamber of Horrors, at Madame Tussaud's, will return a member. None but Irish need apply.

THE *Times*, it is said, will be shortly sold for a penny to the British public. This is returning the compliment—how often has the British public been sold by the *Times* for a price quite as *Lowe?*

WE understand that the War Office is about to abolish the use of the aspirate among the Volunteer Officers, for the purpose of obtaining greater uniformity. At present about two-thirds of the number invariably omit it in their conversation. This is as it should be!

NOBODY can be found, naturally enough, to touch the Spanish Crown. Why does not the Provisional Government raise their bid by two-and-sixpence, and boldly make three half-crowns of it? Perhaps then a Harrow boy might think the matter over.

A SLIGHT mistake has been made by Mr. Palgrave Simpson in the construction of his new piece at the Lyceum. As the hero is played by Mr. Allerton, he should die early in the first scene of the first act, instead of late in the last scene of the last act. Could not this still be managed?

SO disgusted has the Sultan grown with the Khedive and all his undertakings, that he has recently more than once alluded to the late brilliant assemblage of notabilities at Port Saïd as the Suez *Canaille!* This is the first joke that has ever been made by a Sultan of Turkey, and it has created much amusement in Asia Minor.

THE Emperor has announced his determination to preserve order in France. One cannot help being reminded of the policy of theatrical managers, who, when they find a real success impossible, try to create a false one by means of orders. The parallel holds still further, since, in both cases, it may be found advisable to fall back on the legitimate drama.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* is going to retrace its steps on and after the 1st January, 1870. It is to be a Daily Paper, price twopence. The erratic course of this journal suggests the reflection, that if there are a number of literary stars on the staff, they must be tied to the tail of a comet. However, we wish the new daily—price twopence—success. It will be very hard if the proprietors don't manage to make some money out of so much change.

WE are sorry to see that some of the priests in Ireland are lending their voices and influence to the band of seditious rascals known as Fenians. Putting aside the immorality of such conduct, on religious grounds alone it appears most infamous. These worthless marauders and assassins are the bitterest enemies of the Church, and the highest authorities among the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have repeatedly denounced them as mischievous villains. We hope that very strong measures will be taken by the authorities to repress what is a degradation of the priesthood, and an insult to the Christian religion.

A VERY ill-natured paragraph appeared in the pages of a contemporary the other day, implying that Calcraft was too old to exercise the small privileges that fall to him now in the way of flogging. If this estimable man is really getting old and feeble, why does not Mr. Gladstone give him a pension and a baronetage? Surely, he is as fairly entitled to the honour as the bearers of some recently-created titles. It is hard that the Home Office should take away his employment, and give him no compensation. We feel sure a Government so lavish of rewards to faithful servants will adopt our suggestion, in which case we hope Sir William Calcraft, Bart., will allow us also to suggest for a crest a running noose with the motto underneath *Voca dolum*, "Callcraft."

QUITE A LOAN.

ANOTHER Turkish Loan! This time the amount is twelve millions, issued at 54, and bearing interest at 6 per cent., "the whole being secured," states the prospectus, "by sixty millions of unhypothecated revenue, chiefly Anatolian." Of course, the security is ample, as the fact that the money is to be borrowed at something between 10 and 12 per cent. sufficiently proves. But why does not the Turkish Government, if it needs assistance, employ assurance offices who just now are only too happy to lend money at 5 per cent. on approved security, and on the borrower ensuring his life? Is it that Turkey cannot find a couple of friends to go bail, or that the sick man is unable to pass the medical examination? However, we suppose that "the unhypothecated revenues, chiefly Anatolian," will suffice to provide for present necessities.

A BAD BEGINNING.

THE scheme for the International Exhibition of 1871 must be as yet very much in its infancy. Notwithstanding that it is announced that the work of the erection has been commenced, what the building—indeed, *where* the building is to be, is as yet a mystery. Although we presume that the vacant space south of the Horticultural Gardens is the spot chosen, there are as yet no signs of activity on the barren space which disgraces the "improving neighbourhood" of South Kensington, while in the Gardens themselves the greatest confusion exists, the colonnades having been pulled down in a very remorseless and irregular manner. No doubt, if we were in possession of the plans of the new building, we should see no reason to cavil at what is taking place, but, as things stand, they look anything but promising. First, there is the untidy site of the old Exhibition in an untouched condition; next come the Horticultural Gardens, temporarily, we suppose, pulled to pieces; after this a hideous edifice, which we take to be the much-talked-of Theatre of the Arts and Sciences; and then the whole is backed by the somewhat gimcracky Albert Memorial. No doubt the plan, when concluded, will be grand and complete enough; but for the next year or so the land of the Royal Commissioners of 1851, at South Kensington, is evidently doomed to be a disgrace to the West End. In France the whole thing would be finished in six months, or, in America, in six weeks; but we Englishmen are prone to take our time, and if we find South Kensington in order in six years, we suppose we must flatter ourselves we are energetic, and think ourselves lucky.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.—We hear on most reliable authority, that up to the time of going to press, neither Mr. Solomon Beyfus or Mr. Julius Calisher had accepted the peerage reported to have been offered them.

PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

THE IRISH FOOL;

OR,

THE IRISH FOOL;

OR,

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

"THE SIREN!"

[NOTE.—Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who has "freely translated" the *Dalila* of M. Octave Feuillet, frankly avows that his new piece is adapted from a novel. With the aid of Mr. Simpson's excellent (this is NOT satirical) play, and Mr. Allerton's splendid (this IS satirical) acting, we have attempted to give a short English version of the great French original.]

Part I.—The Cold in the Head!

IT was a very great night at the Theatre of San Carlo, Naples. A new opera, entitled *Boabdil*, by Caspar Alvano, was being produced for the first time. Caspar was a young man of rather unprepossessing appearance. If we said he was ugly we might lay ourselves open to libel, so we will not say he was ugly but — — — — ! He was very awkward, and did not know what to do with his arms, and had a way of sitting in ungraceful attitudes; but then he was a genius, and genius excuses a multitude of faults.

The auditorium of the St. Carlo was rather smaller than that of the New Royalty, but then the boxes on the grand tier were as large as the whole stage of the Lyceum.

On the evening in question two people sat in one of these gigantic boxes. The Princesse de Falconieri (a motherly female of an age demanding the respect that should be always paid to grey hair) and the Count Carnioli (a gentlemanly creature, chiefly remarkable for a very *very* false beard); and these two people were most intimate.

"Princesse," said the Count, "I am so glad you are here. I want you to listen to the tune of the Tenor's song. It is perfectly delicious—perfectly superb!"

"Oh," replied the Princesse, and she sneezed. Poor lady, she had a cold—a bad—bad cold!

By-and-bye the Tenor began his song. It was not good, in fact the Neapolitan critics on the next day described it as "commonplace and unmelodious, weak, and wretchedly sung." Yet the *claque* is mighty, and they applauded it,—applauded it so much that Caspar appeared to bow his acknowledgments.

So disgusted was the Princesse at this vanity that she actually for a moment forgot her rank and position, and flung a bouquet at the luckless composer's head! It was not ladylike, but it was natural—you would have done the same if you had been there, fair reader. But the Princesse was deservedly punished—with her bouquet she threw away her handkerchief! The Count soon discovered her loss. He at once offered his own bandana.

"No," said the Princesse, "I cannot think of such a thing. What would the world say if they saw me with your handkerchief?"

And then, poor lady, she fairly broke down, and—sneezed!

Such is life!

Part II.—Loved by a Grandmother!

IT was past midnight in the Princesse's boudoir. Her bedroom was neatly furnished. It contained a couch, a table, an organ, a garden, and a fountain. She was about to retire when a servant walked in and informed her that a gentleman (unknown) desired admittance.

"Show him up at once," she said, and then added, in an undertone, "He may have come to give me back my handkerchief. So annoying just now—I have a cold, and my other is at the wash!"

By-and-by the visitor was ushered in. It was Caspar, pale and ill, and on worse terms than ever with his unmanageable arms.

"What would you with me at this hour of the night?" she asked haughtily.

Caspar gasped, passed his hand across his brow, and tried to look like a codfish—tried, I say, and tried successfully!

"Are you ill?" murmured the Princesse, sweetly.

Caspar shook his head.

"Ah! then," she said, "pray play me a tune on the organ."

He obeyed. He sat down before the instrument, and indulged in the wildest gestures. Now his fingers were rolled over the notes with mad excitement—now his legs were dashed up and down fiercely, like a windmill. In spite of all this, the organ itself gave forth nothing more serious than a very mild hymn tune.

When he had played for an hour or so, the Princesse got slightly bored, and invited him to sit down upon a sofa.

"What do you come here for in the dead of night?" she asked sweetly.

"To give you back your handkerchief." He gasped this out, and played with his hat—played with it!—did wonderful things with it, like a third-rate—fourth-rate mountebank!

"My dear love," said the Princesse, "I have only seen you once in my life, but I doat upon you. Come with me and live a gay and guilty life. If you consent, we will order horses and elope to Florence. It's only a quarter to two, so, if we start at once, we shall be there the day after to-morrow. Come, sweet one, come."

He could say nothing; he could only gasp and play with his hat. His hands were now more in the way than ever. He felt a dreadful yearning to rush to the music stool and play another tune upon the organ. Oh! it was dreadful!

She saw his emotion, and cried out,

"You love another, I know—the mild daughter of Sartorius, the mad buffoon. Give her up, and fly with me. Do you hear? I love you!"

"Oh!" he murmured, and once more that strange look appeared upon his face—that look reminding one so strongly—O, *so* strongly—of the codfish!

"You love me!" he cried. "I, so awkward—I, so very bad!—I, who am painfully weak in all I do? I? I? I?"

"Yes," she said, and taking him by the shoulders, kissed him. He, not knowing what else to do, fainted.

It was a pretty sight. The haughty woman loved him like her husband, and looked like his—mother!

Part III.—The Mad Buffoon!

IT was the house of Sartorius, the mad buffoon. Being gay Bohemians, and foreign members of the Savage Club, he and his daughter Fides were still up, although it wanted only a quarter to three in the morning.

"Fill me up a bumper of gay gin and water," said the mad buffoon, wildly—"fill me up, I say!"

"I wonder, father, if Caspar's opera has been a success?"

"A success? Of course it has. Why, it was all robbed from me. Don't you remember that little thing of mine, beginning rum, tum, tumtitum, diddle—iddle—fol de ray?"

And he careered about the stage like a mad buffoon, as, indeed, he was.

"See," cried Fides, wildly, "do you observe that omnibus over yonder? It contains Caspar and the Princesse. They are eloping!"

She gave a terrific yell, and died.

The maniac buffoon went through a sort of gymnastic performance descriptive of grief and bad acting.

"What shall I do with her?" he said at last. "Oh! I know. I will put her in a portmanteau and take her with me to Switzerland."

No sooner said than done. In ten minutes Sartorius was careering wildly to Switzerland in a broken-down cab, drawn by two superannuated omnibus horses.

He carried the portmanteau containing the body of Fides on the roof! On the roof, I say, on the roof!

Part IV.—The Massacred Poodle!

To return to the Princesse.

After Caspar had lived some little while with Leonora, she began to tire of him. He *would* play on the organ, and *would* look like a cod-fish, and both habits gave her much annoyance. This being the case, she determined to elope with the tenor who had sung in Caspar's opera. He at anyrate couldn't be *worse* than Caspar—he might, and he most probably would, be better.

In the meanwhile the Count Carnioli returned, and warned Caspar against the Princesse, or the Siren as we may now call her,—if we like.

"You cannot marry her," he said.

"I know, I know," murmured Caspar, "a man may not marry his grand—"

"Quite so," interrupted the Count. "Give her up."

"I will," he replied weakly.

He did, but then the Siren pretended that she really loved him, and sold him by bolting with the Tenor. Sold him! You hear? Bolted! You understand?

"I must follow them—the Siren and the Tenor," cried Caspar. "And I will take with me as luggage this tooth-brush and these horse-pistols."

He did so, and caught them up, the guilty pair, the Siren and the Tenor, in an old ruin, illuminated with a strange weird light, that was not moon-light, nor sun-light, nor candle-light.

As he stood waiting, he heard the noise of hard breathing—it was the puffing of two superannuated omnibus horses drawing with difficulty an aged cab.

In a moment he was at the door of the vehicle, and ready to shoot through the box.

The mad buffoon put his head out of the window.

"I am going to Switzerland with my dead daughter," he said, and pointed to the weird portmanteau on the roof.

Caspar was so unequal to the occasion that he could do nothing else but die, which he did.

And where was the Princesse all this while, all this while at the dead of night? At the time of the young man's death?

Why seated in a ball dress in a gondola. Who was in the gondola? Why, a very mild man in a black chimney-pot hat—it was her lover; a rough man in an overcoat—it was the boatman. And what were they doing?

Why, the lover (in the bows) was shivering!

The boatman (in the middle) was sniggering!!

And the Princesse (in the starn) was playing a tune upon the gay guitar!!!

THE END.

CHEAP, AND VERY NASTY.

THE "Penny Dinner" fever has once more seized the London public, and the papers are replete with descriptions of the mode in which Australian meat is packed for the English market, and dissertations on the boon it must ultimately prove to the working classes of the metropolis; but if we may judge from the description given by the *Times'* reporter of the banquet at the Lambeth Baths, to which eighteen hundred working men were invited, it would seem to be more, far more likely, that the guests then and there made up their minds in future to live on herrings and potatoes, or other articles of food within their means, rather than invest 4½d. a pound in Australian mutton, its nutritious properties notwithstanding. The *Times* honestly remarks—

"The best that can be said for the meat at last evening's dinner is that it was wholesome; for, whether in a mince or a stew, it certainly was not particularly palatable. The sausages served with hot potatoes were something like the German sausage, though scarcely so eatable; but the criticism of some of the company on the meat rolls was that they tasted much better when the meat was taken out. The stew, as a whole, was not bad, but 'the minced meat and rice' was an execrable dish. There were large pieces of prepared meat uncooked on a sideboard, but nothing approaching to the size of a mutton chop was laid before the guests. In fact, the Australian meat must be 'finely minced' before being cooked, and when being cooked it must be allowed to 'stew very gently, and be well stirred occasionally.'"

Notwithstanding that after-dinner resolutions were passed in favour of promoting the consumption of Australian meat in England, we cannot believe that the good Lords and gentlemen who got up the demonstration, any more than the eighteen hundred guests, are likely to give any practical support to the movement; but, nevertheless, if a Limited Liability Company were to take upon itself the benevolent task of feeding the hungry (at a cheap rate), it would surely deserve to succeed.

GHASTLY GAIETY.

Is Ramsgate becoming fashionable in its old age? It seems to have gone so far already as to start a "Winter Season," for a ball is announced to take place at the Granville Hotel one day this week, which, to judge from the sensation it is occasioning in the shape of small paragraphs in odd corners of the newspapers, is meant to be quite an event. As if the visitors to Ramsgate at the present season were not sufficiently numerous of themselves to fill the ball-room, the announcements above referred to state that "Special arrangements have been made for the conveyance of visitors to and from London." Ramsgate is certainly confident in its attractiveness. Imagine going this weather (or any weather, if it comes to that) to a ball at a seaside town (Ramsgate, least of all), travelling eighty miles by train to get there, and coming back by a "special" at three o'clock in the morning! If the ball at the Granville Hotel does answer the expectations of its promoters, it will, indeed, be a gay and festive scene—with a vengeance.

REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER IV.—IN WHICH THINGS DO NOT GO ON AS SMOOTHLY AS COULD BE WISHED.

SOME six months had passed away, and the government of the world had undergone some wonderful improvements at the hands of the Provisional Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association.

By the way, we ought to drop the epithet "Provisional," for the Committee had now become permanent, at least, for a year.

Olympus had been changed very much for the better. There were plenty of public-houses there now, at which the members of the various deputations, that were constantly travelling to and fro by the Aërial Navigation Company's cars, could refresh themselves. The tobacco and coal smoke together were rapidly making the atmosphere less painfully pure; and the oppressive blueness of the sky was being toned down.

It was always beautiful weather now on earth, owing to the admirable reform in the Sun's conduct, carried into effect at the suggestion of Publius Pryor. The only fault was that the constant summer days became a little monotonous: in fact, a slight modification had to be introduced, for, as there was no rain, water became scarce. As an external application, this useful fluid was not much missed; but as beer must be made with water, its value was tardily recognized. So it was resolved to have rain on one day in every week; the difficulty was to decide which day it should be. Against every one that was proposed some objection was found. First, Monday was tried; but then the working classes remonstrated strongly. Saturday, of course, was out of the question. On all the other days something was going on somewhere which stood in the way. So, in order to please all parties, it was arranged that it should always rain between three and seven o'clock every Sunday morning, and during church time. To this arrangement nobody could object.

But still, when three months or so had passed by, owners of land and farmers, in short, the agricultural interest, began to reflect that if there were no seasons there would be no crops. Upon this discovery the agricultural interest took to agitation. However, as they were in a minority, and as there was still plenty of beer and gin, and bread and cheese, their agitation was utterly disregarded.

Things had been made pleasant in many other ways. All taxes had been abolished; and no debts were recoverable at law; so that at first sight it would seem easy enough to live. But difficulties presented themselves even here; for the public officials and the army, having no pay, took to taking what they could get, a process which led to several disputes. Tradesmen, too, in the most unaccountable way, refused to give any credit. The police, too, refused to act, as there were no funds wherewith to pay them; and, consequently, crimes of robbery and violence became more common even than they were before.

But the most brilliant innovation introduced was the work of that original genius, Decimus Brutus Potts. It occurred to him that if men and women could take themselves to pieces, they might be able to discover internal complaints before they became dangerous. For instance, a man might clean his stomach, or wash his brains with cold water, or bathe his heart in salt water, or touch up his liver. So the mandate was issued, and the human frame became disjointable at the option of its possessor.

The result was rather alarming. Two days after this power was given, the up-trains for Olympus were loaded with a collection of human beings in the most strange state of distortion.

But we must reserve details for the next chapter.

HE WOULD AND HE WOODIN.—That very old favourite of the public, Mr. Woodin, has returned to London with his carpet bag. He is as amusing as of yore, and delights thousands by his clever impersonations and not less clever songs. To be guilty of a mild joke,—he has been "bagging" it quite long enough in the provinces; it was high time that he should return to town to take a *haul!* He has,—the Egyptian!

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur a'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 137.] *LONDON, DECEMBER* 18, 1869. [Price Twopence.

THE MONSTROUS LEGACY.

AN OLD LEGEND IN A NEW FORM.

MANY many years ago there lived a wicked, violent man, who was called Malurex; and he left his own land to settle in the land of Smaragdus; and he took with him his sons, and his servants, and his followers, and he conquered the land of Smaragdus with fire and sword and with treachery; for he was very brave, and he was very cunning.

Now Malurex was also a magician: and he was learned in the black art. And when he had settled some time in Smaragdus, he found that the country was still but half conquered; for there were constant wars and constant rebellions. So he said to himself, "I will make me an immense and terrible monster, and he shall be my slave, and he shall keep the land in subjection for me and for my children."

So he consulted all his books of evil lore, and he set to work, he and his sons and his grandsons; and he took the blood of brave and good men, and he took the hearts of gentle women, and he took the bones of helpless babes, and he ground them all down together with a very great millstone, and he poured in the blood; and when he had made a cement thereof, he began to fashion the body of a monster after the form of a man; but so vast, and so horrible, and so hideous, and so mighty, that no man could withstand the sight thereof, but would fly away in terror.

And when the monster was but half made, Malurex died, and was gathered to his fathers. And being on his deathbed, he called to him his sons and his grandsons; and he bade them, as they loved him, and as they feared him, to continue the fashioning of this monster until he was finished.

And the sons and the grandsons of Malurex did even as their father had commanded them. And the monster grew and grew day by day; and more blood of brave and good men, and more hearts of gentle women, and more bones of helpless babes, were ground down and mixed together, even as they required.

And in the fourth generation after Malurex, who had first conquered the land of Smaragdus, this monster was perfected, even his limbs, and his entrails, and all his features, like unto a man. And, behold! while the descendants of Malurex, of the fourth generation, looked on the gigantic and hideous form, which they and their forefathers had created, suddenly the breath of life entered the vast body, and the monster rose up and walked, and cried with a loud voice, "Give me to eat."

And they brought him to eat, even of the blood of good and brave men, and of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes; and he ate thereof, and was refreshed.

And now the princes and the chiefs of the land, the descendants of Malurex, of the fourth generation, said unto the monster, "We and our forefathers have fashioned and made you of the blood of brave and good men, of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes, and you are our slave, for we have created you; and us, and us only, you must serve."

And then the monster spake in a terrible voice, and said, "True, O princes and chiefs of the land, you have fashioned and made me of the blood of brave and good men, and of the hearts of gentle women, and of the bones of helpless babes; therefore will I serve you faithfully so long as you shall feed me with that wherewith you made me; for on nothing else can I feed. In cruelty and bloodshed was I born, on cruelty and bloodshed will I live."

And the princes and chiefs of the land of Smaragdus bowed their heads, and said, "Oh, monster, we will do unto you even as you desire. On the blood of brave and good men, on the hearts of gentle women, and on the bones of helpless babes shall you be fed; and us, and us only, shall you serve for evermore."

And many years passed away, and, behold, a new generation arose, that loved not the children of Malurex, nor their wisdom; and they governed the land of Malurex, and the land of Smaragdus; and they hated this monster, and they said unto him, "Oh, monster! we will give you no more of the blood of brave and good men, nor of the hearts of gentle women, nor of the bones of helpless babes, for we are sick of this bloodshed and of this cruelty; and by justice, and by mercy, and by peace, will we reign over the land of Smaragdus!"

And the monster spoke in a terrible voice, and said:—

"Your ancestors made me, and fashioned me of these things, and on these things have I been nourished, and fed, since ever I was born; and will ye deny me them now? Then will I drink of the blood of your brave and good men, and eat of the hearts of your gentle women, and of the bones of your helpless babes; even as I have drunk of your foes' blood, and eaten of your foes' hearts, and slain your foes' babes, will I drink of your blood, and eat of your hearts, and slay your babes, even unto the fourth and fifth generations!"

Then were the princes and chiefs of the land of Smaragdus sore afraid, and they knew not what to do. And they fought against the monster, but they could not prevail. Then said

they in their fear, "Let us make court to this monster and do him honour; and let us offer unto him even of our own brave and good men, and of our own gentle women, and of our own helpless babes, and, peradventure, his wrath will be appeased."

But the monster grew more savage, and more cruel, and he thirsted after blood, even as the hunted deer thirsts after water: and he passed to and fro over all the land; and all the people feared him, for he was very fierce and very cruel.

And at last the people of the land of Smaragdus grew exceeding wrath, and they cried out to the princes and rulers of the land, "Slay this monster that your forefathers have created, lest he make our land desolate and our homes childless."

And the princes and rulers of the land said, "Nay, tarry a little and have patience, and, peradventure, he will go hence and we shall see him no more."

And the people answered, "Nay, but why should we send this bloodthirsty and cruel monster into other lands to feed on the blood and on the hearts of other people? We will slay him, even we, and no more shall ye cowards and traitors govern this our land of Smaragdus."

And so the people arose; and they took the sword of Justice, and they took the breastplate of Truth, and they took the shield of Patience, and they took the spear of Courage, and they slew this monster; even the monster that Malurex and his children, and his grandchildren, and their children, had created; and the land of Smaragdus was at peace; and joy and plenty came to the land, and unto its sons and daughters sweet content; and the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field ate the carcase of the monster, even the flesh, and the entrails, and the bones, until nothing was left.

THE SUEZ NOTES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT]

ALEXANDRIA, 12TH DEC., 1869.

If you wish to learn a lesson on the uncertainty of human affairs, go to the East. Nothing has struck me so forcibly, since my departure from London as your special correspondent, as the extraordinary amount of *surprise* one meets with in Oriental life. One may plan here to-day, and to-morrow find one's most cherished schemes scattered before the winds. The Khedive himself is a living illustration of the truth of this, inasmuch as, yesterday one of the richest and proudest of old-world Sovereigns, to-day he is cowering in abject terror before the *Sooltân* (this is *the* way to spell it), and cannot even call the world-renowned Isthmus his own. The curse, for it is a curse, seems to have clung to the land from the beginning. Cheops, depend upon it, never anticipated that future generations would drink bottled beer on the great Pyramid. The Sphinx never pictured to itself the loss of half its eternal nose. The very union of the two great seas, just accomplished, is a tremendous marvel, a genuine Eastern *surprise*. Indeed, I believe it is this constant apprehension of a sudden change,—this *expectatio mirabilium*,—this realization of the necessity of being *always prepared for anything*, that has accustomed the Turk to wear his hat in a room, and never think of taking his boots off except in church. The contractor, I mentioned to you as having met at the canal the other day, attributed solely to this national characteristic the refusal of the Egyptian gentleman to enter into the Bitter Beer business, or put £2,000 into his, the contractor's scheme for supplying the Nomad tribes of Central Asia with a really sound Yarmouth bloater at three halfpence.

But you will see what I am leading up to, by this disquisition on Oriental uncertainty. I am, as it were, apologizing for myself. I left home intending, as you know, to confine my letters solely to the scientific aspect of the Canal, and here I am to-day on the eve of starting for Europe, greatly interested in a large Beast and Circus Company. In my last I told you briefly *what* we wanted, and now, according to my usual custom, I enclose you my random notes, jotted down since the date of the last mail.

CAIRO, 6TH DEC., 1869.

Spagmore has just come in after having been round to see the hyena, mentioned to him last night as a great bargain. His report is not altogether favourable, and he is much afraid that, except tied tightly in the centre of a happy family, of which the other members are not too confiding, it will turn out to be practically useless. The owner honestly gave it as *his* opinion that "he thought there would be considerable difficulties in the way of getting it to go through a comic scene with the clown, as though *the hyena has naturally a cheerful expression, it is almost impossible to get it to enter thoroughly into a joke.*" He said the most we could hope for would be a sort of jig with fireworks to his tail, or perhaps a curtsey for a plate of tripe, if well trained for six months with a crowbar. The great recommendation in favour of the hyena is, unquestionably, its *price*. It is certainly *very* cheap, and as I hear that last night it broke loose and eat up half a ton of raw *Ra-haat-la-koum*, and the six pound weight out of a pair of scales, I fully believe the owner will let us have it for a mere song.

10 *a.m.*

Spagmore has just bought it for a shilling. It is to be sent round this evening to the hotel, in a box. I am to have charge of it, and Spagmore says I had better see the hotel-keeper at once, and arrange about its board.

11 *a.m.*

A very disagreeable interview. The hotel-keeper at first would not hear of its coming, and though he has given in on that point, he says he can provide *nothing* but what *is in the carte*. Of course, if one can dine here as one does at the *Palais Royal* with *pain au discretion*, the thing is simple enough.

* * * * * * * *

Have seen the *carte*. There is nothing about *pain au discretion*, and Spagmore says the hyena, being a *carnivorous animal*, would never have got on with the privilege, had it even existed. He says the only way to feed the brute under the circumstances will be to pick out the plain dishes, and give them altogether in a washing tub. He is going to write down the order while I find the *garçon*.

* * * * * * * *

The *garçon* has come. Spagmore has given him the following order:—

6 potages (Prince de Galles).
1 bifteck, sauce Mahomet.
1 tête de veau, en bastion diplomât.*
1 sel au naturel.
1 demi bouteille de vin, Maçon ou Chablis.
2 saumon à la minute.
1 gloria.

I have pointed out the expense of a food of this character; but Spagmore very truly says, "It can't be helped out here—only wait till we get him to Southampton."

3 *p.m.*

Out all the afternoon making inquiries about the other animals. There seems very little doubt but that we shall be able to pick them all up, and reasonably too. We have seen one elephant, a very fine creature, who, unfortunately, is rather blind of the left eye, and, it seems, could not be *relied* upon in a round game, where a good sight happened to be requisite. But Spagmore very truly suggests that if his hand is dealt *well to the right* of him, he does not see why he could not get through it. Besides, there is no reason why *he* should take the tricks. It appears, too, that he has been to Europe before, and that it was there he damaged his eye, by a too close inspection of a pan of blue fire employed in the siege of Mooltan at Astley's. His European training, however, renders him a decided acquisition, for they assure us he does some capital light business with an ounce of snuff and a couple of arm chairs.

5 *p.m.*

After a long consultation we have bought him, the owner, at the last moment, at Spagmore's suggestion, throwing in twelve pounds of tobacco, a boa constrictor, and an Arab chief. Spagmore insisted that the carriage should be paid, and stood out

* Nearest approach to tripe.

for some time that the lot should be delivered free of expense in London; but the owner was firm, and so it is going with me and the hyena. We are not yet *quite* decided as to the best and cheapest method of getting the elephant home; and at present Spagmore thinks far the better way will be to land him in the most southern point in Italy *and walk with him*. He says Hannibal did it, and Hannibal knew what he was about. I dare say he did, but I can't help thinking that if we *could* get him quietly on board, *paying only fore-cabin fare*, the rest would be easy. Once at Waterloo, we could easily arrange with four cabs, and drive to the nearest livery stables. Spagmore says it would *keep the thing much darker* if I could put the elephant up at *my chambers;* but I am quite sure it would not do, and that the other fellows on the staircase would object to it.

8 *p.m.*

We are drawing up our programme, having met, most opportunely, a professional gentleman connected with the English stage. But I must close this as the mail is starting.

10.55 *p.m.*

The *garçon* has just come to say that the hyena has arrived. There appears to be a serious altercation going on in the hall. I am afraid they do not like it.

11 *p.m.*

The *garçon* up again. He says the man says he is *not to leave the hyena without the money*, and has brought the bill receipted.

POLITICAL NEWS.

(*Taken from the Daily Papers, of June*, 1870).

MR. WILLIAM SYKES, the well-known murderer, having been recently elected Member for Paddy County, will not be executed until after the end of the Session.

Mr. John Swiggins, M.P. (the celebrated burglar), has accepted a Government appointment in Botany Bay.

There is no truth in the report that Mr. Jim Snooks is about to be raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Milbank; on the contrary, he has chosen the designation, Lord Clerkenwell. He is at present staying on a visit with the governor of the prison, and his invitation will not expire until the end of next year.

Yesterday The O'Hallyoo, M.P., was buried at the expense of the State in Newgate. The deceased spent his last moments in the company of Calcraft.

We understand that Madame Tussaud's Exhibition now contains a fine collection of portrait-models of members of the new House of Commons. Most of the figures are placed in the Chamber of Horrors.

Yesterday only nine Members of Parliament were convicted of pocket-picking. We hail this great improvement in the morality of the House with genuine satisfaction.

A GOOD SCHOOL.

WE have much pleasure in drawing the attention of the public to a modest but very useful charity—the Victoria Schools, 40 Sloane street—which have been established by Miss Couper for the education of the children of the lower middle-class, servants, &c. No class is more in want of a sound mental and moral training, and to the community at large the importance of properly training those who are intended for servants, especially for nursery governesses, or for any other position of responsibility in the household, cannot be exaggerated. Nothing can be better than the system of education pursued at these schools. All the subjects—history, geography, biography, arithmetic, needlework, natural history, &c., are well taught. French and music are not neglected, and wholesome religious instruction forms part of the daily routine. The system of teaching young children by objects is resorted to with great success, while in the infant school the kindly watchfulness of an amiable governess supplies very efficiently what these little ones too often do not get at home—a mother's care. The hours of study are not too long, and no one subject is so long dwelt on as to fatigue the children.

We cannot do better than give an extract from the very sensible circular which is the sole means of bringing the schools under notice that the funds admit of:—

"National and ragged schools are provided for the children of the poor, but for these two very large and very important classes no adequate education is provided. Far worse educated than the poor, these children, while living in a Christian country, are in a state of heathenism. Their ignorance of all subjects, but especially religion, is something hardly credible; for they receive no religious instruction whatever in the schools which they usually attend, and little, if any, moral training. This circumstance, painful as it is, is easily accounted for. It is, unfortunately, a fashionable idea among the girls of this class to consider it a genteel occupation, and the only one to which they can condescend, to keep schools. To these schools parents will send their children, quite regardless of the fact that the governesses being themselves uneducated, cannot be capable of educating their children; quite satisfied if, among the smaller ones, they learn crochet and beadwork, and in the higher, a smattering of French and music; that they attend a private school, and are called "young ladies." They like to feel that they can patronise the school and the teachers, while the latter flatter the children, in order to obtain and retain them.

"In these schools the children are led to consider themselves too fine to do anything. Utterly ignorant of religion, nearly as ignorant of all household duties, looking upon marriage as *the* object of life, they become eventually useless, if not bad wives and mothers, and it is feared too often swell the annals of crime."

The charge for education is very small, and, of course, does not nearly cover the expenses. We can ourselves testify to the economical manner in which this charity is conducted. No money is spent on outward show, while in the matters of real importance there is no niggardliness. The funds are wisely administered. The children are all very cheerful, and are notably better-mannered than those of their class usually are. We earnestly recommend this charity, not only as an object of benevolence, but as an example, the imitation of which, in all large towns, would be an incalculable benefit to the lower middle class.

THE CLIPPER CLIPPED.

A POLICE case at the Marylebone Court which was heard last week should be read as a warning by all travellers by the Metropolitan Railway. One John Atkins, a private in the 89th Foot, was fined twenty-one shillings, or in default twenty-one days' hard labour, for assaulting a ticket-collector at the Edgware road Station. The soldier was called upon by the collector to produce his ticket, in order that it might be clipped, and in consequence of the delay attendant on his so doing he missed a train which was at the platform at the time. On this he went back to the collector and struck him a violent blow in the eye.

The case was simple enough, and the magistrate no doubt felt no difficulty in coming to his decision; but we must admit that, notwithstanding his outrageous conduct, we have a sneaking sympathy with Private Atkins. Very likely the collector, in this instance, was only doing his duty on insisting on clipping the man's ticket; but it has happened, indeed, it is even now happening, that the money-takers in the ticket offices of the various Metropolitan stations daudle listlessly about their enclosure while infuriated passengers clamour at the little windows for attention, and collectors wantonly intercept them on their road to the platform when a train happens to be ready at hand. Whether it arises from the stupidity, the mischievousness, or the stern sense of duty of the Metropolitan Railway officials, it cannot but be admitted that their general obstructiveness is not a little trying to the public temper. We assume that Private Atkins was of an irritable temperament, as he took his grievance into his own hands, in preference to writing to the newspapers; but if the "violent blow in the eye," illegally administered though it was, serves as a caution to the body of ticket clerks and collectors on the Metropolitan line, and induces them to be a little more civil and attentive in the performance of their duties, the gallant Atkins will not have suffered in vain.

READY SHORTLY,

TOMAHAWK ALMANACK

FOR 1870.

PRICE THREEPENCE.

LONDON, DECEMBER 18, 1869.

THE WEEK.

IT is said that, as a companion decoration to the Abyssinian Medal, a cross will be given to those soldiers who have taken part in the late reviews at Aldershott.

THERE is no truth in the report that Mr. Ryder, the well-known tragedian, made the trousers he wore in the character of the Baronet on the first night of *Morden Grange*.

THE Emperor Napoleon is prepared to do anything for Liberty. He established that beneficent goddess in France by a *coup d'état*, he now wishes to save her by a *coup de grace*.

LET those happy persons who dwell near Metropolitan Railway extensions on the Thames Embankment take heed from the fate of the dining-hall of King's College. It is plain that, dramatically speaking, the Metropolitan Board of Works is a great success, for only give them a strong part to play, and they are pretty sure to "bring down the house." Still, their proper place seems to be in the Sensation Drama, not in the monotonous respectable entertainment known as "everyday life."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily Telegraph*, "with an ear" as well as with an eye to abating a nuisance, warns people to avoid crowded carriages on the Underground Railway, unless they have a fancy for musical performances executed with more spirit than taste, by minstrels who supply themselves any brass in which their instruments may be deficient. *On revient toujours à ses premiers amours.* Music, who is said to have had her birth in a grotto in Greece, seems in her old age to find a pleasure in haunting Underground Greases.

IF it be true that unremitting efforts to provide for the poor are one of the greatest marks of sanctity, St. Pancras ought to receive promotion in the celestial hierarchy. We learn from the uninterrupted succession of coroner's inquests, that he continues to *do* for his paupers at the usual rate. In his instance, the odour of sanctity appears to be unusually strong and fatal. Another instance of their piety! It appears that they are about to undergo a voluntary persecution at the hands of the law. They have allowed a writ to be served on them for £134, being their costs at the recent Poor-law enquiry held by Mr. Bere, Q.C. This is most Christian resignation on the part of the Board, but is not likely to prove a measure of sound economy, as the money must be paid, and if judgment is allowed to go by default, the sum will be increased by the usual legal expenses in such cases.

CARRIED UNANIMOUSLY.

IT is not often that a proposal for getting up a memorial to a clergyman of the Church of England is likely to meet with the support of all classes. It generally happens now, when there are so many differences of thought and opinion, that a priest who enjoys the respect and affection of those who agree with his views, is looked upon with suspicion and dislike by those who do not. The late Rev. William Harness, whose recent distressing death we heartily deplore, is an exception to the rule. It is something now-a-days for a clergyman to have many friends and few enemies, and while Mr. Harness had more than his share of the former, of the latter he probably knew not one. A kindly and generous Christian has passed away, a Christian, moreover, who has left his mark on the literary history of the nineteenth century. Such a man should have a memorial, and we shall be glad to see the subscription lists now lying at Coutts's, and at the London and Westminster Bank, amount to a sufficient sum to carry out the scheme Mr. Harness's friends and admirers have in view.

PUFF AND SMOKE,

THE Child of the Prairie smokes greatly now that the winter evenings are closing in, and as he smokes he ruminates not a little.

He rests in his wigwam and opens a bundle of magazines. There are Christmas numbers and annuals by the score. He selects one, *Tied to a Corpse*, and (*puff*) praises it. Why does he praise it? Because he thinks it beautiful (*smoke*), and NOT because he knows the editor, and loves and admires his, the editor's, marvellous (*puff*) works. He also opens the *Belgravia Annual* (*smoke*), and finds two or three sheets of admirable (*puff*) drawings, by Charles Collette, and thinks what a pity it is that there are not more artists like him. He laughs at them heartily, for he finds them as clever and original as the small cuts in a certain penny "comic" paper, published somewhere east of Temple Bar, are stupid and conventional. Then he opens a beautiful (*puff*) magazine published in Oxford, reads half of an article full of virulent abuse of himself (*smoke*), and falls tranquilly off to sleep.

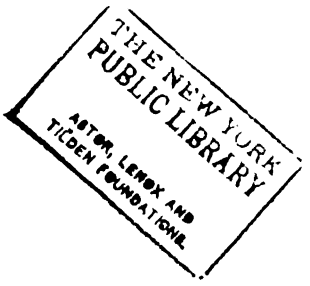
(Sleeps until next week.)

"MORDEN GRANGE."

TOMAHAWK very frequently likes pieces that other critics abuse—abhors plays that other critics praise. For instance, he declared in favour of *Monte Christo* (pronounced a failure by most of the papers); and *Monte Christo* was an immense success. He could see nothing great in a comedy at the Gaiety (what was the name of it?), bedaubed with nauseous adulation by the reviewers, and said so; and the comedy at the Gaiety was withdrawn almost at once. On these grounds TOMAHAWK is not a little proud of his opinion upon theatrical matters.

Now, a new piece by F. C. Burnand, entitled *Morden Grange*, a dramatic version of Mark Lemon's capital novel, "Wait for the End," has been produced at the Queen's Theatre. It is sharply written, and is free from that pest of the modern stage—sensation; it has plenty of good scenery, some good situations, and (not a little) good acting. On the first blush, one would have imagined that it would have been hailed by the critics with applause. Not so, however. Those who "do" the theatres for the papers generally write for the stage; and abuse "was the portion" of *Morden Grange*.

The writer of the *Times*' article upon the piece (it couldn't have been kindly, scholarly, witty John Oxenford: of this TOMAHAWK is quite sure—he says this in all sober seriousness) showed an animus towards Mr. Burnand that was as unfair as it was undignified; it smacked strongly of disappointment and Grub Street, of impotent revenge, and literary small beer; it was spite, not criticism. The critics abused *Turn of the Tide*, and *Turn of the Tide* ran upwards of one hundred and sixty nights; the critics abuse *Morden Grange*, and *Morden Grange*, from a literary point of view, is a better piece than *Turn of the Tide*.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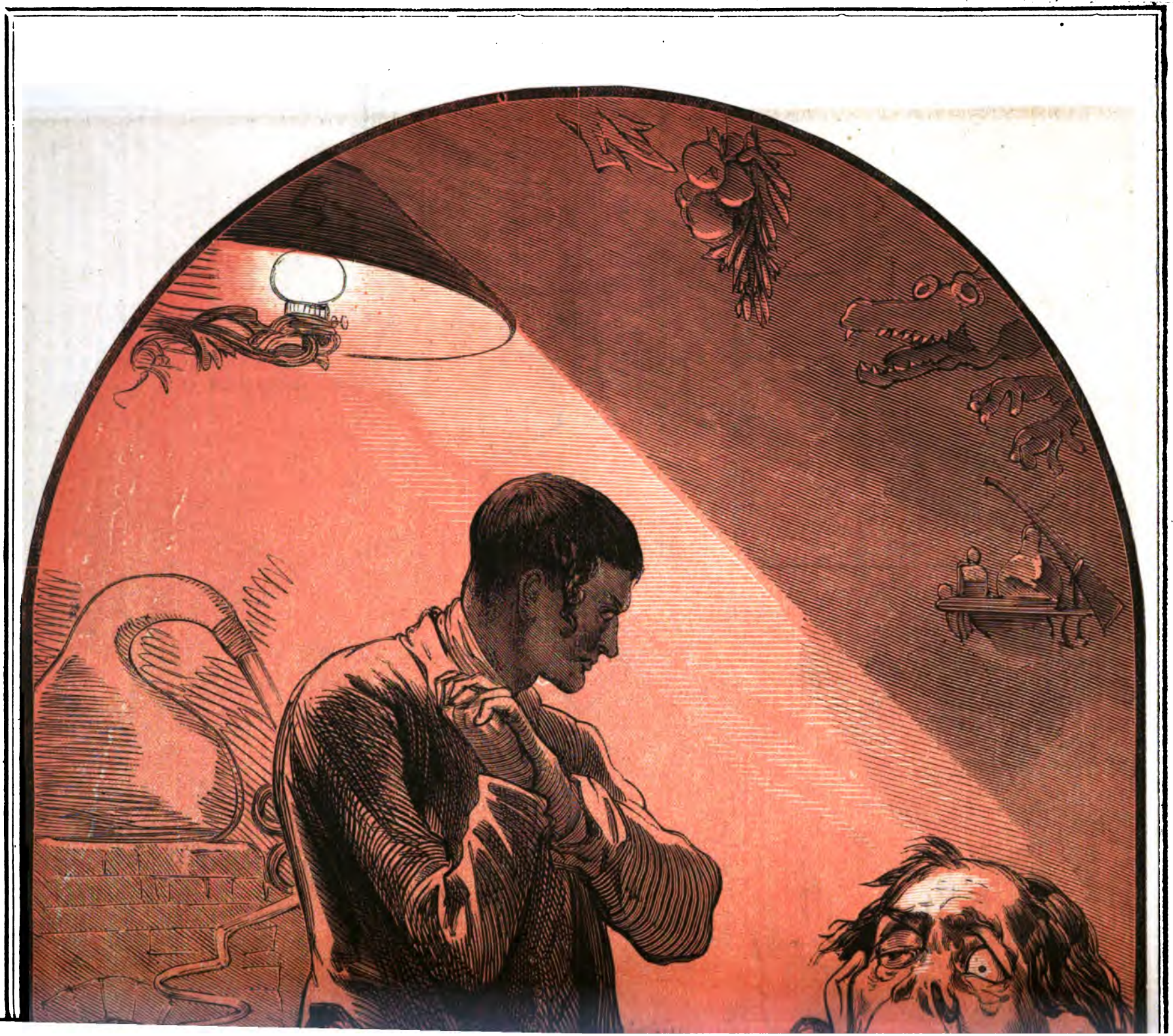

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REFORM IN OLYMPUS.

CHAPTER V.—IN WHICH MATTERS COME TO A CRISIS, AND JUPITER IS RECALLED.

THERE was terrible consternation in the committee-room, when Mr. Publius Pryor announced the arrival of the unfortunate victims of their own curiosity and Mr. Decimus Brutus Potts' ingenious invention.

The waiting-room was full, and from it proceeded the most unearthly noises and clamour for instant relief.

The President looked at the bewildered Potts, so did every one else.

"Potts, you must go in and attend to this."

"But, please your Majesty—I mean Mr. President—is not this a case for your especial interference?" suggested poor Potts, in a whining voice.

"No, Sir. You insisted on carrying this invention of yours into effect, and now you must take the consequences yourself;" and having said this the President retired.

There was no help for it, so snatching up a large folio, once the property of Æsculapius, and composing his countenance into an expression of self-satisfied knowledge, Potts entered the room.

He was immediately pounced upon by a motley crew of grievances.

"Oh, Doctor. My head! my head! it's all crooked, and I can't put it straight."

"Oh, Doctor, my stomach. I've mislaid it, and I believe that Pincher, my old mastiff, has run off with it." This in a very weak voice from a half-starved looking epicure.

"Oh, Doctor, my heart! my heart! I've touched it up with a patent lotion, and now it keeps stopping every five minutes," and the wretched victim shook himself violently, as one may see an impatient lad shake his first watch, when he finds it has stopped.

The number of hypochondriacs who had taken themselves to pieces, and finding nothing wrong anywhere, were full of angry discontent!

The number of persons who, having taken themselves to pieces, had been unable to fit the puzzles of the human frame together again, and had got loose portions of their bodies in their pocket which they could not manage to get in anywhere!

They all were suffering frightful agonies, and all wanted to be relieved at once.

One irritable old gentleman had been very successful in repairing the coats of his stomach, and had put himself together with the exception of his pancreas, or spleen—that he could find no place for. "Look here," he said, "you, Potts! you!"

"Sir," interrupted the great Decimus Brutus, "I won't be talked to in that manner."

"Oh, but you will, Sir. This is a free heaven, and I shall do what I darn please. What the blazes am I to do with this d—d thing?" showing the obstinate spleen—"I can't fit it in anywhere."

"Well, my dear Sir," said Potts, "I think you have arrived at that time of life when you don't require it any longer. I should send it to the South Kensington Museum, if I were you."

Those who were not too ill tried to laugh at the rage of this gentleman with the spleen—but the clamour commenced again very soon.

The great Potts sat down at a table and entreated his patients to justify their title to that name. "I will take you one by one, and try and remedy any little mistakes you have committed."

So saying, he opened his large folio, and having found a large plate of the interior anatomy of mankind, he set to work and did his best.

However, some cases were too bad even for his omnipotent skill. "No hope for you," he whispered to an unfortunate individual who had so arranged his internal machinery that all he drank (and that was a good deal) went into his lungs instead of his stomach; and whose breathing was something like the sound of the late lamented Albert Smith's friend, the engineer's, celebrated waterpipe. "You'd better stay up here in heaven to die, and then you know you'll be pretty safe."

The advice was followed by this man, and by most of those similarly situated. Some, however, insisted on being sent back to earth to make their wills. Those who were completely set to rights departed by the next Aerial Train.

But a nucleus of discontent, and even of revolution, was established; for after a few days' experience everybody who had undergone rehabilitation by the great Potts found that his anatomy had been arranged in a somewhat obsolete way; as the plate which had served Decimus Brutus for a model was some 2,000 years old, and, consequently, a little behind the time.

In fact, when that plate was drawn the circulation of the blood, and one or two other trifling matters of that sort, had not been discovered.

Whether "the obsoletes," as these rehabilitated persons were called, first provoked the storm is not exactly known; but that a storm was provoked is very certain.

In fact, the new régime had not proved very successful. All the vegetation, having been accustomed to the ordinary seasons, when time passed on, and they found nothing but eternal summer, did not know quite how to behave. So they lived as long as they could, and then they died, but they brought forward no seed, and no buds came forth from their burnt-up branches. So food became very scarce; and those who had corn would not sell it, except at exorbitant prices. So the people took it by force, and what they could not take they burnt, and a very unpleasant time did the Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association have of it.

Then, Poverty having been abolished, no one would work; and when they had spent all the money given them by the Omnipotent Committee, they wanted more; but they were refused, and so they took to living a life of savage and predatory warfare on mankind in general.

So, at last, the wretched people rose, and, incensed at the miserable issue of their own policy, they demanded the instant deposition of the Committee of the Heaven and Earth Reform Association; and at the instigation of Mercury, who found there was not enough scandal on earth to suit his taste, or to employ his energy, they also demanded the recall of Jupiter.

They sought the exiled god, and they found him lying on his back at a watering place on the shores of the Mediterranean, throwing pebbles into the sea.

"Sire," said Mercury, "they insist on recalling you."

"I thought they would," was all Jupiter answered.

"Why, my dear," said Juno, "what have you been doing all this time? I have been in Paris, expecting you to join me every day."

"Have you?" replied her rude spouse. "You would have had to wait a long time. I have been employing my leisure moments in reflecting on the errors of my past life; and as a proof of the sincerity of my reformation, I intend to divorce you as soon as I get back again to Olympus."

"What?" cried the astonished Juno.

"I mean what I say—henceforth I have done with your sex—I intend to establish celibacy in heaven."

"Then I'll be——" began Juno.

"You need not finish, my dear—don't come back—I can spare you;" and, jumping lightly on to Mercury's back, he was soon in Olympus.

He was met at the threshold of the palace by a dejected-looking being with a carpet bag, in whom he recognized the late President, Marcus Antonius Smith.

"Well, my good fellow, you have had a short reign."

"My liege, we have; the people—curse them!—are fickle knaves."

"Yes, my dear fellow, they are; but that is not the cause of your failure."

"No! what is then?"

"When I offered to give you Omnipotence, you forgot, my excellent Smith, to ask me for Omniscience. Good day!"

THE END.

MUSICAL BELL(E)S.—There are many kinds of bells and belles. For instance, there are *dumb* bells, but, we think, very few dumb belles. Lately, however, we have come across some belles who make very good use of dumb bells at Madame Brenner's Gymnasium for Ladies, at Bruton street, Bond street. At this establishment we find a number of young ladies practising a variety of calisthenic exercises, to the time of music, as played by their fair instructress, and which will tend to strengthen them in *physique*, and add to the beauty of their figures, while it will also teach them the utter absurdity of tight lacing. Many bells, and all belles, are intended for ringing, and we feel certain that golden rings will be rendered much nearer the grasp of those belles whose cheeks bloom with health conduced by exercise.

SOMETHING LIKE AN "ALARMING SACRIFICE."

RETRENCHMENT is still the order of the day at the Admiralty; but it is somewhat questionable whether the means used by Mr. Childers to secure a reduction on next year's Navy Estimates are sensible or indeed honest. It is all very well to dismiss clerks, and pension heads of departments when their services can be dispensed with; but to sell the very ships of the Navy as old timber for a few paltry hundreds of pounds is a measure of which we believed even Mr. Childers incapable. However, we were wrong, as the following list of ships, sold by auction at Lloyd's a few days back, proves:—

The *Thais*, paddle-wheel tank-ship, 310 tons	£775
The *Sharpshooter*, screw-sloop, 503 tons	1675
The *Wasp*, screw-sloop	2500
The *Miranda*, screw-sloop, 1039 tons	2550
The *Niger*, screw-sloop, 1072 tons	4000
The *Emerald*, screw-frigate, 2913 tons	9000
The *Coronation*, 71 tons	75
The *Plym*, 76 tons	95
	£20670

Of course, Mr. Childers will tell us that these ships were wooden vessels, and no longer fit for service in Her Majesty's Navy; but, granting this, we question much if they need have been got rid of in this reckless and haphazard manner. That ships, which must have cost actually millions of money within the last fifteen or eighteen years, should be knocked down by the auctioneer for some twenty thousand pounds looks very unlike economy. The ships might, surely, have been made useful in the service for a dozen purposes: but even supposing that such was not the case, it is simply ridiculous that half a fleet should be "given away," as probably the auctioneer expressed it, simply to add an item to Mr. Childers's list of retrenchments. Let us hope the matter will be remembered when Parliament meets.

AN UNSWALLOWED BAIT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reports in the Tory press, the "Great Conservative Banquet" at Belfast seems to have been a dismal failure. Although covers were laid for 500 persons, not 300 sat down at table. If a cause cannot find 500 sympathizers willing to eat a good dinner gratis, it must indeed be at its last gasp, so we may fairly assume that Conservatism in the north of Ireland is in a bad way. Such being the case, it is scarcely worth the while of the Conservative newspapers so to falsify facts as to attempt to create an impression that the party is gaining strength in Belfast, when really it is languishing beyond hope of regeneration. Facts speak for themselves, and are stubborn things, as stubborn indeed as Belfast Liberals, who, we are glad to see, are not to be fed into venturing into the enemy's camp.

COLUMNS OF SMOKE.

EVEN at the present dull season, when the Suez Canal is opened and done with, the Œcumenical Council has turned out a barren topic, and there is actually "nothing in the papers," we protest that the "Granville Ball" should be thrust upon the public as something, if not important, at least interesting. It is neither one nor the other. An hotel was opened at Ramsgate, we believe, this summer, and a new dancing room has now been attached to it; but because the Ramsgate tradesmen have danced and made merry when their town is empty, and they have had nothing better to do, it is absurd that a whole column of large type in more than one of the daily newspapers should be devoted to chronicling their proceedings. One paper actually takes Lord Granville to task for not having graced the assembly with his presence, and insists that as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, it was his duty to have opened the ball. His Lordship who is proverbially the politest of men, instead of, in the first instance, refusing to associate his name with the proceedings, actually put himself to the trouble of sending an excuse to the effect that a meeting of the Cabinet detained him in town. The excuse was unanimously voted insufficient; and at the present moment Lord Granville is the most unpopular man—in Ramsgate. But we must cease, or we shall be falling into the absurdity for which we blame our contemporaries.

BLACK SHEEP AT WOOLWICH.

WHATEVER the enemies of the Duke of Cambridge may say, His Royal Highness certainly takes a straightforward and practical course when real abuses come under his personal notice. Indeed, he sets a good example to his superior officer at the War Office, who is ever half-hearted in rooting out a scandal, however glaring and objectionable it may be. It seems that for some time past it has been the habit of certain tradesmen at Woolwich to supply goods to the Cadets of the Royal Military Academy, and even to lend them money, without the consent of their parents. To put a stop to so disgraceful a custom, the Duke of Cambridge has just issued a circular, wherein the tradesmen are condemned as obtaining money under false pretences, and the parents and guardians are strictly enjoined not to pay any debt contracted by the Woolwich Cadets without their sanction. This solution of the difficulty does equal credit to the Duke's integrity and common sense. It is clearly unfair that parents should suffer because their children are enticed into the wiles of a band of harpies, who disgrace the name of tradesmen, and it is right that these people should be punished to the fullest extent possible. This might mean Cold-bath Fields and the treadmill; but failing the action of the criminal law reaching them, we can only hope that the loss of their money will have the effect of clearing Woolwich of a class of usurers, not the less despicable because they transact business only on a small scale, and choose children only for their victims.

THE DUCHESS D'AUMALE.

TOMAHAWK is grieved to report the death of the Duchess d'Aumale. Of a noble but unfortunate family, she forgot her own misfortunes in relieving those of others. She and her husband formed a pair such as Royalty very rarely produces. It was neither their rank nor their unmerited reverses that won for them the respect and affection of all who knew them, of whatever creed or party; it was the unfeigned benevolence of their characters, a simple genuine kindness which made the recipient of their bounty forget the rank of the giver. The Duke d'Aumale has in his bereavement the hearts and sympathies of all who have seen in the exiled Princes and Princesses of the House of Orleans, a constant but unobtrusive example of well-doing, which many reigning monarchs might do well to copy. It is true that neither pretentious fiascos, nor sanguinary *coups d'état*, adorn the memoirs of the present House of Orleans, but in them Royalty is not the less respected because it is not associated with futile ambition or successful cruelty.

SCARCELY AN ACT OF UNIFORMITY.

ON the 1st of January the new Cab Act is to come into force. There will then be complete free trade in cabs and carriages, and each vehicle may charge whatever it pleases, provided the fares are painted conspicuously on its panels. It is early yet to say how the new *régime* will answer, but as the leading principle of the Act is, that all classes of conveyances suitable for all classes of people shall be free to ply for hire, we may assume that the future tariff will include the following descriptions of vehicles:—

	£	s.	d.
Hackney Drag, licensed to carry seventeen people outside, four horses, per hour	4	4	0
Hackney Barouche, wigged coachman, and footman with calves and hair-powder complete, per hour	1	1	0
Hackney Broughams, dark green, with high-stepping horse, per hour	0	10	6
All others	0	5	0
Hackney Coaches, various, from, per hour . .	0	2	6
Hansoms, ditto, from, per hour	0	2	0
Hackney Carts, ditto, on Sundays only, from, per hour	0	0	9
Hackney Wheelbarrows, per hour	0	0	2

Of whatever convenience or inconvenience to the public the new Cab Act may prove, it cannot be gainsaid that it will open a new and wide field for competition. If our anticipations are correct, on the 1st of January next its effect, to quote a fashionable contemporary, will be "novel and pleasing."

THE TOMAHAWK.

A SATURDAY JOURNAL OF SATIRE.

Edited by Arthur à'Beckett.

"INVITAT CULPAM QUI PECCATUM PRÆTERIT."

No. 138.] *LONDON, DECEMBER* 25, 1869. [PRICE TWOPENCE.

IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

AT this time of year it is usual and it is right to put forward a plea for the poor. Nearly all the upper and middle class are enjoying themselves in some way or another, and their enjoyment cannot be decreased by the feeling that those, whose lot is to be miserable, are less miserable than they were.

It is remarkable that at this season a movement should be daily gathering strength, which indicates a more broad and intelligent appreciation of the poverty and distress so plentiful in London, than any which has taken place since the establishment of this Journal. We allude to the Society for Charitable Relief and the Suppression of Mendicity, which has within the last month become a recognized institution of this vast city. We know of no organization so promising, or based on such sound principles, at least to those who can perceive the value of discrimination in benevolence, and who can appreciate the great want of any centralization in our numerous private charities, and their lack of definite purpose. The defects of our present Poor Law can never be effectually brought before Parliament except by the agency of some Association like this, which shall present the results of practical and extensive experience to prove the inefficiency of the present law, and at the same time shall be able to point out, definitely and forcibly, the reforms which are required.

The object of this Association is to prevent indiscriminate almsgiving by establishing a Committee of the inhabitants of each of the metropolitan parishes, who shall be in communication with the Poor-Law Officials, with the Police, and with the various Metropolitan Charities, and last, not least, with the central Committee of the Association. These Committees distribute, gratis, amongst the householders of the various parishes tickets, which are to be given instead of money to every beggar or other person applying for relief; these tickets entitle the recipient to no relief, but simply to an inquiry into his or her case, and, if it be found a genuine case of distress, it will be dealt with according to its nature; that is to say, if the case be in the province of the Poor-Law Guardians, it will be sent to them; if it belongs to any particular charity, it will be sent to them; if it is a case for private benevolence, it will be relieved in the most judicious and effectual way by the local Committee of the Association. Every precaution will be taken against imposture and fraud. We cannot lay too great a stress on this fact. It is hopeless for any individual to try and detect the innumerable impostors which daily present themselves to him in the garb of genuine distress. It is impossible to calculate the amount of moral evil, that is perpetrated by the system of relieving all cases of apparent penury, and starvation, without ascertaining whether they are deserving of relief. We entreat all who have the opportunity to give to this Association their heartiest support, if they can give it nothing else.

We know that many objections will be made to this system of relieving distress. First, there will be the old cry about centralization—that is a favourite bogy of your genuine obstructive. We have one very good instance of centralization among us—the Post Office. It is the most successful department of the State. What would it be were it decentralized?—if every parish were allowed to manage its own postal conveyance? Again, the family is a more homely instance of centralization. In one of the early numbers of this Journal, we illustrated the absurdity which would arise from the introduction of self-government into a family, under which every individual might order his or her own dinner. The fact is, that centralization is a bugbear in the minds of the English, because they know it exists in France, and they know also that France is not politically free. But the fact is, that centralization means nothing more than the most perfect organization with a view to gaining economy and effectuality. It is compatible with the truest liberty, that wherever the Government has its chief seat, it may be conducted on principles determined upon by the governed; and those principles are more likely to be faithfully adhered to by a central administration, than by a number of independent governing bodies excessively difficult to control, and each asserting its independence against the other, without any regard for the general interest.

Another objection against this Association is the fear that exists in the minds of some sincerely benevolent people that harshness is intended towards the poor wretches who beg in the streets. These people cannot bear to be restrained from giving spasmodic relief to any shivering, scantily clothed woman or child, or to any starved-looking man who may appeal to their soft hearts. But let these persons consider the harm they do by their thoughtless almsgiving. Let them consider the necessity of severity in dealing with these cases. True, it touches one's feelings to see a creature in rags, barefooted, limping along on a cold winter's day while one's own self is well wrapped up, and when this creature tells us it has not tasted food for the last twelve hours, and one knows one is going home to an ample dinner by a comfortable fireside. It is easy in such a case to put one's hand into one's pocket and find a shilling. It costs one very little trouble, and it adds a pleasant flavour of self-approbation to one's own meals. But if one would look behind the windows of some house in that same street, which the

barefooted beggar was pacing, one might see, very likely, uncomplaining women and men toiling on against hope, working their thin fingers to the bone, and suffering, in silence, agonies more real and more terrible than those of the begging impostor. By giving to these professional vagrants and thieves,—for they are nothing else,—you divert money from deserving objects, for no one can afford to give more than a certain quantity in charity, and if he gives more than he can afford he does a wrong to those dependent on him, or to his creditors. It is possible to retain the tenderest sentiments of benevolence, but, by an exercise of manly self-control, to see that one's actual gifts are not productive of misery and injustice, and that they do not tend to increasing the despair of the conscientious, and the industrious, while they encourage the hope of the reckless and the idle.

But the greatest good that we may fairly hope will spring out of this movement is the union of all sects and classes in the cause of true charity. There can be no greater blessing to humanity than anything which diminishes the bitter hostilities of those various sections of Christianity, which constitute the different religious denominations in this country; to see the members of these denominations heartily joining together to oppose the powers of evil, and misery, which hold such terrible sway over many parts of this great city, does more good to the cause of true religion than all the sermons ever preached. The blindness of prejudice, and the virulence of sectarian animosity are constantly crippling the desire, and the power, to do good to their fellow-creatures, which we believe nearly all men to possess. We sincerely trust that the Association to which we have alluded may, among the other good objects which it bids fair to effect, effect also this: that all Christians, whatever they call themselves, may be firmly knit together heart to heart, and hand to hand, in doing as much good as they can, and as wisely as they can.

THE SUEZ NOTES.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF ROUNDABOUT RAMBLES.

[FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

ALEXANDRIA, DEC. 17, 1869.

IN my last I told you that we were getting our company together as fast as we possibly could, and that our efforts had resulted in several satisfactory engagements, including the purchase of one or two first-class wild beasts. I think I closed my letter at the very moment of the arrival of one of them,—a hyena. I have now to add that we both are thoroughly convinced that any attempt to introduce this brute into an entertainment is hopeless. Nothing seems to pacify it, and it appears to have no domestic instincts. Its bite, too, is of a most dangerous character, and delivered with a smiling countenance, a loud and hearty laugh invariably accompanying a lacerating wound. When most merry its purpose is most deadly, and its amiable aspect is a mere decoy to induce the unsuspecting to approach and pat its head. This, however, should *never* be attempted, *under any circumstances*, as I can vouch for from the experience of the last few days. Indeed, I regret to say that we have had some fearful accidents with it in the hotel already, it having severely injured several of the waiters, and on one occasion attacked a feeble old Scotch gentleman, who is on his way to Egypt for his health. I am for killing it at once, but Spagmore says it would be such a good thing if we could only get it to England He does not seem to care about using it for the circus, but wants to play a practical joke with it on some friends in Yorkshire. He wants it to arrive in a hamper on Christmas morning, labelled "GAME. *With the Emperor of Morocco's compliments*," and he says that then they will be sure to open it upstairs among all the guests. He thinks the fun will be splendid, and he would like to be hidden somewhere and "see them all run for it." I confess I do *not* wish to keep the hyena, but at the same time I think that *this* is scarcely the way to get rid of it. It must lead to a very unpleasant coolness between Spagmore and his Yorkshire friend. He seems, however, bent upon having what he calls "*his joke*" out.

DEC. 18, 9 *a.m.*

I thought so. The landlord has just come to say he will stand it no longer. The hyena escaped yesterday afternoon, and, after keeping the whole house in a state of alarm for seven hours, was discovered, the last thing at night, in bed in Number 27. The room belonged to an Italian count, who had just put on his nightcap when he made the discovery. He has refused to pay his bill, and I hear is going to call me out.

* * * * * * * *

I have had an awful row with the landlord, and I have told him to send in the bill at once. Spagmore says that we ought not to knock under in this fashion, and that a hyena is not a bit worse than a parcel of children, and that they have no right to object to it. He says, too, I ought, for the honour of my nationality, to stay and fight the Italian count if he insists on it.

* * * * * * * *

The landlord has just brought in the bill. It is really so monstrous that I send it you as it is, and mean to copy it out for the *Times*, as an instance of the grossest Eastern imposition:—

HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

Le Numero 21

A M. ABDOUL YAHASSAN.

	fr.	c.
POUR MONSIEUR—		
7 days logement at 10 fr.	70	0
7 „ room	21	0
Bougie	3	0
Service	10	50
	106	50
POUR M. LE BETE—		
5 days' logement	50	0
5 „ room	10	0
Bougie	3	0
Service	130	0
Dinners (extra)	72	50
Bains (and 27 towels and 2 flesh brushes swallowed)	115	50
15 bottles of Eau de Seltz (broken in a skirmish) ...	7	50
Turban taken from No. 2	9	50
A set of chessmen ... / Foot-stool ... ... / Box of cigars ... ... / Leg of arm-chair ... ... / 2 glass decanters ... ... / 5 wines to match ... ... / Coal-scuttle ... ... — Eaten on the night of the 17th ...	102	50
27 pairs of boots and shoes, left outside the doors of various rooms on the night of the 15th (*all more or less damaged*)	290	0
Medical attendance for servants bitten between the 14th and 18th inclusive	192	0
Expenses of legal advice taken in reference to the conduct of the Italian count	6	80
General breakage and damage	27	50

AN ALARMING THREAT.

IT is reported that in case the two departments of the army, the Horse Guards and the War Office, are amalgamated, the Duke of Cambridge will not submit to the indignity of being placed under the Secretary of State for War, and will resign. We hope in the interests of the public that there is no truth in the rumour, for the results would be indeed deplorable. In the first place we should be having some such officer as Sir William Mansfield, Lord Napier of Magdala, or Sir Henry Storks for Commander-in-Chief; in the second place, the close relationship of the Royal family with the military administration would be cut off; and, thirdly, the exchequer would actually be the gainer by ten thousand a year. The contingencies are too awful to contemplate.

OUR BOOKMARKER.

A Tale for a Chimney Corner, and other Essays. By LEIGH HUNT. London: John Camden Hotten, Piccadilly.

WE suppose the recent erection of a monument to Leigh Hunt at Kensal Green Cemetery has suggested the idea of republishing his contributions to the *Indicator*. Whatever, however, may have been the cause of the appearance, in a cheap form, of some of the essayist's neat, pleasant chapters, they are equally welcome. One now-a-days reads so much rubbish which sets itself up for high-class literature, that it is quite refreshing to con over a series of articles which, besides the intrinsic value of the material of which they are composed, are written in a style at once English, vigorous, and scholarly. The paper on "Thieves, Ancient and Modern," is the sort of article which is just now quite out of date. It tells us, perhaps, what we already know, and has nothing of the original or sensational about it; but it is none the less a model which writers of the present hour might adopt with much advantage to themselves, and still more to their readers. In fact, this little volume may not only be read with enjoyment, but with profit by all classes, from authors upwards.

PROTECTION.

To TOMAHAWK.

SIR,—I appeal to you as a well-known organ of Protection, as one of the foremost champions of effete principles, to dissipate by your powerful pen the prevalent misconception that the opponents of Free Trade are unreasonable in their antagonism to it, or hazy and inconsistent in their demands. I refer with a just pride to the proceedings of our large meetings, especially those recently held at Birmingham and Manchester, in illustration of our unity and harmony of aim, proceedings which must convince the most prejudiced opponent that our action is based upon reason and springs from common sense.

The following may be taken as a hasty summary of our opinions:—We concede that Free Trade is better than Protection—this trifling concession of detail must not, however, be constantly flourished in our faces, as if it were of any importance in the controversy. Our great point is that Free Trade ought to be reciprocal. If it is not, we wish French imports to be saddled with as high preventive duties as those which are placed on English imports into France. Any person who infers from this that we think such preventive duties are not in themselves an evil is a fool. Of course they are; but such persons lose sight of the spirit of contradiction which animates the French nation. When they see us spiting ourselves, by paying more than we need for what we consume, they will at once cease punishing themselves by the same suicidal process, and take off the restrictions they have imposed on our trade.

As has been well shown at Manchester, the evils arising from the excess of imports over exports must be removed. It is quite true that the more we import the more we gain, apart from any connection with exports; but, say what men like, self-sacrifice is repelling rather than catching; if, therefore, we limit our imports, it is obvious that other nations will see their own interests, and cease to limit theirs.

The nonsense about Trades' Unions interfering with production must not be tolerated. A law prohibiting such irritating statements should be introduced. A society for stimulating Trades' Unions in other countries should also be instituted.

Entre nous, the sooner we abolish Free Trade altogether, the better.

Your obedient servant,
VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM.

A GLEAM OF CONSCIENCE.

MR. CHILDERS is, we hope, reforming himself at last. It seems that during his recent inspection of the Royal Naval College at Portsmouth, of which he is a governor, a memorial was handed to him from the half-pay officers studying there, complaining of the wretched accommodation given to them, and asking for quarters befitting their age and rank. Mr. Childers on this visited the rooms set apart for the students (which, by the way, are arranged something after the fashion of second-class public baths and wash-houses), and for once in his life "expressed his surprise," promising the best efforts of the Board of Admiralty for devising a remedy for the grievance. It is something quite new for the retrenching First Lord of the Admiralty to admit that anyone is labouring under a real grievance; but although Mr. Childers' admirers will probably regard his act as weakness, we congratulate the right honourable gentleman on having for once shown common feeling as well as common sense. It is quite refreshing, after the shelvings, reductions, and dismissals, which have recently emanated from Whitehall, to hear that it is contemplated to do somebody some good at last.

PROFESSOR RISLEY.

A PARAGRAPH appeared in this paper on Sept. 11, inscribed by a careless hand, in an unguarded moment, which has been thought to reflect upon the character of Professor Risley. TOMAHAWK (now that he has returned to the editorial sanctum) regrets that such an interpretation should have gone abroad, the more so, as he (TOMAHAWK) has the greatest respect for the Professor, and is quite satisfied that in a recent case he (the Professor) thoroughly vindicated his title to the name of gentleman. TOMAHAWK apologises to Mr. Risley, and takes this opportunity of assuring him that he regards him with no other feelings than goodwill and esteem.

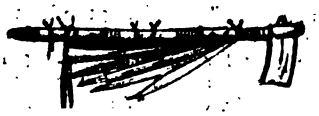
A PERIODICAL PROTEST.

ONCE again, as Christmas comes round, the London tradesmen, more especially the grocers, are becoming rabid at the success of the Civil Service Co-operative Societies. Several of our contemporaries have been publishing letters protesting against gentlemen of the Civil Service entering business, and making the usual stock suggestion, that if they find time to manage shops the Government can have but a small share of their services, and they should, therefore, be immediately ejected from their offices. Really, it is time that a stop were put to the expression of such absurdities. That the tradesmen have brought the Co-operative movement on themselves by their adherence to a system of undue profits, they must be well aware; and they should, therefore, accept the position which is of their own making. As a matter of fact, Civil Service Stores are voted rather unpleasant places than otherwise, and the tradesmen have only to be a little more equitable in their dealings to regain their lost ground.

THE BREAKS THAT DO NOT PAY.

THE Italians, certainly, make less fuss about railway accidents than we do. A short time ago, a train on the Mont Cenis line, on making the ascent of the mountain above San Martino, was obliged to back to the station for a supply of water, which was found to be exhausted. The proper precautions having not been taken, the train descended in the darkness of the night with fearful rapidity, flew off the line like a thunderbolt, and was dashed to the edge of a precipice. The *Gazetta Uffiziale*, in relating the occurrence, takes credit to the Government for the excellence of its railway arrangements on the grounds that accidents of the same kind, under the same circumstances, have only occurred three times this year at the same place. We do not know what the law of Italy may be with regard to damages for injuries received on railways, but there can be no Sheriff's Court at Florence. Perhaps, if the Mont Cenis Railway Company were mulcted to the extent of a thousand pounds or so for a black eye, or double the amount for a broken nose, the direction would consider it worth while to supply their trains with water and breaks at discretion.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.—Clements, the perfumer of the Poultry, has invented a new essence, called "Honi soit qui mal y pense." This is more than scent it is *sense!*



LONDON, DECEMBER 25, 1869.

THE WEEK.

A MEETING was held in London last week to consider the proposed expenditure of a hundred millions of money in railways in India. The principal speaker—one Sir Arthur Cotton, an Indian General who is said to be up in irrigation—contended that water offered cheaper transit, and was far more useful than the iron road. How this question was ultimately settled the report did not very clearly show. One point, however, was not even touched upon; namely, where the hundred millions were to come from. But this, of course, is a matter of secondary importance.

WE congratulate Mr. Odger on his resolve to go to the poll for Southwark. Sir Francis Lycett and Sir Sydney Waterlow are very respectable men, but there are plenty of rich nonentities in the House of Commons already. Mr. Labouchere is not a nonentity, but—well, we think Mr. Odger's character stands higher than that of the ex-member for Middlesex. It is good that the intelligence of the labouring classes should be well represented, and Mr. Odger is as good a representative as could be found. He is, or we should not support his candidature, neither a brawling demagogue nor an itinerant blasphemer. Commerce has so many members in the House that honest labour might be allowed one.

IT is a pleasure one rarely has, to praise a President of the Poor-law Board thoroughly for humanity, as well as great administrative capacity. Mr. Goschen has surpassed the highest expectations of his friends, and silenced the censure of his critics, as well as the sneers of his enemies. If anything can save the Poor-law Board, his administration will. We only hope that Parliament will grant to the Board, now so ably directed, greater powers to *enforce* upon the Guardians their commands, and to punish such insolent ruffians as many of the Guardians of St. Pancras have shown themselves. Mr. Goschen has shown a decided resolve to destroy the abuses of local self-government, and he has inspired sufficient confidence to warrant the advance of centralization in Poor-law matters. He has also been nobly prominent in all attempts to procure united action, irrespective of all religious sects and class prejudices, in the treatment of this fearful evil of pauperism and its kindred social diseases, which threaten to overwhelm our country with incurable misery and decay.

WE must protest against the attempt which is being made to bully Mr. Hayman, the newly-elected Master of Rugby, out of his place. Mr. Hayman was duly and fairly elected; and the only thing alleged against him, which can possibly affect the validity of his election, is that he used testimonials given him some time ago not for the immediate purpose of the Rugby head-mastership. But surely there is nothing dishonourable or unfair in this; testimonials are always presented with regard to a man's past as well as his present career, and unless the opponents of Mr. Hayman can prove that he falsely represented those testimonials as given him for the Rugby election especially, or that the trustees thought they were (which is very improbable), or that the givers of these testimonials have since had good reason to change their opinion of Mr. Hayman, they had better hold their tongues, and not try by a paltry equivocation to conceal their party rancour under the cloak of a desire for justice. The Intellectual (!) Radicals, or, if we may so call them, "the free-thinking dogmatists," are rapidly becoming the most intolerant and bigoted of parties. Nothing can exceed the paltry narrow-mindedness of the *Spectator*, their especial organ. They remind one of spoiled children who, when they play a game and cannot win, immediately cry, "Oh, that's not fair, you're cheating!"

Proclamation.

TOMAHAWK, defender of the weak, chastiser of the cruel and the unjust, scorner of humbug, and destroyer of all abuses, hereby does give fair warning to James T. Ingham, Police Magistrate, Hammersmith Police Court:

That whereas, he, the said James T. Ingham, did, on Tuesday, the 7th of December last, sentence a little boy to three days' imprisonment and to a whipping for the offence of stealing a pair of trousers, and did, on account of the said boy exclaiming, "Hurrah! Now I shall have some Christmas pudding," or words to that effect, alter the sentence from three days to three months' imprisonment, being moved thereto by a silly conceit of his own dignity, and by vulgar resentment at the affront offered him: unless the said James T. Ingham does offer some public apology for this abuse of justice, or does amend the said sentence. TOMAHAWK doth hereby proclaim the said James T. Ingham, as a fit and proper person to be held up to ridicule and contempt by all persons, to whom the dispassionate administration of justice is dear.

OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS.

THE Guardian Angels of St. Pancras have been again before the public in a most advantageous light,—at an inquest held on Wednesday, the 8th inst., upon the body of an infant child, William James, who died of congestion of the brain and lungs in the nursery of St. Pancras Workhouse.

In the course of the inquiry, it came out that the engineer had been told a week ago to repair the trap of a certain drain close to the nursery door. The Master said it had been repaired; but on the engineer being called, it turned out that it had not.

Mr. Ward (the engineer) excused the neglect by saying that he had not a proper trap by him at the time.

The Coroner asked what the price of a trap was.

Mr. Ward—*About sevenpence.*

The Coroner—For the sake of sevenpence, then, the children are to be put in "danger."

And our Poor-Law officials are absolutely accused of extravagance! This pleasing little incident illustrates exactly the beauties and blessings of government by Guardian Angels. The Guardians order a thing to be done. The Master tells the engineer to do it. He never takes the trouble to ascertain whether it was done or not; but a week afterwards presumes it was done. The engineer does not do it "for the sake of sevenpence." The Guardians took for granted that what they had ordered had been done.

Again, an attempt was made to prove, by Mr. George John Parson, on behalf of himself and six other Guardians, that the smell in the nursery was caused by chloride of lime.

We have heard of the "Parson's nose" being a great delicacy, and we now see why. Of course, if chloride of lime presents itself to that efficient organ as equally odorous with sewage, the organ must be very delicate.

One more trait of these good men of St. Pancras came out in the course of this inquiry. A majority of the Guardians (Messrs. Smith and Chandler must be excepted) dismissed Emma Howes, a most efficient nurse, against whom *there had never been any complaint* during her fifteen months' stay in the workhouse, dismissed her without any warning, or giving her any chance of defending herself; and why? Because Emma Howes had given truthful evidence at the Coroner's Inquests.

What a pity it is that we cannot test with the lash whether the wings of our Guardian Angels are not stolen from the vulture's back. We should like to have one try.

"JOLLY" CHRISTMAS!

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